

The World 781

Chapter 781: Isiliraiellyn And Zeruel (3)

Zeruel's gaze locked onto mine for a long, breathless moment. Her eyes shimmered, glassy with raw arousal, and her chest heaved, breath coming out in hot, uneven bursts. Her face had turned impossibly red—almost glowing like a sun-ripe tomato—and yet she didn't look away. Instead, she let go of my penis just for a heartbeat, brought her slender palm up, and dragged her tongue slowly across it, coating it with her warm spit. Then, with a quick flick, she spat a little more onto her palm, making it glisten before she wrapped it around my cock again, resuming the motion.

Immediately, the difference was electric.

The wet heat from her saliva made every stroke feel molten, slick, and so damn alive. The rawness of her rough calluses—earned from relentless training—brushed and scraped lightly along my sensitive skin, adding a biting contrast that had pleasure racing like lightning up my spine. I couldn't stop my body from reacting as my back arched slightly, breath catching in my throat as my cock throbbed in her hand.

"Haa... ha, ha... haa..."

Beside me, her breathing grew heavier and more ragged. I could hear each shaky gasp as well as each hitch in her chest. She was trying—fighting—to keep herself from getting too overwhelmed, but her trembling fingers betrayed her. Her hand clung to me, almost desperate, and her soft lips parted as heat flushed deeper across her face.

Then our eyes met again.

Those eyes were shimmering, wet with unshed tears of desire, her expression beautifully vulnerable. And before either of us could question it, our bodies leaned closer until our lips met in a kiss.

It was the first time Zeruel and I kissed.

At first, it was clumsy with her lips a bit stiff, her tongue hesitant, caught somewhere between surprise and nervousness. But gently, I guided her. My tongue traced against hers, coaxing, and inviting. Slowly, she relaxed, and her tongue moved, swirling shyly around mine.

"Mnnghhh...~ Mmm...! Mmm...~ mmmghhh...!"

She melted under the sensation, a breathy moan slipping out between our lips as her earlier restraint crumbled.

That unnecessary skill of mine—the one that could make a woman cum from touches and kisses alone—I let it do its work, eager to see her fall apart in my arms.

"Nghhh...~ Mmmh...!"

Meanwhile, her hand kept moving along my cock, each stroke accompanied by slick, wet squelches. The sounds mingled with our breathing and filled the air between us with something raw and intimate.

Because I'd already been holding back after my time with Isiliraiellyn earlier, the heat coiled fast inside me, tightening in my gut until it was impossible to hold any longer.

"Nghhh...!"

My cock twitched violently in her palm, and thick, hot cum burst from the tip, splashing messily onto the floor below, glinting in the low light.

"Mmghhh...!"

At the same moment, my tongue movements finally tipped Zeruel over the edge. It was a small orgasm, but enough to make her gasp sharply and shudder, her body trembling as the pleasure rippled through her.

We broke the kiss slowly, our lips parting with a thin, silvery thread of saliva stretching between us before it broke and fell.

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

She sat there, breathing hard, each exhale coming out ragged and hot enough to mist the air around her.

Then, her gaze dropped to her hand.

My white cum clung to her skin in messy ropes, sticky and slowly dripping, stretching like thick spiderweb threads down toward the floor.

"D-Do I suppose to drink this?" she asked, voice soft, uncertain.

"Not necessarily," I told her, still catching my breath.

"But... you'd like it if I did, right?" she pressed gently, her eyes lifting back to mine.

I swallowed, heartbeat kicking up again, as she slipped out her tongue. Without hesitating, she brought her hand closer to her mouth and began to lick the cum from her fingers—slowly and carefully, like tasting something forbidden yet irresistible.

The way her tongue traced along every line of her palm and curled around each finger was hypnotic. It was deliberate as she started savoring every bit. It wasn't something rushed or messy. It was sensual, lewd in the most natural way possible, and utterly impossible to look away from.

When she finished, she looked up at me, her cheeks still pink, lips wet, and let out a small, startled gasp.

"I-I'm sorry," she murmured, voice small. "That must have been unsightly."

"No," I breathed out honestly. "In fact... that was really... really hot."

"H-Hot?" she echoed, tilting her head a bit, confusion flickering through the embarrassment on her face.

"I mean... the way you did that," I said, voice thick with desire. "It was so lewd and sexy that I couldn't help but get aroused by you again."

"I-Is that so?" she whispered, the corners of her mouth turning up into a shy smile despite her flushed cheeks. "T-Then... would you like to do it again?"

She asked it softly, hopeful and embarrassed all at once.

"Yes," I told her without a second thought.

And in my mind, I already knew how I wanted to do it next.

Since she wasn't ready for penetration yet, I suggested something else. It was something still intimate, but gentler.

When I explained it, her face turned crimson. Unlike before, when she'd been fully clothed, this time I asked her to lower her pants—meaning she'd be standing half-naked.

Though clearly flustered, she nodded, her resolve shining through her embarrassment.

She stood up from the bed, hands trembling as she reached for the waistband. Slowly, she pushed her pants down, the fabric sliding over the soft curve of her thighs, revealing more skin inch by inch.

She didn't take off her underwear at first as it stayed snugly clinging to her hips, a thin barrier of modesty.

As the pants slipped lower, past her knees, she bent slightly, graceful even in her shyness, until they pooled around her ankles. She stepped out of them carefully, one foot and then the other.

Finally, she straightened back up, her lower body bare except for her underwear, standing there with flushed cheeks and hesitant breaths.

Even in her embarrassment, she looked stunning—vulnerable and beautiful—and now, half-naked in front of me.

Chapter 782: Isiliraiellyn And Zeruel (4)

I had her lay down beside Isiliraiellyn again, her whole body trembling with embarrassment. Her flushed face turned away, and her delicate hands moved in a futile attempt to cover herself, as if hiding from my gaze would erase the heat that painted her cheeks.

"I'm going to go now," I told her gently, voice low and edged with desire. "Is that okay?"

"Y-Yes..." she breathed out, voice barely more than a whisper, trembling on her lips.

Hearing her permission, I slowly lifted both of her legs, guiding them up until her soft thighs pressed tightly together. The smooth skin molded into each other, leaving only a narrow, tantalizing gap at the top where the soft heat of her crotch waited, hidden just behind the thin barrier of her panties.

I pressed the head of my cock against the yielding flesh of her thighs and pushed forward.

"Ah...!"

Her gasp broke the silence, sharp and sweet. The heat of my length slipping between the velvet of her inner thighs sent a shudder of pleasure through us both. My cock pressed through until the swollen tip nudged right against her crotch, the underside brushing the damp fabric that barely hid her pussy.

The sight alone—my cock nestled between her trembling thighs, tip peeking out just under the edge of her panties—made my breath catch. I could feel the pulse of blood rushing through her soft flesh, the way it quivered around me, warm and tight.

I clenched my teeth, the pleasure edging close to pain. Her thighs were so warm, so impossibly soft, it felt like my cock might melt in their embrace.

"I'm going to start now," I warned softly, voice hoarse. "Okay?"

"Mmm..." she nodded, her blush deepening until it seemed to glow across her face.

With her legs pressed against my chest, I began to move with slow, deliberate strokes, my cock gliding back and forth through the narrow channel of her thighs.

"Ahhh... nnn... ahhhnghhh...~"

Her breath came out in small, broken moans. Each thrust made the tip of my cock push against her panties, the wet fabric adding a slick resistance that heightened the pleasure. My pre-cum leaked freely, mixing with the dampness of her underwear, coating my length until the friction felt like fire and silk combined.

The heat built rapidly, threatening to overwhelm me. My fingers tightened around her legs, squeezing into the softness until the flesh spilled slightly between them, warm and supple under my grip. The slick sound of wet friction filled the space around us, every stroke echoing with a lewd, squelching sweetness.

This is bad... it felt so good I was close to cumming already.

I looked at Zeruel's face. Even though I wasn't truly inside her, the constant pressure against her soaked panties was making her lips part, her breath catch, and her eyes glaze with dazed arousal. Her cheeks were flushed, mouth open as small, gasping whimpers slipped free.

I couldn't hold it anymore.

With a strained groan, my cock pulsed hard—and thick ropes of sperm shot across her bare stomach.

"Ahhh...!"

The sudden heat made her tremble, a small shiver running through her as the cum splashed and dripped across her skin. My chest rose and fell in ragged gasps, my heart pounding painfully in my chest.

She was breathing heavily too, her gaze fixed on the mess I had made on her stomach. Slowly, almost mesmerized, she dragged her slender finger through the warm cum, gathering it up before bringing it to her lips and licking it clean.

The sight was devastatingly erotic. Her tongue traced the sticky trail, slow and unhurried, as if savoring the taste. I couldn't tell if she realized how lewd she looked, or if it was just her natural sensuality shining through.

My cock still throbbed, hard and ready, nestled right between her thighs. She seemed to notice, blush spreading even deeper as she turned her face away.

"W-What's next?" she whispered, voice soft and shaky, her head tilted to hide her eyes.

No way... my chest tightened painfully. The fact she could even ask that like this was unreal.

She was too hot. Zeruel's body was so alluring it was almost cruel. And trying to hold myself back felt insane.

Now, I had her on all fours—her knees pressed into the bed, palms braced forward. Her back curved beautifully, and her ass lifted high, framed by her simple, slightly worn underwear.

"U-Um... sorry for not... wearing cuter or sexier underwear," she stammered, voice breaking from embarrassment.

Her panties weren't anything fancy—it was a simple, plain fabric, nothing like the expensive lace Titania or the others wore. Even Isiliraielyn had something more luxurious.

But knowing her, knowing her situation... it didn't matter. And seeing her like this—vulnerable and willing—made her even more beautiful to me.

"You don't have to worry about that," I reassured her, voice softer than I meant it to be.

To me, in this moment, she was perfect.

From this angle, her wide, beautifully shaped hips stood out even more. The way her back arched, ass lifted, and thighs parted slightly was almost painfully erotic.

She was so exposed and so trusting. I could easily have pushed further—but I forced the thought aside. She wasn't ready, and doing so would make me the worst kind of scum.

Instead, I took a breath to steady myself and guided my cock again between her thighs—this time from behind, doggy style.

As I pushed forward, the soft flesh yielded instantly, wrapping around my length with intoxicating heat.

"Mmm..."

She let out a low, trembling sound, and then I felt it—her pussy was soaked. The wetness had seeped through the fabric, making her panties cling to her skin. As I pressed my cock against them, a small bit of moisture seeped out, darkening the thin cloth.

The sight made my breath catch.

Gripping her hips firmly, feeling the shape of her body beneath my palms, I began to move again—thrusting between her thighs while her wet panties brushed and clung to my cock, every stroke pushing me closer to the edge.

Chapter 783: Isiliraiellyn And Zeruel (5)

"Mmmng...~ Nnn... nnn...~"

Zeruel's moans slipped out, soft and shaky, each one trembling in the air as my cock kept pressing and grinding against her soaked pussy through the wet fabric of her panties.

The heat of it was unreal. It was like my dick was wrapped in molten silk, the pleasure biting so deep it blurred the edges of my focus.

My hands tightened around her hips, lifting and steadying her, thumbs digging into the softness until the flesh spilled around them.

Every slow thrust forward pushed my cock through the narrow, slick gap between her thighs, the wet warmth of her skin wrapping around me and making my breath catch.

"Hngghh...~ mmm... hhhnghh, hnnn...~"

Her voice was low, broken, almost like she was embarrassed to let the sounds out—but she couldn't help it. The grinding of my cock against her panties made the fabric cling tighter, darkened by the wetness that kept leaking out of her pussy. The more she dripped, the slicker the slide of my length became, and the less friction there was. It was turning each thrust into something that felt unbearably good.

The room itself felt thick with lust, heavy enough that every breath tasted like it. The sticky heat pooled in my gut, and my cock trembled, pulsing at the sensation of her softness and heat wrapped around it.

"Ah... ahhhnnghhh~! Ah...!"

The lewd, wet sounds echoed around us, bouncing off the walls, louder than they had any right to be. It felt as if every stroke sank deeper into the haze of heat and need building between us.

My fingers dug deeper into the curve of her hips, feeling her tremble each time I pushed in. The flesh of her ass yielded under my grip, warm and impossibly soft.

"Ahhhngghh~ Ahh... S-Something is... Something...~!"

Her voice cracked into a desperate, high moan, her back arching slightly as her legs quivered. The sight made my cock twitch so hard it hurt, and I pushed even harder, grinding against her soaked panties and feeling the gush of her wetness spill over my shaft.

The pleasure coiled tight in me. It was electric and dangerous. My balls tightened, warning me that my release was dangerously close.

Even though it was just intercrural sex—just fucking the space between her thighs—it felt so good I could barely keep from cumming.

Then suddenly, her whole body jerked.

"Ahhhhhhhh! Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

She broke, her thighs shaking violently, and I felt her pussy squirt through her panties. The warm gush soaked them completely, turning the thin cloth nearly transparent as it dripped onto the sheets, pooling beneath her.

That sight sent me over the edge.

My cock shuddered hard, and thick ropes of semen shot out, hot and heavy, mixing with the wetness from her pussy and spilling across the floor. My breath ripped out of my chest in ragged, shuddering gasps.

Zeruel's soft, trembling thighs still wrapped around me, squeezing just enough to make my length pulse again, even after I'd spilled myself.

But before I could even think of stopping, a sleepy voice cut through the haze.

Isiliraiellyn stirred awake, her eyelids heavy but her gaze sharp with something fiery. "Ah...! You're leaving me behind! That's no good!" Her words were edged with a playful scold, but the desire burning in her eyes was anything but playful. "Do that with me too!"

I blinked at her, chest still rising and falling, and realized what she meant. She also wanted me to fuck her again.

She didn't wait for a reply. Instead, she turned around and got on all fours, pushing her ass up toward me. The curve of her back flowed into her wide hips and round ass, the pale skin flushed pink. Her pinkish asshole twitched slightly, exposed and shameless. Her hips swayed in small, tempting circles.

I couldn't look away.

Slowly, I pulled my cock from between Zeruel's thighs. The wet, sticky pop it made sent another shiver through me.

"Hnnaa...~"

A sweet, needy whimper slipped from Zeruel's lips at the loss.

Then I stepped up behind Isiliraiellyn, gripping my cock at the base to steady it, and placed my other hand firmly on her hip, feeling the heat of her skin under my palm.

I nudged the swollen, wet tip against her slick pussy lips, feeling the heat radiate off her, and slowly pushed in.

"Nnnhaaa...~ S-So good...~"

The moment my cock parted her flesh, her body shivered violently. She grit her teeth, arching her back, the muscles under her skin tightening with need.

Slowly, steadily, I buried myself inside her, feeling her walls grip me so tight it made me curse under my breath. My hands clamped down on her hips, holding her in place.

And then, I began to move.

"Ahhhnn...~ Ah, ah, ahhh... F-Feels good...~ W-What is this...? It feels good... Ahhhnn, ahh, ahh... ahh, ah, ahhh~!!!"

Her moans poured out in breathless gasps, desperate and unfiltered, filling the room with raw lust. Her pussy squeezed down on me, pulsing around my cock like it wanted to milk me dry.

Behind her, Zeruel watched through half-lidded eyes, still flushed and trembling from her earlier orgasm, her chest rising and falling with ragged breaths.

I thrust deeper, feeling every ripple of Isiliraiellyn's inner walls around me. The slick heat dragged across my cock, making me groan low in my throat.

"Ahh, ahh...~ Ahhh, ahhh...! Ahh, ah, ah, ahhh...! Mmmgghhh~ Mmmnnn...!"

Each thrust made her pussy grip tighter, the wetness spilling out around my cock, slicking my length and the insides of her thighs.

"Ahhh! Ahhh! Nghhhh! Nnnhaaa! Hnngghhhh~!!!"

Her voice rose in pitch, her back arching more with every thrust. I could feel her getting closer with her pussy clenching almost painfully tight each time I slammed into her, her breath turning into ragged, high cries.

My grip on her hips tightened, fingertips sinking into her skin until the flesh spilled around them. Every desperate squeeze of her walls sent sparks shooting up my spine, the pleasure winding tighter and tighter inside me.

"Nghhhh!"

With a final, sharp thrust, I buried myself as deep as I could, the tip of my cock knocking against her womb, the tight ring of muscle yielding from the force. Her body jolted under me, her walls squeezing so tight it felt like she was trying to pull every last drop from me.

The heat, the wetness, the trembling softness of her body—all of it blurred into a single, blinding moment of raw pleasure that made it impossible to hold back any longer.

Chapter 784: Isiliraiellyn And Zeruel (6)

And then...

"Ah...!"

My semen burst out of my cock, hot and thick, flooding deep into her womb.

The sheer force of it made her insides stretch slightly, the enclosed space swelling from the sudden rush of seed that gushed out of me.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhngghhhh~!!!"

Her back arched so beautifully it almost looked painful, her fingers clawing at the sheets as that heat spread inside her.

This was her very first creampie—her first time feeling a man's cum pour directly into her womb—and her voice, breaking into a trembling cry, made it so clear that it overwhelmed her.

But judging by the pleasure twisting her voice into breathless moans, she loved it.

"Ahh, s-so hot...~ S-Something is gushing inside me...! I-It feels good..."

Even as I felt my cock still pulsing and twitching, spilling more of my sperm into her, her expression twisted into pure depravity.

Her mouth dropped open, tongue hanging out, drool slipping from the corner of her lips.

Her eyes rolled back, pupils softening into heart shapes as though the pleasure had melted her thoughts completely away.

That was an ahgao so raw and shameless it almost stole my breath.

I had never once imagined seeing Isiliraiellyn like this. Completely fucked out, her face flushed bright crimson, hair sticking to her sweaty skin.

But it was hypnotic to watch—and hotter than anything I could have expected.

Slowly, I pulled my cock free, my shaft sliding slick from her folds.

The sound it made—a lewd, wet pop—echoed for a moment in the quiet of the room.

Then the cum spilled out.

A thick, milky stream seeped from her trembling pussy, dripping down her thighs and staining the bedsheets below.

Her knees wobbled as though they could no longer support her, and in the end, they buckled, dropping her onto the sheets, her chest heaving with ragged breaths.

My gaze lingered, savoring the sight of her spent and ruined, but then I turned to Zeruel.

She was still there—her hand slipped between her thighs, pressing through her damp panties, trembling fingers moving gently.

Her soft, desperate moans barely made it past her lips, as if she was ashamed to let me hear them.

Then our eyes locked.

Hers widened instantly, a flicker of panic crossing her face before she looked away, cheeks blazing red.

But shyly—almost hesitantly—she parted her thighs just enough, silently showing me she still wanted more.

A new idea sparked in my mind.

I had them lie down, their bodies stacked so that their breasts pressed together, soft mounds squishing and warming each other.

Their pussies aligned perfectly, so close they were almost as one. Zeruel's breath quickened, embarrassment clear in the way her gaze darted away, while Isiliraiellyn's dazed, curious eyes waited to see what I would do.

Guiding my cock with one hand, I pressed the tip against their joined folds—Zeruel's panties damp and clinging to her skin, Isiliraiellyn's bare pussy glistening and slightly swollen.

Then, slowly, I pushed in.

"Ahh...!"

"Nnnhhh!"

Their voices slipped out at the same moment, breathless and shaky, bodies tensing as the heat of my shaft sank into that narrow, slick channel. The softness of two pussies at once—the faint roughness of Zeruel's panties mixed with the wet, velvety heat of Isiliraiellyn—made my spine tighten immediately.

I gripped Zeruel's hips, feeling her warmth and trembling muscles under my palms, and began thrusting.

"Ahhnghh...~ Ahh, ah... ah, ahh... ahhh! Ahhnghh! Ah, ah, ah, ahhh!"

"Ahhn, ahh... ahh, ah, ahhh...!"

Their moans spilled over each other, blending together in a lewd chorus that filled the entire room.

Each sound they made was a note of pleasure.

My cock glided back and forth, drenched from their combined wetness, the friction softened by the slickness but still enough to make every thrust burn with bliss. The heat around my shaft felt alive, wrapping me in pulses of pleasure that made my breath hitch.

"Ahh, ahhh! Ahh, ahhh, ahnggghh~ Ahhhnggh... ngghhh~!"

"Ahh, ahhnnn, ahh..!"

Their voices kept rising, higher and higher, pitch growing breathier, as their bodies trembled and hips twitched. Zeruel's panties grew wetter, sticking to my cock and teasing my skin, while Isiliraiellyn's bare folds clung tighter with each motion.

My heartbeat roared in my ears, breath ragged. The pleasure climbed like fire up my spine, making my vision blur at the edges.

"Ahn...! Ah, ah, ahhh! Ah, ahhh, ahnghh! Ah, ahhh...!"

"Hgnnhh, hnnaaa~ Ahhh, fuahhh~... ah, ahhh...~ yannnghhh~!!"

Their legs quivered, thighs squeezing, and I felt the heat of their folds tighten even more. My cock throbbed, every vein pulsing from the need to release.

The pleasure broke over me in a blinding wave.

"Nghaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa~!!!"

"Haaannngghhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Both of them cried out, arching their backs beautifully as they came at the same time I did. My semen shot out, spurting hot and heavy, splashing between their bellies and spilling over their trembling skin. The heat of it dripped down their stomachs, mixing with their juices.

They collapsed together, chests rising and falling in uneven gasps, sweat-slick hair clinging to flushed cheeks. Isiliraiellyn's eyes fluttered, unfocused and dazed, lips parted.

Slowly, I pulled my cock out, the tip slick and messy, and a sticky string of cum stretched between me and them before it finally snapped, falling thickly on the sheets.

My eyes fell to where their pussies pressed together with them glistening, red and puffy, the sight raw and obscene. For a moment, I let myself stare, chest still heaving from aftershocks.

Then I saw Isiliraiellyn's eyes drift shut. She'd passed out completely.

That seemed like the end.

But damn, I felt good about it.

I hadn't expected to end up having a threesome with two girls who barely knew each other, let alone me—and both of them having their first time like this. The way it all happened was insane... but also incredible.

Zeruel's POV

When I stepped back into my home, the air smelled faintly of food, and my little sister Selene sat at the dinner table, humming softly as she swung her legs.

"Ah, sis! You're back! I made food for you... Huh?" Her voice stopped, her gaze sharpening, head tilting slightly. "You have something white stuck on your stomach."

"Ah..." My heart jolted in panic. Was there still semen on my skin? I'd thought I cleaned it all so carefully before leaving Miss Isiliraiellyn's dorm.

But then realization struck.

I was fully clothed.

There was no way she should be able to see that.

"S-Sis?" Selene's voice grew quiet, almost hesitant.

I looked at her fully, and my breath caught.

Her eyes were glowing softly.

A chill ran down my spine, then settled heavy in my chest.

Selene had just awakened her ability.

Chapter 785: Awakening And The True Reunion (1)

An ability awakens when a person reaches a certain age—a turning point etched into the flow of life itself—and that age is when they turn eighteen.

And the moment they reach that milestone, it just... happens.

No one truly understands why awakening always falls at that particular age, or why sometimes it sparks just a bit earlier or even later. All I knew, and all anyone knew, was that it never failed. If, by cruel

chance, someone didn't awaken during that brief, fated window, they'd be forever branded as skillless and that was a mark heavier than chains.

Right now, even though it was still two months before Selene would officially turn eighteen, her ability had awoken.

"S-Sis...?" Her voice wavered, soft and unsure, as she spoke. "I-I can see through your clothes..."

My heart skipped, and I felt my cheeks burn. "W-Wait—what?! You're looking at me through my clothes?!" The words tumbled out of my mouth before I could stop them.

"Y-You're... quite lewd down there... sis..." Selene stammered, her face turning crimson as she quickly looked away, unable to meet my gaze.

"H-Hey! Don't stare at me like that!" I snapped back, my embarrassment rising like a tide.

"I-It's not like I can control it!" she protested, flustered. "I-I just can't seem to turn it off yet..."

My mind was racing, caught between shock and worry. "W-What kind of ability did you get, anyway?" I finally managed to ask, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Well, I think it's something like X-Ray vision. I don't really know what the exact name is, but it sounded really cool," she explained, still avoiding eye contact. "I think what it does is let me see through people's clothes. W-Wait... does that mean I could see through Leon's clothes too?! Fufufufu~! I wonder how big he is down there! You're curious too, aren't you, sis?"

Blood rushed to my face. But it wasn't because of the question itself—or because I might be curious. No. It was because I had already seen it. And not just seen it. I had touched it, felt its weight and heat, and we'd done things... things that should have been reserved for lovers alone.

"Oh! Looks like you are curious too, sis!" she teased with a playful glint, misreading my blush. "Well, you like him, so it's only natural." She gave a small shrug, the conversation hanging in the air before she let it drop.

Selene let out a soft sigh. "I really wish I could turn this off, though... I mean, what if I randomly see some naked man walking by? That would be... horrible."

"Hmm..." I murmured, thinking it over.

I didn't know exactly how her ability worked, but I did know how it felt when I channeled mana into my sword. Just by letting mana flow into the blade, my ability, Blessed Sword, would activate, giving me power and precision in battle. It reminded me of Miss Johanne's Limit Break, where she'd surpass her limits to fight even stronger.

Maybe it was similar for Selene too. Since mana and abilities were bound together, maybe she just needed to cut off the mana flowing into her eyes.

"Stop letting your mana flow into your eyes," I told her gently.

"Hmmm... L-Like this?" she said, her voice low with concentration. Her brows knitted together, and I watched as the faint shimmer in her gaze dimmed. Then her eyes widened, sparkling with realization. "Oh! Now I can see normally! And if I do this... Oh!"

She blinked, testing the control over and over—turning the vision on and off at will.

It worked.

A quiet smile tugged at my lips. Relief and happiness bubbled up inside me. She'd done it. Now, she could live without fearing what she might accidentally see.

I felt so proud of her. Now, she could join the academy without fear of whispers or prejudice, and maybe—just maybe—she'd learn how truly valuable her gift could be.

It had been almost two years since the day our mother collapsed, the memory still sharp like broken glass. And in that time, Selene had grown so much—stronger and braver than before.

Mother would have been so proud, seeing her daughter become someone responsible, someone who faced her challenges head-on.

I felt... genuinely excited to see where Selene would go from here.

Leon's POV

Right now, I stood inside the Leonamon, reviewing the newest monthly income reports. The gentle rustle of parchment and the weight of golden numbers filled the quiet office.

The company's income had climbed again—this time by 3% compared to the last month.

Considering we already brought in close to a million gold coins every month, a 3% increase wasn't just good—it was monumental. It meant Leonamon wasn't just staying on top—it was moving into a realm beyond any other corporation in this world.

As always, I'd instructed the Shadows to deliver bags of gold coins to various orphanages. Children who had no families, no homes—they deserved something. We also sent aid to those hit hardest by the Republic's attack, especially the village still struggling to rebuild from the devastation, like the Flui Village.

After Amon had brought her report—and had also given me a blowjob as part of her... unique loyalty—I left the office and walked into the garden.

The air outside felt different.

It was fresh and gentle and it was tinged with the scent of blooming flowers.

In the middle of the garden, I saw Gabrielle. Her posture was relaxed, her expression softer than I'd ever seen before. She looked healthy. She was radiant, almost glowing.

Behind her, Maya stood silently, gently pushing the wheelchair. When Maya saw me, she stopped, bowed respectfully, and stepped back, giving us space.

"Gabrielle," I called softly, approaching her side. "Are you feeling good?"

"Never been better," she answered with a tender smile. "Though, I think you're spoiling me a little too much."

I chuckled softly. "Well, since we're going to have a baby soon, I want to make sure you have everything you need," I replied.

Then, slowly, I lowered myself, kneeling in front of her.

Her belly had grown round and gentle, not too big to look uncomfortable yet, but enough that it was impossible to miss. Her breasts, too, had grown fuller, pressing softly against her clothes.

And as I looked, a strange feeling welled up inside me—a mix of pride and tenderness, but also something deeper. A sense of conquest, yes, but also responsibility. Knowing I was the one who'd brought these changes to her body—it felt almost overwhelming.

I remembered the day we first met.

Gabrielle had been so cold back then—guarded, hiding behind walls no one could easily cross. But little by little, step by step, we had drawn closer. We had become one.

And now... she was carrying my child.

Without thinking, I leaned forward, my lips brushing gently against the warm curve of her belly. The simple contact made my chest tighten.

It was a feeling of something larger than words.

Inside her, a new life was growing.

Our life.

Chapter 786: Awakening And The True Reunion (2)

I pressed my lips into the softness of her stomach, giving it the deepest, slowest kiss I could muster.

My breath brushed against her skin, and I felt her stomach yield gently under the weight of my lips, the warmth radiating through even the thin layer of cloth.

It was softer than I'd imagined.

It was warm, delicate, and almost fragile beneath my touch.

"Mmm..." she let out a low, breathy moan, so faint it seemed to vibrate against my mouth rather than reach my ears.

Even though cloth still covered her, I could sense the smoothness that lay underneath. It was like touching silk through thin paper. But it wasn't enough. I couldn't truly feel the heat of her skin or the faint tremor of her muscles.

"Do you want to lick it directly?" she asked softly, voice low and tinged with something between teasing and shy invitation.

I didn't give her an answer—neither yes nor no—only silence. But it was the kind of silence that spoke on its own because it was heavy and suggestive. A single heartbeat passed, and she chose to take my quiet as agreement. Slowly, carefully, she lifted the hem of her shirt, exposing her bare stomach to the open air.

The sight almost pulled the breath from my chest.

Her stomach looked impossibly soft, like velvet stretched gently over subtle curves. It drew my gaze, beckoning me closer, until I couldn't resist any longer. I leaned forward, my mouth parting, and my tongue brushed against her exposed skin.

"Mnnn...!" she moaned again, sharper this time. It was a tiny tremor running through her belly under my lips at the sudden wetness of my tongue.

A slight shiver danced across her skin, and I felt it ripple under my mouth, surprising me for just a second. But it only made me want to do it more.

"You can go lower if you want," Gabrielle whispered, her words nearly catching in her throat as if she herself hesitated.

Lower. Deeper. Down to the place that pulled at both curiosity and desire.

Her navel.

It was small, delicately shaped, with the slightest outward curve that made it almost beg to be tasted. My breath caught for a heartbeat, and then I lowered my mouth again, my tongue pressing gently into the dip, swirling around it in slow circles.

"Hgnnnaa...~" she moaned, the sound breaking from her lips as her body reacted to the sensation.

I glanced up, my eyes meeting hers. She was looking down at me, eyes half-lidded, lips parted slightly, her cheeks tinted with heat.

The way she watched me while I licked her navel made something tighten deep inside my chest.

Then, her voice came out again, barely above a whisper.

"L-Lower..."

Lower still. Past the navel. Past the last bit of exposed skin before the cloth began again.

It wasn't a bad idea. It would mean licking her down there and tasting even more of her. The thought alone made my heart beat faster, my mouth feel dry.

But...

"We should save that for a later date," I told her.

She seemed disappointed—her lips pressed together with her eyes softening—but she nodded, accepting it without a word.

After spending a little longer with her, letting the quiet settle back in, I finally rose to my feet and decided to head to Leonamon Hospital.

Today wasn't just any day. It was the day that Juna—Zeruel and Selene's mother—would finally be discharged. After weeks of watchful care, checking and rechecking that the pill she had taken hadn't left behind unseen scars, today was the day she could go home.

It was hard to believe there were no lingering effects at all.

After all, she had woken from a coma that lasted almost two years. It was a coma induced by being the first to ever take that pill, crafted from my sperm because of its powerful life force. Everyone had feared consequences, me included, like a weakened heart, lost memories, or worse.

But instead, she had woken as if pulled gently from a long sleep, her body seemingly untouched by the years.

When I arrived at the hospital, Zeruel and Selene were already there, waiting by the door.

"Oh, L-Leon... Hi..." Zeruel's voice faltered, her face turning pink as she tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, her hand almost trembling.

She was stunning like that. The small gesture somehow made her even more beautiful. It was an elegant contrast to the raw memories of the lewd things we'd done just the day before.

She tried to compose herself, but the blush refused to leave her cheeks. The air between us felt warm and charged.

"Hello," I greeted softly, my voice trying to cut through the moment. "Have you two been here long?"

"N-No. We just arrived only a moment ago," she answered, her words spilling out a little too fast.

Selene, beside her, didn't look at my face at all. Instead, her gaze dropped, peeking shyly yet brazenly at my crotch. Her face flushed red, half-hidden by her hand, her eyes peeking through the gaps between her slender fingers.

"Uh?" I blinked, confusion tightening my brow. Why was she staring at me like that?

Then I noticed faint currents of mana shifting subtly around her.

"S-Selene! W-What are you doing?!" Zeruel's voice cracked, panic and embarrassment flooding her expression.

"It's so large, sis... There's no way I could handle something like that..." Selene's voice trembled, barely more than a whisper, but heavy with honesty.

"Ngh... W-What are you even saying?!" Zeruel's blush deepened to crimson. She reached over, covering Selene's eyes with her own hand.

"Ah, sis! W-What are you doing?!"

"It's rude to look at him like that!"

"It's not voyeurism! I'm not peeking while he's naked—he's still clothed!"

"I'm not talking about that! But you're literally seeing through his clothes!"

"What's wrong with taking a little peek at something I'd have in the future?!"

As they argued, realization finally dawned on me.

A panel appeared before my eyes, the same panel that had hovered there ever since Selene first began to take an interest in me.

But now, instead of being shrouded in mystery as ???, it showed her ability clearly.

X-Ray Vision.

So, she had finally awakened it.

An X-Ray Vision ability. It was a convenient, a little dangerous, but undeniably useful little ability. And she'd used it to peek at me, at what lay hidden beneath my clothes.

But honestly, I didn't mind. There was nothing I felt the need to hide. I had confidence in myself, in my ability, and in my size.

A short silence settled, broken only by the faint sounds of footsteps in the hallway.

Then the door opened, and Doctor Natasha stepped out, her expression calm yet tinged with warmth.

Behind her, walking gently, almost uncertainly, was Juna.

"Mom!"

Their voices rang out together, breaking into the quiet corridor.

For nearly two years, they had watched her lie still, unmoving, trapped behind closed eyelids and hospital sheets. And now, seeing her awake—dressed not in the sterile white of the hospital gown but in regular clothes—must have made everything real in a way words couldn't.

They ran forward, throwing their arms around her. Their voices trembled, words catching and breaking, until only sobs remained.

Juna's arms wrapped around both of them, her hands gently rubbing the backs of their heads, fingers threading into their hair in slow, soothing strokes.

She let them cry freely, her own eyes soft and glistening

Chapter 787: Awakening And The True Reunion (3)

After that reunion with the three of them, which turned out to be deeply emotional, Zeruel and I found ourselves alone at last, sharing a rare, quiet moment together.

We ended up sitting side by side on a small, ornate bench built just for two. Its old wooden frame creaked faintly under us, while the distant hum of voices and soft rustling of leaves filled the silence around us. Though I felt unexpectedly calm, Zeruel was visibly struggling to hide her embarrassment. Her cheeks glowed a deep crimson, and her breathing came out a little quicker than normal.

For a while, neither of us spoke. Then, her fingers fidgeting nervously with the hem of her skirt, she finally managed to break the silence.

"Um, I'm really thankful to you for this," she said softly. Her words were simple, but the way she spoke them with her shoulders slightly hunched, gaze lowered yet peeking at me from under her lashes—made her gratitude feel heavy, honest, and raw.

The truth was, I didn't feel like I had done anything that deserved such thanks. Sure, I'd funded the whole thing, poured in money to make it happen, but the real effort had come from Natasha and Trisha. They had handled everything from planning to execution. Compared to them, I'd barely lifted a finger.

Still, watching Zeruel like this—how deeply it seemed to matter to her—I realized arguing would only hurt her feelings. So, instead, I simply accepted her thanks, letting her have this moment.

"I-I don't really know how to thank you... I mean, I don't think I can give you something that you don't already have..." she continued, her voice trembling as her eyes fell to her lap. Her fingers twisted the fabric of her skirt so tightly her knuckles turned white. "B-But... if you're willing... then I'd gladly become your woman too. I-I don't mean as lovers or anything. I-I'm fine with being some sort of mistress you can use from time to time."

The words spilled out in a rush—half shy and half desperate—but her eyes, when she dared to look up, were clear and unwavering. She truly meant it.

It caught me off guard, the seriousness in her expression blending with the vulnerability in her blush. For a moment, I simply stared at her, letting the meaning of what she offered sink in.

Of course, I planned to take her seriously—but definitely not like that. The thought of treating her as nothing more than a convenient body, someone I could take and discard whenever the urge struck, left a bitter taste in my mouth. She was worth far more than that.

Slowly, I reached out, gently wrapping my hands around hers. Her skin felt slightly cold, maybe from nerves, but it softened under my touch.

"I don't think that's really necessary," I told her quietly.

Her reaction was immediate. Her shoulders stiffened, her gaze dropped, and the hope flickering in her eyes seemed to dim. She must have thought I was pushing her away.

But that wasn't what I meant at all.

"But... why don't you become one of my girlfriends instead?" I asked, voice softer this time.

"Eh...?"

She blinked, stunned. For a heartbeat, her expression froze—eyes going wide, lips parting slightly, breath catching in her throat. The words seemed to echo in her mind, her surprise written across her face so plainly it was almost endearing.

"Of course... only if that's fine with you," I added, my tone careful.

"W-Wait, y-your girlfriend? N-No... I mean, I couldn't possibly... I mean..." she stammered, her words stumbling over each other, her voice shaking as her cheeks darkened to an even deeper red. It was hard to tell whether she was overwhelmed, embarrassed, or simply unable to process the idea.

"What? You don't like it?" I teased gently, tilting my head.

"I-It's not like I don't like it, per se..." she mumbled, her voice so quiet it almost vanished under the breeze. Her eyes dropped again, lashes trembling. "I-It's just that... if I became one of your girlfriends, I'd pale in comparison... T-They're all beautiful and have high status, while I don't really have anything to offer except my body to you." Her voice grew softer near the end, the confession hanging between us like something fragile. "S-So I don't think being your girlfriend is something I'd be capable of pulling off."

"You really don't have to worry about that," I told her, leaning slightly closer so our faces weren't so far apart. "You can just be yourself, you know? There's nothing wrong with that. And I don't think Nia and the others would mind at all. Actually... Nia seemed to like the idea of having you join."

"P-Princess Titania... does?" she whispered, eyes widening again.

"Yeah. Nia doesn't mind that I have a harem—in fact, she encourages me to take more," I explained, watching the play of surprise and uncertainty in her eyes. "So there's really nothing stopping you."

"B-But..."

The conflict didn't fully leave her face. I could almost read her thoughts.

I mean she was born a commoner, lacking wealth or title, and carrying a deeply rooted doubt in her own worth.

But to me, none of that mattered.

"Zeruel..." I murmured her name softly. My hand lifted, fingertips brushing under her chin, tilting her face toward mine.

Then I leaned in, closing the space between us, and kissed her.

She gasped softly against my lips, eyes going wide in shock. But then the tension left her shoulders, and she slowly relaxed, her eyelids fluttering shut. My tongue slipped past her lips, tasting her warmth, tracing gently along her own tongue.

Her breath grew shaky, chest rising and falling faster. Yet she didn't pull away and instead, she let me in fully—her tongue hesitantly moving back against mine, shy at first, then bolder. The soft wetness, the heat, the taste of her—it made my heartbeat thud louder, my senses narrowing to nothing but her.

I felt her clench her fists at her sides, her whole body trembling lightly. But there was no resistance—only quiet acceptance, maybe even longing. The kiss deepened, our tongues tangling and exploring each other.

When we finally parted, breathing ragged, a thin, glistening string of saliva still connected our lips for a second before it broke and trailed down.

She looked dazed—eyes half-lidded, lips parted, cheeks flushed a vivid red. Beautifully vulnerable.

I couldn't deny it.

My cock right now was straining hard inside my pants, throbbing from the heat of the moment.

"Zeruel. Huh?"

A voice snapped us out of the trance.

We both turned toward the sound. We are still breathless.

It was Juna.

"You're talking to Leon..." she said, her tone calm but her gaze lingering knowingly.

"Um, w-we're done talking!" Zeruel blurted out quickly, her face burning again. "Y-You said you wanted to have something to talk about with Leon, right?"

"Right. But... are you sure you're really done?" Juna teased lightly. "Looked to me like you were just starting."

"W-We are! R-Right, Leon?" Zeruel turned to me, flustered and hoping for help.

I shrugged faintly, still catching my breath. "Yeah... we're done," I confirmed.

"Alright then. Leon, do you have a moment? I'd like to talk to you about something," Juna asked, a small, knowing smile playing on her lips.

Juna wanting to talk? I wasn't sure what she had in mind—but it couldn't hurt to hear her out.

"Sure," I nodded. "Do you want to talk somewhere more private?"

"Private it is," she replied, her smile softening.

With that, the two of us left together.

Chapter 788: Awakening And The True Reunion (4)

Juna and I walked away from the others, stepping into a quiet spot where only the breeze could listen to us, and no one else could overhear.

She turned to me, her lips curled into a soft, almost serene smile.

For a woman who'd borne two children and was already in her forties, she carried an ageless grace that seemed to defy time itself.

If someone had told me she was just Zeruel's older sister, I wouldn't have doubted it for a moment.

Her skin looked smooth, her posture calm yet strong, and there was something about the way she held herself that erased the years written on paper.

She didn't look like a mother at all—and nothing about her figure hinted otherwise. But that smile she wore... that was different.

It radiated warmth, kindness, but also a quiet, unsettling knowingness. As if she could see straight through my chest, past the beating of my heart, and read the words etched into my very bones. It was a smile that felt as gentle as it was heavy—like she was silently telling me that she knew truths I hadn't yet spoken aloud.

"First of all, Leon, I want to thank you," she began, her voice gentle but edged with gravity. "For bringing me back, I mean. I've heard from Doctor Natasha that before all of this, I was admitted to a hospital that had already given up on me... but you're the one who caught me, isn't that right?"

Her words hung in the air, and for a moment it felt as if time itself paused to listen.

"Well, I don't think 'caught' is quite the right word," I admitted, my tone dropping a little, as if weighed down by honesty. "I did it because I had an ulterior motive—or something like that."

"Oh? You're not going to hide it?" she asked, arching a brow.

"Of course not. Hiding it feels pretty pointless, don't you think?" I replied, my voice calm, but inside I could feel a slight tension coiling in my chest.

"Fufufu..." She let out a small, melodic laugh, though it felt as if it brushed past something deeper and something sharp. "You seem a little guarded, Leon. Why is that?"

That was because...

I knew what her ability was.

Her eyes weren't merely for seeing the world. Like the eyes of Isiliraiellyn, who could witness truths that lay beyond the veil of sight, and like her daughter, whose power had only recently awakened, Juna possessed something special, too.

She had the power to sense a lie as easily as a heartbeat. To know, without question, whether the person standing before her spoke from truth or from shadows.

"Well, it seems you've figured out my ability," she said softly, her words brushing past my ear like a breeze chilled with memory. "To be honest, even my former husband and my daughters don't know about it," she added, shrugging her shoulders with a casual grace that somehow made me uneasy.

That single shrug unsettled me more than it should have. It felt so different from the affectionate mother I'd seen earlier, like a fleeting glimpse of steel beneath silk.

"I'm not going to force you to confess your true motives for saving me, but..." She let her words drift for a heartbeat, letting the weight of them settle between us. "I don't think I can let my daughter's heart rest in the hands of someone who lies to her."

Ah... so this was her way of protecting Zeruel.

In her eyes, if I truly had a motive, then what I did wasn't out of love—but out of calculated gain. And this moment, this confrontation, was born after she'd seen me kissing her daughter.

"I'm not lying at all," I said, my voice steady despite the tightening in my chest. "I do love your daughter. You can see that, can't you?"

Her gaze softened, and I saw the faintest flicker of relief in the depths of her eyes—confirmation that my words rang true.

"And my motive really is simple," I continued, breathing out slowly as if letting the truth itself settle. "I did what I did for profit. If I could find a cure for Eternal Slumber, I could make something out of it. After all, it's still a widespread illness these days."

"Hmmm... I suppose I can believe you," she said at last, her voice easing like water flowing past stone. "I'm sorry for being suspicious..."

And then, her smile returned—warmer than before, softer and yet somehow stronger, as if she had chosen to trust me despite everything.

"You have to understand this, Leon," she said, her voice dipping lower, touched with something raw and honest. "I've been in the hands of the wrong man before, and it cost me dearly. And there were many men... evil men who took advantage of me. I couldn't, under any circumstances, let that happen to either of my daughters. They're my treasures."

Every word she spoke carried the weight of scars unseen but deeply felt.

"You don't have to worry about that," I said quietly. "And I do understand."

"Is that so?" Her smile deepened, glowing with something motherly yet fragile. "Zeruel found herself a nice man, I see..."

"So does this mean you're giving me the green light to move forward?"

"Well, I still hold some doubts," she admitted, her eyes narrowing playfully yet seriously. "But... I suppose I could." Then she bowed, her hair slipping forward over her shoulders like a silken waterfall. "Please, take care of my daughter. And once again, thank you for bringing me back to them."

This time, the gratitude in her voice felt different. It was genuine, rising up from the deepest part of her heart.

Juna's POV

I watched Leon as he walked away, the distance between us stretching with every step.

I lifted my hand and waved, my smile lingering warm on my lips, though shadows of doubt still clung faintly in my chest.

To tell the truth, I was still a little skeptical of him.

I had heard some things while I was still lying in that hospital bed, like things that weren't easy to forget.

But when I looked at him, truly looked, Leon seemed sincere in his feelings for my daughter.

Even so... part of me couldn't help but hold onto that last thread of caution. After all, I'd once been in the arms of men who treated me as though I were nothing but air. But for now, my daughter's happiness had to come first—and that meant letting go, if only just enough.

"Mom? Are you done talking to Leon?" Selene's voice cut through my thoughts, gentle yet eager.

"Yes," I said softly, lowering my gaze to meet her.

Only to find that she wasn't the small Selene I remembered anymore. We were practically the same height now.

A pang of sorrow tightened my chest—knowing I had missed so much of her growing up. But now, I would see it all with my own eyes.

"Where is he? Did he already leave? Mmph... and here I was, wanting to talk to him too..." she pouted, her cheeks puffing out adorably.

"Fufufu..." I couldn't help but laugh, warmth blooming in my chest. I reached out, my hand brushing gently over her hair, ruffling it like I used to when she was little. Even if her body had grown, her spirit was still the same precious daughter I had raised.

And now, with me back where I belonged, we were finally whole again.

And it was all thanks to Leon.

Chapter 789: Zeruel's Decision (1)

Zeruel's POV

Right now, I found myself standing quietly in the apartment we were calling home now.

It felt so unfamiliar, and yet comforting in a way that wrapped around me gently, like a blanket fresh out of the sun.

It was nothing like the old apartment we'd lived in before everything changed... I mean, before Mom collapsed and slipped away into Eternal Sleep.

That place... even remembering it made something inside my chest tighten painfully.

It had been so small that even just breathing at the same time felt cramped. Barely enough space for one person, let alone two girls trying desperately to hold onto the pieces of what was left of family.

Some nights, I remember sitting on the edge of that old bed, listening to Selene's breathing and trying to convince myself it was enough. That we'd be okay. That things would change.

But in truth, that apartment had never been a real home.

Instead of walls that held warmth, it kept in shadows. Every corner seemed to echo with memories I didn't want to remember. It was reminders of the days that had broken us, bit by bit.

So in the end, leaving it behind wasn't running away. It was freeing ourselves.

A chance to start somewhere new, without the suffocating weight of what had happened.

And somehow, deep down, I believed it had been the right choice.

"Wow! You've done a lot of good things in this place, I see," Mom said, her voice light but edged with something deeper. It was similar to something like relief, or maybe even pride.

She stood there for a moment, her eyes moving slowly over the walls, the small decorations we'd hung up, the secondhand sofa covered with a faded blanket, the cheap rug we'd chosen together.

It wasn't much, but it was ours.

"W-We've done a lot of decorating, but it wasn't really anything special..." I replied, my voice catching as I scratched my cheek, embarrassment creeping up and making my face burn.

"Well, although it's a little cramped for the three of us, I think we can manage," Mom said, the corners of her mouth lifting into a gentle, real smile that made my chest ache. "Now then, shall we prepare dinner for today? You must have missed my cooking, right?!"

"Yes," I said quickly, the word escaping before I could think.

"Hey, Mom, get this," Selene suddenly blurted out, her voice playful and sharp. "Sis sucks at cooking, you know?"

"H-Hey, I don't!" I shot back, too fast and too defensive, which probably made it worse.

"You do," she teased, her eyes glinting mischievously. "Well, you can do the basic stuff, but most of the time, you really don't know what you're doing. Like, you forget seasoning or mess it up completely."

W-Well... as much as I hated to admit it, she wasn't wrong.

"Don't worry," Mom chimed in, her voice as warm as a soft quilt. "I'll make something that'll completely blow your minds. Even though I've been asleep for so long, I don't think my cooking skills have faded away."

She sounded so confident it almost felt like a light had been switched on in the dim corners of my heart.

I stood there silently, watching her move, and for a moment the smell of oil heating in the pan and the sight of her tying her apron around her waist felt almost unreal.

Like a memory that had slipped out of reach finally coming back.

Selene leaned against the small kitchen counter, chatting happily, asking Mom about old recipes and telling her silly stories from the days she'd missed.

And me? I just watched.

Watched the way Mom's hands moved so easily, as if the years hadn't passed at all. Watched the soft light catch in Selene's hair as she laughed.

I'd missed this so much.

Missed it more than I had words for.

And I knew deep in my chest that none of this would have happened if Leon hadn't been there.

He'd given this back to us.

And so, of course, I wanted to give something back to him too.

Whether it meant standing beside him in danger, or giving him comfort when he needed it—even if it was something as intimate as pleasuring him, I would do it.

I knew I probably wasn't good enough for him. But even so, I'd do everything I could.

The next morning, I woke up to find Selene's face practically squished against mine, her breath warm and a string of drool sliding down onto my cheek.

"Uhehehe~ L-Leon, not there... You're gonna wake up Sis, you know? What? The three of us? N-No way... T-The two of us sisters, at the same time? T-That's embarrassing, but if you really do insist, then... uhehehehe~..."

"What the hell is she even dreaming about...?"

I felt a sharp throb in my temples, and for a moment I debated just turning over and pretending I hadn't heard anything.

Better not to know.

"Oh, you're already awake," Mom's voice floated over from the kitchen, warm and steady, mixing with the quiet sounds of something sizzling. "You have to go to the academy today, right?"

"Yes," I mumbled, still half-asleep, trying to rub Selene's drool off my cheek. "Are you making...?"

"Yes," she said, smiling softly over her shoulder. "Your favorite sandwich."

"Ah..." The word slipped out, too small to carry the relief I felt.

"What...?" she asked, her brow arching a little.

"Uh, n-nothing..." I said quickly, looking away as heat crawled up my neck.

"Fufufufu..." Mom chuckled, the sound low and gentle. "Don't worry. I made extra. You're giving one to Leon, right?"

"H-How did you know...?" I blurted out, heart skipping embarrassingly.

"Well, Selene told me," she said, laughter softening her words. "She really doesn't know how to keep things to herself."

I glanced over at Selene, who was still asleep but giggling softly, probably lost in that ridiculous dream. This girl really couldn't stay quiet, even unconscious...

"You don't have to be upset with her," Mom added gently. "I know my daughter well enough to see she wants to be with that handsome young man—even enough to make extra food for him." She paused, her voice dropping into something warm and proud. "Leon must really be someone special, if he's got you falling for him like this."

I felt my face burn, my eyes dropping to the floor. "W-Well, I-I'm sorry..." I murmured.

"Don't be sorry," she said, her laughter soft as falling petals. "In fact, I'm supporting you. I even added something special to those sandwiches—maybe you'll win his heart even more."

"Y-You really didn't have to, but... thank you," I said softly, feeling something warm swell quietly inside me.

After getting dressed and packing my bag, I finally stood at the door, breathing in slowly.

Mom was watching me, her eyes kind but sharp, as if trying to see all the feelings I hadn't said out loud.

"You sound a little excited today, Zeruel. Are you that eager to see Leon?" she teased, her words playful but gentle.

"M-Mom..." I stammered, turning away quickly as heat climbed into my cheeks.

"Fufufufu..." She laughed softly, the sound light and soft as wind chimes. "Be careful out there."

"Yes..." I said, my voice quieter now, but real.

Since I'd be staying at the dorm for the entire week, it would be five whole days before I could see her again.

And with that thought lingering, I stepped outside into the morning air.

The breeze felt cool against my skin, carrying the faint scent of bread and rain-washed streets.

My heart beat faster, not just because of the academy waiting ahead—but because I knew Leon would be there.

And for now... that was enough to make me take the first step forward.

Chapter 790: Zeruel's Decision (2)

Leon's POV

The whole academy hall felt like it was drowning in groans, sighs, and half-awake mutterings that buzzed low in the air.

It was like a swarm of invisible flies that nobody had the energy to swat away this early in the morning.

It wasn't exactly surprising, though. The professor standing at the front could bore even the most dedicated student into a state of half-conscious misery. His voice droned on and it was flat and heavy, as if every word weighed a ton and dragged everyone's eyelids down with it.

And it had barely even started.

Yet, almost everyone around me was already fighting to stay awake with their heads bobbing, mouths stretching into wide, helpless yawns.

Some were rubbing their eyes raw, while others gave up entirely, staring blankly at nothing.

But then... something felt off.

Like an undercurrent beneath the boring tide of the lecture.

It was a weird tension that seemed to creep into the room, like an odd dynamic that hadn't been there a moment before.

Not so much that everything changed beyond recognition, but enough that you could feel it prickling against your skin.

"Tsk. Why the hell does that guy get to have that beautiful yet mysterious Miss Isiliraiellyn too...?" someone hissed nearby, their words coated with frustration that practically dripped onto the floor.

"Someone from the Bronze Dormitory said they heard them having sex last night... You think it's true? That he fucked her too...?" another whispered, voice low.

"As long as there's a hole, there's a goal, huh?" came another voice, half sneer, half bitter laugh.

"This is bullshit. Why him? Why can't it be me?!" someone else muttered, their words tight, like they were chewing on jealousy that tasted like iron.

The air itself felt sour with resentment, and it was all pointed right at me.

It was like they all silently decided I wasn't worthy of any of this—like I'd somehow cheated my way into something they thought belonged to them.

I didn't bother answering or even looking back. Instead, I leaned into my chair, letting their envy wash over me, while Isiliraiellyn pressed herself closer with her whole body gently resting against mine. The professor's voice kept droning on, but it felt a million miles away compared to the heat of her presence right beside me.

When lunch break finally rolled around, it felt like someone had cut the ropes tying everyone to their seats.

Titania and the others gathered around, inviting me to join them, and for a moment, I almost said yes right away.

But then my eyes landed on Zeruel.

She was sitting by herself at the far end of the hall, holding a carefully wrapped package close to her chest.

It was probably sandwiches like the one we'd shared last time. There was something almost delicate about the way she held it, like she was carrying more than food.

It felt wrong to just ignore that. So I turned to Titania instead.

"Nia, mind if we invite Zeruel too?" I asked.

"Hm? Zeruel?" she repeated, blinking.

Her gaze followed mine over to Zeruel, who had been stealing glances at me—and the instant Titania's eyes landed on her, Zeruel jerked her head away, as if she'd been caught doing something forbidden.

The reason why students from the bronze class like me were now sitting together with the gold class—people like Titania and Zeruel—had everything to do with Myrcella's push for change.

Before, the academy system split us into walls you couldn't climb over.

Professors dumped all their effort into the gold class—the ones destined to become magic knights—while the rest of us got scraps. It made us complacent as well as made us stop trying.

Myrcella had been fighting that. Her idea was simple and that was to mix the classes together, prove that what kept the bronze class stuck wasn't laziness, but a lack of opportunity.

I still remembered how surprised I was when I came back from that other world to find that now, lectures were mixed. That I could actually share a room with people like Titania... and even Zeruel.

"Well, sure," Titania said after a pause, her lips curling into a gentle smile. "The more, the merrier, right?"

"Alright. You all go ahead, and I'll ask her," I told them.

"Okay. We'll wait," she replied, nodding softly.

With that, I crossed the room toward Zeruel, weaving past students still packing up.

She was just about to rise from her seat when I called her name.

"Zeruel."

"Fueh?!"

She let out a tiny, startled squeak.

It was so sudden it almost made me laugh.

"Ah, L-Leon... W-What is it?" she stammered, cheeks pink and eyes darting everywhere except at me.

"Do you want to come eat with us?" I asked, my voice calm, even though inside I wondered if she'd say yes.

"M-Me?" she echoed, her voice small, almost swallowed by the noise of the hall.

"Yes," I said again, nodding to reassure her.

She fidgeted, twisting the package in her hands, her gaze flickering to the floor.

"I-Is that really okay? I... I'm not going to bother anyone, am I?"

"I don't think so," I told her gently. "And honestly, Nia looked pretty happy when I brought up inviting you. But if you're too shy, and you just wanted to give me the sandwich, I can still take it. It's just... I haven't eaten with them for a while, and I feel like I should."

"I-If that's the case..." Zeruel swallowed, drawing a shaky breath before she lifted her eyes to meet mine. And then, softly, she spoke the words she'd been holding in.

We walked into the cafeteria together—Zeruel just behind me, still clutching the package but stepping a little closer with every stride.

The smell of food hit us first.

The warm bread, something fried, and the sweeter scent of fruit. The place buzzed with voices, laughter, and the scrape of chairs.

Titania and the others were already there and were waiting at a long table.

"Oh, Leon's here! And look—you really did bring Zeruel too!" Titania's voice lit up, genuine warmth in her smile.

Zeruel was still a step behind, her shoulders slightly hunched, but I could feel her trying to steady herself.

"Yeah. Managed to convince her," I said, glancing back at Zeruel with a quick smile.

The others seemed happy enough, their faces open, not a trace of annoyance—and that, more than anything, seemed to help Zeruel breathe a little easier.

"Come on, both of you—have a seat," Titania said, her voice soft and welcoming, as if she'd been saving that spot for us all along.