

The World 841

Chapter 841: Epilogue 16 - Irene, Rose, And Gabrielle (3)

I arrived at the place where I was supposed to meet Gabrielle.

The familiar sign of the Leonamon Cake Shop greeted me from the outside, though something immediately felt... off. The usual faint chatter from customers was missing, and when I stepped closer, the warm, sugary scent that usually drifted out the door was faint—muted.

The first thing I noticed was that the staff were already gone. The second was that Amy was in the middle of closing up shop.

That alone was strange enough—considering it was still well into the afternoon. The orange hue of the sun had only just begun to spread across the streets, painting everything in that soft, dreamy glow that usually made the place look even more inviting. There was no reason at all for the store to be shutting down this early.

"Ah, Master."

"Amy," I called out, stepping toward her. "Why are you closing so early?"

Her expression didn't change from her usual calm, that faint, mysterious smile still on her lips—her eyes, as always, completely shut like she'd been born that way.

"Well," she said lightly, "Lady Gabrielle asked me to close the store early. She said tonight would be... a wild time, so she wanted me to finish up sooner than usual."

Wild time, huh?

The way she said it carried weight—like there was something hidden just beneath those simple words. If Gabrielle put it that way, she definitely had an agenda. And if I was being honest with myself... I was starting to suspect it was going to be much more than I'd anticipated.

And honestly, something about that—about knowing there was some kind of game being played—was making my pulse quicken in excitement.

"Master, she's in the secret room," Amy said, reaching into her pocket and pressing the key into my palm.

With her saying that, I knew for sure—whatever Gabrielle had prepared, it wasn't going to be something small.

"I'm going back home now. Enjoy your time, Master."

She gave a polite bow, turned, and made her way to the parking lot. A moment later, she slipped into her car, started the engine, and drove away.

I stood there for a second, still wondering—like I always did—how the hell she managed to drive with her eyes perpetually shut. How did she even pass a driving test? How did she see the road? But then again... Amy had her own quirks, and she was surprisingly competent at more things than people would expect.

Now then... time to see what was waiting for me.

I pushed the key into the lock, stepped inside the cake shop, and closed the door behind me, turning the bolt until it clicked.

The place was eerily quiet now. No clinking dishes as well as no distant hum of the oven—just my own footsteps echoing faintly as I made my way toward the secret room.

That room... I knew it well. Whenever I wanted to fuck Amy, that's where we went. It was fully stocked with things to tease and play, toys for foreplay, tools to heighten pleasure—essentially, it was a love room, but a smaller and more compact version.

The walk there felt longer than usual, like the air itself was heavier.

Finally, I stopped in front of the door.

It was closed.

I lifted my hand and knocked.

The sound was swallowed almost instantly by the thick, quiet air. Then...

Footsteps.

Slow, deliberate footsteps—so slow it was almost unnerving. Each step seemed to echo in the small hallway, drawing closer until they stopped just behind the door.

A click, then the faint creak of hinges.

And then—

It hit me.

An intoxicating wave of scent flooded out of the crack in the door. Sweet, warm... and thick. Pheromones. It slipped into my lungs, rushed into my head, and made my mind feel hazy, my thoughts slowing into something primal.

It had to be pheromones. Because my body reacted instantly. My cock twitched inside my pants, a rush of heat pooling in my groin, my heartbeat quickening.

The door wasn't fully open—just enough for me to see her.

Gabrielle.

Her body, even with the changes over time because of being currently pregnant, was still dangerously beautiful. Her breasts had grown larger, their fullness causing a very slight, natural sag that only made them look more real and more touchable. Her one-piece dress clung to every curve of her body like it had been sewn just for her, shaping and showcasing her figure in a way that was impossible to ignore. It was making her stomach easier to bulge.

I swallowed hard.

There was something new in the air around her. It was an aura I couldn't quite describe. It wasn't just seductive. It was warm, almost maternal, like she could pull me into her arms and melt me completely if she wanted to.

"Hello, Master. I'm sorry for the sudden call," she said, her lips curling into a gentle smile.

It should've been the same smile I'd seen countless times before, but now... it was different. It carried a weight, a pull, that made it almost impossible to look away.

"I-It's fine," I managed to say.

Her eyes lowered, and she noticed the bulge straining against my pants.

Even though we'd been together countless times before, that simple look—combined with her current aura—made me feel a spike of embarrassment.

"You're already hard, Master. Is that... for me?" she asked softly.

"Well, it's hard not to be, when you're like this, Gabrielle," I replied.

She chuckled lightly, that low, teasing sound curling around me like smoke. "Fufufu... And what am I like?"

"So... mature, I guess."

"My~ Does that mean I wasn't this mature back then?" she said, tilting her head. "Well, I suppose becoming a mother to your child does have its benefits." She rubbed her hand on her stomach. Her smile deepened slightly. "Tonight, you can savor me as much as you want. However..."

Her eyes gleamed faintly, her tone shifting into something more playful.

"I don't want to take the full brunt of your libido since I'm still delicate. That's why I decided not to make myself your only feast tonight."

The mischievous curve of her lips told me she'd set up something far more exciting than I'd imagined.

She stepped back, swinging the door open fully—

And there they were.

Two women sprawled across a big bed, waiting.

"H-Hello, Master~..." Irene's voice was soft, almost shy.

"F-Feast your eyes on our bodies, Master..." Rose added, her tone trembling ever so slightly.

My eyes widened, the breath catching in my throat.

This was...

A literal feast for the eyes.

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I blinked a few times, my eyes narrowing slightly as if I needed to make sure I was actually seeing this and not hallucinating. Then I glanced at them again, letting the reality of the situation sink in.

"I'm seriously surprised you managed to rope them into this, Gabrielle," I said, my voice carrying both disbelief and a strange mix of amusement. "I mean... the two of them are pretty damn stubborn when it comes to group sex—especially Irene—so I'm honestly shocked you got them to agree to something like this. How the hell did you even pull it off?"

Gabrielle's lips curved into that confident, almost teasing smile. "Well... I guess having the right information is a good thing," she replied smoothly, her voice rich and self-assured. "Though it's not exactly that I forced them into it. I only made it happen because, deep down, the two of them love you just as much. So..." her eyes narrowed slightly, a playful glint in them, "did you like the surprise?"

A laughless breath escaped me. This wasn't just a surprise—this was a damn shockwave.

Honestly, calling it a surprise felt like underselling it. Whatever I was feeling right now couldn't possibly be summed up with one simple word.

"Even 'astonished' doesn't come close to describing what's going on in my head right now," I told her honestly.

The truth? This was something I'd fantasized about—a dream scenario that most men would only ever think about while jerking off alone in their rooms. A foursome with them. But how Gabrielle had convinced the others to agree... that was still one big blur to me. And that blur had a very complicated history behind it.

Gabrielle, Irene, and Rose weren't exactly the type to share a bed together. In fact, their past was messy—bitter even. I knew enough about it to understand why they didn't get along, though not all the details. Especially Gabrielle and Irene—they had a tension between them sharp enough to cut steel.

Their grudge had been so bad it took them what felt like forever to even consider forgiving each other. Back then, they wouldn't even breathe the same air if they could help it. Irene even tried to pull me away from my harem entirely, practically forcing me to choose her over Gabrielle and my harem.

And yet... here they were. All three of them. For this.

Honestly, I never thought it would happen this soon. I'd imagined it someday, sure—but not now, not this fast.

Still, to think I'd get to do this with the "Big Three"... Yeah, that's what they were called in the academy. Three instructors—each one drop-dead gorgeous, with faces that could make you forget how to breathe and bodies that could wreck a man's self-control in seconds. Every curve, every movement was pure temptation, and their figures were so perfect it was almost unfair. Busty, sensual, and the kind of sexy that could make anyone turn their head twice.

And now... a foursome. With all of them.

Seeing the three of them right now—naked, their flawless skin barely hidden under the most sinful lingerie imaginable—was enough to make my cock ache. I'd had a threesome with Irene and Rose last night and had been hard the whole time back then, but now—with Gabrielle added to the mix—there was no way I wouldn't be completely fucking turned on.

I could feel the heat in my body rising, a tight pressure building low in my gut. I was so horny it felt like my blood itself was simmering.

"Fufufu~ See, you two? Master is very excited," Gabrielle purred, turning her gaze to the others.

"Mm... T-That's just because he's a pervert," Rose muttered, her cheeks faintly red.

"As expected of Leon... if you came across an opportunity like this, there's no way you'd pass it up, huh?" Irene added, her eyes sliding over me knowingly.

"Now then, Master," Gabrielle's tone shifted, a sultry command dripping from her words, "it's time for you to start. Girls—get into the positions I told you earlier."

I had no idea what she had planned, but the way she spoke made it clear they had coordinated something beforehand. Fine by me—I'd let them take the lead.

A few moments later, they had arranged themselves exactly as she wanted—heads hanging just over the edge of the bed, legs stretched toward the headboard, necks tilted back so their faces were angled perfectly toward me.

"Now, Master... enjoy yourself fully," Gabrielle whispered, opening her mouth wide and tilting her head slightly to give me a perfect view of her wet, glistening throat.

My throat went dry.

Her mouth was an erotic display—saliva coating every inch, thin strings stretching from the roof to her tongue, catching the light in a way that made it look indecently inviting.

I could feel my pulse pounding in my ears. My cock twitched, and my brain felt like it was slowly melting from the overload.

The other two mirrored her actions, their lips parting, mouths open, tongues slightly out—an invitation in perfect unison.

It was magnetic. Hypnotic, even. My feet moved on their own.

I shoved my pants down, the cool air hitting my already rock-hard cock.

Holding back now would've been an insult. And that smell... God, that smell. A thick, intoxicating musk clung to the air—the unmistakable scent of women in heat. But there was something else... a sharper note mixed in.

Aphrodisiac.

Just the faint aroma of it was enough to make my body shiver with need. They'd taken it. And from the look in their eyes, they were just as far gone as I was—horny, eager, and ready.

If they were willing to go that far, then there was no point in me pretending to control myself.

Wrapping my hand around my shaft, I stepped closer and pressed the swollen tip against Gabrielle's lips.

Her lips were impossibly soft and slick, the heat radiating from her mouth instantly seeping into me. Even that slight touch was enough to coat the head of my cock in her warmth, teased further by the hot, humid puff of her breath.

I swallowed hard again, and then I pushed forward, sliding my cock past her lips.

The moment I did, she started sucking—hard.

"Mmm...!"

It was pure instinct, like she'd done this hundreds of times.

Pleasure shot through me so fast my knees almost buckled. I felt my mind sway, dangerously close to losing control and cumming right there.

"M-Master... the taste of your cock... I really love it... nnn~" Gabrielle moaned, her voice vibrating around me as her tongue worked every inch, coating me with more and more slick wetness.

I started thrusting into her mouth, each push hitting the back of her throat. My hands moved on their own, reaching for Rose and Irene on either side. They leaned in immediately, wrapping their lips around my fingers, sucking on them like they were my cock, their tongues curling around each digit.

The sensation hit me all at once. My brain blanked. My body tensed.

This felt... fucking incredible.

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Gabrielle's mouth felt like a furnace wrapped in silk around my cock.

The heat of it was almost overwhelming, like every inch of me was being swallowed into a wet, molten heaven. It wasn't just good—it was the kind of sensation that made my spine tingle and my hips want to move on their own.

Meanwhile, Rose and Irene were both wrapped around my fingers, sucking on them as if they were savoring the taste.

Their tongues moved lazily and yet purposefully, dragging over my skin in long, sticky strokes. Every little flick and press against my knuckles sent a pulse of heat shooting through me, making it impossible to ignore how good it felt. The warmth, the slickness... the way their lips sealed around my fingers so tightly—it was intoxicating.

I gave in to the urge to thrust deeper into Gabrielle's mouth, pushing in just enough to feel the back of her throat flex around me before I pulled out.

Her mouth was too hot and too perfect with the rough texture of her tongue scraping and teasing along every vein and ridge on my cock was enough to have me teetering dangerously close to the edge. I had to pull out before I lost it completely. As I withdrew, a thick string of saliva clung stubbornly from my tip to her lips before finally snapping, glistening in the air.

Then I moved over to Rose.

The moment my cock hovered near her face, she opened her mouth without hesitation, like it was the most natural thing in the world. I didn't waste a second before sliding into her waiting heat.

Her mouth was just as wet, just as sticky—but the warmth wrapped around me in a different way. It felt almost like I'd buried myself straight into a tight, dripping pussy.

Her tongue immediately went to work, swirling around my tip in slow, deliberate circles, sending waves of pleasure straight up my spine. Every time she flicked over that sensitive spot just under the head, my hips twitched.

I reached out, grabbing one of Gabrielle's breasts with my left hand and one of Rose's with my right.

Two different breasts, two different kinds of softness, filling my palms at the same time—it was impossible not to compare them.

So I squeezed.

"Ahhh..."

"Mnnn~"

Both of them let out soft, needy moans at my touch.

Gabrielle's breasts had a deep, heavy softness to them. Motherhood had changed her body and her tits were fuller, heavier, with a natural sag that made them feel warm and pliant in my hand. Rose's, in contrast, were firmer and springier, pushing back against my squeeze.

"Ah, M-Master... if you squeeze them like that... the milk will come out...~" Gabrielle moaned breathlessly.

And she was right. I could feel the subtle rush of warmth spreading against my palm, the faint slickness telling me she was lactating again.

While Rose kept working my cock with her mouth, pulling me closer and closer to the edge, I reluctantly slipped out and moved to the other side of the bed—right in front of Irene.

"Haaa...~ Ha... ahh...~"

Her breathing was ragged, heavy, and her hand was already buried between her legs. The potent aphrodisiac she'd taken earlier was clearly working its magic—her face was flushed, her thighs trembling, and every little movement she made screamed desperation.

"Irene..." I said, my voice low.

She looked up at me through her lashes, then her gaze shifted to my cock. Leaning forward slightly, she inhaled deeply, taking in my scent.

A bead of pre-cum slid from my tip, hanging for a moment before dripping onto her cheek.

"Open your mouth," I told her.

She hesitated just a fraction of a second before parting her lips wide for me.

The light caught the inside of her mouth—her white teeth gleaming, her tongue glistening, and the dark, inviting depth of her throat waiting beyond. Thick strings of saliva stretched from her tongue to the roof of her mouth, swaying slightly with her breathing. She let her tongue spill out over her bottom lip, a trail of drool sliding down from it in a lewd, tempting line.

I stepped closer and slapped my cock against her tongue.

The wet, velvety surface smacked against me, sending a sudden jolt of pleasure through my entire body. I did it again. And again. Each time, the sensation spread from the base of my spine, shooting up to my skull in electric bursts.

Finally, I pushed forward, sliding into her mouth and aiming deep.

She latched onto me instantly, sucking with an eager, wet pull that made me groan. I started thrusting slowly, feeling her throat yield to me, the tight muscles flexing as I pushed deeper. I could even see the faint bulge of my cock pressing against the skin of her throat.

Her free hand kept moving between her legs, her hips shifting as she fingered herself, her own pleasure rising alongside mine.

It didn't take long before I felt the telltale rush building.

Grabbing her head, I slammed forward until I was buried completely, my tip pressing into the very base of her throat, and then I came—hard.

"Mgnnhgggg?!~"

Her eyes went wide at the sudden flood, but almost immediately they softened, going hazy and dazed as she swallowed every single drop I poured into her.

When I finally pulled out, I felt the tight, hot tunnel of her throat contract back to normal before my cock sprang free, still glistening and hard.

"Haaa...~ Haa... haa...~"

She gasped for air, her mouth still open, long strands of saliva—now mixed with my cum—clinging between her lips and my shaft.

"Now then..."

I glanced down at myself—still rock-hard and still throbbing. This was nowhere near enough. If I was going to take all three of them tonight, I needed more than just stamina. I needed to make it count, after all.

"You can ask us for whatever position you want, you know?" Gabrielle said, her eyes dark and heated. "You're the Master here."

All three of them—Gabrielle, Irene, and Rose—were already drenched. Their slick folds glistened under the light, each of them open and waiting.

"So... which one do you want to start with?"

They spread themselves for me, Rose and Irene looking shy but unable to hide the excitement in their eyes—or the wetness between their legs.

I decided to save Gabrielle for later. Since she was the main course. And of course, I couldn't strain her as much. She was currently pregnant with our child, after all. For now, I'd start with the other two.

I guided Rose into position—her ass high in the air with her face pressed right between Irene's thighs.

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"K-Kuh, w-what the hell is this position?" Rose hissed out, her voice shaking as she looked over her shoulder at me. Her brows were furrowed, her teeth clenched tight, and her cheeks were flushed in such a deep red that it practically burned across her face.

"W-Why are we... in such an embarrassing position like this?" Irene's tone was a mix of frustration and disbelief, her own face glowing with heat.

"Well," I said, my voice calm in contrast to their flustered ones, "this is a foursome, after all. It's only natural that all of us should be pleased and... pleasure each other."

"T-This is embarrassing... even for me," Rose muttered, her gaze darting forward—only to freeze when she realized Irene's pussy was so close that the soft heat radiating from it was brushing her breath.

"D-Don't look at it," Irene stammered quickly, glancing at me with a mix of irritation and deep embarrassment, as if hoping I'd intervene but knowing I wouldn't.

"Fufufufu... the two of you really are still not used to group sex, huh?" Gabrielle's voice dripped with amusement, her lips curling into a playful smile as her eyes glimmered knowingly.

"H-How could we be...?" Irene shot back, still refusing to meet Rose's gaze. "T-This is the first time we've ever done this." Her eyes shifted toward Gabrielle, her words laced with reluctant admiration. "Good for you, I guess... having group sex multiple times already."

"Well, it's not exactly something I'm proud of," Gabrielle said softly, that smile still lingering. "At first, I was just as embarrassed as you are now... But I've come to realize... embarrassment is something Master truly appreciates nowadays. Most of his women are so used to every sort of lewd and humiliating thing that nothing flusters them anymore."

Her tone was teasing, but her eyes were warm as she leaned in close to me, her tongue gliding along the side of my cheek in one slow, sensual lick.

"Well," I said with a smirk, "I like that they're not embarrassed to do whatever I want. That's something I appreciate. But... I also enjoy seeing them embarrassed. Which is why—" my gaze swept between the two of them, "—this is a refreshing change of pace."

"You really are a pervert, Leon," Irene said, shaking her head faintly, though there was no bite behind her words.

I didn't bother denying it.

"Now then... Rose, caress Irene while I fuck you."

"Wha...?!"

Rose's eyes went wide, and for a moment, she looked like she was about to protest. But then her gaze locked onto mine—and I could see the way her throat moved as she swallowed hard. I wasn't sure what expression I had, but whatever it was, it made her obey. Slowly, hesitantly, she lowered her face toward Irene's crotch.

"W-Wait, R-Rose, what are you—?! Ahhh!"

The instant Rose's tongue made contact with Irene's most sensitive spot, Irene's voice broke into a sharp cry, her back arching slightly.

"Ahh, w-what is this...?!" she gasped, her thighs trembling.

While Rose's tongue worked its way against Irene's wet folds, I lined up my cock at Rose's entrance. Without a moment's pause, I pushed forward, burying myself inside her in one smooth thrust.

"Nghhhh...!"

Her voice cracked into a strained moan as her body reacted instantly.

She was already so drenched that my cock slid in without the slightest resistance—her tight walls welcoming me greedily, wrapping around me as if they'd been waiting for this exact moment.

"Ahhh...~ Feels so good...~" she moaned, her voice melting into the air as her neck bent back, shivers rolling down her spine.

I gripped her hips and began thrusting into her from behind, each movement sending her forward into Irene's pussy. She didn't hesitate to resume her work with her tongue gliding, teasing, and pressing deeper.

The room quickly filled with the filthy chorus of our bodies as the wet, lewd slaps of my cock slamming into Rose's dripping cunt, the squelching of our mingled fluids, and the uneven rhythm of desperate moans.

"Nghh, ahhh... ah, ah, ahhh~ Ah, ahhnn...~"

"Nnn... nnnghhh, ahh...~ W-Wait... nnn...~!"

Irene was trying to keep her moans in, her teeth gritted, but Rose's tongue was relentless—forcing her to let those sounds spill out.

Then, Irene's eyes fluttered open, locking onto mine.

The moment our gazes met, it was like a silent jolt ran through us. For a split second, it felt like I was the one fucking her instead of Rose. That connection—the shared tension as well as the raw lust—it all flowed through Rose, acting as the bridge between us.

Irene bit her lip, her hand sliding up to the back of Rose's head. She held her there, pushing her deeper into her, all while looking at me with eyes that dared me to see her as the one beneath me.

Rose's pussy tightened even more, gripping me so hard it felt like she was trying to pull me deeper into her.

"Nghhh, ah... ah, ah, ahhh...! Ahhngghh, nnnhhh..."

Her moans were muffled by Irene's pussy, the vibrations of her voice making Irene gasp and tremble harder.

Behind me, Gabrielle pressed herself fully against my back, her soft, heavy breasts molding to my skin. They felt even fuller than I remembered, and the sudden sensation of warm liquid seeping against me told me exactly why—she was lactating. Her stomach was also pressing softly against my back, which was oddly feels good.

At the same time, I could hear the slick rhythm of her fingers working between her own legs, her breathing growing heavier.

"Nnnn... ah, ahhh...~"

"Mmm... mmnghhh...~!"

Irene's body was tensing, her moans becoming sharper—she was close. Rose's movements grew faster too, her own pussy clenching as she played with herself.

"Mmm...~! Mmmnghhh...!"

"Ahhhh, L-Leon...~!"

Their voices spilled out louder than before, filling the room with shameless pleasure.

The heat inside me was reaching its limit. I tightened my grip on Rose's hips and began pounding into her harder, my cock driving deep, hitting her womb with each thrust.

It built up in a rush—and then I pulled back before delivering one final, merciless thrust. The tip of my cock slammed against her cervix, forcing it to yield before I flooded her insides with thick, hot cum.

"Nnnnnnnnnnghhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

"Hgnnnnnnnnnnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaa~!!!"

Rose's pussy clamped down around me in a spasming, wet grip as she came, while Irene's eyes rolled back completely, her body shuddering through her own climax.

I stayed buried inside her until the last pulse of my orgasm faded, then finally pulled out. Rose collapsed to the side, her body trembling, leaving Irene fully exposed before me.

I moved between Irene's legs. She was still dazed from what Rose had done to her, her hazy eyes unfocused, a thin trail of saliva glistening at the corner of her mouth.

"It's your turn now, Irene," I murmured. "Is that fine...?"

Her gaze lingered on me for a moment, then she gave a small nod before slowly spreading her legs.

"Mm... Come..."

Her voice was soft but carried a weight that made my cock throb again. I lined myself up with her already soaking pussy—and without another word, I drove myself in deep.

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Irene's pussy didn't give way at all as the moment I pushed myself all the way inside, I felt it, that solid, sudden barrier deep within. My cock's tip was already kissing her cervix, and the jolt that ran through both of us was instant.

"Nghaaaaaaaaaahhh~!!!" she screamed out, voice echoing as her back arched sharply, her entire body trembling from the shock of it. Her inner walls clenched down on me so tight it felt like she was desperately trying to milk me, each contraction rippling along my shaft.

Gabrielle's warm, soft body was pressed hard against my back, her breasts squashed into me. I could feel the hot trickle of her milk running down my spine with it being sticky, smooth, and strangely comforting. It wasn't just physical warmth either as there was an almost dangerous sweetness to it, a decadent heat that seemed to melt into my skin and sink straight into my bones.

I tightened my grip on Irene's hips, my fingers digging in just enough to leave faint marks, and then I began moving—slow at first, savoring the way her heat swallowed me, then building into a rhythm.

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

Each thrust made wet, sloppy sounds as I pulled out and pushed back into her drenched, needy cunt. From the corner of my eye, I saw Rose stir with her breathing quick, cheeks flushed, finally snapping out of the haze of her earlier orgasm. She crawled closer to us, her movements slow and deliberate, like a predator zeroing in on prey. She leaned down, bringing her face close enough to Irene's that their breaths mingled.

"Ahhh... nnn...~ Nghhh...~"

"Haa... haa...~"

Rose's hand was between her legs, fingers working herself over while she stared at Irene's expression. Even after cumming earlier, her body still begged for more. That wasn't surprising—not with the aphrodisiac burning through her system. The stuff was potent enough to make anyone lose their mind

with lust. Honestly, the only reason she wasn't locking her legs around me like Irene was probably sheer willpower.

Irene had no such restraint. Her thighs clamped around my hips, locking me in place with every deep thrust.

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

Then, without hesitation, Rose leaned in and latched her mouth onto one of Irene's breasts.

"W-Wha...?! R-Rose...!"

The sight hit me like a punch to the gut—in the best possible way. My cock twitched inside Irene, swelling even harder. That image—Rose's lips wrapped around Irene's nipple, her hand still between her legs—was pure, unfiltered filth, and I loved it.

My pace quickened, my hips slamming into Irene harder, making her tits bounce with every movement.

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

Her hand shot up, gripping the headboard so tightly that her knuckles blanched white. Her dazed eyes found mine, pupils blown wide, her mouth open in a silent gasp between moans as my cock slammed into her cervix again and again, each hit sending shivers through her body.

"C-Cumming...~ I'm going to cummm~!!" she cried out suddenly, her voice breaking.

That was all the push I needed. I decided to match her release, my body tensing, my thrusts turning rougher, deeper, and desperate.

"Ahhh—cumming, cumming, cumming, cumming, cumming, cumming, cumminggggggggggggggg~!!!"

Her eyes rolled back, her entire body shuddering as I exploded inside her, hot ropes of semen shooting directly into her womb. Her pussy spasmed violently, milking every drop from me while I emptied myself into her, filling her to the brim.

When the last spurt left me, I finally pulled back. My cock slipped free, and a thick stream of cum followed, dribbling out of her swollen, twitching pussy to soak into the sheets.

Panting, I looked over at them again.

Both Irene and Rose were lying there with their legs spread, their pussies glistening with my cum as it slowly leaked out.

"Fufufufu... It's so much, Master. With this amount, it wouldn't even be surprising if the two of them got pregnant at the same time," Gabrielle said, her voice low and sultry.

"Well, that's my intention," I replied, still catching my breath. "Do the two of you want to get pregnant with my child?"

The two of them exchanged a glance. There was a flicker of hesitation, sure, but behind it... their eyes told me all I needed to know—they wouldn't regret it.

Three women who had been through so much with me... now willing to carry my children. The thought alone was enough to make my cock twitch again.

I went right back at it, switching between them in missionary, their sticky pussies clinging to my cock with each thrust. The way they squeezed around me felt like they were whispering in unison—make me pregnant.

I pumped them full again and again, until my cum was dripping freely from both of them. And since they were still burning from the aphrodisiac, I decided to match their energy. I downed one myself, and within minutes, my mind was gone—nothing but pure, raw lust, every thought centered on fucking them senseless.

By the end of it, both of them were stuffed, their pussies swollen and overflowing with cum.

Gabrielle leaned in, her eyes locking with mine. "Master..." she murmured before cupping my face and kissing me deeply.

Her tongue slid into my mouth, swirling and tangling with mine. I could taste something faintly sweet, mingled with the scent of her milk still dripping from her breasts.

"Do you want a taste?" she teased, pushing her massive breasts toward me.

I didn't hesitate. I latched onto one of her nipples, sucking hard.

The instant the warm, sweet liquid hit my tongue, I was hooked. The taste was intoxicating—smooth, creamy, almost addictive. I couldn't stop drinking.

"Ah...~ M-Master, you're sucking so hard..." she moaned, a playful giggle following.

"It seems you can't help yourself now, huh?"

She must have felt my cock, already rock hard again, pressing against her swollen stomach.

"I can't exert myself too much, so I don't think it'd be a good idea for you to take the reins, Master. Why don't you lie down and let me handle it this time?"

I pulled away from her nipple and met her gaze. She wasn't joking as she was serious about taking control.

I leaned back on the bed, giving her space.

"Fufufufu...~ It's been a while. I missed the feeling of your penis inside me, Master," she said with a sultry smile.

"Well, the feeling is mutual," I replied, smirking.

She wrapped both hands around my cock, the heat of her palms sending a shiver up my spine, and guided it toward her glistening, sopping wet pussy.

Chapter 846: Epilogue 16 - Irene, Rose, And Gabrielle (8)

Then, she slowly sank her hips down onto me.

The moment her wet heat started to swallow my cock, I felt that faint, delicious resistance—tight enough to make me grit my teeth—but at the same time, there was this overwhelming softness that seemed to melt around me.

"Nghhhh...~"

Her moan was breathy and trembling, dripping with raw pleasure.

She was unbelievably tight—like my cock was being sucked in and held prisoner—but not in an unbearable way. No... it was the kind of perfect tightness that felt as though it had been made to fit me, wrapping around me in a way I didn't think was even possible.

"Haaa...~ haa...~"

Her heavy, milk-swollen breasts bounced with every breath, soft and full, leaking warm milk that ran lazily down the curves of her tits. Each pant made them sway more, the scent of her body and the faint sweetness of the milk mixing in the air.

"A-Am I heavy, Master?" she asked, her voice trembling, almost shy despite the lewd scene. She must have been worried that she was heavy because of her stomach.

I shook my head slowly, looking her in the eyes. "No. Not at all. Don't worry."

"O-Okay then... but please tell me if I'm heavy," she murmured softly, as if needing reassurance.

I laced my fingers through hers, giving her something to hold on to, and she started to move her hips from side to side, rolling them with slow, deliberate motion. My cock was buried completely inside her, her hot pussy gripping me with each sway, her inner walls clinging and tightening as though trying to wring every bit of pleasure out of me.

It felt like thrusting into molten butter—smooth, wet, and scorching hot. The sensation hit me so hard I nearly lost control right then.

Before long, the tip of my cock met the firm, welcoming barrier of her cervix, pressing against it with each movement.

"Ahhh...~ It feels so good...~ It's been so long..." she breathed out, her back arching gracefully, breasts lifting and swaying as she moved.

The way she rocked her hips, slow but sure, made it feel like she was draining the very life out of me—each grind drawing more and more from me, the pleasure building in an unbearable wave.

"Ahh... ahh... ahhh...~ It feels good~ It feels so good..." Her face twisted into that unmistakable ahogao—eyes rolling, mouth hanging open, tongue barely peeking out—her expression screaming that she was drowning in the pleasure flooding her body.

Meanwhile, the other two—who had been lying there dazed, recovering from their own series of earlier orgasms—finally began to stir, their breathing steadying, their eyes regaining focus.

"Ahhh... B-Both of you... want to join me in pleasuring Master?" Gabrielle asked them, her voice shaky from the constant waves crashing through her.

Rose and Irene shared a glance, silent but understanding, before moving to Gabrielle's sides. Instead of looking at me, their eyes immediately dropped to her slowly heaving, milk-leaking tits. Without hesitation, they each cupped one of her full breasts, lifting them slightly, then bringing them to their mouths.

"Ahh...! Y-You're going to attack me instead?!" Gabrielle gasped, her body jolting from the new sensation.

"This is a foursome, after all. We should be pleasuring each other too, right?" Rose said between slow, deep sucks on Gabrielle's nipple, her lips glistening.

"Let's make each other feel good..." Irene murmured against the other breast, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked hard, the milk flowing into her mouth.

"Nghhhhhhhhh~!"

Gabrielle's pussy clamped down around my cock like a vice, the pleasure rippling through her directly into me, making me grip her hands harder to keep control.

"Nghhh...! W-With me not having sex with Master for so long... I've gotten so sensitive... I'm about to cummmm!"

Her body began trembling violently, her walls convulsing and squeezing my cock tighter than ever. Her back arched high, her head tilting back as her breasts were still being sucked on from both sides.

"Ahhh... Cumming...~"

Her fingers tightened around mine as her orgasm took hold.

Her eyes rolled back completely, her moans breaking into little gasps, and then—

"Ahhnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!"

She came with a force that made her entire body shudder, a hot squirt of her release gushing out so hard it pushed my cock out of her drenched pussy.

"Haa... haa..." she panted, trying to catch her breath. "Haa... I'm sorry, Master... I came before you... In return, I'll make sure you're pleased as much as possible."

Even still shaking from her climax, she pushed her hips up again, grabbed my cock, and aimed it back toward her soaked, glistening slit.

"Haaannnn~ ahhhh...~"

Her eyes glazed over again, pupils shaped like little hearts, her expression drunk with lust.

She began bouncing on me once more, my cock buried deep, her cervix brushing my tip with every thrust.

Rose and Irene kept suckling greedily on her tits, their lips wet with milk, their cheeks moving with each pull.

Gabrielle's movements became more erratic, her moans climbing higher.

"Aaahhh, ahh...! Ahh, ahh, ahhh...! Ahh... c-cumming again... cummingggg~...!"

The tightening inside her pushed me to my own limit. I locked my fingers with hers again, thrusting up hard.

"Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahngggggggggggg~!!!"

I felt her womb yield around me as my cock erupted, flooding her with my cum.

"Ahhh... s-so hot...~ It feels so good!" she moaned, her expression melting into pure bliss. "C-Cummingggggggggggg~!!!"

She squirted again, the force of it pushing my cock out once more, warm fluid splattering between us.

Rose and Irene suddenly pulled back from her breasts, gasping as milk spurted into their mouths.

"Ahhhh~! M-My breasts are cumming too! Ahhh, s-so goooooood~!!!" Gabrielle cried out.

Her milk sprayed wildly, droplets running down her tits and flying in little arcs through the air.

Finally, Gabrielle collapsed back, panting hard, her chest rising and falling quickly. She looked like she'd overexerted herself, but she was still smiling faintly, completely dazed in pleasure.

While I was checking her, Rose and Irene slid up against me, pressing their warm, soft bodies to mine. They kissed me one after the other, their lips tasting faintly of Gabrielle's milk.

"This isn't the end of it, right, Leon?" Irene asked, her tone low and teasing.

"The night's still young," Rose smirked, her eyes glinting.

They both looked more than recovered from earlier, which meant one thing—

It was time for me to switch to them.

And so, I began fucking them, taking turns plunging into each of their tight, wet pussies, driving them both toward their own peaks again and again.

Later, we'd come to find out that both ended up pregnant... at exactly the same time. But that's a story for another day.

Chapter 847: Running A Company Is Hard, But So Does Being A Father (1)

Leon's POV

The biggest company in the world was—without any shred of doubt—mine.

It wasn't just some corporate giant that sold flashy products. No... this was the beating heart of innovation itself. My company had reshaped the world in ways people could barely wrap their heads around. Smartphones, advanced devices, sleek modern cars... we didn't just sell them—we defined them. Even the way cities looked, the way roads were built, the way establishments were designed, all of it had my fingerprints on it. The kind of influence we had wasn't just economic—it was cultural, technological, and deeply woven into everyday life.

And with that kind of dominance, enemies were inevitable.

Rivals came at us like vultures circling a fresh kill—trying to disrupt the status quo, to exploit any weakness, to steal secrets, or to snatch our formulas. But every single one of them learned the same brutal truth: you couldn't steal from us. Not when the Shadows were stationed at every vulnerable point, ready to end an intruder's life in the blink of an eye. Not when we had elite warriors like Aegis—the elven archer whose arrows never missed—and Zes, a lieutenant from another world, guarding the gates of Leonamon like immovable sentinels.

My connection with Aegis... well, let's just say it was strained. She didn't exactly hide her dislike for me. But the moment the conversation turned to freeing her kin from chains, from the cruelty of slavery, she was all in.

Artemis had been relentless in tracking down every elf who'd been sold into bondage, pulling them out of that nightmare one by one. I was at her side in that mission.

With my network of information spread across continents, the job became far simpler. My information department was a machine that never slept, and when I set it in motion, it delivered results faster than anyone else could dream of.

Even Aegis, though still salty, worked with me. And I understood why she was bitter—she loved Artemis. Or maybe "loved" wasn't quite right. She still loves her. Which is exactly why she's so angry that I was the one who took Artemis's virginity. Too bad for her, though—Artemis doesn't swing that way.

Zes was a different story. Our relationship was straightforward. She wasn't complicated, but she was... clingy.

She was gorgeous—built like a warrior, with the solid, powerful frame of someone who had lived her life on the battlefield. Like Rose in certain ways, though Rose's body was leaner, firmer, without the same bulk. Zes's physique was sculpted with muscle, strength radiating from every line of her form. And damn if she wasn't attractive. Truth be told, I wanted to fuck her.

Yet somehow, despite her practically throwing the invitation at me, I never found the time.

The truth was, my life was overflowing with women now. The numbers had exploded beyond anything I'd ever imagined. I'd already claimed every member of the Shadows, the Starry Knights, and plenty more. Maybe that was why I hadn't given Zes the attention she was clearly ready to offer.

Maybe... it was time I started making a schedule.

That thought barely settled before the door to my office burst open.

"Master."

It was Maya—a woman from the ram beast race, dressed neatly as always in her maid uniform.

"Lady Gabrielle is already giving birth," she said.

The moment the words left her mouth, my body moved on instinct. My mind went blank except for one thought—Gabrielle.

I didn't even know what emotion was supposed to come next. Anxious? Overjoyed? Nervous? I couldn't pin it down. This was my first time about to become a father... so of course my chest felt tight with something I couldn't name.

"Happy" was far too small a word. The feeling was so much deeper and heavier—like a storm in my chest, but a warm one.

I didn't make it in time to witness the birth, but the moment I stepped inside, I heard it—the sharp, beautiful cry of a newborn.

Amon was there, holding the small bundle wrapped in a towel. Gabrielle lay on the bed, completely drained, her face pale but peaceful.

Irene and Rose were beside her, both looking like they'd been through an ordeal themselves. But I could see it in their eyes—everything had gone perfectly.

"Here she is, Master," Amon said softly, stepping forward and holding the child toward me. Not "it." She.

My daughter. Our daughter.

The words "my daughter" echoed in my head, each repetition hitting deeper than the last. A wave of emotion surged up, tightening my throat.

I stepped closer to Gabrielle so she could see her.

"Fufufufu~ Master, what do you think? Isn't she precious?" Gabrielle asked, her voice weak but filled with pride.

"Yes... she is," I murmured.

The little one was already sleeping soundly, her breathing steady and light. She radiated life, a pure and untainted presence in my arms. The weight of her was grounding and surreal all at once.

"What would you like to name her?" Gabrielle asked.

I'd thought about it for a while. At first, I had no clue what to choose. But the more I considered it, the more one name kept coming back to me—a name from my past life.

"Kana," I said quietly. "Is that fine with you?"

"Yes," Gabrielle whispered, resting her head against my shoulder.

And just like that, my daughter was named Kana.

Kana was perfect. There were no complications, no health issues, as well as no danger to her mother's life. That in itself was a blessing I didn't take lightly.

Still, seeing her... seeing a piece of me, a life that came from me, breathing and existing in this world—it was overwhelming in a way I couldn't fully put into words.

I guess that was the moment I truly felt it.

I wasn't just someone living in this world anymore.

I belonged to it.

Sure, I still had unfinished business in my old world. But for now?

For now, I just wanted to stay in this moment. To let this feeling sink in, and hold it for as long as I could.

Chapter 848: Running A Company Is Hard, But So Does Being A Father (2)

For the entire month, my attention had been fixed entirely on Kana.

She was... simply irresistible to look at. Every time my gaze landed on her tiny face, I couldn't help but feel my chest tighten with warmth. She had inherited Gabrielle's gorgeous golden hair, the strands soft and silky like threads of sunlight, while her eyes—those unmistakable, deep, familiar eyes—were mine. Looking at her was like looking at a miniature version of Gabrielle, but with faint traces of me scattered here and there. It was oddly satisfying... and kind of fun in a way I'd never really experienced before.

Gabrielle, on her end, was pouring her whole heart into becoming the best mother she could be for Kana.

She was meticulous with her paying close attention to every single thing she ate, making sure it was nothing but healthy and nourishing for breastfeeding. On top of that, she stuck to a proper diet and kept up a regular exercise routine, determined to return her body to its former shape.

"I feel like I'll lose to those two if I don't exercise. I want to be more sexy for you," she had said one day, almost pouting.

"Those two" could only mean Rose and Irene.

And to be fair... Rose and Irene were like they had been sculpted by some perverted god who knew exactly how to engineer a body to be erotic. Every curve, every proportion—it was like they were walking temptations made flesh.

But truth be told, Gabrielle didn't need to be worrying about her body at all. If anything, I personally thought a MILF figure would suit her far more—there was a certain maturity and allure to it that was impossible to fake. But I knew this wasn't about me convincing her otherwise. This was her pride as a woman talking. And I couldn't exactly take that away from her.

As for me, during the whole month, I didn't really do much beyond watching Kana—watching her tiny chest rise and fall as she slept, the way her little hands twitched in her dreams, the adorable concentration on her face when she tried to grab something new for the first time.

Was this what it felt like to be a father?

I guessed it was. There wasn't any other way to describe this feeling. It was different from anything I'd felt before—subtle yet overwhelming at the same time. A strange, pleasant heaviness in my chest every time I looked at her.

Although... saying I didn't do anything else would be a straight-up lie.

Because I still had plenty of... intimate moments with other women.

Titania and the girls often invited me out at night, and it usually ended in us having sex until late. Irene and Rose would join in for a threesome every now and then, but only if they were drunk—or if they'd drunk an aphrodisiac—since they seemed to lack the courage to do it sober. So basically, if I had to sum up my entire month... I'd been stuck in rut.

"You really look like a proper father, Leon," Rose remarked one morning.

We were lying together after a threesome the night before. Irene was in the bath, washing up, leaving me alone with Rose.

It still surprised me that even after all this time, they were embarrassed about it—embarrassed about us. I guess that kind of shyness wasn't something that just vanished overnight. But honestly? I kind of wished they'd act with each other the same way they did in bed. Because in bed... their teamwork was nothing short of phenomenal.

"Well, I'm trying my best to be one," I replied. "It's only fair. I want to give my child as much love as I can while they're still young. You can't miss out on moments like that. You never know how they'll turn out when they grow up."

"You sound like you're actually going to be a great father or something. I wouldn't have expected that... from someone who's a huge and shameless womanizer," she said, smirking.

She had a point. And honestly... I didn't have much of a comeback for that.

"Well, even with that... there's no way I'm not going to try, right?" I said.

"Well, I guess you can try all you want," she replied casually.

She took a small, almost impatient breath.

"By the way... how long is Irene going to be in there? It's getting late, and we still have a meeting at the academy..."

Right—the preparations for the next academic year were in full swing. Classes would start next month.

That meant I was now officially a third-year at the academy. And they weren't kidding when they said this was the year where everything got serious, down to the smallest detail.

The staff were already working themselves to the bone to get ready for a school year that promised to be on a much bigger scale than the last.

Eventually, Irene emerged from the bathroom. She looked pale—too pale.

"What's wrong?" I asked immediately.

"N-Nothing, really," she said. But the way her face had drained of color made it hard for me to believe that. Still... since she wasn't offering an explanation, I decided not to press further.

After that, the two of them left for the academy together. There was an unmistakable awkward air around them—thick, almost tangible. It wasn't hard to guess why.

After all the shameless things they'd said to each other last night, thanks to the mix of alcohol and aphrodisiac, it made sense that their "normal" feelings would reset by morning.

Once they were gone, I headed to my office—only to be greeted by a mountain of paperwork stacked like it had been waiting to crush me.

Honestly, balancing fatherhood with being the owner of a massive company was no joke. But I was lucky—lucky that I had so many capable, talented women around me who took on a huge chunk of the work and kept things from falling apart.

Gabrielle had also reassured me, telling me not to worry about Kana. She and Maya had everything handled, and Maya, surprisingly, seemed to have quite a knack for childcare.

Well... for now, my focus had to shift to the matter at hand.

And that was—

"I guess they're making their move now, huh?" I muttered, leaning back in my chair. "Trying to twist my company's image in front of everyone... trying to drag us down in the public eye."

There had been a flood of news reports lately—thinly veiled attacks aimed at defaming us. I was almost certain it came from some small-time company that had gotten too bold for its own good.

But whoever it was... they should've thought twice before deciding to make an enemy out of me.

Chapter 849: Running A Company Is Hard, But So Does Being A Father (3)

Thinking about it, these people weren't doing anything worthwhile—just pulling half-assed stunts like that—and from the looks of it, they wouldn't stop until my company was practically burning to the ground.

Well... if they really wanted to bring us down, then they should've at least done something more aggressive than whatever pathetic attempt this was. At this rate, nothing was going to happen. Their little scheme was like trying to cut down a tree with a spoon. It was only loud, messy, and completely useless. It wouldn't do anything, really.

As expected, it was just a small company and it was one put together by a couple of greedy merchants trying to ride the coattails of bigger names. They'd been attempting to make cheap rip-offs of our products for a while now. Hell, they'd even started producing smartphones—or at least, their excuse for one. But, unfortunately for them, they couldn't even figure out how a smartphone actually worked. So, instead of putting in real work, they resorted to shady tactics like this and that was smearing us in public just to stir trouble.

The article they put out was very laughable. It was very laughable in fact that it was hard not to laugh.

"Sir Christopher Faust was a business partner of mine, and he had been doing little sidelines while we were trying to start a concept that would completely revolutionize the world. With this concept in mind, we created and expanded the idea of something that could literally change the course of the world—something you could carry in your pocket. Hearing about this must have inspired Sir Christopher Faust to create the smartphone we know and love today. But all of you are mistaken if you think it was his idea—that he invented the smartphone. You're all wrong, and I can tell you why right now."

The tone was so over-the-top dramatic that I almost laughed out loud. Whoever wrote this clearly thought they were some mastermind villain from a cheap novel. Honestly, I could've just ignored the whole thing. But the problem was—they weren't the only ones trying to throw mud at us. Other people had also been publishing crap, accusing us of stealing ideas and content.

Then came the next part of their little fairy tale.

"The idea of the smartphone—or, as we liked to call it, the pocket device—was something I already had in mind. We'd been working on a prototype for years. As you can see from the drawn prototype below, we'd been developing it for a long time, but somehow, that prototype ended up in his hands. Then, he made it his own. He never gave us credit or compensation for stealing our idea. As far as I can see, this was nothing but a crime—not only to make the entirety of the Leonamon rich, but also to profit from stealing someone else's concept. As businessmen, we want justice for this theft. We want the whole Leonamon to pay."

What a blatant, barefaced lie. The way they could spit out such nonsense without even blinking—like lying was as natural to them as breathing—was almost impressive in its own twisted way. But I guess that was the point. They were trying to squeeze whatever advantage they could from it.

Too bad for them.

"Unfortunately for them," I muttered under my breath, "they're barking up the wrong damn tree."

The funniest part? Not even long after they posted that steaming pile of garbage, they came out with another article. And this one... was an apology.

"We would like to properly apologize to the entire team of Leonamon, as well as Sir Christopher Faust, for the statements made in our previous article. In reality, there was no stealing involved. All of this was simply an attempt to create tension and distrust among consumers, to make them lose faith in Leonamon's products. We apologize for spreading misinformation and for trying to destroy the image of a beloved company."

That was it. Just like that.

I leaned back in my chair, smirking. "Well... that was easier than I thought."

To see them bend the knee so quickly—it was almost funny. Then again, it wasn't all that surprising. This kind of thing? I'd been dealing with it for months now.

Now then...

I pushed my chair back, the legs scraping lightly against the floor, and stood up. My mind had already shifted from their pathetic antics to my next task. I headed toward the section of the building where everything—the walls, the floors, even the air—was cold, sterile white.

The place where the Shadows worked.

"Good work," I said to Bernadette, my hand reaching up to ruffle her hair. Her cheeks flushed instantly, and she gave me a shy but happy look.

"If it's for you, Master, I'm willing to do anything. Just ask me, and I'll comply," she replied without hesitation.

Sweet girl. She always meant it when she said things like that.

"It's her?" I asked, glancing toward the far side of the room.

"Yes," Bernadette confirmed with a nod.

We were in the prison section, the one where we kept people who'd crossed certain lines—those who'd tried to steal from us, sabotage us, or dig too deep into secrets they had no business knowing.

And the woman I was here to see... fit that category perfectly.

From the way she carried herself, even bound and under guard, she looked like someone used to danger. A capable assassin, maybe even a seasoned thief. But it didn't matter. Against Bernadette and the Shadows, she never stood a chance. Coming here was like walking straight into a lion's den and expecting to walk out alive.

My eyes scanned over her features. Her hair was dark—deeper than black, darker than midnight—and her eyes had a sharp bluish hue, cold and assessing. Her skin was a deep tan, the kind you only get from living in hot, sun-scorched places.

I could tell just by looking at her—she was from the Empire.

Chapter 850: Running A Company Is Hard, But So Does Being A Father (5)

Now then... shall we begin the interrogation?

I crouched in front of her, my fingers slowly reaching for the knot of the gag. The rough fabric had been digging into the corners of her mouth for hours, maybe more, and when I pulled it free, there was an audible snap of tension releasing. She immediately sucked in a sharp breath, her chest rising and falling as if she'd been starved of air. The sound of her breathing filled the silence between us, heavy and uneven, almost desperate.

"Now then... why don't you start by telling me your name?"

Her eyes met mine with a cold, sharp glare. Not a single word left her lips.

"Well, I guess you're not going to say anything, huh?" I leaned back slightly, my voice calm, almost casual, though my gaze stayed fixed on her. "That's fine, I suppose."

I narrowed my eyes.

The change in the air was instant.

She stiffened, the faint tremor in her shoulders betraying her as my aura bled into the space between us. The temperature seemed to drop, the invisible weight of my presence pressing down on her like a heavy chain wrapped around her chest. I could feel her will waver under it.

This must have been the first time she'd ever felt something like this.

"I'm not the kind of person who enjoys threatening others," I said slowly, my tone even but carrying an edge that cut through the air. "I hate it, in fact... probably because I know I'd despise it happening to me. But you've left me with no choice. You infiltrated a major company—one where dozens of women work every single day to feed their families. And you could have put every single one of them at risk."

I tilted my head slightly, letting my voice drop lower. "So now I need to know exactly why you're here. If you won't talk willingly, I'll find a way to make you."

She straightened her back and glared harder, though her voice quivered faintly when she said, "Y-You can't get anything out of me."

I almost smiled. She still had enough backbone to throw my aura right back at me. Feisty. I liked that.

"I see... is that so?" I murmured, drawing the pause out just long enough to make her uneasy. I tapped my chin like I was genuinely debating something. "You know... I don't know if I should be telling you this, but—there was another thief who tried sneaking in here before. Luckily, we caught her too. I don't suppose you know her, do you?"

Her eyes flickered for a brief second.

"The Arachnid Sisters," I said flatly. "One of—if not the—most powerful thief groups in the underworld."

Her eyes went wide. Too wide. It was almost comical, the way shock spread over her face.

The truth was, most people in her position would never expect someone like me to know that name. The underworld didn't just hand out information like that—it was buried deep, hidden behind layers of blood and trust. You could spend years around it and still know nothing.

But me? I made it my business to know.

"I-It's impossible! My big sisters would never be caught by you people!" she spat, trying to cling to her pride.

"Oh really?" I tilted my head slightly, a smirk tugging at my lips. "Sorry to disappoint you, but your sister wasn't exactly difficult to catch. Here, with the Shadows watching, slipping up once is all it takes. You know that better than anyone—after all, you were useless against Bernadette, weren't you?"

Her jaw clenched, teeth grinding.

Truth was, I hadn't caught her sister at all. I was bluffing. Sure, we'd had our fair share of thieves trying to slip into Leonamon, but most of them were laughably unprepared. They were dealt with almost instantly.

This one, though... she wasn't like the others.

She was skilled—no doubt about it. Even without knowing her name, I could tell from the way she moved. The Arachnid Sisters had a signature style—deadly precision, movement as fluid as shadow, and their weapons of choice... strings. Thin, near-invisible threads that could slice, bind, or kill with the elegance of a spider's web. That's where their name came from.

They were thieves, yes, but also assassins. Dangerous ones. The kind of people who could vanish without a trace after taking what they wanted.

I'd thought about hiring them once. But in the end, I already had assassins far more loyal—and just as lethal.

"If you're willing to tell me who hired you," I said after a moment, my voice softer but heavier, "I can let this slide. Hell, I'll even give you a chance to meet your sister."

She looked straight at me, her hands curling into fists. "T-The Arachnid Sisters swore we'd never reveal our employers, no matter the danger. I won't break that oath, no matter how much you threaten me!"

"Point taken," I said simply.

That was the mark of a true mercenary—loyalty to the job, above all else.

"What should we do, Master? Shall I kill her?" Bernadette's voice was calm, but her grip on her blade tightened just enough to catch the light.

"Well, she still has her uses. So put the blade down for now," I told her.

An assassin from the Empire was worth far more alive than dead. Information from there was scarce—and she might just be the thread that unraveled something bigger.

I left her there, locking the door behind me. She'd stay a prisoner... for now.

"Since I'm already here... I guess I should visit her," I muttered.

The one I was about to see was a different story altogether. She had once been an ally... and then, a traitor. She'd earned her cell here just as much as the thief had.

When I reached her, the air felt heavier. She looked different than the last time I saw her, though her smile was just as sharp as ever.

"Oh, you're here," she said, tilting her head. "It's been a while, hasn't it?" Her voice had that teasing lilt to it, but there was something else underneath—something tired. "I didn't think you'd visit me again in

this prison. Honestly, I was starting to think you might never come back. Even though I'm old now... I can still get lonely, you know?"

It was Marie.