

The World 831

Chapter 831: Rose and Irene (8)

Her pussy was scorching.

It was so hot that the moment I slid in, it felt like I was plunging into something that wasn't just tight and wet, but burning with desperate need. The heat inside her wrapped around me, clinging and throbbing, pulling me deeper with every inch.

She was slick as hell. She was unbelievably wet.

Each time our bodies connected, the messy slap of skin against skin was accompanied by the obscene squelch of her drenched pussy. She was absolutely dripping, and the way she clung onto me made it feel like she was never going to let go.

"Ahhnn...~ Ah, ah...~!" she moaned, her voice breathy and drawn-out, trembling as she arched her back like she was offering herself up completely.

It was insane.

Like I had just shoved my cock into a pot of molten honey, thick and warm and impossibly sweet. The kind of heat that made my hips twitch on their own.

"Nghh... ah, ah... Your penis... it feels so good... it's hitting me at the back of my pussy..." she whimpered, her eyes glazed and half-lidded, one hand reaching out to clutch the back of my head. Her grip was shaky but firm, as if she needed something to hold onto before the pleasure swallowed her whole.

Then, without a single word more, she leaned in and pressed her lips against mine.

"Mgnnhhh... mmm...~"

Her kiss wasn't gentle as it was deep, wild, and completely unrestrained. Her tongue dove into my mouth like she wanted to taste every part of me, swirling, lapping, and intertwining with mine. We were a mess, breathing into each other, clashing and melding at the same time.

With every moan, every grind of her hips, I could feel myself being pulled under by her intensity.

It wasn't just sex anymore.

I was being consumed by her.

Her face looked absolutely wrecked with her cheeks flushed, eyes half-rolled back, and her mouth parted with a drooling moan. She looked like she was melting in front of me, undone and shameless.

"Ahhh, ah...~"

She started riding me again, hips pumping up and down, with each movement more desperate than the last.

Her pussy was sucking me in like it had a mind of its own with those velvety inner walls clenching and massaging my cock, milking it, and tugging on me like she didn't want to let go. Each time she dropped her hips, I felt that familiar jolt with her cervix getting tapped, then pushed, then stretched, and yielding to the pressure of my dick ramming into it.

Every single thrust felt like a shockwave.

"Ah, it feels really good...~ Ahhn, ah... ah...! Ah, ah, ah, ah...!" she moaned, louder now, her voice cracking with each syllable.

Then she threw her mouth back onto mine again... it was desperate and messy. She licked across my lips, around my mouth, sucking on my tongue like she was starving. Her breath was hot, her body burning.

I could feel my body trembling, muscles twitching under the pressure. She was overwhelming me, burying me in her rhythm, her passion, and her intensity.

I was close—so close it was almost painful.

My teeth clenched together. I forced myself not to cum yet. It was too early—I wanted more. I needed more of it.

"Fufufufu...~ You seem to be quite out of it, Leon," she teased with that sultry, condescending tone. "What, is your stamina not compare to back then? You're already tired?" she added, smirking at me like she knew exactly what she was doing.

"If you're like that... then how are you going to make this jealousy out of me?"

That stung—but it also fired something up inside me.

If she wanted to provoke me, fine. She'd get her answer in action.

I grabbed her ass hard with both hands and slammed my hips up into her.

The sound of my cock slamming into her echoed through the room.

"Ah, ah, ah...! Ahh, ah, ah, ah, ah...!"

Now I was the one in control. I was the one setting the pace. Each thrust sent her body jolting forward, and her moans became completely unhinged. Her legs were trembling with her thighs twitching each time I hit her deep.

She looked like she couldn't keep up with the waves of pleasure tearing through her body.

Her back arched again, and then her eyes rolled up—completely rolled up—until only the whites showed. Her mouth hung open in a silent scream, her entire body twitching and convulsing with every stroke I drove into her.

"Nghhh..., ahhn, ah... ah, ah ahhh, ah, ah, aahhhh...~ It feels good...~ T-This is it...! This is it...! The jealousy is being blown away...!"

Our bodies clashed over and over, the slap of skin against skin sharp, fast, and loud. It was a filthy, raw sound. It was one that echoed around the room and mixing with the wet smacks and her howling cries.

Irene lay next to us, and she was completely still.

She still hadn't moved since cumming earlier. Her breath was slow, body shivering slightly with her legs still spread just a little. She looked dazed—fucked out—but she wasn't asleep.

Well... Didn't matter. Not to us.

Rose and I were lost in our own world.

Her pussy had become so sloppy that each time I pulled back, I could see my shaft coated in her sticky juices, strings of it clinging between us. And despite all that mess, she was getting tighter—clenching down harder around me like her body was trying to wring the orgasm out of me.

It worked. I was almost there.

"Ahh, L-Leon... at the same time... give it to me... at the same time...~" Rose whimpered, her voice cracked, eyes watery and full of lust.

She looked straight into me. Our eyes locked.

How the hell was I supposed to say no?

We leaned in and kissed again—sloppier this time with our tongues dancing in sync, licking and sucking, breathing into each other. Our saliva dripped from our mouths, stringing between us as we moaned through the kiss.

And then—

"Nghghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

She came.

Her whole body spasmed, and she let out a long, drawn-out moan as she arched her back again. I couldn't hold back anymore—I let go inside her.

My cock throbbed as I unloaded everything I had, stuffing her pussy full of cum, filling her to the brim with each hot spurt. I held her hips tight, pressing her down as deep as she could take me while I emptied myself inside her.

"Ahh, ah, ahh...~"

She kept moaning, her voice softer now and more tender, as her body continued to tremble from the aftershocks.

"F-Fufufufu...~ T-That was amazing..." she said, panting hard, barely able to catch her breath. "You really are great, Leon... I'm yours now... truly..." she added, her lips curling into a satisfied smile. "I hope you wouldn't get tired of me."

I couldn't help but grin.

"With that pussy so good, I don't think I would be able to," I told her plainly.

She looked at me with that same smile, a little teasing and a little sincere.

"You really are such a smooth talker, aren't you?" she said, chuckling softly. "Well, that's why I like you, so I guess that's fine." Then, before I could reply, she grabbed a fistful of my hair and pulled me into another kiss—this one deep, slow, and intense. She licked into my mouth with a hunger that hadn't dulled at all.

When we finally broke away, I glanced to the side.

"Well then," I said casually, "I think someone who's awake now should just admit it already."

I looked right at Irene.

She was still lying there, eyes half-shut, pretending to be asleep. But her fingers were between her legs, rubbing her pussy—still sticky and wet from the creampie I gave her earlier.

Chapter 832: Rose and Irene (9)

Rose slowly pulled off of me and walked over to her.

Irene opened her eyes reluctantly and looked away from me.

"W-What...?" she muttered, embarrassed.

"I want to proceed with you next," I said simply. "So can you please clean this up for me?"

I pressed my still-hard cock against her cheek, smearing her with it, the thick shaft squishing her soft skin slightly.

"Is that okay?"

She looked at me, her expression torn. She was hesitating.

Rose, panting beside her, watched with a half-lidded gaze.

I knew this wouldn't be easy. Threesomes weren't something that happened often, especially with they two of them. Irene valued monogamy. She didn't love sharing. Rose didn't mind it much, but she wasn't particularly into it either.

Still... I wasn't going to let this moment slip.

Irene had done a threesome before—with Gabrielle—but she treated it more like a battle to win than a real experience. This time, it wasn't a challenge. It was intimacy. And I was going to make sure it happened.

I looked at them both, voice steady.

"I want to have a threesome with the two of you right here," I said.

While Irene still looked visibly conflicted, she slowly leaned forward and took my cock into her mouth, her lips wrapping around the head as she began to swirl her tongue around the tip.

The moment her tongue made contact, a shiver jolted up my spine. Well, that was only natural—I'd just cum, and the head of my dick was still ridiculously sensitive.

I placed my hand on the back of her head, letting her move at her own pace as she worked her tongue around my shaft.

She was damn good at it. So good that my toes curled from the waves of pleasure she was sending through me.

I turned to look at Rose.

She seemed hesitant—like she didn't want to participate further—but she was the one who'd actually initiated all this. So, after a short moment of silence, she approached me from behind and hugged me tightly, pressing her soft, bare breasts against my back.

Then, without warning, she leaned in and started licking the back of my neck.

I shivered instantly.

The sensation was unexpectedly good. Really fucking good.

Eventually, Irene pulled her mouth off my cock, now cleaned of all the earlier mess.

I pulled both of them toward me and guided them to lie down on the bed together.

The moment I looked down at the two of them lying there—two stunningly beautiful women, each with an absolutely bombshell of a body—I felt my throat go dry, and my mouth watered like crazy.

I honestly didn't think I'd ever get them both in bed like this. But now that they were here, lying side by side, the sheer sight of them overwhelmed me.

It was like a dopamine overload, hitting my brain all at once.

It's time to enjoy this to the fullest.

We began with both of them straddling me with Rose on my face, and Irene sliding herself down onto my cock.

They moved their hips together, grinding, gyrating, taking their own rhythm while I was sandwiched between them. Rose's pussy smothered my face while Irene's tight hole clung to my dick.

It was an incredible mess of sensation.

Eventually, I made them both cum at the same time.

Right after that, I rolled back over to Rose and started fucking her in missionary. Meanwhile, Irene was kissing me, licking every inch of my skin she could reach, her fingers teasing my nipples as she pinched and played with them.

The sensations were overwhelming.

I honestly felt like I was about to drown in it all, but I gritted my teeth and endured.

We went through a variety of positions. I had them both on all fours—doggy style—with their asses pointed at me, then stacked them with Rose below and Irene on top, taking turns fucking each one.

At one point, Rose straddled my hips, gyrating while Irene licked and teased my nipples again. Then I stacked them once more—this time with both their asses pressed together, forming a white tower of butts, ready to take me again.

I kept going, again and again, making them cum repeatedly, filling them both up as I lost count of the orgasms. My cum was spilling out of them every time I pulled back.

Finally, I decided to finish it with both of them lying on their backs, side by side.

My cock was buried inside Rose, while my fingers worked their way deep into Irene.

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

"Nghh, ahnnn, ah, ahhh...!"

Their breasts bounced with every thrust and every motion sending ripples through their bodies.

"Your fingers... keep on reaching my... good spots...!"

"If you keep on hitting me that deep... the semen inside... will overflow...~!"

Then, I pulled out of Rose and slipped into Irene, while my fingers took over and began fingering Rose.

"I think my next load will be the last...!" I told them, my voice strained, gritting my teeth.

"Understood... please, let it out... cum at the same time...~"

"Let it out... all your remaining semen...~"

I kept thrusting—pushing in and out, deeper and faster.

"Ahhh...~ C-Cumming...! Cumming...!"

"Ahh... I'm cum~ cu...~ Ahhhhh!"

And then, I came inside Irene.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah...~!!!"

"Haaaahhhhh~!!!"

I was left panting, chest rising and falling, as I looked down at the both of them.

They were completely spent—panting, twitching, and their bodies still reacting to the aftershocks.

I couldn't lie—I was drained too.

Altogether, I'd made both of them orgasm twenty times. Ten each.

I honestly didn't think something like that was even physically possible, but somehow, I'd pulled it off. And strangely enough, I didn't even feel like I was at my limit yet.

Even though I'd cum so many times, I didn't feel tired in the slightest.

But I couldn't say the same for them.

They were absolutely wrecked.

It was only right to call it a night.

Honestly, if I pushed myself any more, I might've drained every last drop of cum I had left in my balls.

So, I lay down between the two of them, their warm bodies at my sides, and finally let myself rest.

It was... a fun night.

Chapter 833: Gabrielle's Apology And Irene's Acceptance (1)

Irene's POV

What... what the hell did I just do?

My heart was pounding the moment I opened my eyes. This terrible, weirdly warm feeling spread across my chest like a slow burn of embarrassment... or maybe dread. No, not maybe—definitely dread.

I feel like I've done something seriously embarrassing. The kind of thing that makes you want to scream into a pillow and never come out again.

My head was still a bit foggy, spinning lightly from last night's drinks, but one thing was clear and that I wasn't just drunk—I was wrecked. Like full-blown, black-out-the-world drunk. And that probably... no, that definitely pushed me into doing something I never thought I'd do.

But the worst part?

I remembered everything. Every goddamn second.

The sounds, the touches, the heat... the way our bodies moved, tangled, melted together like it was the most natural thing in the world. My whole face turned red again just thinking about it, and I had to grip the edge of the bed to keep myself from spiraling out.

I sat up slowly. My legs wobbled under me like jelly, weak and trembling—not from fatigue, but from the very obvious lingering sensations between them. My skin still felt flushed, almost feverish, and there was this soaked stickiness sliding between my thighs, making every little step feel... indecent. I could still feel that raw, humming pleasure between my legs, deep in my core. It hadn't faded. Not even a little.

God, I wanted to scream.

Dragging myself to the bathroom, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and instantly regretted it.

My hair was a total mess, wild and frizzy from sweat. My lips were a bit swollen. My cheeks were still pink, and my skin had this afterglow that screamed sex. There were faint red marks on my neck and collarbone, barely-there bruises on my inner thighs. I looked like I had just stepped off on one of the establishments in the Pleasure City.

And yeah... I could still smell it. That faint, musky mix of sweat, and something undeniably sexual that clung to my skin like smoke.

Before I could even gather myself, the door creaked open.

"Ah..."

"Ah..."

We both froze.

It was Rose.

She looked just as flustered as I felt, her hair a mess, cheeks flushed, and eyes wide as soon as we locked eyes.

Neither of us knew what to say. We just... stood there, the heavy silence pushing down on us like a damn fog. I could almost taste the awkwardness in the air.

"Y-You're up early, huh?" Rose finally managed, her voice cracking slightly as she rubbed the side of her face.

"Y-You too," I replied, way too quickly. My voice sounded like I'd forgotten how to speak. Robotic. Flat. We both sounded like two people trying way too hard to sound normal.

We both knew what we were doing. We were tiptoeing around it like we didn't just have a full-blown threesome with Leon less than 10 hours ago.

"D-Did you get a good night's sleep? I... I sure didn't. My head's still killing me from all that alcohol," she said with a forced little laugh, her hand rubbing her temple now.

"I-I did... sort of..." I mumbled. But who was I kidding?

It wasn't sleep. It was more like passing out after hours of moaning, gasping, sweating, and—

God, just thinking about it made my thighs clench a little. I wanted to crawl into the floor and disappear.

This was so awkward.

A threesome. With her. And Leon.

What the actual hell happened to my morals?

In my defense... she was the one who started it. She leaned in first, kissed first, and touched first. But that didn't mean I was innocent. I could've said no. I could've walked away.

But I didn't.

"Haaa..." Rose sighed, crossing her arms and looking away. "Okay. Let's just stop pretending. There's no way in hell either of us can just brush off what happened."

She was right. 100% right.

I let out a small, embarrassed sigh, giving her a weak, crooked smile. "You're right..."

There was no ignoring it. No forgetting it. It wasn't some blurry, alcohol-induced haze. It wasn't a drunken mystery.

We remembered everything. Clearly. Viscerally.

"For someone who wants a monogamous relationship... I did something really

fucking stupid," I groaned, burying my face in my hands. My cheeks were burning so hot I thought they might melt off.

If I didn't hide behind my hands, I probably would've slammed my head into the mirror in shame.

But then I peeked through my fingers and caught Rose glancing at me.

"W-Why are you blushing?"

"W-Well..." she stammered, looking away quickly. "Even though we were tipsy and got caught up in the mood... that doesn't make what we did any less mortifying. I can't just pretend it didn't happen—it's gonna haunt me for life."

She paused, biting her lip.

"I... I gotta admit, though," she added, barely audible. "We had really good teamwork back there."

I blinked. "T-Teamwork?"

She looked at me sheepishly. "I-I mean... I wouldn't have been able to handle Leon's stamina alone. Just two rounds and I'd be done for. But with both of us? We actually got him to cum in double digits. Isn't that kinda... impressive? Like, weirdly good teamwork?"

I stared at her.

"Y-You're sounding like you just came to terms with something really insane."

Rose shrugged helplessly. "Well, what else can I do? It happened. We can't erase it."

She had a point. There was no rewinding the clock. There was no undoing the sweat, the moans, and the way we all lost ourselves in each other.

Maybe acceptance was better than torturing ourselves with guilt.

Then, we heard footsteps.

"Good morning, ladies," came Leon's voice, casual as ever. That same cool smirk on his face.

"You both sleep well?"

There was a pause.

"Oh?" he chuckled. "You two look very embarrassed about what happened last night."

Rose and I both averted our gazes instantly, like scolded kids. Neither of us wanted to say anything. There really was nothing to say.

We were too embarrassed to even exist in the same room.

Chapter 834: Gabrielle's Apology And Irene's Acceptance (2)

Leon glanced at his watch. "Oh, right—I've got something I need to take care of. Mind if I head out? Or are you still feeling a little alcohol-sluggish?"

"I-I think I'm okay enough to drive home," I said quickly. "You can go ahead. We've got this."

I forced a smile that probably looked as stiff as I felt.

Leon nodded and gave us a casual goodbye, like everything was completely normal. Then he left.

Just like that.

Silence fell again.

Rose and I looked at each other, hesitant.

"W-Well... I guess it's time for us to go home too..." we both said, at the exact same time.

Like two broken dolls trying to say something—anything—just to break the tension.

We quickly packed up and left.

The second I got back to my place, I collapsed backward onto my bed with a soft thud. The mattress welcomed me, but my mind didn't.

It raced. Non-stop.

The sounds. The heat. The way Rose moaned into my neck. The way Leon's hands gripped my hips. The slick slide of our skin. The pleasure, the rhythm, the sheer intensity of it...

It all came flooding back.

And the worst part?

It felt good. So fucking good I almost hated myself for remembering it that way.

That feeling of being wrapped in two bodies, of surrendering completely, of being devoured and giving in—that memory was so intoxicating, so addictive, I could still feel it.

But I didn't want to be addicted to it. I couldn't.

Because if I let myself crave that again—if I let myself fall down that rabbit hole...

What would happen to me?

Would I lose myself?

"...I guess I'm just really selfish, huh?" I whispered to no one, the ceiling blurring slightly as I stared upward, still trembling from something I didn't even want to admit felt good.

I must've dozed off for a while, because by the time I opened my eyes, the sun was already dipping low into the horizon, painting the room with this warm orange glow that stretched lazily across the walls.

My stomach let out a soft grumble.

Right. I didn't even get to eat anything for lunch.

Not even a bite.

It was all because of the damn hangover. A headache was still faintly clinging to the back of my skull, like a dull echo that just wouldn't go away.

Honestly, it was kind of surprising how much it hit me. I didn't even feel drunk last night. Not at all. If anything, I felt like I had control the entire time.

It was... weird.

But I remembered hearing somewhere—maybe from someone or somewhere or whatever—that when you're horny, you sometimes don't even realize you're drunk. Like your body just overrides everything and focuses on the heat instead.

Maybe that was it.

Maybe that was why I didn't notice it at all last night.

Letting out a quiet sigh, I dragged myself up, rubbing my arms a little. My body felt sticky with leftover warmth and sweat, even though the air had already cooled down.

I figured I should cook something before my stomach made me pass out from hunger. Thankfully, I still had some preserved meat tucked away, just enough for one person.

I took it out, peeled off the wrapping, and dropped it on the pan. It sizzled instantly as the oil kissed its surface. The smell was... comforting. Familiar. Kinda like home.

I cooked it on medium heat, watching it closely. As it browned, I seasoned it right there, letting the spices soak in as the scent grew richer. Then, once it looked about done, I flipped it with a practiced flick of the wrist and let it fry just a little longer.

After a few more seconds, I pulled it off the pan and laid it on the plate. Steam curled up from the meat as I sat down and finally—finally—took a bite.

It was... good.

Surprisingly good, actually. Tender, salty, a little juicy still.

Even though it had been days since I bought it, it was still totally edible. That preservation tech really worked wonders.

Of course, preserving food wasn't exactly a new concept. Even back in the old ages, people knew how to keep things fresh using ice or salt. Store it in a box packed with cold and, bam—it stays good for a while.

But what Leon made?

That was on another level.

It wasn't anything revolutionary, sure—just inspired by the same idea. But it was so much more efficient, so much more... effective. Cleaner. Sharper. Faster.

That's just how Leon was. Always improving things, always pushing past the limits of what people thought was possible. One innovation after another, like he didn't even need to try.

His company just kept expanding, like a wildfire with no one fast enough to stop it. No rivals. No real competition. Just him—scaling up, rising higher.

Now, he stood at the top of the world.

Untouchable.

Unreachable.

And me? I was just an instructor. A nobody in comparison. A woman with nothing but her own fading pride.

If I really was the only woman in his life... maybe he'd get bored of me. Maybe not. I didn't know.

But it felt like I didn't deserve him.

It wasn't like he made me feel that way—he never did—but just knowing the difference between us... it made the thought impossible to shake off.

He was literally rewriting the rules of the world, and I was just... existing.

Maybe—just maybe—it was time for me to stop pretending.

Maybe I should stop clinging so tightly to the idea of being the only one.

I mean... I already slept with the others anyway.

Rose, for example. Last night, we were tangled up in each other like it was the most natural thing in the world. And even though I didn't want to admit it—no, I really didn't—but technically, me and Gabrielle... yeah, that happened too.

Leon was that kind of man.

Incredible. Unbelievable. The kind of man no other could ever measure up to.

No one else even came close.

I sighed again. A deeper one this time.

I've been sighing a lot lately. Too much, maybe.

Maybe it was time to stop being so damn stubborn. Time to let go of all the pride and the old-fashioned ideals I'd been holding onto.

Maybe... I should just accept it.

Accept being one of Leon's women.

Not his only one.

Just... one of many.

And honestly?

That should be enough.

Back then, the only reason I didn't give in, the only reason I held back... it was because of Gabrielle.

If she wasn't part of his harem, I think I would've already said yes.

The moment he asked... I would've joined.

But no, Gabrielle was there. And I couldn't let things go. Couldn't let the past fade into the background.

I was still stuck.

Still bitter.

And while I was sitting there, overthinking everything like always, my phone suddenly lit up with a buzz.

I blinked, a little startled, and looked down.

The screen flashed with a name I didn't expect.

Gabrielle.

Well, not her name exactly. I didn't want to see it saved in my contacts. So I had her listed as "Staff 1."
Just a generic, forgettable label.

But there it was—Staff 1—glowing at me like it was daring me to press accept.

I stared at it for a few long seconds. My finger hovered.

Then, finally, I picked it up.

"I was starting to think you weren't gonna answer," came the voice on the other end, soft but unmistakably hers.

It really was Gabrielle.

I swallowed the sudden lump in my throat. "Why'd you call?" I asked, trying to keep my tone neutral.

"I want to meet with you. Is that okay?"

Chapter 835: Gabrielle's Apology And Irene's Acceptance (3)

I decided to meet with her.

Honestly, I didn't even know why. I couldn't explain it—not logically and especially not emotionally. It wasn't like I had a reason prepared or something meaningful I was hoping to get out of it. There was just this strange, gnawing pull in my chest that said I needed to go.

So I did.

The place we agreed to meet at was the Leonamon Cake Shop.

The moment I walked in, I saw her.

She was already seated—elegant and composed, as if she'd been waiting for me for a while. Her posture hadn't changed over the years, still carrying that sense of quiet confidence. But what caught me off guard wasn't the familiarity—it was her belly.

Big. Round. Heavy-looking.

It protruded beneath her outfit like a bold, undeniable truth.

She was almost there.

Almost due.

"It's been a while, Irene," she said with a soft smile.

That smile... it completely disarmed me.

Warm. Gentle. So full of affection that it made something twist inside my chest. It wasn't fake—it didn't have that surface-level politeness or any passive-aggressive undertone. It was the smile of a woman at peace. A mother. It hit me harder than I expected.

I wasn't ready for that kind of kindness coming from her.

And she was eating cake—multiple slices of it. Plates scattered around, bits of whipped cream and crumbs here and there. She wasn't even trying to hide how much she was eating, and honestly, she didn't need to.

I'd heard before that pregnant women tended to eat more than usual. They weren't just feeding themselves anymore after all as they were nourishing another life growing inside them. That idea alone... it was still wild to me.

That Gabrielle, of all people, was going to be a mother.

"...It's been a while," I replied, a little stiffly.

It had been exactly four months since she took her leave from teaching at the academy. Four months of no contact. Four months of silence.

"Come here and sit with me," she said, her voice as warm as the smile still lingering on her face.

Without saying anything else, I moved toward the seat across from her and sat down. My hands were in my lap, and I couldn't help but feel a little tense.

"Why did you call for me?" I asked, not bothering to dance around it.

She didn't answer right away. Instead, she gestured toward the cakes in front of us.

"Well, why don't you start eating first?" she said, casual and light. "I mean, there's cake here for you, too. So why don't you start with that?"

I hesitated. "I don't want to take from someone who clearly needs it more..."

She smiled again, and this time it was playful. "Don't worry about it. I still have plenty more."

"W-Well... if you say so, I guess I'll take you up on that offer. To be honest, I was feeling a little peckish. If you'll allow me..."

I reached forward and picked one of the cakes from the tray.

The moment I took the first bite, I felt like my soul was melting.

Soft sponge. Perfect sweetness. The kind of flavor that spread through my tongue like velvet, teasing my taste buds and making my entire body relax. I let out a soft breath, trying to suppress the embarrassing pleasure that rushed in.

It was almost too good. I could've sworn I was about to have an orgasm from how amazing it was.

Leonamon never failed. Leon had control over so many things—business, tech as well as infrastructure—but somehow, even the taste of the food his brand served was top-tier.

And just as I was enjoying that sensation, she opened her mouth and said the one thing that instantly made me forget how to chew.

"I heard that you and Rose had a threesome with Master last night."

I choked.

Hard.

I immediately grabbed the nearest glass of juice and poured it into my mouth, trying not to spit out the cake still halfway on my tongue. My throat burned. My heart skipped like five beats in a row.

"W-Where did you hear that?!" I asked, voice cracking, face already flushing a deep red.

She just laughed softly. "I was joking that I heard it. Actually, I was just confirming something."

Her smile turned a bit sly.

"Well, it was kind of obvious once the two of you suddenly called Master out like that. I guess my assumption was correct."

S-So... she was testing me.

She threw out bait to see if I'd bite—and I did. I fell for it like an idiot.

Of all the people I didn't want knowing about that... it had to be her.

"S-So what?" I shot back, a little sharper now. "Are you going to reprimand me for that? Even though I was the one who kept insisting I wanted a monogamous relationship with Leon?"

She shook her head gently.

"No. I'm not blaming you," Gabrielle said. "I was just wondering if you're okay with it now. With Master having a harem."

I looked down at the table.

My fingers curled slightly, pressing into the napkin beside the plate.

I... didn't know.

"It's because of me, isn't it?" she asked, her voice quieter now. "I'm the reason you haven't accepted it."

That was...

Right.

That was exactly it.

There was no other explanation—no other reason for why I kept hesitating, why I couldn't bring myself to be with the man I loved. It all came down to her.

And I knew that what I was doing was selfish. Holding onto a grudge for so long... it was pathetic. It was exhausting. It was depressing.

But even though I knew all that... I still couldn't let it go.

I was too proud. Too bitter. Too damn stuck.

"I know it's because of that," Gabrielle said gently. "But I'm sorry, Irene. I won't leave Master. I'm going to be his. Forever."

The weight in her voice hit me like a stone.

She wasn't bluffing.

She was serious.

And why wouldn't she be? She was pregnant with his child. That wasn't something you do unless you're all in. I believed her completely.

"I know," I said quietly. "And I'm not going to try anything stupid like asking you to leave Leon. I know how much you love him. Enough to leave your job as a magic knight. Enough to accept all of him, even the parts that aren't easy. That kind of love... it's not something anyone can just overlook."

I took a breath. My voice cracked a little.

"Honestly... I think you have the upper hand against me. If I tried to push anything right now, Leon would be the one to cast me aside. And that's something I don't want to risk."

"I see..." she murmured.

She leaned back slightly, resting a hand on her swollen belly.

"Well, you're right. I love Master. I love him more than anything in this world. And I don't think that love will ever fade. Not ever."

She looked at me again—this time with piercing sincerity.

"That's why I'm giving Master everything he wants. Anything that'll make him happier."

Then, her eyes locked with mine.

"That's why... come and join Master's harem, Irene."

Chapter 836: Gabrielle's Apology And Irene's Acceptance (4)

I blinked, a small jolt running through me, my eyes widening as Gabrielle's words sank in.

"A-Agreeing to become one of his harem... D-Don't you know what that even means?" I asked, my voice shaky and laced with disbelief. "Y-You hated me too, didn't you? I just... I think it's only going to hurt us more if both of us end up being part of the same harem."

My heart was thudding hard against my chest. Just saying those words out loud made my throat dry. My thoughts were tangled up in knots, and the more I tried to make sense of it, the worse it got.

Gabrielle just looked at me. She was calm and steady. Like she wasn't fazed at all.

"I don't really see the problem here," she said, her voice smooth, almost indifferent. "You're the one treating it like it's some huge deal, even though, frankly, I don't think it's as much of a problem as you think it is."

Her tone was so annoyingly relaxed. It made my chest tighten. I couldn't tell if she was brushing it off or just being honest. But either way... it made me question everything I was thinking.

Was I really the one turning this into something bigger than it was?

Maybe I was. Now that I think about it... I guess I had been overthinking it this whole time. Maybe it really wasn't that deep. But then again, how else was I supposed to think about it?

"You love Master, don't you?" she asked, suddenly shifting the conversation in a direction that made my heart skip a beat.

It was like a punch straight to the gut.

Admitting that... it wasn't easy. It made my chest tighten, made my cheeks heat up like I was being put on the spot in front of a crowd. But I couldn't deny it. I really couldn't.

Because the truth was... I did love Leon.

And not just the kind of love you feel for someone casually or temporarily. No. This love ran deep—so deep that it scared me sometimes. I didn't think I could ever love another man again. Ever.

If I didn't feel this strongly about Leon... maybe I would've been able to move on. Maybe I could've found someone else by now. But no matter how I imagined it, I couldn't picture anyone else being able to fill that hole inside me.

And I meant that in both ways.

Leon wasn't just the one who gave me love—the kind of love I wanted to give back unconditionally—he was also the only man I could ever imagine physically satisfying me. Even though I'd never seen another man's cock before, I just knew there wouldn't be anyone else whose dick could make me feel the way Leon's did.

It sounded pathetic when I thought about it like that, but it was the truth.

Of course, that wasn't the reason I loved him... but still.

The point was—I loved Leon. Deeply. Truly. Hopelessly.

"I do," I finally said, the words barely above a whisper.

"And you can't imagine anyone else replacing Master, right? Neither in your heart nor your body."

Her voice was softer now. Not taunting. Not mocking. Just... certain. Like she already knew what I was going to say.

And damn it, she was right.

"Yes," I breathed.

Gabrielle nodded, like she'd already expected my answer. "Then I don't see any problem here at all, Irene," she said, her tone calm, almost gentle now. "If you really love Master that much, then why not be one of his women? The only issue you seem to have... is me. But I'm not going to leave Master either."

Her words hit hard—but not in a bad way.

"And Irene," she continued, her eyes meeting mine, unwavering, "I don't think you need to worry about that. Of course I want us to get along. It's said that Master's power is reflected in how well his women get along with each other, but... if that's not possible for you, then that's fine. You don't have to force anything."

I stared at her in silence.

That actually... made sense.

Even if we couldn't stand each other, it didn't mean we couldn't be in the same harem. We didn't have to interact. We could just ignore each other, exist on separate sides, and let Leon be the center.

But still...

"Irene..." Gabrielle said again, her voice slicing through my thoughts. I looked up at her. "You keep saying I hate you, but... I don't really think I do."

I blinked, confusion hitting me like a slap. "What?"

What the hell was she going on about?

"That time... back at graduation?" she started, her gaze lowering a little. "I don't think I meant what I said back then. It was more out of frustration. Frustration that I couldn't reach you and Rose. That I couldn't help you two get back into Gold Class."

My breath caught in my throat.

Wait... seriously?

Rose had said something like that too. Not exactly the same, but... she said her disappointment wasn't at us, but at the fact that we didn't graduate together. That she hated the situation, not me.

Was Gabrielle really saying the same thing now?

"It's up to you whether you believe me or not," she said, her voice dropping to a lower, quieter register. "I don't think I can change that. What I said back then... yes. It hurt. Even me."

"S-So you're saying you didn't mean it?" I asked, still trying to wrap my head around it.

"I don't know," she said simply. "I really don't. I don't even remember exactly how I felt back then. It's been years."

Years...

All this time, it was just me holding onto the anger. The resentment. The bitterness.

I was the one stuck in the past.

That was... pathetic.

"Irene," Gabrielle said softly. "Would you accept my apology... if I offered it to you?"

My eyes widened slightly. "What...?"

Gabrielle? Apologizing?

This had to be the first time I'd ever heard those words from her. My heart started beating harder, like it was reacting to something dangerous.

And honestly, I was scared. Scared to hear it.

Because if she apologized... if I accepted it... then what would I even have left to hold on to?

"I-I don't know about that," I said, voice tight.

"Well then..." she took a breath, her eyes locking onto mine with a sharp seriousness I'd never seen from her before. "I apologize for what I did back then. I hope you can forgive me."

The way she said it—it wasn't fake. It wasn't some empty, rehearsed line.

It was real. Genuinely real.

But even then... I didn't know what to feel.

Did I still want to hold on to this grudge?

No. I didn't.

I wanted to forgive her. I really did.

But... there was something inside me that wouldn't let go so easily.

"Irene," she said one last time, her tone calm but bold. "Why don't we—and I mean Master, you, and I—have a threesome?"

Chapter 837: Gabrielle's Apology And Irene's Acceptance (5)

I nearly choked on my own breath when she said it.

It was like she'd just tossed a grenade into the middle of the conversation... It was something so out-of-pocket that it didn't even feel real—and then had the nerve to just sit there, completely calm, like she hadn't just dropped the most absurd line imaginable.

What the hell was wrong with her?

"A-A threesome... what?" I stammered with my voice cracking in disbelief.

"What's wrong with it? I don't think it's really an issue." Her tone was maddeningly casual, like we were talking about the weather. "We've done it before, right? And it's not like you had any problem when you did it together with Rose."

My jaw tensed. "But you're—"

I looked at her protruding belly.

"It's really fine. I can still have sex in this kind of condition, you know?" she said, so matter-of-fact that it almost made me doubt my own common sense. "I mean, pregnancy sex isn't really that uncommon."

It was hard—really hard—to believe. But there was something in the way she said it... like she meant it. Like she genuinely believed it herself.

Even so, a part of me screamed that this was insane. Trying to reason with her about it would just be like hitting my head against a wall.

"B-But—"

"It's just something we have to do to understand each other," Gabrielle said, her voice smooth, almost persuasive. "You have to press your bodies together to truly understand one another. It's not like anything bad will happen if we do it. Just like what we did back then... and what you and Rose did."

Her words dug into me. As ridiculous as it sounded, there was a strange, undeniable logic behind them.

Sometimes, to understand someone, you needed more than just words—you needed closeness. Real closeness. Skin to skin. And if your feelings were buried so deep that no amount of casual conversation could unearth them, maybe the only way to reach them was to dig. Hard. Until someone—maybe even that person themselves—helped you pull them out.

Still, I wasn't convinced. I doubted I could understand Gabrielle just by doing... that.

And then, without warning, she reached out. Her fingertips brushed against my skin before her palm settled lightly over my hand.

"There's nothing wrong with trying, right?" she asked quietly.

That's when I noticed it—her hand was trembling.

Even she wasn't as unshaken as she wanted me to think.

That tiny, involuntary quiver said more than her words ever could. She was embarrassed too. Nervous or maybe even scared.

And truth be told, I wasn't much better. I was unsettled, with my stomach twisting, but... was I really going to just brush her off? Pretend I didn't notice?

I pushed my chair back and stood.

"I... I'm going to go home now."

I turned and walked out of the cake shop. Gabrielle didn't stop me and she just stayed there in silence, like she had nothing else left to say.

Sliding into my car, I started the engine. The quiet hum filled the space as I pulled out with me driving back toward home.

The moment I stepped inside, I headed straight for my bedroom, collapsing onto the bed without bothering to change.

My chest felt heavy. My stomach churned, and an ugly knot twisted tighter and tighter until I honestly thought I might puke.

Not because of Gabrielle's insane suggestion—something even she had to know was unrealistic—but because of myself.

Because of this festering, choking self-loathing.

Rose and Gabrielle had both moved on from that day... the graduation day. But me? Well, I was still stuck there.

It was like I was still in that moment with me and Gabrielle grabbing at each other's hair, nails scratching, with the both of us snarling like wild beasts that couldn't be tamed. Back then, there was no dignity. We had no restraint. And the worst part? I felt like that version of me never went away. Like I hadn't grown up at all.

"Honestly... I'm pathetic."

I knew that the only real way forward was to understand each other. But no matter how much I told myself that, I couldn't take a step. Something was holding me back, chaining me to the past.

I sighed, the sound escaping me heavier than I intended.

I should be doing something. Anything at all. But no matter how many times I tried to move forward, my feet wouldn't budge. They wouldn't move not even a bit.

I glanced at my phone lying beside me.

Maybe I was just... stubborn. I was too stubborn for my own good.

"This won't do, huh?" I muttered to myself.

I picked up the phone and dialed a number.

The call immediately rang.

The person that I had contacted didn't pick up right away.

It was almost like something was stopping her from answering.

Which... I could understand. It wasn't exactly a surprise. After all, the two of us had done something last night and it was something that was very, very, very embarrassing.

Then again, maybe she was just still asleep. We'd both been drunk, after all.

But finally, the line clicked.

"H-Hello."

"Rose. Can I meet up with you?"

"H-Huh? Why?"

She sounded a little off. She was a little annoyed, maybe.

"D-Do you want to talk about what happened last night? Huhahahaha! Well, I guess now that you're sober, you couldn't help but remember something really embarrassing, huh? But you don't have to worry. I'm over it. I think what happened can just be brushed off in due time. So you forget about it too, okay?"

She sounded like she was laughing it off, but there was something... strained about her tone. I could tell—even she was still a bit miffed about it.

"I want to talk to you about something," I said firmly. "And I don't mean what happened last night."

The weight in my voice must've hit her, because she went silent for a moment.

"Can you meet up with me? Anywhere is fine."

Chapter 838: Gabrielle's Apology And Irene's Acceptance (6)

Rose's POV

I still had no idea what Irene wanted to talk to me about. Even now, as I sat there waiting, it was a mystery gnawing at the back of my mind.

I was at the same table where we'd been drinking last night. With the same seat and the same faint scent of spilled alcohol clinging to the wood.

"It seems you're going for a round two. Didn't manage to satisfy you last night, eh?"

The bartender's voice broke my thoughts. He was smirking, elbows on the counter like he was in on some secret.

I forced a wry smile, trying to shake off the lingering haze from last night. "Well, I'm not really here for drinks today," I said, matching his tone but keeping my voice light.

"Oh, is that so?" he asked, one brow lifting.

"Just juice is enough," I told him, my fingers drumming idly against the table.

"Well, okay. If that's what you want." His smirk softened into something closer to concern. "If you're having a heartbreak or something, I suggest you don't go blaming it on alcohol. It's not the best for your health, you know? That kind of thing."

I gave a small laugh that didn't quite reach my eyes. "Yeah... that's why I'm taking a break today."

He nodded knowingly. "Alright then. It's coming right up. Wait for it."

When he left, the weight in my chest sank deeper. I let out a long sigh, my stomach twisting. God, how much had I drunk last night? Enough to make my head pound and my thoughts run in circles, that was for sure.

But that wasn't the only thing making me feel like I was going to puke.

What I'd done last night... why the hell had I done that? Why had I pressed my body against Irene while Leon fucked me? Why had I kissed her? And—seriously—why the fuck did we end up in a threesome at all?

Just thinking about it sent heat rushing to my face. My ears burned.

I'd done it... with Irene, of all people.

Part of me wished she had stopped me, pulled me away before it went that far. But she didn't. She got swept up in it just like I did. Both of us did. And before we knew it, we were past the point of no return.

It was humiliating. I wanted to bury the memory deep, burn it out of my brain, or maybe drink myself into forgetting it completely. But no matter how much I wished, the drunken fog hadn't stolen that night away from me. I remembered everything. Every. Single. Thing. And it left me feeling... filthy. Messed up.

And now—barely a day later—she wanted to meet up.

Honestly, I didn't want to see her yet. I needed time to get my head straight, to stop replaying last night in my mind like some perverse theatre show.

But when I heard her voice on the phone... it was different. Serious. Heavier than usual. And against my better judgment, I agreed to meet.

Still...

"She's late, huh?" I muttered under my breath.

Irene was always late, but never this late. A tiny part of me worried—had something happened?

Before I could spiral, she finally walked in.

Her eyes scanned the room until they landed on me in our usual spot. She lifted a hand like she was about to wave... but froze mid-motion. And then, out of nowhere, her cheeks flared red like she'd just remembered the most shameful thing in the world.

Great. If she was going to blush like that, of course I was going to blush too.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said, voice a little tight.

"N-No. It's fine," I replied quickly.

She slid into the seat across from me, and the air instantly felt heavier. Almost suffocating.

"W-Well... this is kinda awkward, huh?" She gave a shy smile, then her expression shifted, her tone sharpening. "But... I don't think anyone's going to be able to help me other than you, Rose."

"Huh?" My brows knit together.

The awkwardness evaporated, replaced by a strange tension.

"What do you want me for help with?" I asked.

"I actually talked with Gabrielle today."

My stomach sank. Of all people, of all days...

What were the odds Gabrielle would call Irene right after the night the three of us—with Leon—had a threesome?

"And?" I leaned forward more than I meant to, almost challenging her to continue.

"She wanted me to join Leon's harem. And... she knows that Leon, you, and I had a threesome."

My voice shot up before I could stop it. "W-Wait, did you tell her?!"

Heads turned. I didn't care. This was my dignity on the chopping block.

"S-Shhh! I didn't!" she hissed back. "She just assumed. She figured it out from how I was acting so..."

I groaned inwardly. Gabrielle really was sharp. Even without seeing it, she'd pieced it together.

"So? What happened? Did you accept her?"

"W-Well..."

I already had a feeling about her answer.

"You probably guessed it—I didn't accept. But... I didn't outright reject her either. I just... stayed quiet. I couldn't choose," she admitted.

Yeah... this was bigger than I thought.

"But..." she went on, her gaze locking onto mine. "Even I'm tired of this feud. I want it to end. It's eating up more time and energy than anything else in my life right now. Which is why..." She hesitated, then asked, "Do you think you could help me with this?"

"Help you?" I repeated, tilting my head.

Thinking about it, Gabrielle and Irene had been at each other's throats for years. And if I was honest, I was getting tired of it too.

"...If it's something I can help with, I guess I will," I told her.

I thought I was doing the right thing. But that single answer—just like last night—would lead to us getting swept up in the mood again. This time... with Gabrielle involved.

I had no idea I'd soon find myself in a foursome with them.

Whether I'd regret it or not... well, that's a story for another time.

Chapter 839: Epilogue 16 - Irene, Rose, And Gabrielle (1)

We met up with Gabrielle.

For a moment, I almost didn't recognize her.

The girl sitting in front of me wasn't quite the same Gabrielle I had known—the one I had spent most of my academy days with, side by side, sharing countless moments and inside jokes only we would understand. This Gabrielle... she was different.

She carried herself with a subtle grace I hadn't seen before with her presence somehow heavier and more grounded. Her hair looked shinier, her posture straighter, with her movements slower and more deliberate. She had... an air about her now. Mature. Refined. It made me blink twice, as if my brain needed an extra second to catch up and confirm that this was indeed her.

"Hello, Rose. It's been a while," she said, her tone smooth, almost calm. She rubbed her stomach with a hand.

Even the way she smiled now—it wasn't the sharp, calculated smirk or cold, indifferent expression I had grown used to. This one felt warm but reserved, deliberate, like she'd chosen to let it show. The kind of smile you wouldn't expect from someone who had always seemed distant and hard to read.

"Have a seat," she gestured, her voice steady.

Irene and I exchanged a glance before sitting down, the three of us forming a little triangle at the table.

"You haven't left yet?" Irene asked, breaking the silence.

Gabrielle shook her head, her expression calm but with a knowing glint in her eyes. "Well, I knew you were going to come back, so I didn't leave."

"It seems like you already have a plan in mind with all of this, huh, Gabrielle?" Irene asked again, leaning back slightly as if trying to read her.

Gabrielle's lips curved into that mature smile again. "Well, it's only natural. I'm one of Master's women, and I want to make my Master as happy as I can. So, I wanted to surprise him... with a threesome with the two of us."

My brain froze.

...Wait. Threesome?

"But I'm quite surprised that you brought Rose here too," she added, her gaze sliding over to me. "Well, it doesn't sound bad. If I want to give Master more happiness, then I guess bringing her here too would be good."

I blinked, completely thrown off by the sudden shift in conversation. "Wait—what's happening?" I asked, my voice a mix of confusion and disbelief. It felt like I'd walked in halfway through a theatre show and everyone just assumed I knew the plot.

"Huh? Didn't Irene tell you already? We're having a foursome," Gabrielle said casually, as if she'd just announced we were going out for coffee.

My mind went blank for a second—completely white noise. Then, somehow, I managed to smile, even though it was mostly out of sheer shock.

"Wait a minute... what?" I said slowly. "With who? Leon, you, Irene... and?"

Irene and Gabrielle looked at each other, sharing this silent exchange like they were on the same wavelength, while I was just standing there on the wrong smartphone signal. Irene only shrugged, almost dismissively, like she knew exactly what I meant but just couldn't be bothered to explain.

"Wait— with me?!" I finally shouted, my voice pitching up as the realization slammed into me. "W-What's going on here? I thought you only wanted me to help you have some peace with Gabrielle! Why am I suddenly part of this?!"

"Well, didn't you say you wanted to help me?" Irene said, her tone calm but her eyes flickering with a hint of guilt.

"I did say that, but not like this! A-Are you out of your mind?!" I snapped.

"What, Rose? You don't like it? Even though you did it with Irene last night?" Gabrielle asked, her gaze steady and unflinching.

"I-It's not... I mean, how can I when— Wait, this isn't the kind of help I was talking about! And even then, what kind of thing are you even thinking, suggesting something like this?" I shot back, my voice wavering between embarrassment and frustration.

"W-Well, I wouldn't be able to do it alone..." Irene admitted, looking away from me, her cheeks slightly pink as an awkward smile tugged at her lips.

"So that's why you hid such a crucial detail from me and only told me when it mattered?" I asked, my tone sharp. "How does this possibly lessen the distance between you two or help you understand each other better? I don't think having a foursome is necessary for that."

"Well, not exactly... but sex does," Gabrielle said matter-of-factly. "There's actual research proving that having sex with someone impacts the understanding between them and deepens the connection. So, Irene and I needed to have sex to understand each other. But since we're both women, we can't exactly do that alone—meaning, no other choice but to have a threesome with Master."

I just stared at her. My jaw didn't drop, but it felt like it could have. The words coming out of her mouth were so absurd that even if they were somehow true, they still didn't explain why I was here.

"Then I'm going home. I'm not putting myself through embarrassment two times in a row," I said, pushing my chair back slightly.

"Wait, Rose," Irene said quickly, leaning toward me. "I can't exactly do this alone, you know? That's why I called you. Didn't you say you'd help me?"

"Not this way!" I shot back instantly.

"Rose," Gabrielle said suddenly, her voice softer but more intense. "Master really loves you, you know?"

Those words stopped me cold. I knew that. I'd always known it. That fact was carved into my heart as deeply as my own feelings for him—feelings that accepted every part of him, quirks and all.

"I think... it will be a great joy for Master to have us in his bed tonight," Gabrielle continued, her tone calm yet strangely persuasive. "The greatest joy he's ever had. Don't you want to see him with that kind of face? Don't you want him to feel that kind of happiness?"

Honestly, I had no idea what she was even talking about. It felt like another conversation where the context had been completely thrown out the window. But somehow... my mind stalled.

Because as a woman who loves a man without conditions, it's only natural to want to give him everything—to see him at his happiest, to make him feel that rush of joy. That's why, when I was with him in bed, I would do anything he asked, no matter how embarrassing. Well... not when I was sober, at least.

So hearing that I could give Leon the greatest joy he'd ever feel... of course, it caught my interest. But a foursome?

"W-Well, we'd do it only one time..." Irene said, her voice a little shaky. "S-So there's nothing to worry about."

One time. Just once. Well... I'd already done plenty of embarrassing things—wearing a maid uniform for Leon, for one—so would this really be that much different? I'd already been in a threesome before... though doing it two nights in a row was definitely going to test my emotional endurance.

But for now... maybe I just had to give it a go.

Chapter 840: Epilogue 16 - Irene, Rose, And Gabrielle (2)

However, before that...

I needed to get drunk.

There was no way—absolutely no way—I'd be able to go through with this while sober. My mind was already a mess thinking about what was going to happen, and if I stayed clear-headed, I'd probably back out before even taking the first step.

"I see... get drunk, huh?" Gabrielle said, tilting her head slightly, her eyes narrowing just a little as if weighing the idea. "Well, that would certainly bring the mood a little more to our side," she added, her voice calm but carrying that playful edge she always had. "But... I can't drink."

That much was true—Gabrielle really couldn't drink. She was pregnant, after all.

"But," she went on, her lips curling up into a small, knowing smile, "if you really insist, then there's an array of something here in this cabinet." She turned her gaze toward the side, gesturing lazily with her hand. "Amy, if you'd please."

At the mention of her name, a woman stepped forward from the back—Amy. She wasn't just anyone as she was the head of this cake shop, the one who ran the whole operation. Her presence had this quiet authority to it, the kind you notice even without her saying a word. I knew her well enough... and I also knew she was one of Leon's women.

"I'm sorry. I can't stand up very well, you see..." Gabrielle said with an awkward, almost apologetic smile, her fingers loosely gripping the arm of her chair. And for some reason, I found myself being drawn to that expression. It wasn't forced—it was natural, gentle, and disarming in a way that made my chest feel tight. I couldn't explain it, but I couldn't look away either.

"Here it is, Lady Gabrielle," Amy said, her voice polite as she carefully placed something on the table in front of us.

My eyes followed the small clink of glass against the wood. "What is this?" I asked, leaning forward instinctively, my curiosity overtaking me.

It was a small glass vial, no bigger than my thumb, filled with a thick, almost syrupy-looking pink liquid. Even without opening it, I could tell it wasn't something you just casually drank. The light caught on the glass in a way that made the liquid inside look almost... alive.

"Aphrodisiac," Gabrielle said plainly, her tone so casual it took me a second to process.

"A-Aphrodisiac?!" I blurted out, my voice coming out louder than I intended.

So that's what it was... an actual aphrodisiac.

Sure, it would make me "not sober" in its own way, but it wasn't like alcohol. This wouldn't blur my thoughts—it would heighten a completely different kind of desire. It wouldn't dull my senses as it would twist them until they were only focused on one thing.

"Y-You want me to drink this?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at her, my voice coming out half in disbelief, half in hesitation.

"Well, since this is something perfectly fine to drink—especially for an occasion like this—don't you think?" she said, her tone smooth, almost teasing. "And also, don't underestimate this, you know? If you drink it, there's no way you won't go for Master and press your body against him like a cicada."

I stared at her, my face heating despite myself, and she just kept smiling, her expression calm but with a glint of amusement.

"I mean, it's perfect, right?" she continued, leaning back slightly. "This might make you lose your mind to the point where you won't care anymore—even if it's with Irene... or you're even kissing me or something."

My throat went dry, and I swallowed hard. Honestly, when I thought about it, it wasn't all that different from being drunk. The only difference was what I'd be drunk on. I'd just have to bear with it until tonight.

How did I end up in this situation, anyway? It wasn't like I'd planned for things to spiral like this... but now, there was no way back. The line had already been crossed, and I was far beyond the point of turning around.

Leon's POV

Gabrielle's name flashed across my phone screen, and the moment I answered, her voice came through—calm, but with that slight lift at the end that told me she was up to something. She said she had a surprise for me.

And just like that, my mind jumped straight to the thing we had promised each other a while back. Pregnancy sex. The thought alone sent a rush of heat through me, and I felt myself getting hard almost instantly. It wasn't as if I'd been sitting around waiting for it to happen... but it had been a while since Gabrielle and I had shared a bed, and the anticipation was enough to make me restless.

When she called, I wasn't alone. I was with Titania, Zeruel, and Myrcella—three of my other girlfriends—and we were deep into a conversation about Leonamon's future.

Right now, our vision was big. We wanted Leonamon to hold the same kind of power and influence as a major country. The amount of money we were pulling in had already grown to staggering heights—enough to possibly rival or even surpass the wealth of any royal family. But with great wealth came its own set of problems, and we weren't foolish enough to ignore them.

Money, as powerful as it seemed, didn't guarantee fortune forever. We'd secured a monopoly on many products, and the sales kept rising all over the world. The flow of money into our hands was constant, almost overwhelming at times. But hoarding it? That would be a death sentence for its value.

That's why we had shifted our focus toward building—factories, infrastructure, modernization projects—many of them given freely to speed up progress. The goal was to keep money moving, to prevent it from becoming stagnant.

Because if money just sat in our vaults forever, it would start losing its worth. And if that happened on the scale we were talking about, it would spark a level of inflation the world had never seen before. We weren't just preventing a financial problem—we were avoiding a disaster.

"Well, it's certainly good that we're spreading it out to lessen the power of money," Myrcella said, her tone thoughtful. "If the purchasing power drops too much, it'll only be a matter of time before everything falls apart. I'm glad you consulted me on this. If you hadn't... things could've turned out far worse than any of us imagined."

She wasn't wrong.

If the value of money collapsed any further, even those with political and military power would lose their grip. The world would shift into something dangerous—chaotic, even dystopian. At least with our current plans, we had a safeguard in place.

After we'd finished laying out our next steps, I stood and said my goodbyes.

"Goodbye, Leon. See you soon," Myrcella said with a warm smile.

Titania lifted her hand in a casual wave, and Zeruel gave me that soft, reassuring smile of hers. I returned their gestures before turning to leave.

They were strong women—each in their own way—and having them at my side gave me a certain peace of mind. It was a feeling of stability in a world that was always shifting.

And now... it was time to meet Gabrielle. I had a very good idea of what her "surprise" was, and to be honest... the thought alone was enough to make me want to get there as fast as possible.