

## The World 861

Chapter 861: Leon's and Elise's Reunion (3)

Leon's POV

"Ah, Leon! Leon, look! She just smiled at me again! Aw~ she's so cute!" Elise's voice rang out, brimming with pure joy and excitement that practically overflowed into the air around us.

Right there, in her arms, she was cradling Kana, and my daughter was giving her one of those innocent little smiles that could melt anyone's heart on the spot.

The sight before me was so warm and so tender, that I actually felt a ridiculous thought cross my mind—like I needed to see a dentist after this because it was just that sweet. It was the kind of sugar that could rot your teeth if you weren't careful.

"She looks just like you! Ah, little Leon! It really is Little Leon!" Elise squealed, practically rubbing her cheeks against Kana's soft face. Her whole body was practically shaking with excitement as if she'd found the most precious treasure in the world.

I couldn't help but watch with quiet amusement. Honestly, this must've been the very first time Elise had ever held someone so delicate and so fragile... and that someone just so happened to be my daughter.

"Look at you. You really are a cutie, aren't you? Oh yes, you are!" Elise cooed, her tone so playful and filled with warmth that I almost didn't recognize her. She sounded so giddy and so carefree, like she'd been waiting for this moment her whole life.

Well, I couldn't blame her.

It had been almost a year since we last saw each other. A year. And after all that time, I suddenly summoned her presence only to reveal something so life-changing—that I now had a daughter.

After a while, she finally forced herself to let Kana go, reluctantly setting her down with the kind of hesitation you'd expect from someone giving up their favorite plush toy. I couldn't really fault her,

though—Kana was sleepy now, her little eyes already drooping, and Elise's constant hugging and squeezing would only keep her awake.

"I want to play more with Kana..." Elise muttered, her voice tinged with disappointment as she looked longingly at the little bundle of joy.

"You can come here anytime you like and visit her. There's no problem with that at all," I told her, offering a small smile.

Her face instantly lit up. "Really?! I really love you, Leon!" she blurted out before throwing her arms around me, hugging me tightly. Her large breasts pressed into me, soft and warm, almost smothering.

We kept walking as we talked, step by step, catching up on everything we'd missed during that long year apart.

"You've already seen Veronica, haven't you?" I asked.

"Yes!" she answered almost immediately, flashing me a bright smile. "She's quite feisty!"

I chuckled to myself. That was one way to put it. Still, I'd already informed her about Veronica, and also about Estelle and Leonora. But judging by the way she reacted, it seemed she never received the messages I'd sent. So, I told her everything directly.

"Really? You've found them?!" her eyes widened with excitement.

"Estelle's currently attending the academy. As for Leonora... she's doing fine. She's in the Empire," I explained.

"Well, I guess the five of us really are scattered all over the globe, huh? But still, you managed to find us all. I'm so happy!" Elise exclaimed, her voice trembling with genuine happiness. Seeing her like that, so full of life, it was clear why—this was the first time she'd felt all the fragments of Lilith drawing together again.

As she spoke, another thought suddenly crossed my mind.

"You were with Shredica, weren't you? In the underground society?" I asked.

"Hm? You mean that purple-haired woman with the permanent scowl on her face?"

I almost smirked. Even after more than a year, she was still exactly the same.

"Yes," I said simply.

"Oh yeah, I met her back in the underground. She was... something else. Honestly, she was surprising. Special, even."

"Special? In what way?" I pressed, curious.

"I never thought I'd see something like that. She literally sewed her own arm back and her flesh knitting together on its own, as if nothing had happened. It was insane. And they told me she was skillless."

"Managing to sew her arm back? What do you mean?" I asked again, narrowing my eyes slightly.

"Well, I cut her arm clean off with my strings, but then her flesh suddenly stretched out, grabbed the severed arm, and knitted it right back into place," she explained, shaking her head as if even she couldn't believe what she saw. "That shouldn't be possible unless you've got top-tier regeneration—or someone capable of instantly healing and restoring lost limbs. But she had none of that."

Her words left me silent. There really was something about Shredica that felt... off. Something beyond what anyone could pinpoint. I'd felt it before, and now Elise's story only reinforced it. Whatever it was, it was far from ordinary.

"More importantly, Leon..." Elise said suddenly, her tone shifting. "Veronica mentioned she wants to search for Lilith's dungeon."

"Why would she want to do that?" I asked, raising a brow.

"She said she wants to obtain another part of the spell—the one that can summon heroes from another world."

Those words made my mind freeze for a moment, then sharpen with interest.

Coming from a modern world where I'd drowned myself in fiction, I knew the idea well. The classic trope of people being summoned from Earth to another world—an *isekai*.

In a way, it was exactly what happened to me.

Though my situation was different. I hadn't been summoned as I was reincarnated. A different body as well as a different life. Not quite the same, but close enough to stir something inside me.

"Would you help her search for it?" Elise asked gently. "I think Veronica would really appreciate your help."

I thought about it. Honestly, helping her could earn me a few points with Veronica, and that was never a bad thing. Besides, the summoning magic itself... it intrigued me. If it really was powerful enough to summon people from another world... perhaps even my world, then maybe—just maybe—it could open a rift back to Earth.

The odds were slim, I knew that. But still...

"Well, I guess I'm fine with that," I finally said.

"Ahh! Thank you, Leon! You're the best!" Elise squealed before hugging me again, this time even tighter, pressing herself into me as if she never wanted to let go.

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While we were hugging like this, I couldn't help but get swallowed up by the overwhelming sensation of her soft yet firm body pressed tightly against mine. The warmth of her curves seeped through me, making my chest feel heavier with every second.

Elise wasn't just good at fighting as she was also a woman who carried herself with strength and grace, and her body showed it. She had curves exactly where they should be, dipping and rising in perfect balance, the kind of figure that could stop any man in his tracks.

In essence, she had the kind of body that would make any man drool, whether they admitted it or not.

And her scent... her scent was intoxicating. It wasn't the sweet fragrance of flowers or something gentle because it was rougher, rawer, yet strangely addictive. The faint smell of dust and smoke clung to her, mixed with the subtle saltiness of sweat, but beneath all that, there was still a hint of perfume that somehow tied it all together.

The combination shouldn't have made sense, but it did. It slammed into my senses all at once, hitting every nerve like a spark.

She smelled so damn good.

Her scent alone was making me lightheaded, as though I was drunk on it.

"Leon..." I heard her whisper softly, right against my ear, her voice carrying that breathy tone that shot straight into my chest.

My blood felt like it was boiling under my skin, my breathing came faster and sharper, and I could feel the heat inside me rising uncontrollably.

It had been too long since we last did it. Way too long.

"Do you want to do it?" she asked, her words slipping past her lips like a deliberate provocation.

She was seducing me. I knew it with the every movement she made was deliberate. The way she pressed her body closer, letting me feel every curve, every soft edge with the way her fingers lightly trailed across my chest, teasing me just enough to ignite the fire but not enough to satisfy it.

She was putting me in the mood, dragging me deeper into her rhythm, and I was helpless against it.

Then, without warning, her fingers brushed against my hardened cock, straining and bulging against my pants.

My throat tightened.

Thankfully, Kana was in Gabrielle's hands now... so this was fine, right?

I swallowed hard, my throat dry.

For some reason, her effect on me today was stronger than ever. Everything about her—her scent, her warmth and her touch—was slamming into me like a storm, and my body couldn't keep up.

I really did feel lightheaded. My mind felt like it was bursting with dopamine, flooding me with waves of want.

"You want to, right? You've been staring at my body for so long. Tell me... do you like it? Do you want to have a taste of it again?"

Her words sank into me like a lure, pulling me deeper and deeper. I felt like I was drowning in her motherly aura, wrapped and smothered in it, unable to breathe until I finally gave in.

Before I realized it, my hand had already moved on its own. It landed on her thigh, grasping the soft flesh firmly. Her meaty thighs yielded instantly to my touch, the elasticity bouncing slightly under my grip, and I couldn't help but sink my fingers in harder.

She smiled then.

That smile wasn't innocent. It was wicked, sexy, and dripping with confidence. She spread her legs slightly, inviting me in, and my hand slid effortlessly inside her short pants, slipping into the heat beneath her panties.

The wetness that greeted me was immediate, coating my fingers.

"You've been wet for a while, haven't you?" I asked, my voice low.

"Well, of course. It's been so long... and I'm so backed up I can't think straight anymore. You're in the same state, aren't you?"

Elise mirrored me as her hands didn't stay still. She tugged at my zipper, her fingers slipping inside, pulling my briefs down until my cock sprang out fully, throbbing and twitching with need.

Her hand wrapped around it with a practiced grip, her fingers circling me as she slowly stroked up and down.

A groan slipped out of me, unrestrained, while she furrowed her brows slightly at the sensation of my fingers plunging inside her, curling and moving slowly, exploring every inch.

"Nghhh... ahhh!"

Her moan spilled out, trembling, sweet and sharp.

She was more sensitive than I expected. But at the same time, the way she stroked me wasn't random as it was precise. She knew what she was doing. She hit the hotspots perfectly, squeezing, rubbing, and twisting in ways that made my cock throb painfully with every stroke. Every time her fingers teased the tip, swirling gently, I had to grit my teeth to stop myself from losing control too fast.

"Ahnnn... nnnn...!"

Her moans grew louder, spilling out without restraint, her body sinking further into the rhythm of pleasure.

I pressed my fingertips inside her, curling them upward, pressing firmly as my thumb rubbed the flesh right above her entrance, applying more pressure.

"Ahhh...! A-Amazing...! That feels so good! I-I just saw an explosion of white in my head!" she moaned, her lips parting as saliva trickled out, her voice breaking from the intensity.

When I finally pulled my hand out of her panties, it was coated and the juices were dripping down my fingers, glistening under the light.

"You really are horny, aren't you?" I smirked, holding my wet fingers up for a second.

"Fufufufu... you too. Your penis is twitching nonstop right now," she teased, her lips curling into a sly grin.

That was the breaking point. Neither of us could resist anymore. We leaned forward, closing the gap, and our lips crashed together.

The kiss felt natural, like something inevitable, like it had always been meant to happen. It felt perfect.

Was it because both of us were fragments of Lilith, born from her desperate last attempt to cling to life?

Maybe.

But whatever the reason was, I couldn't put it into words.

Slowly, almost instinctively, I guided Elise toward my room. It only felt right that I'd fuck her somewhere comfortable—somewhere meant for this—like the Love Room.

The moment we stepped in, the intoxicating scent of the place washed over us. It had this strange, almost hypnotic aura, like the air itself was laced with lust, pulling us deeper into its trance.

The massive bed in the center stretched wide, big enough to hold five women at once without anyone feeling cramped.

I laid her down gently, my hands already tugging at her clothes. Her zipper slid down easily, her leather outfit yielding under my touch, and when it came undone, her breasts—tightly squeezed inside her suit—bounced out suddenly, like a jumpscare.

I pulled her bra away, freeing her breasts completely, letting them spill out in all their glory before my eyes.

Then I slid her short pants down slowly, tugging her panties until they slipped off, hanging loosely on one ankle, leaving her bare before me.

And the sight that greeted me... it made my mouth water instantly.

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My hands slid up to her breasts, almost on their own.

The moment my palms cupped them, I was hit by just how incredibly soft they were. They were so soft that it almost didn't feel real.

It was like I was holding marshmallows crafted by the gods themselves, a softness that melted against my skin yet pushed back with the slightest resistance. When I squeezed, they gave way just a little, yielding under my touch, only to spring right back and bounce slightly against my palms.

Firm, supple, and perfect. Her breasts weren't just soft... they were alive, reacting to every graze of my fingers.

And then came the sound.

The breathy, broken moans that spilled past her lips as my hands worked her.

Each little gasp made her look even more stunning. Her face, usually so composed, was slowly unraveling, coming undone from the waves of pleasure I was giving her. The sight of her cheeks flushed, her lips parting and her eyes struggling to stay open... all of it was beautiful, it was almost too much to take in.

"Nghhh... ahhh...!"

Her voice trembled, spilling into the air in a rhythm that sent heat shooting straight through me.

I couldn't take it anymore. Without even thinking, I leaned forward, pressing my lips against hers.

The moment our mouths collided, another moan slipped out of us both. Our lips molded together, hungry and desperate, and soon enough our tongues slipped past and tangled, twisting and wrestling while tasting each other's breath and warmth.

My hand didn't stay still either as it kept roaming across her, caressing the curves of her breasts, sliding down over her soft stomach, gliding along the lines of her hips, until finally it reached the place where her thighs met her body.

Her heat radiated against my fingers.

Without hesitation, I slipped my digits against her entrance which was already soaked and dripping wet, begging to be touched. And then, slowly but firmly, I slid them inside.

"Nnnghhh!"

Her cry tore out, muffled against my lips as she clenched her eyes shut, eyebrows furrowing tightly. Her whole body shivered in my arms.

The feeling was unreal.

Her pussy was soaking wet, and yet it clenched down hard on my fingers, gripping me like it didn't want to let go.

I was at my limit.

My cock was already throbbing hard, painfully stiff, pre-cum leaking out in heavy drops.

How could I not be horny for her right now? I had been holding back for too long.

And seeing her like this with her perfect body, her moans and her face undone—it only added fuel to the fire raging inside me.

I couldn't wait any longer.

So, I pulled my hand back and lined up my cock against her pussy.

"Ahhh... Leon's cock... after so long..." she whispered, her voice husky and dripping with lust.

The tip pressed against her slick entrance, and then with one push, I sank my length deep into her hot, wet pussy.

The walls of her flesh opened up instantly, wrapping tight around me, swallowing every inch.

"Nghhhhaaa... ahnnnnn~!"

Her moan came out loud and shameless, her whole body shaking beneath me.

The second I entered her, my vision blurred—I swear I saw flashes of black and white dance across my sight. It was almost too much. Honestly, it took everything I had not to blow my load right then and there.

"Ahhh... s-so good... I-I'm sorry, Leon... but I'm going to cum... I'm cumming...!"

Her voice broke into pieces as her body tensed.

She orgasmed instantly—just from me sliding in.

Her body went rigid for a heartbeat before arching back off the bed, her pussy tightening around my cock so tightly it was insane. The squeeze alone was enough to push me past the edge.

"Nghhh...!"

I groaned as I came, shooting my load deep inside her, filling her womb to the brim with hot cum.

With just that one penetration, both of us came together.

"Haa... haa...~ D-Did you cum too?" she asked between ragged breaths, her voice trembling.

I was still inside her, cock pulsing, pouring my seed into her. The answer was obvious.

"Fufufufu..." she chuckled softly, her lips curling into something dangerously seductive. "Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere. You can fuck me and fill me up as much as you want. Fuck me until I'm overflowing, until I can't contain it anymore."

To seal her words, she locked her legs tight around my hips, dragging me closer, keeping me buried deep inside her.

She was intoxicating. Unbelievably seductive.

I grabbed her hips firmly, the flesh warm and pliant under my fingers, and started moving again.

"Ngghhh... ahhh, haann, ahhn, ahhhnn, ahhh, ahhhnghhh~!"

Her voice rang out, moans spilling like a melody, sweet and shameless, filling the room with the sound of her pleasure.

Every sound she made struck through me, fueling my desire, heightening my senses until I felt like my whole body was trembling from the sensitivity.

It was impossible not to want to cum again, not when I'd been backed up this badly for her.

"Nghhh...! Ahh, ahh, ahhhnnnn!"

The sensation was maddening. Her pussy clamped down on me so hard, it was almost difficult to thrust forward.

If not for how dripping wet she was, I wasn't sure if I'd even be able to push in or pull back at all.

"Nnnhhhaaaa... ahhh, ahh, ahhhh, it feels so goooood... sooo goooooddd~!"

Her face twisted beautifully, melting with pleasure as her voice broke into desperate cries.

Her cool, composed self was nowhere to be found—this was a woman undone, drowning in sensation.

I gripped her hips tighter, driving myself into her with harder and faster thrusts. My cock slammed against her walls, forcing out wet claps that echoed loudly in the room, mixing with her moans.

The sound of flesh against flesh, soaked and loud, filled every corner.

The feeling was overwhelming—I knew I wasn't going to last much longer.

"Ahhh, L-Leon... I-I'm going to... I'm going tooooo...!"

Her voice cracked, body trembling violently beneath me. She was at her limit too.

I clenched her hips tightly, fingers digging into her skin as I slammed myself in to the hilt, balls pressing against her, and let go.

My cock twitched hard as I released again, shooting thick ropes of cum straight into her womb, filling her up to the very brim.

"Nghhhhhh...! Ahnnnnghhhhhhhhh!!!"

Her eyes flew wide open, her mouth hanging open in a scream as the hot flood filled her insides, burning her from within.

"Ahhh, s-so hot...! It's burning me up inside...! It feelish sho gooooddd~!"

Her voice was broken, drenched in lust, completely debauched. Her usual cool persona was gone, her expression ruined, replaced by shameless pleasure.

I pumped her full, my cum spilling deep inside her until she was overflowing.

"Haa... haa..."

Her body finally collapsed back onto the bed, chest heaving, sweat glistening across her skin.

She could feel my cum pooling deep inside her womb, and as she caught her breath, she licked her lips slowly, sensually, like she was savoring everything.

It was the kind of gesture that was so erotic, there was no way I could resist her again.

So, without hesitation, I gripped her hips tightly once more... and fucked her again.

#### Chapter 864: Leon's and Elise's Reunion (6)

Elise was now in a position that left both of her holes completely exposed, both vulnerable and dripping with lewdness.

Her stance was shameless yet so erotic and her legs were spread just enough to balance her weight, her ass sticking outward in the most obscene way, while her upper half leaned forward against the love chair for support. The curve of her back made her figure look even more sinful, as if she was purposely offering herself up to me.

From this angle, I could see everything. The slick, glistening slit of her pussy was already messy with my cum, oozing out slowly in thick strands, trailing down her thighs in a sticky shine. Right above that, nestled tightly between her ass cheeks, was her other hole. It was small, twitching, and twitchier with every breath she took, as if it too was impatiently begging to be touched.

The love chair beneath her looked more like a throne of lust at this point. It was a chair I often used to put my girls into positions that drove them wild, but this time I didn't have her simply sit and spread for me. No—this time I bent her over it in a way that made her whole lower body look like the most indecent work of art, displaying both of her most private places all at once.

Her pussy had already been filled with five loads of my cum, stuffed so much that it was leaking in thick white strings. Seeing my seed dripping out of her and staining her thighs was such a filthy, erotic sight that it almost made my cock twitch on instinct.

It was lewd. Far too lewd. And yet, it was perfect.

"T-This is embarrassing... even for me..." Elise muttered, her voice trembling as she gave me a shy little smile.

Her words only made it better. Elise wasn't the type of girl you'd imagine getting embarrassed easily—she was bold, confident, and knew how to use her charms—but right now? Right now, even she was blushing. Because no matter how shameless someone could be, exposing both of their most intimate holes to a man's gaze like this would make anyone's pride falter.

"You don't have to be embarrassed," I told her gently, my voice low but heavy with lust. "Yours are... beautiful."

Her face flushed deeper at that, her body twitching slightly under my words.

Without waiting another second, I lowered myself to my knees, placing my face directly between her spread ass cheeks. My breath ghosted against her holes, making her shiver, and then I pressed my tongue straight against her asshole.

"Hngghhh!"

She let out a sharp moan instantly, her body jolting from the sudden sensation.

"L-Leon, putting your tongue there is...!" she gasped, looking back at me with disbelief.

"What? It's delicious. Everything about you is delicious," I replied without hesitation, my voice muffled as I licked her deeper.

"B-But... isn't that... dirty?" she stammered.

"There's no way that's dirty. Nothing about you is dirty," I told her firmly, before plunging my tongue even deeper inside, savoring the tightness of her rim.

"Ah...!" Her eyes went wide as her asshole clenched and stretched around me.

The way her rim squeezed and twitched around my tongue was addicting. I could feel every ripple, every shiver running through her body as I tasted her.

Eventually, I pulled my tongue out slowly, a slick trail of saliva clinging between her asshole and my tongue before it snapped away with a sticky sound.

Standing back up, I looked down at her. My cock was still raging hard, throbbing with need. Even after unloading five thick loads inside her earlier, my lust hadn't diminished in the slightest. If anything, seeing her body displayed like this only made me hungrier.

And from the way her legs trembled, her body needy and dripping, she wasn't satisfied either.

Gripping my cock, I pressed it against her soaked pussy, her lips parting instantly around the head as if welcoming me back in. I grabbed her hips tightly, my fingers sinking into her soft flesh, and thrust forward, burying myself deep inside her messy cunt.

"Nghhhaaaa...!"

Her voice rang out, louder this time, her back arching sharply as pleasure slammed into her.

I tightened my grip on her hips and began to move, pounding into her with force that made the room echo with wet, slapping sounds. Each thrust made her ass ripple beautifully, waves of flesh bouncing as our bodies collided.

"Ahh, ah, ah, ahh, ahhh, ahh, ah, ahhnnnn!"

Her moans grew wilder, almost screaming now, mixing with the obscene sound of skin smacking against skin.

The smell of sex grew heavy, a thick musk filling the air and clouding my head, making it feel like my entire body was high on lust. My brain buzzed, overloaded with dopamine, every thrust sending shocks of pleasure through me.

"Ahnnnghh, ahhh...! I-It feelsh sho goooddd~! I love thish...! Ahnnnnnn!!!"

Her voice was slurred with lust, her moans more debauched than ever, her words breaking apart as she drowned in ecstasy.

But just as her pussy tightened deliciously around me, I pulled out suddenly.

A wet pop echoed as my cock left her dripping cunt.

"Ah...?! W-Why?" she whined, her voice tinged with disappointment.

I didn't answer. Instead, I pressed my cock against her tight puckered hole.

Gripping her hips firmly, I pushed forward, my cock spreading her asshole slowly as it yielded to me.

"Ahh...! Ahhh!"

She moaned again, her voice trembling as her ass swallowed me inch by inch. The heat inside her ass was unreal, squeezing me tightly on all sides, threatening to make me spill right there.

I forced myself to steady my breathing, clenching my jaw as I began to thrust.

"Ahhnn, ah...! Y-You're inside my ass...! Ahhh, ahhh! I-It feels weird... b-but it also feels... gooodddd~...!"

Her voice broke, half in shock, half in pleasure, her body shaking as her ass adjusted to me.

I pushed deeper, parting the flesh of her asshole with each thrust, the pressure incredible.

"You're pulling my insides out! It feels amazing! Ahhh! Ahhh, ahhh, ahh, ahhh! Ahhh! Ah, n-no...! I-It feels... ahhh! Ahhh!"

"Cum from being fucked in the ass, Elise!" I growled. "I'm going to cum too!"

The pressure grew unbearable, my body straining with every movement.

Her asshole squeezed me tighter and tighter, like it was trying to milk me dry, locking me inside and restricting my thrusts—but the pleasure was overwhelming. It was too much.

I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Ahh, ahh, ahhh, ahhhnnnn! Ahhh, yannn, ahhhnnnnn! Ahhh, n-no... It feels too good...! It feels too good!!!"

Her cries turned desperate, soaked in pure lust, her body convulsing as she drowned in ecstasy.

My hands clutched her hips tighter as I finally gave in, releasing my load inside her ass.

"Ahhh! S-So hot...! Nghhhhaaaa! Ahhhnnnnn!!!"

Her body shook violently as she came, her back arching, her ass tightening even more around me as my cum painted her insides.

I pulled out slowly after a while, her asshole clinging to me as if refusing to let go, before releasing me with a wet, obscene pop. My semen immediately began leaking from her stretched hole, dripping messily down her thighs.

Her knees gave out beneath her, her body trembling as she collapsed to the floor—and then, unable to hold it back, she lost control and peed herself.

## Chapter 865: Amon's Origin (1)

I filled Elise up five more times in each hole before we finally came to a stop with her collapsing into what could only be described as post-coital bliss. My body felt heavy yet satisfied as well, with my cock still throbbing faintly from the sheer amount of release I had poured into her.

Elise's head rested gently on my arm with her soft hair tickling against my bare skin as I felt the rhythm of her breath grazing me, and it was warm and delicate. That small sensation alone was grounding and it was almost surreal after the madness we just unleashed on each other.

To be completely honest, I hadn't expected myself to turn into such a beast tonight. I usually held myself back a little, but something inside me broke free and I devoured her like a man possessed. Even now, I felt that faint hunger lingering, like I could still go a few more rounds. But Elise... Well, she was utterly wrecked. Her body had taken everything I gave her with every thrust as well as every drop of cum—and now she lay exhausted with her limbs heavy and her voice soft and drained.

Her pussy and her ass had both been stretched wide open, raw and dripping, and my cum was leaking out of both holes in thick, messy streams. The bed beneath us was sticky and warm with our sweat and our sins. It was shameless, filthy, sinful even... but gods, it was intoxicating.

"Fuuu..." Elise exhaled a shaky little breath, her chest rising and falling slowly. "That was... very good..." Her lips curved into a tired, blissful smile as she nestled closer into me, her body clinging as if she never wanted to let go. "I feel like that was the best moment of my life. My womb... and my other hole... they're both filled to the brim with your cum." Her voice carried both exhaustion and satisfaction, like she had been pushed to her very limits and somehow loved it.

"Well, it was just as good for me," I murmured, still catching my breath. "Honestly, it felt like the first time in a while I truly went all out."

"Fufufufu..." she let out a soft, tired giggle. "Did it meet your expectations?"

"More than meet," I answered with a grin. "It exceeded them."

"I'm relieved to hear that," she whispered, her voice tender as she leaned in and pressed a kiss to my cheek. "Honestly, right now, I'm so happy. Not only have you met the other fragments of Lilith, but... you've created an offspring of your own."

"Well," I said, half-teasing and half-serious, "we could always get up and make one ourselves if you really want to."

I said it with a grin, but deep down, I knew it wasn't entirely a joke. After cumming inside her so many times, the thought of her actually getting pregnant wasn't that far-fetched. It could actually happen.

"That'd be wonderful," she admitted, her eyes soft, though there was a shadow of reality in her tone. "But unfortunately, I still have so many things I need to do. Someday though... we'll create our own family, together with the others. Alright?" She kissed me again with her lips brushing gently against my cheek, lingering longer this time as if she wanted to carve the promise into me.

Her words should have calmed me, but instead, the way she looked at me and the way her body still clung to mine... it stirred that hunger again. My cock twitched back to life, and before I could stop myself, I pushed her down once more and slid into her ass.

"Ahh, yannn, ahh...~!"

She moaned weakly but accepted me, and I took her one last time, driving myself into her butt until I spilled again inside her.

When I finally pulled out, I stood from the bed, stretching my sore muscles, while Elise lay sprawled out, her body utterly spent with her literally glistening with sweat and leaking my cum.

Right now, my whole body smelled like sex. That intoxicating musk clung to my skin, mixing the sweat and seed into a scent that screamed of everything we'd done. It was raw, primal, and strangely satisfying.

As I moved toward the door, I noticed Elise stirring again. Even after all that, she was still alive with energy... probably because of her being part succubus, no doubt. No matter how much I came inside her, her appetite for me never seemed to run out. In fact, she seemed to have gained more and more.

"Where are you going?" she asked softly, her voice hoarse but curious.

"I'm going to grab some coffee. Want to come along?" I asked, glancing back at her.

"Alright," she said with a tired smile, forcing herself up and quickly slipping her clothes back on.

We didn't even bother cleaning ourselves up. The sticky mess of sex still clung to us, but neither of us cared. I think we loved the scent because it was the reminder of what we had just done.

Together, we headed out toward the garden, where I planned to have my coffee.

But the moment we stepped outside, someone was already waiting.

Amon.

She was dressed in her usual pristine maid uniform with the fabric crisp as though freshly laundered and her hair neatly arranged. She looked refreshed, and she was almost glowing, as if she had just stepped out of a bath.

The instant her eyes landed on us, she smiled softly, then bowed her head to us with elegance.

"Good morning, Master," she greeted, her tone warm and respectful. Then she turned to Elise, her lips curving into another polite smile. "And good to see you, Mistress Elise."

But Elise didn't return the smile. Instead, her eyes sharpened like she was studying Amon with a piercing gaze.

I noticed how she scanned her from head to toe with her expression firm, before finally speaking in a steady tone.

"Mammon?"

Chapter 866: Amon's Origin (2)

"...Mammon?"

Amon's eyes widened slightly, caught off guard.

Mammon?

The name struck me and confusion started to spark in my mind. Why would Elise call her that?

But Elise quickly shook her head, her voice shifting.

"No... you're younger. Much younger than the Mammon I know. You're not her. You're... her missing daughter, aren't you?"

My eyes flicked immediately toward Amon.

For a moment, she looked stunned with her expression betraying her surprise. But just as quickly, she calmed herself, composure returning to her features.

"I believe Mammon is my mother's name, yes," Amon said slowly. "And yes... I am Mammon's daughter."

"I see..." Elise whispered, her tone more measured now. "Then would you accompany me back to the demon continent?"

"No."

Amon's answer came instantly, sharp and without hesitation.

Elise frowned. "Why?"

"I am in service to Master," Amon said, her voice unwavering. "Naturally, that means I must always remain by his side. I'm sorry, Mistress, but I cannot follow you."

There was no malice in her words—just firm loyalty and a quiet note of regret.

I looked between the two of them, feeling the tension that hung in the air like a heavy curtain. "Something like this shouldn't be discussed in the hallway. Let's head into the garden and talk properly."

"Affirmative," Amon replied, bowing her head.

Elise gave a small nod as well.

The three of us walked into the garden together, the air cooler outside, the soft sound of leaves rustling above us.

I sat down at the round table, Elise settling across from me. Amon, however, remained standing behind me, her posture straight and composed.

"Would you like some tea?" she asked softly.

"You can sit instead, Amon. You're the one we need to talk about," I told her.

"I see..." she replied, her eyes lowering. Then she bowed slightly. "Well then, if you'll excuse me." She moved to take a seat, her movements elegant yet careful.

At that moment, Maya—who had been waiting quietly near the garden door—stepped forward. Without needing to be asked, she began preparing teas and coffees for us, the faint aroma already drifting into the morning air.

With that, the conversation slowly carried on.

"First of all..." I leaned in a little, looking straight at Elise. "How do you even know about this Mammon person, Elise? And more importantly, how did you find out that Amon is her daughter?"

Elise let out a small breath, her expression softening, almost as if she was reminiscing about something far in the past. "Mammon is a long-time friend of mine," she said quietly, her tone steady but carrying a trace of warmth. "She once took care of me when I needed it the most. She told me she had a missing daughter that she desperately wanted me to find. Honestly, at the time, I thought the girl would have ended up in an auction block somewhere... or rotting away in some slave market." Elise's eyes narrowed slightly. "Mammon said her daughter had been kidnapped by a group of slavers, and ever since then, she hadn't been able to find her. I was completely at a loss on where to even begin. So I decided to go looking for her in auctions, visiting slave markets, hoping to catch even the smallest bit of information... but every time, I ended up with nothing."

Her voice grew softer, but there was a faint smile curling at the corner of her lips. "But thankfully, fate wasn't completely cruel. I did find her. And she seemed... to have been in good hands. The very moment I laid my eyes on her, I knew it that she was the daughter of Mammon. I mean, her resemblance was far too strong for it to be anything else."

"I see..." I muttered, more to myself than anyone else.

And really, that story lined up with the fragments of history I already knew. The memory of when I first encountered Amon came rushing back with her small frame locked up in chains, shoved together with countless other slaves. The sight of it had made my blood boil, and without hesitation, I cut those slavers down. One by one, their lives ended beneath my blade, and in the aftermath, the captives were freed.

But Amon was different. While the others left to seek their freedom, she refused. She stood her ground, insisting she wanted to stay with me instead. At first, it caught me off guard, but in the end, I didn't reject her. And from that moment forward, she remained by my side and she was loyal beyond measure.

More than that, she was the one who managed to build up the corporation that would later become Leonamon. Because of her brilliance and relentless effort, we reached the level of success we now stood upon. Without her, things might have turned out very differently.

And... she was also the very first woman I had ever been with.

In my past life, I was a virgin. That much was true. There was almost something with a woman back on Earth, a relationship that teetered on the edge of being physical, but it never crossed that line before I died. Amon... she was the first to cross that threshold with me.

"So..." I turned toward her, watching her expression closely. "Amon... have you ever thought about going back to her? Even just once? Because from the way it sounds, your mother was truly worried about you."

Amon's eyes flickered, but her voice was calm, firm and unwavering. "I think Mother would understand my position as I am now. The entire point of being a demon servant is to serve their master. That is my purpose. And I believe she would understand that." She shook her head, not even a trace of hesitation in her tone. "Which is why... I'm not going back home."

There was no doubt in her voice. She wasn't saying it to convince herself... she truly meant it.

"Well, I get what you're saying," I admitted, though a part of me still felt uneasy about it. "But even so, I think you should visit her at least once. Just once, to tell her you're doing fine. It's been three long years since the two of you last saw each other, right? For all you know, she might be thinking it's impossible to ever see you again. Don't you think you should give her that much? Some kind of closure, at least." I paused, then added with a small nod, "If you want, I'll come with you."

Her eyes softened, the steel in them briefly melting into something warmer. And then she spoke, her words simple but carrying a weight of resolve. "If you put it that way... then I would."

### Chapter 867: Amon's Origin (3)

Amon's POV

It had already been three long years since I last saw my mother.

That time apart... it was all because of me. My own carelessness had led to it. I got caught by a group of slavers, and just like that, I was torn away from her.

I blamed myself over and over. I was foolish—stupid even. Back then, I didn't think there'd be any way to crawl out of that nightmare.

I was young. Too young. Born and raised in the demon world, I didn't understand how things worked outside. I was naïve about everything. I didn't know what to do, how to act, or even how to protect myself. That ignorance almost cost me everything.

At that time, I thought my life was already over.

But then—he appeared.

The man who would become my Master. The one and only person I would willingly serve until the end of my days.

If he hadn't saved me, I know what kind of fate would've awaited me. I would've been forced to be some cruel bastard's maid, or worse—sold as nothing more than a sex slave.

For a demon servant like me, sex wasn't something unusual. It was part of the role, something that came as naturally as breathing. But still... I couldn't bear the thought of giving my body to someone I didn't want to serve.

That's why I was so grateful when he came into my life.

I can still remember his appearance as clear as if it was yesterday. His hair—black, but darker than even the deepest midnight sky. His eyes—blood red, gleaming with a sharpness that cut right through me.

For some reason, from the very moment our eyes met, I felt an undeniable pull toward him. It was instinctive, primal even. Every part of me screamed that this was the person I wanted to devote myself to.

It was natural, wasn't it? I was born a demon servant. My existence had always been about finding someone worthy to serve. And now... I felt like I had finally found him.

"Um..." My voice trembled as I forced myself to speak. "W-Would you allow me to know the name of the one who saved me?"

He turned his gaze on me. Those cold eyes of his were enough to make anyone else shiver. But instead of fear, I felt the urge to kneel as well as to devote myself to him entirely.

"My name? It's Leon. And you?"

The moment he said his name, my heart pounded so hard I thought it might burst out of my chest.

My mother once told me that there would come a day when I would meet the person I was destined to serve. She said I would feel it immediately—that my heart would know without doubt. And standing there before him, I knew... this was it. That day had come.

"My name is Amon. I want to be of service to you, Master Leon! Would you allow me, Amon, to serve you from this day forward?" I said, bowing deeply, my chest tight with both nerves and excitement.

He looked at me strangely, his face filled with confusion. I understood why. It was sudden, even absurd. We had only just met, yet here I was, swearing loyalty, offering myself completely without hesitation.

"Aren't you going to return home, like the other captives?" he asked.

"I'm not," I answered firmly. "I've found the Master I want to serve. That's why I'll stay by your side. If you'll permit me, I'll serve you in every way. I'll do any kind of service."

"Any?"

His face reddened. The blush was so genuine as well as so innocent. It was clear that he was inexperienced. He was still young, and likely had never touched a woman before.

Of course, I hadn't either. But my mother had taught me what it meant to pleasure a man. As a demon servant, it was knowledge we had to carry. If it came to that, I could guide him.

"What... was your name again?" he asked, as if trying to confirm it one more time.

"Amon, Master," I replied softly, lowering my head.

"Alright. From today on, you'll be my servant. Is that okay with you?"

Joy welled up in me, so much that I could barely keep my voice steady. "I'll gladly be of service to you, now and forever."

And with that vow, it became official. I had found my Master.

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Master... he was a very strange person.

But not strange in a bad way.

In fact, it was his strangeness that opened my eyes to so many things I never would've understood otherwise.

Like this "smartphone" thing.

"I wish I had a phone here. Everything in this world is so traditional—it feels like time is slipping through my hands," he muttered one day.

"What is a smartphone, Master?" I asked him curiously. His words caught my attention, and I wanted to understand, especially since he seemed frustrated.

And then he explained it to me.

A strange device unlike anything I had ever heard of. I couldn't even imagine such a thing existed. The more he explained, the more fascinated I became. I wanted to bring his words into reality. So, I tried creating it—and I succeeded.

That was just one example of how incredible he was. His knowledge went far beyond anything I'd ever known.

But his charm—that was something else entirely.

He even won the heart of a woman with a prestigious title. She was a magic knight. She was intelligent, beautiful, and graceful.

For a while, I thought maybe Master no longer needed me. Compared to her, I was nothing. But then, he told me something unexpected.

He said he was going to create a harem of girls. At first, I was confused. Why tell me this? Why did it matter to me?

But in the end, I decided—it didn't matter what I thought of it. My duty was to support him, no matter what.

Because I was his servant. And he was my Master. That was the only truth that mattered.

Even if it meant following him to the ends of the earth—I would never hesitate.

#### Chapter 868: Amon's Origin (4)

After two long years, we had finally managed to push Master's strength to heights that I never thought possible—both in terms of his physical might and his financial influence.

Together, we built Leonamon. What started as a company quickly grew into something far greater. It had become an empire, a giant that stood so tall there wasn't even a hint of competition left in its

shadow. Every rival that once dared to stand against us was swallowed up or crushed beneath the sheer weight of what Master created.

Master wasn't just a leader—he was a man who carved out an entire business empire with his own hands, molding it into a colossal enterprise that rivaled, no, eclipsed every company in the entire world.

Sometimes, when I looked at him, I couldn't help but feel as though he had the ability to conquer the whole world. And the terrifying part was that he was actually doing it, step by step, each victory piling on top of the last, building towards something inevitable.

I honestly couldn't wait until the day came when he achieved total world domination. Just imagining it—the sight of him standing above everyone, raising himself to such greatness—made my heart pound and my skin tingle. How overwhelming would it feel to witness that moment? How powerful of an emotion would it be, watching the man I served reach the pinnacle of everything?

And deep down, I knew—my mother would absolutely love to serve him as well. After all, she had spent her life in the service of others, bending her knee to countless demon lords, kings, and even generations of the seven deadly sins themselves. She knew better than anyone what it meant to devote oneself to true power.

That's why I was certain... my mother would be proud of me. Proud that I had chosen so wisely. Proud that I had given my loyalty and my heart to a Master as capable, as talented, and as brilliant as him.

I was sure of it. Even if I knew, deep inside, that I would probably never see her again. That part hurt more than I wanted to admit. But at the very least, I could find comfort in the thought that she'd understand. That she'd know I wasn't lost or suffering—I was exactly where I belonged, resting in the arms of my beloved Master.

But then Mistress Elise came to me one day, her tone calm but her words sharp, telling me that my mother was searching for me.

The truth? I had no intention of ever going back. Not now. Not ever. I had no intention of leaving Master's side, no matter what.

I'd been with him through so much already, watching him climb higher and higher, and I couldn't imagine abandoning him now. Not even if the one asking me to leave... was my own mother.

But Master, in his usual way, wasn't forceful about it. He didn't demand or pressure me, but he did say something I couldn't ignore—that I needed to at least give my mother some kind of relief. Some reassurance that I was safe, and that I was living my life fully, happily, and completely at the side of the man I chose as my Master.

And hearing him say that... it made sense. It was so like him, to think about the feelings of someone else, even someone outside of his empire. It reminded me once again why I was so devoted to him, why I would never—could never—leave.

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Master and I finally had the chance to talk—just the two of us.

Mistress Elise had decided to step out for a bit, giving us some space. That simple act alone, I found myself silently grateful for. Her absence made the room feel calmer, quieter, like the weight pressing on my chest finally eased. It wasn't often I got to face Master alone without the presence of others, and I knew this was a moment I had to treasure.

"Master," I began, my voice coming out a little softer than I intended, "I want to thank you—for giving me this opportunity, and also... for letting me intrude on you like this. I only hope it won't end up wrecking any of your plans in the long run." I bowed my head slightly, trying to steady myself, because speaking like this made my heart pound harder.

He looked at me, his expression calm yet filled with that unshakable certainty that always made me feel both small and safe. "You don't need to worry about that, Amon," he said. His tone carried warmth, almost soothing, yet still had that unmovable strength behind it. "Honestly, I don't think I could even sleep at night, knowing your mother is out there searching for you, not knowing that you're safe. And besides..." he leaned back slightly, his gaze firm, "I also want to go to the demon continent myself. I want to see it with my own eyes, and I want to see how far I can extend my reach across that land with my own hands."

Hearing that, I couldn't help but pause.

I see... so Master was also already thinking about expanding his dominion over the demon continent.

That land... it was known as one of the most dangerous places in the entire world. A place where the word inhospitable barely scratched the surface of reality. It was said no trees grew there, no rivers flowed, no life-sustaining soil existed. The days were scalding, the air heavy with dry heat that could scorch lungs, while the nights were deathly cold, biting enough to freeze flesh.

And if the climate itself wasn't enough, the beasts that roamed that land were even worse. Monstrous creatures, stronger and more savage than anything found elsewhere, prowled through the barren wastes. They were predators bred to survive in the harshest hell imaginable.

It was the kind of place no ordinary human could even dream of surviving. To step into it was to invite death.

But Master... he wasn't like anyone else.

Of course, he would look at that forsaken land and see it not as an impossible wasteland, but as another frontier waiting to be conquered. It made sense—he was aiming for complete world domination. Leaving the demon continent untouched would mean leaving his ambition unfinished. And Master was never the type of man to willingly walk away from a fight.

"Which is why I'm coming with you," he said, his voice breaking through my thoughts. His words weren't up for debate, they were final. "Besides, I think it's only right that I formally introduce myself to your mother. As the man you've chosen to serve, it's natural that she should know who I am—and that I am worthy of being served by you. Don't you think so?"

His eyes held mine, steady and unyielding, but not without a kind of rare kindness that struck deep into me.

I found myself nodding almost instinctively, my chest tightening.

To be honest, I was shocked.

I hadn't expected this—hadn't expected Master to be so considerate, so thoughtful toward me and my situation. To think he would go so far as to personally meet my mother, not just for his own goals, but also because of me... It made something stir violently inside me, something I couldn't fully put into words.

The more I learned about him, the more time I spent by his side, the deeper this feeling grew. It had started as admiration, then devotion, but it had long since bloomed into something more overwhelming, something I couldn't deny even if I tried.

And deep down, I knew the truth—I had known it for a long time. I had already confessed it once, and he had acknowledged it too. But every time I felt it, every time I remembered, it hit me harder than before.

My feelings for Master weren't just blind loyalty. It wasn't just about being a servant who would obey every command, who would throw himself into danger without hesitation for his sake. It wasn't about a vow I could never break.

It was more than that.

It was love.

An unwavering, consuming love. A love intertwined with the devotion I had sworn to him.

I loved Master—with everything I had, with every corner of my heart, and with every breath I took.

Chapter 869: Amon's Origin (5)

Leon's POV

We had already decided that this week, we would set out for the demon continent, a journey that carried more weight than any ordinary trip. Our purpose was to meet Mammon—the one who, to my surprise, turned out to be Amon's mother.

The timing worked out. Since the academic year wouldn't begin until a week from now, we had a small window of free days. A perfect opportunity, I thought. We could use that time to travel, confront what lay ahead, and return before life at the academy resumed.

Preparations were underway, and Elise, unsurprisingly, made it clear she would be joining us.

"Well," she began, her voice steady but carrying a hint of worry, "I think it's better if I come along with you. The demon continent isn't kind to anyone. Even someone strong can be swallowed up by that place."

Her words echoed in my head. I didn't consider myself someone who would falter easily, but... she had a point. This was going to be my first real time stepping into the depths of the demon continent. Confidence alone wouldn't shield me from what I didn't know.

If I was being honest, it wasn't far-fetched at all that things could end up exactly how Elise described.

Traveling there by normal means would be brutal. On foot, it could take two months, maybe even longer, depending on the dangers along the way.

Thankfully, the world wasn't without convenience. With cars and modern transport, we could cut that time down to maybe one or two weeks. A drastic improvement, but still too long for my liking.

That was why... we chose another way.

"What is this, Leon?" Elise asked, her eyes narrowing in curiosity as she examined the machine before her.

"A helicopter," I explained simply.

Her expression told me everything—this was something far outside her world of familiarity.

It was an aircraft, designed for the skies. To me, it was the most practical, most efficient way to cross the distance as quickly as possible. There would be no endless roads, no detours and no worrying about traffic. Just straight through the air, cutting the time down to almost nothing.

Of course, that didn't mean it was without risks. Everyone knew that accidents in the air rarely ended well. Survival rates were far lower compared to the road. The higher you flew, the thinner the margin for error.

But in our case, we had a trump card. Amon knew exactly how to pilot a helicopter, and as for me, I had my Guardian. If the worst happened, I believed I could keep us alive.

"Get yourselves ready first. I need to take care of something before we leave," I told them.

I made my way to the room where my daughter and Gabrielle were.

When I entered, I found Gabrielle already awake, Kana nestled in her arms, feeding quietly.

"Fufufufu..." she chuckled softly as her eyes met mine. "Hello, Master. I heard you're going to the demon continent. Are you sure you'll be okay out there?"

Her smile was gentle, but her tone carried that familiar, teasing lilt she always had.

"I'll be fine," I answered, my voice steady, leaving no room for doubt.

"And Kana? How's she doing?" I asked, shifting my gaze to my daughter.

"She's doing really well. Just like her father, she's voracious when it comes to my breasts. She absolutely loves sucking them," Gabrielle replied, her lips curling into a playful grin as she threw in a little joke.

I couldn't help but exhale in relief. That was good. If Kana had a healthy appetite, then I had nothing to worry about regarding her growth or health.

Then, Gabrielle tilted her head, her expression softening, though a sly spark glimmered in her eyes.  
"Master, since you're already here... do you want to have a drink as well?"

I froze, my throat tightening. I swallowed.

I knew exactly what she meant. I'd had plenty of her milk before, especially during our nights together. Its taste lingered in my memory. It was sweet, warm, and strangely addicting.

And as tempting as the offer was, right now, it didn't feel right. Kana was still drinking. Doing that now... no, it wouldn't be appropriate.

"N-Next time," I said, forcing the words out.

"Alright then," she replied with a soft laugh. "Bye, Master. Be safe on your trip. I'll take good care of Kana while you're gone."

I gave her a firm nod. Watching her with Kana, I felt a rush of gratitude. Gabrielle wasn't just a capable woman—she was proving to be a remarkable mother as well. Compared to her, I felt like I wasn't doing enough as a father.

But I trusted her. And that trust gave me peace.

After that, we finally made our way to the helicopter.

On the rooftop of the Leonamon's main branch, a helipad awaited us. Amon stepped forward, climbed into the cockpit, and with practiced movements, started the engine.

The machine roared to life. Then, slowly but surely, the helicopter lifted off the ground.

"Woah!" Elise gasped, clutching her seat.

She couldn't hide her shock, her eyes wide with both fear and excitement. This must have been her very first time riding something like this.

"This is... incredible!" she exclaimed, her voice full of awe.

"With this, we'll get there in no time. By nightfall, we should already arrive," I told her with confidence.

And with that, we flew straight toward the demon continent.

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The demon continent was... exactly what I imagined, yet still more daunting when seen with my own eyes.

The land stretched out dry and barren, a wasteland where even the hardiest of crops wouldn't survive. It looked like the earth itself had been scorched, rejecting the idea of life taking root there.

Everywhere I looked, shadows moved. Dangerous beasts roamed freely, their forms sharp against the cracked landscape. This place didn't just feel hostile—it was alive with hostility.

This wasn't my very first time here. I had stepped onto its borders before, but only briefly, and I never ventured beyond the outskirts.

Now, though, I was going deeper. Much deeper.

Time passed, and eventually...

"We're here," Elise said, her voice low, almost reverent.

Though she didn't need to say it. Amon had already begun lowering the helicopter, guiding us with careful hands.

Of course she would know. This was once her home.

The guards below spotted us immediately. Their eyes were sharp, filled with suspicion as they took in the unfamiliar sight of the helicopter.

Then, from the compound, someone stepped forward.

A woman. She was wearing a maid outfit, her presence commanding despite the attire.

"What a strange creature..." she murmured, her gaze fixed on the helicopter. "Or is it a vehicle?"

Beside me, Amon's voice trembled ever so slightly. "Mother..."

So this was Mammon.

The resemblance was undeniable. She and Amon shared the same brown hair and the same deep eyes. Mammon carried herself with the elegance of an older, mature woman, but if Amon grew older, I could already see the reflection of her mother in her.

No wonder Elise recognized Amon so quickly as Mammon's daughter. The likeness was impossible to miss.

#### Chapter 870: Amon's Origin (6)

"Let's go," Elise said firmly, her voice carrying over the thrum of the helicopter's still-spinning blades.

She didn't even wait for me to respond. With one smooth motion, she stepped out of the aircraft, her hair and clothes fluttering wildly in the downwash of the rotors. The sight of her leaving first, walking with that kind of confidence, almost made it feel like she was announcing something grand before I even realized what was about to happen.

The sharp sound of a gasp cut through the air.

"Elise!"

The voice belonged to Mammon, and even though the single word she uttered was brief, the sheer weight in her tone was impossible to ignore.

"Glad to see you're doing well, Mammon," Elise replied casually, almost as if this kind of reunion was nothing out of the ordinary.

"Why are you here?" Mammon asked, her brows furrowing, suspicion mixing with a trace of surprise.

"Well," Elise said, a small smile curling on her lips, "I wanted to introduce you to someone. And trust me—you'll be surprised to see who's tagging along with him."

Mammon's face showed nothing but confusion at first, her expression unreadable as her sharp eyes darted between Elise and me. But then, the instant she looked past me and her gaze fell upon the figure standing quietly at my side, everything changed.

Her eyes widened in disbelief.

That was because, standing right next to me, was Amon.

"A-Amon..."

Her voice cracked, trembling as though her throat had gone dry. Her eyes glistened instantly, tears threatening to spill. The proud, composed Mammon looked shaken to her very core.

I could see it in her. The shock, disbelief, and overwhelming emotion clashing together all at once.

If I wasn't mistaken, this was the very first time they had laid eyes on each other in three long years. Three years of silence, three years of separation, three years without a single word exchanged.

So I could completely understand why Mammon was looking at Amon as though she were staring at a miracle.

"Mother," Amon said quietly, her voice steady despite the emotion in the air. She lowered her head and gave a respectful bow.

Mammon didn't even spare me a single glance. Her entire being was focused on Amon alone. She rushed toward her without hesitation, her arms reaching out as though terrified Amon might vanish if she didn't hold her right then and there.

She embraced her tightly.

"Thank goodness... you're alive. And well," she whispered, her voice breaking as her hands trembled on her daughter's back.

I couldn't fault her for reacting that way. After all, it had been three years since they had seen each other. That kind of reunion didn't need words, after all.

"I'm so glad... I'm so glad to see you..." Mammon's voice shook as she buried her face against Amon's shoulder.

Watching the two of them embrace like that, a warmth spread through my chest, and I found myself smiling without even realizing it.

Amon had never spoken much about her past. She rarely revealed her emotions either, always prioritizing my goals, my needs, as well as my feelings over anything of her own.

To be honest, I often felt guilty—like I had stolen her chance to live her own life, simply because she devoted herself so completely to me. But in her eyes, service wasn't something to regret. She genuinely

loved serving with all her heart. Demon servants like her were born for it as they were raised to find their meaning in serving someone.

Even so, I wanted something different for her.

Because Amon wasn't ordinary. She was exceptional.

Who else could create a working smartphone entirely from scratch, just from the half-baked and clumsy explanation I gave her?

Who else could gather and lead skilled women to design and build a fully functioning car in a world that had never even imagined one?

Who else could push through the impossible and bring modern innovations into existence as if it were second nature?

Amon had done all of that. She had given me everything. She was my first woman.

And she had been at my side since the very beginning.

So right now, watching her in her mother's arms after all these years... I felt nothing but happiness for her.

"Mother," Amon said softly, her voice cutting through the emotion of the moment. "I want to introduce you to someone."

She turned her head toward me.

I adjusted myself, straightening my posture, doing my best to show proper respect.

"He's the person I serve," Amon continued, her eyes filled with determination. "The one I will serve for the rest of my life. And... he's the man I love."

Mammon slowly shifted her gaze to me. Her sharp eyes softened, and for a moment, silence lingered. Then she exhaled quietly and gave a small nod.

"I see..." she said, her tone heavy with understanding. Then, to my surprise, she bowed deeply. "Thank you... for being there for Amon. Thank you for accompanying her here. You must have been a good Master." Her lips curved into a faint, grateful smile.

"Amon is just too good of a servant... and as a lover to me," I answered honestly, meeting her eyes.

Mammon's expression warmed as she looked back at her daughter. "I don't think Amon would go so far as to tell me that you're the one she'll serve for the rest of her life—and even call you the man she loves—if you weren't truly worthy of her," she said with a knowing smile.

"He's also my brother!" Elise suddenly chimed in with a grin, wrapping her arm casually around my shoulders as though to seal the statement.

Mammon blinked, then gave another nod. "I see... That makes sense now. I understand everything."

Her gaze swept between me and Elise, before finally settling again.

"Well then... let's head inside the mansion first," she said.

And so, together, we entered the mansion—the grand residence of the head of the demon servants.

As expected, the place was brimming with demon servants. Dozens, maybe hundreds, moving gracefully through the halls. Each one wore the same attire—maid uniforms—precisely tailored, not a single crease out of place.

Even Mammon herself, their head, wore one.

It struck me then that it wasn't just an outfit—it was a custom, a tradition, a symbol of their very identity.

"I am truly, deeply grateful that you brought her back to me," Mammon said, her voice filled with emotion. "I can't even begin to express how thankful I am to know that my precious Amon is alive and well."

"I'm sorry for not telling you I was fine, Mother," Amon said, her voice quiet but sincere.

"I know," Mammon replied, her expression soft. "You must have felt it wasn't necessary, right? I understand. After all... you've found the Master you want to serve."

Amon smiled then. It was a rare smile, one that she wasn't used to wearing. And yet, it was radiant. Beautiful. For once, she looked less like the stoic servant and more like a daughter simply happy to be seen.

"How long will you be staying here?" Mammon asked, finally turning to me.

"For about three days," I answered. "I'm sorry. I know it's been three years since the two of you last saw each other, and I'd love to give you more time. But the new academic year is starting soon, and Amon doesn't want to stay longer than that."

"I'm sorry too, Mother," Amon added. "It's not that I don't want to stay... but I can't bear the thought of being away from Master. I'd be too worried if he wasn't near me."

Mammon gave a gentle nod, a look of complete understanding in her eyes. "It's fine. I know it can't be helped. But... for these three days, I want to at least make up for the time we've lost. Is that acceptable to you, Lord Leon?"

"That's perfectly fine with me," I told her, meeting her gaze with a respectful nod.