

【Cocytus IF Story: "Cocytus – Giselle's Melancholy"】

The characters and organizations depicted in this novel are entirely fictional and bear no relation to real entities.

The setting, including the city, shops, and buildings, is also fictional. Events within the story are purely imaginary.

This work is a complete fiction.

It was a completely unexpected event.

While visiting the western Italian town of Monte Luce for an exhibition of Dante's Divine Comedy, Shunka won a painting at an auction.

That night, three days after the painting's arrival at her lodging, the Hotel Paradiso, she was abducted.

Just before losing consciousness from a sedative, she thought she heard a conversation between two women.

"Her saw My face; this is bad. We have no choice but to kill her."

"Wait, she's quite a catch, isn't she? We could have her work at the shop. That way, we won't have to let her go..."

(Kill...? What a terrifying thought...)

Her head felt heavy.

Wishing that what had just happened was a dream, she opened her eyes slightly to find herself in an unfamiliar room.

The lighting was dim, a deep wine-red hue.

The walls were adorned with paintings and sculptures of naked goddesses, exuding a distinctly feminine atmosphere.

A sweet, floral, and spicy scent wafted through the air. Shunka, who never wore perfume, could tell it was an expensive fragrance; cheap perfumes smell like air fresheners or sweets.

"Oh, you've awakened," a woman's voice said, low yet alluring.

Turning around, she saw a beautiful woman with sharply cut black hair, styled at her eyebrows and neckline, standing by the door.

She wore a gray and black striped jacket, with her black shirt unbuttoned enough to reveal her white skin and cleavage. The tight skirt had a deep slit, exposing garter belts and stockings reaching up to her thighs.

It was an outfit so erotic that even Shunka, being a woman, felt a twinge of hesitation in viewing it.

Still dazed from sleep, Shunka couldn't process much more. Who was this woman? Yet she was sure she had seen her before... the woman who stole the painting?

"Don't worry, I have no intention of hurting you. But Augusto might."

"What?"

"He could make it look like a motorcycle accident... or something."

"!"

Just yesterday, a motorcycle had recklessly emerged from the bushes, nearly hitting her.

"Do you understand the situation you're in? This town is controlled by a mafia called Clan Gelo. Well, they don't advertise, so tourists wouldn't know, would they? You've probably heard some rumors, at least?"

"Just rumors..."

As she attempted to stand, a wave of dizziness hit her, forcing her back onto the sofa.

"I am Livia, an executive of that mafia, Clan Gelo. It's a pleasure to meet you, young lady."

"W-Wait... No..."

Shunka struggled to comprehend the situation. The sudden revelation made her feel nauseous.

"You're lying, right?"

"Do you think this is a lie? Then why would I kidnap you? Only criminals can act so casually."

"But... but... wait, I haven't done anything. This must be a misunderstanding. Can you let me go?"

"That's impossible. The painting you bought is the goal. If I let you go, things will get very complicated."

"I'll give you the painting; I won't say anything to the police..."

"Do you think it's that simple? If I let you go, it would cause problems for me. The best solution for both of us is for you to work here. Otherwise, you'll end up dead."

"Why? I haven't done anything... I'm innocent!"

"Yes, that's true. But if I let you go now, it will become clear that I'm trying to outsmart Augusto. Instead, if you decide to work here for the money, there won't be any issues. Augusto won't have to kill you, and I can pretend I know nothing about the painting..."

Shunka couldn't understand what Livia was saying. In a panic, she stood up and headed for the door.

Livia shrugged and opened the door—revealing a space that felt like a different world to Shunka.

In the dim lighting, a chandelier sparkled like jewels, and on stage, women in black lingerie danced provocatively.

Leather sofas and marble tables filled the room, where well-dressed male customers sat. The scent of alcohol and perfume was overwhelming, especially for Shunka, who had just woken up from the sedative.

At a table, a bunny girl straddled a customer, dancing with her chest pressed against him.

"...!"

She had never been in a place like this before. It was a seductive "strip club," just like in dramas and movies.

"Don't compare this to those tacky places. This is a premier establishment for high-class clientele. We have several VIP rooms. Anything can happen in private rooms. Love is free here."

"That means... isn't that prostitution...?"

"Oh, was it? I have no idea. Prostitution? Whatever those girls do with the customers is nobody's business. Tips are just given if the service is good, after all."

Shunka felt breathless. Her chest rose and fell shallowly as she retreated back into the previous room.

"Ahh...!"

She covered her ears at the sound of lewd voices. The door closed, and the sound of Livia's high heels approached.

In that moment, she felt Livia's red manicured nails caress her jawline.

"Oh, you're such a cute one. Still so innocent, like a little rabbit. Don't worry, I'll take my time training you, my 'bunny'..."

Nathan was summoned by Augusto.

It was one of the banquets held once or twice a year for the executives and close aides. As expected, Augusto covered the expenses, and the venues were all high-end establishments he referred to as "upscale."

Nathan had been reluctant to attend, but this time he was told it would be a "quiet drinking session," and he felt it would be improper to refuse yet again, so he decided to go.

Seeing the establishment where the car dropped him off, he regretted his decision.

Nestled down a side street just off a main road, it exuded an unusual atmosphere.

"L'Oasi della Regina," meaning "The Queen's Oasis," was Livia's establishment.

In other words, it was her castle of prostitution.

The place employed young women from Monaco and various countries, drawing them in to work.

Outwardly, it presented itself as a burlesque, but in reality, discreet customers were ushered into VIP rooms for more intimate encounters.

By ordering the secret cocktail "Nectar," customers would gain access to those private areas.

Nathan had successfully hidden cameras and listening devices there.

The issue was that Livia herself was also aware of such setups; otherwise, she wouldn't be able to exploit the weaknesses of her clients.

She had risen through the underworld by operating this way.

The executives were pleased. The women working there had undergone "training," including plastic surgery, ensuring high standards.

Livia was a former model, adept at walking and showing herself off.

The waitstaff inside were all elegant and possessed an erotic appeal with their well-maintained figures.

"Are we having bunny girls tonight?"

Augusto remarked as he was led to a round table at the very back, overlooking both the stage and the venue.

Beside him stood a tall blonde woman—Caterina—who began pouring his favorite brandy.

"Capo, don't you like bunnies?"

"Who knows? The previous suit was nice. It seemed smart."

"You like clever, elegant girls, don't you?"

"Ah, yes. Just like you."

Augusto wrapped an arm around Caterina's shoulder.

Each of the women wore different costumes tailored to highlight their physique, hair, and skin tone to their best advantage.

Caterina was dressed in a pink bunny girl outfit, a one-piece that made her legs look even longer with its high-cut design. The fishnet tights had an almost scandalous quality.

"Do as you please,"

Augusto said. Tonight, there would be no talk of business.

Each man began summoning their preferred bunny girls.

"Nathan, what's wrong?"

"I'm not in the mood today. I think I'll just drink and head home."

"Hey, Nathan. Why don't you have some fun for a change?"

Caterina teased, deliberately crossing her legs and winking provocatively.

Livia and her team were trying to gauge the preferences of the executives, which could lead to their vulnerabilities.

"Are you going to entertain me?"

"I won't."

"Then that's the end of the conversation."

Just as Nathan was about to leave, Livia appeared.

The only one in a pantsuit in the establishment, she made it clear with her mere presence that she was the queen of this place.

Not only of the club, but she was also the boss of the female staff of Clan Gelo.

"Is this just a casual banquet?"

Augusto replied, "Yes."

"Well, it wouldn't be fair otherwise. While you all enjoy yourselves, we're stuck working."

"There's nothing we can do about it. Just let it slide."

"Fine, fine. I'll let it slide, but be sure to repay me generously."

"Understood. So, what brings you here?"

"I'm debuting a new girl tonight, and I thought I'd introduce her to you first."

Livia stepped aside to reveal a woman she had been hiding behind her.

With shoulder-length wavy black hair and large, almond-shaped eyes that had a cool demeanor, she likely had Japanese heritage.

She wore black bunny ears, a black lace corset, and a T-back. Her thin stockings were accompanied by high heels with ankle straps. The design featured a prominent white collar and wrist decorations.

"..."

Nathan found himself staring into her eyes.

Her gaze was filled with uncertainty, reminiscent of a rabbit being hunted, making her look all the more vulnerable.

If she had stood tall, it might have been different, but that posture only served to provoke even more.

He felt an increasing thirst.

"She's Asian. Bunny, take the empty seat," Livia instructed.

Following Livia's words, the "bunny" sat next to Nathan.

When their eyes met, she awkwardly lowered her gaze but quickly lifted her face again.

"Would you like a drink?"

"...Yeah."

With practiced hands, she poured whiskey into a glass. Livia and the others knew Nathan's preferences well.

The amber liquid was quickly prepared and offered to him.

During this time, Nathan kept watching her.

"Hmm. It seems Nathan has found a reason to stay after all," Augusto chuckled, raising his glass.

"To the unity of Clan Gelo!"

"To the Capo!"

"To Augusto's glory!"

The executives had begun to scatter, some heading to the VIP rooms.

It seemed the drinks were quite strong. While the cocktails had a sweet and light taste, they were surprisingly potent. Feeling the warmth rising, Nathan loosened his tie.

As he wiped the sweat from his neck with his hand, the bunny girl noticed and offered him water.

"Thank you," he replied, but she fell silent, clearly not very skilled at conversation. She seemed like an amateur.

(She mentioned something about a debut...)

Being able to handle alcohol was one of the conditions for an undercover agent, but at this rate, he might end up drunk.

Yet, he hesitated to leave the bunny girl alone.

He couldn't shake off the feeling that Augusto was watching her with interest.

"Um... are you okay?" the bunny girl asked, concern in her eyes.

-You have eyes as clear as diamonds. This place doesn't suit you at all.

"What?"

She echoed back his question.

"Did I say something?"

"Oh, yes..."

Despite the dim lighting, her face flushed enough that it was noticeable.

"Let's change locations; there's a balcony, right?"

"Y-Yes..."

Standing up, he confirmed that she wasn't too drunk yet and led her outside.

Perhaps it was due to the high heels, but she was surprisingly tall. As he wrapped his arm around her waist, he felt something soft and fluffy.

It resembled a round pom-pom, mimicking a bunny's tail.

It felt surprisingly nice to the touch.

The sweet scent of perfume lingering in the air became even more enticing.

He thought about getting some fresh air outside, but unfortunately, there was another patron ahead of them.

A middle-aged man had pulled down his pants and was gripping the bunny girl's waist from behind.

"...Sorry. I showed you something unpleasant."

Taking the bunny girl's hand, he held her wrist loosely so she wouldn't resist as they walked away.

(Where can we find a safe place?)

There was probably only one safe spot here.

He approached the counter and requested, "Nectar, please." The bartender nodded slowly in response.

A silk canopy created a private space for the two of them, with a king-sized bed draped in deep purple silk covers.

As Nathan sat down, the bedding sank with a soft puff, remarkably plush and of high quality. It felt as if he had jumped into a cloud or cotton candy.

The cushions and pillows were adorned with red fabric and gold embroidery, exuding a distinctly nouveau riche taste.

An antique bottle of wine sat on the low table, with numerous glasses arranged on the shelves.

Ignoring the hidden cameras and listening devices, this was perhaps the safest place they could be.

The bunny girl knelt down and poured water into a glass—not wine.

"...Aren't you going to drink?"

Once inside, it was an unspoken understanding of what typically happened. Women took this as an opportunity to indulge in luxury. Perhaps drinking made things easier.

"You seem quite drunk already..."

The women invited by Livia all worked by mutual consent. Was she one of them?

Instead of taking the offered glass, Nathan grasped her slender wrist.

Her deep brown eyes, and her skin felt smooth against his fingers.

He gently tucked a strand of her black hair behind her ear.

(So she is Japanese after all?)

He decided to whisper softly, "...Who are you?"

When he spoke in Japanese, her eyes widened momentarily.

"I..."

It was indeed Japanese.

"Shh."

Nathan urged her to be quiet.

"...There are cameras and listening devices here. If you want to talk, do it quietly."

"I... I can't talk about myself."

"Are you being ordered by Livia?"

"...Yes. Um..."

"If you can't talk, then there's no need to. Let's just sleep for now."

"Uh... but..."

The bunny girl stiffened at his words. It was understandably nerve-racking to suddenly "do" something with a man she had just met.

"That's not what I meant. I wasn't in the mood for that today. It's probably better for you too, right?"

"Ah... but that's a problem."

"Why's that?"

"Um... if I enter the VIP room, Madame Livia won't be satisfied without some evidence..."

"Evidence?"

Nathan was puzzled; he hadn't grasped that part.

What could it possibly mean?

"Um... that is to say..."

The bunny girl fidgeted nervously. Her eyebrows furrowed, and she looked thoroughly distressed.

"Let's see..... Semen."

Nathan paused for a moment.

Then the thought immediately came to my mind and I said, "Oh. Is this store going to sell to sperm banks?"

"Not so far..... I don't know..... But at least that's what I have to do."

"You didn't satisfy your customers?"

"Yes....."

"Okay, come here."

Nathan beckoned, and Bunny climbed onto the bed on all fours.

It's a sturdy bed that creaks and squeaks a lot. It's probably a production to liven things up.

Nathan's eyes went to the cleavage that he could see through hers black corset, but as soon as her got closer, hers faintly glossy lips were right there, and his eyes followed hers.

It was a very calculated costume.

Bunny slid into Nathan's arms, and she put her arms around his back.

Chase that white, slender arm and make it stop.

"That"

"As it is"

Nathan buries his face in her chest and sucks hard. It smells sweet, like flowers. It's not perfume.

He also left a number of red marks on her neck.

I push her down, tear her stockings and open her legs, and suck on her inner thighs.

"... Whew....."

Bunny humbly hides her own voice. A faint waft, green apple-like, cheese-like sour smell.

Nathan knows where it's coming from.

A T-back that covers the secret part thinly. If you shift it, you can taste "flesh-and-blood female nectar".

"..... That's going to be fine."

Nathan raised his upper body.

Kiss marks are scattered on the bunny's body.

Her breasts that spilled out of the corset were whiter than anywhere else, and the blue veins seemed to float.

Every time I touch her skin, my heart flutters at its softness and warmth.

(I don't want another man to touch her.)

Nathan felt hot and aroused, but he got out of bed and threw the cover at her.

"Sir?"

"I'm sleepy," he said, "and I wanted to, but I didn't. I'll tell Livia. I'll pay you for a few days. You'll be okay with this, right?"

"..... But is that good?"

"Do you want to?"

"....."

Bunny is silent for a moment, then scoops up the cover to hide his body.

"..... Nervous..... I feel"

"Well, you don't have to overdo it."

Nathan lay down on the couch.

The next morning, Nathan noticed that he had been put on a light futon.

When I woke up, I saw Bunny sleeping in the corner of the oversized bed, wrapped in a silk cover.

A few nights later, Nathan visited "L'Oasi della Regina."

During the day, he wore a suit as a business consultant, working with companies both locally and abroad, but here he was dressed casually.

In a black shirt and jeans, he didn't care to put on any airs for this place.

While men around him splurged on drinks to impress the women, Nathan searched for the bunny girl.

Tonight, the women were dressed in babydolls.

The fluffy, sheer outfits, which could easily pass for either dresses or lingerie, made the interior slightly warmer than usual.

He called out to the store manager behind the counter to bring a bunny girl over.

She appeared in a white off-shoulder babydoll, and when Nathan had her sit beside him, he adjusted the shoulder portion.

"What are you doing?" she giggled.

Although the design exposed her shoulders, Nathan found it inappropriate.

"That's too revealing. It's fine when we're alone, but..."

"Come on, don't say that. Oh, by the way, thank you for the other day. Madame was in a good mood."

"I thought it was."

Nathan was confident that Livia had gained valuable information. While she is eagerly investigating Augusto, A woman who piques the interest of Nathan, Augusto's right-hand man, has appeared.

"How do you know?"

"Because she had quite the souvenir."

"Souvenir?"

The bunny tilted her head in confusion, and as Nathan noticed the kiss mark from their previous encounter, he nodded to himself.

Perhaps it was still early evening, or maybe she had grown accustomed to him; he sensed a bit of confidence from her.

"Why are you working here?"

When Nathan suddenly asked, the bunny girl fell silent.

"...For the money."

The way she averted her gaze made it clear that it was a lie, but Nathan decided to play along with her story.

"How much do you need?"

"Um... the cost of living here... I don't know how long it will be."

"Can't answer?"

"...Yes."

"It's dangerous here; there are a lot of unpleasant men."

"But I have no choice."

"If you need living expenses, I can cover that. Then there wouldn't be any problems."

"I'm having trouble finding a place to stay."

"Are you staying here?"

"No. It's Madame's house here. I share a room, so if I suddenly leave, it would be a problem for them."

"...Hmm."

That seemed to be the truth; she answered without hesitation.

Nathan touched her hand, and while the bunny girl appeared startled for a moment, she didn't pull away.

"Let's spend tonight together," he said, and she tightened her grip slightly before nodding.

It was the same VIP room as before.

Nathan slipped into a blind spot of the cameras to avoid arousing Livia's suspicions.

Not at the bed or the table, but near the door, he pulled the bunny girl close and whispered in her ear,

"You're Japanese, right?"

She nodded.

"My mother is Japanese."

"Really?"

The bunny girl looked up at him with curiosity, her face visible from his arms.

"Are you mixed-race?"

"Yes. My father is American... from Yokohama."

Upon hearing this, the bunny girl seemed satisfied and smiled faintly, a touch melancholic.

"That's why your Japanese is so good... or rather, it's your native language."

"Yeah. What about you?"

"I'm from the countryside."

She hesitated to talk about herself.

Every time the bunny girl averted her gaze, Nathan sensed she was hiding a significant secret.

"I see."

As he caressed her body through the sheer babydoll, he was surprised to find her physique surprisingly toned, as if she exercised regularly.

Yet there was a softness that clung to him, making her touch pleasant.

"Sir. Are you not... drunk today, are you?"

"No."

"Would you like me to pour you something?"

"No thanks. The drinks here aren't great. You know that, right?"

"...You mean they mix in high-proof liquor?"

"Exactly. It's nothing short of an insult to alcohol."

At his words, the bunny girl smiled slightly.

"You seem to really love alcohol."

"That's true. I don't enjoy drinking just to get drunk."

"Everyone here drinks to feel that way."

"Is that so? Do you want to drink?"

"...I think I'll pass today. When I drink, I get headaches, and the next day is tough."

Bunny's hand begins to caress Nathan's body, and his slender fingertips dexterously unbutton him.

Bunny's breath caught his exposed chest. Goosebumps.

"Wait."

"..... But"

"This is not what I am buying your time for."

"Then what is it for?"

Bunny stared into Nathan's eyes as she scratched his nipples with her nails through his shirt.

"!"

"Do you feel here?"

Seeing Nathan's reaction, Bunny twirls it around with the pads of his fingers and sucks on Nathan's collarbone.

Her thin, warm tongue traced the bone, and Nathan's breath was ragged.

"You're well trained."

"Madame is strict with teaching."

"I'm sure, Livia will never allow the reputation of the store to be tarnished."

Bunny fell to her knees, wiggling at the waist.

She looks up at him only once, unbuckles Nathan's belt, unzips and strokes his crotch along with his jeans.

The heat was flowing, and it was reacting to the dull caress. But Nathan took her hand and made her stop.

"Wait a minute."

"But it's..... already."

"I'm too impatient, let me have a little more fun."

Push her down on a bed full of air.

Nathan knew that he could hide from Livia's camera if he lowered his head.

Most customers seem to find the work troublesome when they feel like it.

The bugging device can be disabled by jamming it using special equipment provided by the police.

In that case, what bothers me is the sweet scent that wafts throughout the room from earlier.

It would be Iran-ylang.

It is said to have an aphrodisiac effect, but the extent of the effect is unknown.

When I searched for the source of the scent, I came across her.

"You smell sweet."

"Madame told me to use perfume."

"I see."

Behind her ears, on her chest, in her hair..... It's rising from there. Unlike when you're drunk, there's something about it that makes you feel euphoric.

It may be a perfume that makes men lustful, which is on the market these days. It is difficult to understand and troublesome because it has no scent.

"What about you, have you been drinking?"

"..... Have a drink before entering the VIP room."

"After all."

Take Bunny's wrist and check the scent inside. I felt the perfume here as well.

Nathan felt his tingle hot. I can't help but kiss her wrist, her palm.

"Huh..... "

A sweet sigh escaped from Bunny.

I take her slender fingertips in my mouth and trace my tongue to the base of her fingers.

When was the last time you were so excited about a woman?

The thing that had already come alive had begun to emerge from between the jeans that had been taken off by her.

"..... It's a tight"

"Sir....."

"It's Nathan, you've heard it from Livia, haven't you?"

"Yes, Nathan."

Wake her up and put her on your lap.

The closer I saw it, the more beautiful it was, I thought.

This is bad.

Isn't it as if you are in love with her?

I trace her moist lips with my fingers and touch her breasts that rise and fall with her rough breathing.

Behind her lips, the tongue that had licked Nathan's collarbone earlier wriggled invitingly.

If I let my lips touch for it, there was no turning back.

He entangles his saliva as if devouring it and gives it to her with his own spit.

Their tongues go back and forth and intertwine so much that you can't tell which one they belong to. It's like a snake mating.

He wraps around Bunny's cheeks and the back of her head to prevent him from escaping, and rubs his crotch thing against her ass.

Hot breath spilled out, and when he let go of his mouth for a moment, "Huh.....," her sweet, hoarse voice covered Nathan's eardrums.

Her lips, red from sucking, dripped with saliva that she couldn't tell which one it was—a beckoning drop into her cleavage, keeping Nathan's gaze glued to her.

Nathan lowered her shoulder area, which he had lifted himself, removed her simple tube-top bra and threw it on the bed.

Bunny breathes under her breath as she follows Nathan's hand and places her own small hand on top of it. Her fingertips are trembling, but she doesn't show any resistance.

From the see-through babydoll, I could see through the nipples like fruits waiting to be harvested.

She is slender, but her breasts are plump and well-shaped. As he crawls his hand, it softly changes shape to match Nathan's caress.

Bunny breathed through her mouth, pinched her nipples, bent her hips into a crooked shape, and squealed sweetly,

"Ah....."

"Hey, who are you?"

Bunny's reaction to the bunny, who was still a beginner, was adorable, and he was starting to feel like he wanted to bully her and love her. Enjoy the reaction of the nipples that become stiff and hard, and listen to the sighs that rub up.

Nathan rubs her breasts and pulls them closer, inhaling his lungs full of the scent of himself and the perfume that gathers there.

It seems to make you feel better than alcohol.

"I..... I can't tell you"

Nathan traces her nipples with his tongue, which are sweet and deliciously colored like

a babydoll.

Bunny arched her back and bounced her body, holding her mouth.

"Why?"

"..... I am sorry. Please, don't ask me anymore..... Ahh!"

If you take off her wet and clingy babydoll, she will be wearing shorts that cover her secret parts, a garter belt, and knee-high stockings.

Her own naïve mood and the imbalance of her style, reminiscent of a professional woman, made her feel vulnerable.

Nathan suddenly feels like he's awake and stops moving.

(Is it okay to leave it like this? I don't think she's just a)

"Nathan?"

"..... Sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"Oh, yes..... But what?"

Nathan gets out of bed and turns his back on her, confused by the sudden stop.

"What am I..... Did you?"

"No, don't worry about it, I forgot to report it."

"Then can I wait for it to be over?"

Nathan felt uncomfortable with the way she was inviting him so eagerly.

I felt unfamiliar with the man, but I wonder if it was a calculation.

"Bunny?"

"Well, it's my convenience, and if you don't like it, I have other uses, Madame Livia

"For example, AV or multiple people?"

"....."

Bunny's complexion changed.

"..... So you invited me?"

"I'm sorry, if you..... I'm happy."

"It's a big invitation, but it's"

Turning to look at Bunny, she obediently waited for Nathan's next words.

"....."

She doesn't seem to be able to bargain in any way. After all, there was something naïve.

"..... Bunny. Why are you a bunny?"

"What?"

"It's not a name."

"That's Madame said I looked like a rabbit."

"So?"

"Yes."

"..... At least give me a different name. I'm not going to ask you my real name....."

Nathan leans over to Bunny once more and puts his hand around her back.

Stroking her hair and hugging her made Bunny's body hot.

"..... Then call me 'Giselle.'"

"Giselle?"

"...Yes, Giselle. ...Call me that only when we're alone."

It's a cute begging.

The reason for her impatience is probably true.

Livia's store is tough. If customers are dissatisfied, the very survival of the store is in jeopardy.

"Okay, Giselle..... Giselle. It's a good name."

Bunny put his hands around Nathan's back and grabbed his shirt tightly.

Her buttocks, bare in a T-back, are round and white. It looks like a freshly made rice cake.

Gently lowering his hand and stroking it, Bunny Giselle takes a deep breath.

Her breasts rose and fell with her breathing, and her tiny nipples tickled Nathan's body.

The heat that once cooled down is revived.

He traced Giselle's slender neck with his teeth and lightly brushed his teeth on her shoulders.

The sound of skin hitting the skin and the sound of the mucous membrane interacting with the mucous membrane echoed in the space created by the canopy.

Her body was already sensitive to Nathan's foreplay.

Giselle reacted to Nathan's caresses and showed the embarrassment of a maiden.

Her bouncing reaction when she rubbed her unexpectedly large breasts and sucked her nipples was proof of this.

- The appearance of enduring not making a voice was cute, and when I looked at it, I almost exploded. That's why Nathan turned her back and pierced her from behind.

"Giselle..... Giselle, you're a good girl. It'..... cute."

"Ahhh..... Ah.....!!"

Covering her smooth back, he rubs them against each other's skin.

Opening her slender and toned legs, her narrow but well-moistened vagina welcomed Nathan's hard penis deep into her, contracting in time with the piston.

Every time she rubs inside, Giselle makes a sweet voice. My ears were going crazy.

As it was, I put my hand on the wall and attacked her while she was on her knees.

- If you take a T-back from her, you will have a nasty look with only a garter belt, stockings, and high heels.

Nathan opened his shirt and pulled things out of his jeans.

No matter how you look at it, it's a prostitute and her customers. No one sees it.

Wiggling her hips and churning inside, Giselle moaned with tears in her eyes as she turned to look at Nathan.

Nathan pulls her face closer as she asks, and Giselle begs for a kiss.

Isn't this her lover's sex?--Every time she kissed her, she was begging for help in Nathan's penis and tightening it.

"If it's that tight, it's going to come out right away."

I breathe on her shoulder and whisper in her ear, her ears turning red from the hot breath.

"You want to satisfy me, don't you?"

"Huh..... Yes....."

Giselle looks forward and catches her breath. The inside became looser, and "freedom" worked.

"You're so cute..... Giselle"

Nathan whispers sweetly, and Giselle tightens again.

The body's reaction is too obedient.

Nathan feels teased, his face bright red and he kisses her bewildered ear.

Giselle reacted to such a light caress.

"It's a good response"

"Ahh.....!"

I rocked my hips and thrust deep inside her.

Her depths rustled in surprise at Nathan's shape, and eventually she began to suck on it as if she liked it.

It's very welcome.

Giselle turned her face away in embarrassment as she panted and closed her eyes, but she looked at me again and again, as she remembered, and her eyes widened.

Apparently, she also has a liking for Nathan.

Her back was covered in red kiss marks.

His shapely ass swayed every time he vibrated it, and it made Nathan stir again.

The perfume mixes with each other's skin and the smell of sweat, and the hot air flows into the nose.

I traced back and licked her earlobe, and Giselle leaned back with a gasp.

Her back bends quite softly, and Nathan's penis almost spills out from inside, but her vaginal flesh sticks together and doesn't let go.

I can't stand it anymore, Nathan grabbed her by the waist and pulled her closer.

- Trace the back and bring out Giselle's sensuality.

"Mmmm.....!"

"Are you coming?"

Giselle nodded several times before finally losing the strength in her arms and leaning forward.

This is like mating animals. It makes sense to be called a rabbit.

In the hazy air, Nathan attacked Giselle as he pleased.

Her intensely sought out tightening inside of her - as she picked up speed and penetrated,

"Ahh.....!"

Giselle let out a particularly high-pitched cry and shook her body tremblingly.

The secret mouth tightens at the root, and Nathan releases heat as it is squeezed out.

"Uh-huh!"

With a thud, it shot inside Giselle, and Nathan thrust his hips up as he pressed down on Giselle's hips to squeeze out the reluctant remnants.

"..... Ahh.....Uh"

I can't hold back my voice.

Giselle was already breathing heavily in her chest and was looking at Nathan with thick teary eyes.

(Isn't there some kind of "reason".....)

That's what I expect. There is no hint of danger from her.

And the almond-shaped eyes that look up at Nathan with mesmerizing eyes.

(If you're a prostitute, it's a great performance.)

- The appearance of breathing with a half-open mouth is cute, and she pulls out the penis that trembles with pleasure and turns her to this side.

We kissed each other, swallowing her tongue and sucking it up, slipping my fingers in Giselle's secret mouth, which was still trembling with the afterglow, and playing with her insides.

"Hmm..... Ah.....huh"

Scrape out the thick nectar and lick it off. It smelled sour, like a flower that had just bloomed.

- When the climax came, there was no cold feeling after sex, which I thought was until then, but rather a deep sense of satisfaction and the feeling of thinking that she was cute rushed in.

The penis regains momentum again as if to follow suit.

"One more time..... Okay? Giselle....."

Nathan pulled out a condom and laid Giselle on again.

After the third ejaculation, Nathan finally released Giselle.

Pulling her warm, slightly sweaty body closer, Nathan stroked Giselle's hair and kissed her ear.

She felt limp but let her head rest on his chest, taking a deep breath.

She looked sleepy, her eyelids ready to droop.

"Hey, Giselle... are you going to stay here in the club?"

"Mm... yes..."

Giselle nodded. Nathan thought as much but continued,

"Then don't let any other men touch you. If you need money, I'll pay. Anyway, the only customer who gets to touch you is me."

Giselle widened her eyes in surprise but soon smiled.

"...I'm happy."

However, her expression quickly darkened.

"But... what will Madame say...?"

"Livia, huh..."

That witch.

While the women who fell for her allure were complicit, she exploited both the staff and the customers for the sake of the club. Knowing her motives, most people would feel anger.

Moreover, according to Leonardo, the local officer, there had been reports suggesting "Livia might have stolen the painting."

While there was no solid evidence, security cameras had captured a car driving in the middle of the night with two women and something in the back seat, showing the outline of a figure with green eyes—matching Livia.

Nathan, thinking it was unlikely, asked Giselle,

"...Giselle, do you know about a painting? A picture of a woman adorned with gold leaf."

At his words, Giselle's eyes widened, and she looked up at him.

Her lips parted as if to say something, but she ultimately whispered, "I don't know." Her gaze fell downwards, and in that moment, Nathan couldn't tell if it was due to

sleepiness or a lie.

"I see... I'm looking for it. I heard it might be here or somewhere else in the club."

Giselle lightly bit her lower lip and looked straight at him.

"Why are you searching for it?"

Her tone was somewhat stiff.

"...Because I want it. I heard it's quite a masterpiece and a rare item by an unknown artist. If I displayed it in the office, it would catch the customers' eyes... No, forget I said that."

He wrapped his arms around Giselle's slender shoulders and turned to close his eyes. He felt her back tremble slightly.

"...The painting..."

He heard Giselle murmur, but that was all.

Art can sometimes drive people to madness.

"Sell it to me for 500,000; if not, then 1 million. No, if an appraiser gives it a value, then even more..."

In this way, its worth inflates, and the satisfaction of "owning it" only strengthens the perceived value of the art.

It's a terrifying scenario.

If we consider the beauty of the art itself, even a piece by an unknown artist might hold equal value.

Yet, when it comes to appraisers, art buyers, and museums, the historical value they assign creates an enormous disparity, even among artists of the same caliber.

Desire runs rampant, and once an object becomes merely a means to satisfy ownership, it becomes difficult to pass it on to someone who truly appreciates its beauty.

Shunka had seen this firsthand.

"Money is no object," she had heard countless times.

But both Shunka and her boss, Ayaka, valued relationships with clients who expressed a desire "to share the value with many people by exhibiting" over the words of individual clients.

They had come with dreams of showcasing beautiful works for the Dante Divine Comedy exhibition, yet here she found herself in this situation.

The gold-leaf adorned Beatrice—was it right to tarnish her, a resident of heaven according to Dante, in such a manner?

But Shunka failed to protect the painting.

It had long slumbered in darkness, and now it was destined to be hidden away again in Livia's home.

How shocked Nathan had been when he spoke of that painting.

—You must not speak a word to anyone on Augusto's side.

In the morning, Livia had said it was to be just her, Caterina, and Shunka.

"This kind of opportunity is rare. We might be able to grasp Augusto's weakness. The password written on the back of this painting... it could be his Achilles' heel. All we need is to get his laptop, and we'll have it made. Even if the painting's theft gets discovered, it's no problem. We can just say we happened to acquire it... that the bunny simply gave it to us as a gift for working in the club."

Shunka froze at Livia's suggestion.

That was not the truth.

She had seen the faces of the women who had broken in that night.

It was nothing short of bad luck; had she returned home just a little later, it might have ended as a simple theft, and she would have been left to mourn her loss.

"I heard from Caterina that Nathan is infatuated with you. How many times did you sleep with him yesterday?"

Livia's blunt question left Shunka speechless.

"It's an important question. Men can develop a dislike for someone once they've gotten what they want. If he likes you, then you must have been intimate a few times, right? Or did you just sleep beside him without going further?"

"....."

As Shunka hesitated to respond, Caterina spoke up instead.

"Unfortunately, the bug on the listening device malfunctioned. The cameras were also in a blind spot. But Nathan really likes the bunny and paid double the fee. The condition was this: 'Don't let her take other customers.'"

"Hmm. So Nathan prefers refined girls, does he? Well, that's fine; if we get a regular customer, it benefits us too. Bunny, you're lucky. Nathan looks like a wolf, but he's quite the gentleman. He's successful enough as a business consultant. you're lucky."

Shunka felt her neck joints creak as she glanced at Livia.

"lucky?"

No way.

After putting her through this?

"I'll accept Nathan's terms. Bunny, you don't need to take other customers. But keep him interested. Nathan didn't sway for any other girls. That man is Augusto's favored right-hand man, so if we can reel him in, he could be useful."

"...Madame, how long do I have to stay here?"

"Until you extract information from the laptop Augusto has. Once that's done, I'll let you go and send you back to Japan... if you want to go back."

"What do you mean?"

Shunka furrowed her brow. Of course she wanted to go back.

However, Livia looked at Shunka and smirked, lifting her chin.

"Listen, it's the perfect job where you can look down on men, control them, and make a lot of money. There are plenty of girls who want to work in my club. Plus, if you meet

the conditions, you could become Nathan's mistress and graduate from the club. Either way, you could become wealthy much faster than working a mundane job. Convert your earnings into gold, and you can live richly anywhere in the world."

If she was struggling for money, it might seem appealing.

But Shunka took pride and found fulfillment in her job as an art buyer. She felt as if her efforts and passion were being trampled.

Gripping her skirt tightly, she looked down.

"I'm close to the capo. Livia, I'll steal the information."

"That's right. Bunny, you should support Caterina. The sooner you do this, the sooner your wishes will be fulfilled. So make sure to charm Nathan. He's quite perceptive."

Then, Livia stood up and whispered to Shunka,

"Little bunny, don't get eaten by the wolf. Also, if you show any signs of escaping to the police or the embassy, I'll spread this all over the world."

In other words, she was warning her not to fall for Nathan.

Then Livia showed Shunka an image on her smartphone.

The dimly lit interior of the store. Shunka is walking in her underwear.

Prostitution occurs in the back.

If the world saw this, what would it think?

Biting her lip, Livia walked out of the store in a good mood.

Nathan came to the club a few days later.

Shunka transformed into "Giselle" and responded to the call, heading to the bar counter.

Her steps lightened, and her heart raced as she spotted him.

"Nathan."

After a quick greeting, he looked her up and down as she sat beside him.

"You're wearing a shirt today."

It was what they referred to as "his shirt," just a single men's shirt on her.

Among various patterns and colors, the one provided to Shunka was a silk white.

It suggested a sleepover date vibe, and when Caterina spotted her, she commented, "Cosplay is fun," wearing a light navy garment.

Nathan began to button up Shunka's shirt, starting from the top. He was supposed to leave three buttons undone to show her black bra, but that didn't seem to please him.

"You look good in white."

"Don't you like black underwear?"

"It depends on the situation. Would you like something to drink?"

Nathan led Shunka to the balcony, guiding her to a corner where they were not visible from inside the club.

The curtains were velvet, and the outer wall was made of greige stone. Perhaps this club had some old history behind it.

"Giselle," he called her softly, ensuring only they could hear.

It was a spur-of-the-moment pseudonym, but being called by a name she had given herself with passion made her body warm.

(It feels like I'm in love.)

Yet, he remained "the customer." Moreover, he was a member of Augusto's circle, whom Livia had warned her about.

That didn't matter much to Shunka, but she at least knew Nathan was tied to the "mafia."

The evidence lay in the three lines etched on his left wrist, extending in six directions, reminiscent of ice.

"Shall we go out to eat?"

Nathan suggested.

The club had just opened, and it was six o' clock—perfect timing for dinner. But Shunka held her glass tightly and shook her head.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"...I shouldn't go out too much."

"That's odd. Caterina and the others have freedom during the day, right?"

"Yes, but..."

She struggled to come up with a good lie. Nathan's warm amber eyes had a strong glint that made her feel as if he could see right through her, which was frightening.

"...I need to get permission from Madame."

Nathan sighed and shifted his gaze to the street.

"I see... So, all you need is her permission to take you out."

"Can you really do that?"

"I can."

"..."

Shunka stared at him. She had heard he was Augusto's right-hand man, but did he also have influence over the executives, like Livia?

Could he help me?

That thought crossed her mind, and she reached out, stopping just short of touching him.

(That would be like using someone...)

But what would happen to her in this situation?

Helping Caterina and opening the laptop.

That would be fine. If it meant she could leave, maybe she wouldn't have to use Nathan after all.

"...I'm leaving for today," Nathan said quietly.

"Uh?"

"I just wanted to see your face. I'm relieved to see you're well. See you."

"But..."

"I've spoken with Livia. Don't take other customers."

Nathan gently stroked Shunka's shoulder before turning to leave.

"Nathan, you're really going?"

"Why don't you have some fun for a change?"

"Sorry, it's work."

Several women called out to him, and Nathan deftly brushed them off.

From the balcony, she watched as his car drove away.

Suddenly, her body felt heavy.

"Do you know about a painting? A picture of a woman adorned with gold leaf?"

Nathan said he was looking for it, mentioning he heard it might be here or somewhere else in the club.

There are many people who pour large sums of money into art.

While he didn't seem like the type, the painting he referred to was one Shunka had successfully bid on.

Several people had wanted it.

It definitely held value.

Livia's home in Italy was not where she lived but served as a boarding house for the women working in the club.

It was a spacious house, providing each woman with a private room, ensuring they would never struggle for living conditions.

The garden featured ornamental plants and a pool, and there was a sauna and gym, making it entirely self-sufficient.

They didn't have to pay for food or utilities.

Additionally, there were bodyguards stationed outside, providing excellent security.

In other words, no one thought about escaping.

Shunka had gotten into the habit of taking sleeping pills and forcing herself to sleep in her room.

But now, she was struggling to fall asleep.

What would happen when Nathan was gone?

The next day, Nathan appeared at the club and entered the VIP room.

Unlike before, this room had a tank with silver arowanas swimming in it.

The blue lighting created a deep-sea ambiance, and the spacious sofa and bed were both covered in black leather.

This was likely a room meant for a group to enjoy, yet Nathan specifically chose Shunka and kept other women away.

She wondered if he would eventually mix with other women, causing her to feel uneasy.

She couldn't afford to enjoy such a play.

Her black lace high-neck mini dress might not be to Nathan's taste.

Leaning against the back of the sofa, watching the arowanas glide gracefully, Nathan sat down beside her.

"Looks like a nouveau riche taste."

"This room?"

"No, the whole club."

"Don't you like it?"

"Yeah."

Nathan took her hand.

Shunka obediently straddled his lap.

Her skirt slid up, revealing delicate pink underwear.

"Come here,"

Nathan beckoned, and Shunka followed, wrapping her arms around him.

His body warmth gradually touched her skin, feeling incredibly pleasant.

His large hand caressed her back.

Shunka realized she liked his scent, reminiscent of sandalwood, without any perfume.

As she leaned in closer to inhale deeply, feeling everything—his body temperature and scent—mix and melt together, she wished time would stop.

But just as that thought crossed her mind, Nathan pulled away.

"Nathan?"

"...I'm sorry. That was rude of me."

"...Huh?"

Confused, she tilted her head, and Nathan stroked her waist.

"I misunderstood. You have a job, after all."

"?"

What was he talking about? Shunka's confusion deepened.

"What do you mean?"

"I made a mistake about what I expected from the club. You're not... my girlfriend."

She felt as if a lump of lead had been placed in her chest.

It was true they weren't that kind of relationship, but hearing it stated so plainly was shocking.

Biting her lip, she noticed Nathan trying to move her off his lap.

"...Wait. If that's the case, let me do my job."

"Giselle."

"...Don't say such sad things, Nathan. Just for now, let me be your girlfriend."

"That's s..."

Nathan frowned.

"You can't...? Is there someone else like that?"

"No."

"Then, please, just for now... just for now, let me be your girlfriend?"

Shunka kneels on the couch and sits up. He stroked Nathan's body, turned his face upwards and kissed him.

Plump lips. When you touch it, it feels different.

I changed the angle and deepened, licking my lips with my tongue and Nathan's hand climbed up to my waist.

When the tongue touches it, it seems to flow slowly.

Shunka goes in in deep and finds his tongue and sucks it up.

"Huh....."

It became difficult to breathe, and when I let go of my mouth, the two of us gasped for breath.

He unbuttons his shirt and touches his thick muscular chest plate directly. You can feel your heart beating in your hand, and when you kiss your neck, you can feel the pulsation strongly.

(We're alive.....)

Naturally, for some reason, I was happy, and Shunka's world became colored.

I breathe on his small nipples and watch his reaction as they twitch.

Was it such a pleasure to caress a man? It was unknown to Shunka, but it was rewarding because he was the other party.

Shunka crushed his nipples with her tongue, licking and sucking them up, and Nathan gasped for breath.

(Cute)

Looking up, Nathan bit his lip and looked as if he was enduring it.

When I realized that he was feeling me, the back of my shorts ached.

I wonder if it's because of the drinks that are provided before entering the VIP room.

The body heats up.

"Giselle..... Wait a minute."

"Why?"

"It's very stimulating."

"Do you mean it feels good?"

Nathan was silent for a moment, staring at Shunka.

"Yeah....."

A voice mixed with heat.

Shunka's heart was pounding.

Her nipples wet with saliva shine wet with blue lighting. Shunka also played with his other nipple with her tongue and lowered her hand.

His things are so responsive that you can see them through his slacks.

I wrapped it around his testicles and stroked his penis, and it grew bigger quickly.

Get off the couch and kneel on the rugged floor.

"Giselle. May I take off your clothes?"

Nathan bends over and puts his hands around Shunka's back.

The buttons were unbuttoned, and when the zipper came down, the dress shifted.

Since it comes with cups, when the dress comes down, the breasts come out as it is.

Nathan's hand caressed her spilled breast.

"An....."

The voice comes out involuntarily. Even though she's just caressing Nathan, Shunka's body seems to be completely in the mood and sensitive.

"It's a good voice."

It's cute, Nathan whispered, stroking Shunka's hair and turning her face up.

When I closed my eyes, a kiss came down on me, and my tongue was asked for much harder than before.

My mouth was disturbed to the point of drowning, and when I was freed, my breath rose.

"No more kisses."

"Don't say such sad things, I love kissing you."

"..... It's cunning to say that."

Nathan chuckled.

Shunka purses her lips as she pulls out his fully finished penis from his slacks and underwear.

It was a big thing that suited him with a good physique. The hat is widened, and the rod looks as hard as the neck of a muscular turtle.

Shunka involuntarily gasps. Will it fit in my mouth?

Shunka was anxious, but he held the base of his penis and slowly moved up and down.

"Whew....."

Nathan exhales slowly, trying to endure.

It was wet with slime and Cowper, and it was running down the back.

Shunka traces it with her tongue, feeling the sweetness on her tongue as she traces it to the tip.

His penis reacts with a jerk and feels like it's stretched again.

Shunka pecked at Nathan's bloodshot tip with her tongue, and when she saw Nathan's face, she took it in her mouth-

"Giselle..... You don't have to rush, because it's okay..... Huh?"

Nathan held her chin.

"I've already paid you..... So don't overdo it....."

That's why you don't have to sell yourself, he says. Shunka felt like her chest had been released, her eyes widened, and she was honestly happy. She lets go of her mouth and asks, "Really?"

Nathan replies, catching his breath, "yes."

"..... I'm happy, thank you"

But that's not the same thing.

Shunka put her hand on Nathan's thigh and grabbed the rod with her left hand.

I licked the tip of Nathan's penis, which was dripping with new nectar, with my whole tongue.

"Wait, Giselle..... Hey.....!"

It seems that my head is getting hot.

Shunka goes crazy and sucks on his penis and even puts it down his throat.

Shunka purrs and Cowper runs down his throat in unison..... My uterus began to squeak.

The shorts are no longer useful, and nasty nectar flows down her thighs.

"Ahh.....huh"

Shunka gasped and pulled her hair over her ears, sucking on Nathan's and sucking on it hard.

"Get out, mouth, let go..... Gisele..... Whew!"

Nathan moved his hips to penetrate him, and as prompted, his penis gushed out cloudy liquid as if it were erupting.

It hits Shunka's throat and the amount that didn't fit in her mouth hits her face.

"It's hot.....!"

Semen flows down Shunka's forehead. She closed her eyes and breathed through her mouth, but then Nathan's fingers entered her mouth and caressed her tongue.

"..... Sorry. Hurry up, spit it out."

Shunka was teary-eyed, but she swallowed as she lifted Nathan's hand.

It's a shame to spit it out.

"What..... Giselle....."

Nathan seemed speechless, but quickly turned his face to Shunka.

"..... I told you not to rush."

"..... Because....."

"Because?"

"..... I don't hate it, I"

When I put it into words, my body became hot, probably from embarrassment.

What the hell did I do?

Nathan's eyes widened, but then he stroked Shunka's hair and wrapped it in his arms.

"..... I am sorry. but, I'm happy."

"I'm happy, but I don't want to force you."

Nathan said gently, but Shunka laughed in amusement.

"You say?"

"At that time..... I know. It was too much of a sticking point."

Nathan's hand hugged his shoulder.

"..... Then, before you apologize, one more time."

"What.....?"

"You want it too, don't you?"

Nathan's fingers slid inside her shorts, touching her already thick and messy secrets.

The hot clitoris, which had been trembling with wanting him, was tampered with and a squirming sound was made.

Shunka was lightly picked up by Nathan and taken to the bed.

Throwing a black lace high-neck mini dress off the bed, naked and hugging each other.

Nathan entwined his tongue deeply, his fingers tracing her plump, squeezing it and pinching it tightly to see how it reacted.

"Oh....."

At the same time as her hips bounced, her voice came out, and Shunka pressed her mouth.

"Don't hold back."

"Because..... It'..... embarrassing!"

When Nathan attacks him with a squeak, Shunka makes an irresistibly nasty voice.

Nathan kissed her ear and let go of her secret mouth.

His palms are filled with sticky nectar and glow in the dimly lit room.

"Don't show it anymore....."

"Don't you like it? It's so cute to feel like this here."

"Huh."

His craggy knees suddenly caressed her private parts. – There is still a sensitive desire for pleasure, and the unexpected stimulation gives her love juice again.

"This bed is going to get dirty....."

"Then let's lick it."

"Oh..... No, no, no."

"Why?"

Shunka hurriedly sat up, but Nathan was faster.

He easily opens Shunka's legs.

Only at this time, the soft body is resentful. Both knees are smoothly close to the upper body, and the secret part is facing the ceiling.

Shunka can't see it, but he should be able to see the whole of the fruit that twitches and moves like a breath.

"Do you hate being licked?"

"I don't like it..... Whew!"

A soft tongue traced her labia.

"Hey, I've never been licked."

It was an unknown pleasure that I had never felt before.

The hot, soft, and supple tongue carefully licks the thin secret part, and saliva and love juice meet.

When her hardened clitoris was wrapped in his tongue, the pleasure that seemed to melt

slowly spread.

"..... ! No way!"

"I don't care if you say so..... It would be irresistible to be shown such a cute figure. It makes me want to see more."

Shunka shuts her mouth and shakes her head.

"It's dirty, isn't it?"

"You're beautiful everywhere."

Nathan replied immediately, lifting her legs and running his tongue over her groin, inner thighs, and the secret of her squirting nectar.

"You're mine, too."

"That is..... After all..... The of it."

It's hard to say that I'm crazy.

"Is it because I'm a 'guest'?"

It's even harder to say. Shunka is unlikely to be able to become a professional prostitute after all.

When he couldn't answer, Nathan let go of his mouth.

"I'm sorry, I'm being mean."

Their bodies move closer, and Nathan's hand cups Shunka's cheek.

When our eyes met, the color of amber seemed darker. In a dark room, it shines like a full moon.

Shunka's forehead touched his kiss and their lips touched as she gently closed her eyes.

Nathan's hand reaches down to reach her secret mouth, which has melted enough to make her soggy mouth.

The middle finger, which was a knotty finger, easily enters and probes the inner wall.

"What do you like about it?"

".....the belly side"

"Here?"

The joints were bent, but a little different.

Nathan stares at Shunka's face as he explores inside.

Shunka involuntarily hugged her own body and crushed her breasts.

(Oh, what should I do.....)

With each movement of his fingers, Shunka's hips began to rustle.

What would happen if I could find a place that felt good as it was?

Nathan's fingers rubbed against the wall.

"Oh!"

Shunka's hips bounced, and Nathan began to knock on the spot he had found.

"Oh, wait....."

"Do you like it here, huh?"

"Ah!"

Regardless of the intention, the hips bounce greedily for pleasure.

"Oh..... It a good feeling."

"Are you sure?"

"It's very, very!"

Every time I was stroked by his fingers..... And the pleasure spreads throughout the body, and it finally pops.

"Ah.....!!"

As soon as the hoarse voice came out of her own mouth, her body bounced like a young fish on the wave of climax.

As she shakes her whole body to let the pleasure escape, Nathan pulls up her bangs and buries his face around her neck, tangling his fingers in her hair and cradling her head.

"Can I insert it?"

His voice, which was unusually hot, trembled and ached in the depths.

"Nathan, do you feel good.....?"

She asked, seemingly buoyed by heat, and Nathan patted Shunka's cheek and replied with a sigh, "yes."

"It feels good, inside you..... It's hot, it's soggy..... Very. I'm going to go crazy....."

Slowly, as if swimming, Nathan was moving freely back and forth inside.

Plenty of nectar.

Rather than poking her deep, Nathan rubs her as if she were kissing her tenderly, deeply, passionately.

The pleasure is deeper than being intense, and the whole body seems to melt.

Nathan rubbed her breasts, pinched her nipples tightly, bent over and sucked them.

"Huh..... Ahh"

- Her body jumps up with pleasure that echoes in her womb, and her voice comes out as she rubs her throat.

It's hot and full of sensuality up to the head.

I'm so obsessed that I don't even care about my voice anymore.

His eyes open in excitement, his brows furrowed and sweat oozing from him, he was mine now—and I felt a tightness tighten in the back of my chest as I thought about it.

Shunka reaches out and hugs his back, clawing at the deep pleasure.

Nathan jerked his hips forward and pressed his lips together.

Saliva becomes entangled and overflows. Pleasure rushes through her body without calming down.

"Ahh.....!"

"Oh..... Ugh!"

Arowana, startled by their voices, jumped and splashed the water.

"Giselle. Giselle... who are you? Who are you really?"

After their passionate encounter, Nathan looked directly into her eyes and whispered.

There was no teasing tone, just serious intent. Unable to look away yet unable to respond, Shunka bit her lip.

(What would happen if I told him? That I'm an art buyer and, by unfortunate chance, saw the face of a criminal, which is why I was taken... But he's part of the mafia too...)

Yet, in their intimate moments, Nathan led Shunka to pleasure with delicate caresses as light as glass.

She wanted to trust his hands.

"...Hey, Nathan."

When she spoke, he met her gaze.

"hmm?"

"You said you wanted the painting, but why? Wouldn't any other painting do?"

As she asked, Nathan shifted his posture, still looking at her.

He reached out to stroke her shoulder before finally speaking.

"...I fell in love at first sight."

Shunka felt her heart race, almost believing he was speaking directly to her.

It seemed impossible.

Given the circumstances and her reliance on him, she told herself it was just hope. But Nathan's amber eyes held her gaze, deepening in color, making it hard to stay calm.

"Giselle..."

His voice calling her name was deeper and richer than any drink, intoxicating her with its sweet resonance.

Being called while their bodies were intertwined made her ears tingle with pleasure.

"W-What is it?"

"The painting talk is over, right? Come here."

Nathan pulled her into his arms, exhaling softly as he embraced her.

"Nathan..."

"Giselle. You should leave this place soon."

His voice was filled with conviction as he held her tightly.

She was happy to hear those words, but they also made her heart ache.

"...That' s... impossible..."

Nathan swallowed hard. His throat moved, and he shook his head, loosening his grip.

"...I see..."

"Um..."

He didn' t seem inclined to let her go. Wrapped in his scent—earthy and masculine—Shunka felt an overwhelming sense of comfort.

How happy she would be if they could stay like this forever.

She couldn' t help but indulge in such sweet hopes.

That thought frightened her, and she pushed against his chest with her palm.

"...Let go...?"

"Just a little longer... Being like this calms me."

"...Fine."

"You' re cute."

As Nathan' s kiss landed in her hair, Shunka closed her eyes, her face heating up.

Nathan sped down the road, pulling out his smartphone as he arrived at a lemon orchard in the mountains.

His contact was Leonardo from the Italian police. In the passenger seat was Vittorio, a bald man with a wrestler' s physique—Augusto' s bodyguard and cleaner.

"I found the laptop Matteo left behind," Nathan said, and Leonardo responded over the signal.

"Where was it?"

"In the hideout—specifically in the main hall of the Rocca di Luce, on a shelf there."

"Is that true? Good, then what' s next? Are we stealing the data or the whole laptop?"

"I don' t have time to steal the data. Get me a dummy laptop for a swap."

"Got it."

"And about the painting with the password, it' s not at the L' Oasi della Regina."

"If that' s the case, where could it be?"

"I don' t know. It could be at Livia' s house here or at the Monaco apartment. There' s no sign of a rented storage unit, right?"

"No. Perhaps he saw the password and then burned it or something..."

"That's unlikely. He'd be killed by Augusto."

"Right. So it must still be somewhere."

To recap, six months ago, the executive Matteo was killed.

He had been contemplating betrayal within the organization. It seemed he intended to act alone, compiling all the information about the Clan Gero onto his laptop. He planned to sell it to the police and seek protection for himself.

However, Augusto discovered this and shot him.

He was a master of security and high-tech measures. The laptop had triple firewalls, and if the password was entered incorrectly three times, all the data would be wiped.

Augusto had already tried two possible passwords and couldn't afford to fail again.

The laptop contained customer information gathered by the organization.

If it vanished, Augusto would lose trust, and the organization would inevitably weaken.

Just before Matteo was found by Augusto, he left a call history stating, "The password is written in the painting. If he finds out, I'll be killed. Please help me!"

Nathan was an undercover investigator from Japan.

He had been drawn into arms smuggling, suspected of being tied to terrorism, which led him to Clan Gelo.

He had spent three years here seeking information about Japanese nationals.

The problem was that his superior, Tanaka, lacked motivation.

"But whether it's bad luck or good... that Asian art buyer bought the painting, right? Where did that art buyer go?"

"Who knows? The auction wasn't affected by Clan Gelo, and they'll protect customer information at all costs. I guess I should just consider it a win that we learned there was an Asian buyer."

"I checked all the hotels, but there were no guests that fit the description... There was a missing person report filed."

"A missing person report?"

"Yeah. But our department said there was no issue. I reached out to the embassy, and they said everything was fine."

"Get it together; Augusto has some dealings with your department."

"I know, I know. For now, we have to keep an eye on Livia."

After ending the call, he turned to Vittorio.

"You'll handle Caterina?"

"The blonde one? Is Augusto's schedule already set?"

"I have a good idea. The problem is the laptop. When should we grab it? And we need to get the password before anyone becomes suspicious."

"It would be ideal to do both at the same time, right? We need to secure the location of the painting."

"Yeah. Let's search for Livia's house here."

"Leave it to me; my family is cleaning professionals. My mom is obsessively clean, in fact..."

Vittorio smiled, his friendly demeanor contrasting with his tough appearance.

Shunka had a watch strapped onto her wrist.

It looked like a metal watch designed for women, but it was equipped with GPS.

This meant that wherever she went, Livia or Caterina would be able to track her.

"I'm here with you, so there's no way I'm going to the police, right?"

Nathan, dressed in a dark green shirt, reassured her.

He had negotiated with Livia for this watch.

"You're so noisy, Nathan. On the surface, you're just a businessman. The police might not even think you're connected to Clan Gelo. Anyway, I'll lend you Bunny, but she has to be back by evening."

"She doesn't need to work at the club, does she?"

"It's a matter of shift management. Plus, we need some variety with an Asian, right?"

"So she's just a customer draw?"

"Exactly. Just make sure she comes back. No touching her outside the club."

Shunka listened to their conversation, but she felt good about being able to walk in the outside world again, so she didn't care much about Caterina's words.

Besides, she had managed to sleep without taking sleeping pills.

The car leaving Livia's house was driven by Nathan.

She wasn't knowledgeable about cars, but it was black and shining in the sunlight. It must be a good vehicle.

"Thank you, Nathan."

"I haven't taken you anywhere yet."

"That's fine; I'm just happy to be outside."

As she said this, Nathan pulled her straw hat down more deeply.

"You'll get sunburned."

"I've taken precautions; I'll be fine."

Once inside the car, she buckled her seatbelt.

The world outside the windshield was vibrant and colorful.

They were heading away from the city toward the Ligurian coast. It was the perfect time

for lunch and a walk by the sea before heading back.

They couldn't play too much, but that was alright.

The beautiful blue horizon stretched out before them.

Being a tourist spot, it was crowded with people.

Wearing an orange shirt dress and white sandals, Shunka finally donned her own clothes in Italy.

While the costumes provided by the club were quite luxurious, she preferred her less expensive outfit. The cotton fabric felt pleasant against the sea breeze.

Walking past souvenir shops, they stopped for lunch.

She chose spaghetti, and the combination of fresh seafood and olive oil was fantastic, disappearing off her plate in no time.

It had been a long time since she tasted something so delicious—perhaps not since before being abducted by Livia.

Nathan, who enjoyed driving, knew various places.

As they walked along the coast, they bumped into tourists, bringing them closer together.

Despite having shared intimate moments, this was their first real date.

She felt a flutter in her heart.

(If we had met differently... would I have fallen for him?)

Taking his outstretched hand, she intertwined her fingers with his.

A sense of finding her place filled her.

What would happen if she spoke about herself?

While feeling the warmth of his hand, those thoughts lingered in her mind.

They had to return before sunset. On the way back, Nathan spoke up.

"Why did you come to Italy?"

"...For vacation."

"If you were sightseeing, wouldn't a place like this have suited you better? Monte Luce is... pretty deserted, right?"

"It has a theater, doesn't it? I wanted to go there. I used to do ballet, so I was interested."

"The one on the hill?"

"Yes."

"Ballet, huh... I get it."

"Why's that?"

"Your body is flexible."

"...Yeah, I guess you know that."

As he poked her from behind, she arched her back like a cat, feeling quite bent out of shape.

When they arrived at the parking lot, it was empty.

Only their car stood alone.

Shunka watched as Nathan walked toward the vehicle.

He had a broad back, and a bit of sweat glistened on him.

She instinctively licked her lips.

Her heart raced, and when their eyes met, it felt as if a film had been drawn over her ears.

Nathan turned back, his sunset-colored eyes capturing her gaze.

She felt thirsty.

Heat surged from deep within her, and something other than sweat began to glisten.

"What's wrong?"

"I... Hey, what should I do...?"

As the sun tilted, shadows began to stretch longer.

Shunka felt her throat become heavier as she opened her own shirt.

The white lace bra comes out, and Nathan's gaze falls on it.

"..... I..... Weird, isn't it?"

Even though I haven't eaten the sweet and sour drinks provided by the club, I'm already lustful.

"Giselle"

Nathan said reproachfully, but the name sounded like a "password" to Shunka.

A switch in the back of the body is turned on.

My shorts got wet.

She puts her ass on the hood and receives Nathan's caresses.

When the back of the head is supported and traced with the tongue along the thick blood vessels in the neck, sensuality runs through the body.

(What should I do? Nasty, me)

Nathan's hand was around Shunka's back, deftly unhooking her bra from the top of her shirt.

The breasts overflow from the cups and shine white in the western sun.

A rather hasty kiss was dropped from her collarbone to her soft breasts, and to her sensitive nipples.

Tighter than usual, more intense than usual. Her body senses Nathan's excitement and burns hot with pleasure.

When I opened my legs, I heard the sound of love juice overflowing even though I was still wearing shorts.

"You're wet."

Nathan's words hit her ears, and Shunka bounced her body.

Nathan slips her shorts with his fingers and slips inside.

"It's more than I thought."

"Hey, what are we going to do..... I want it as soon as"

It was the sweetest voice I had ever heard. Isn't it worse than a cat in heat?

"It's not enough....."

Nathan's fingers can't reach it. A vortex of sensuality is formed in the back of the body, in the center of the body.

Nectar was indecently squeezed out of it.

I can't stand it anymore to the point of crying.

When I made eye contact with him, I couldn't help but speak.

"Nathan..... I like you."

She has long forgotten Livia's advice not to fall in love with him.

And Nathan himself raised an eyebrow.

"Giselle, no."

Nathan says in a tone of voice that seems to sink into his body.

Finally, Shunka began to cry.

"Why not?"

"You're going to get hurt."

"Don't be so silly, if you don't like me, say you don't like me. Why do you push me away when you're so gentle?"

"How can I hate you..... I want you too. You know what?"

- The pride through the jeans was pressed against the secret part, and Shunka raised her voice, "Ah".

I hurriedly pressed my mouth, but there was not even a sign of people around me.

"Giselle"

When I close my eyes, I hear the metallic sound of clacking and unbuckling.

I opened my eyes slightly, and in my moist vision, Nathan pulled out a stiff object and opened Shunka's legs.

"....."

It's a breathtaking sight. Why does such a thick object fit?

I didn't expect to do something like this outside, from the front, with a brightness where you can see your face.

Shunka was ashamed of herself for being so nasty now.

Shunka leans herself on the hood and hides her face with her arms.

"I'm going to insert it inside you."

The moment I caught my breath, Nathan's things came inside at once.

".....!"

There was a voice that could not be spoken, and my whole body trembled.

"..... Did you?"

"Hmm....."

Shunka nods, unable to speak.

I flexibly wrap Nathan's thing around him and tighten it again, and even though my whole body is trembling with pleasure, I still want it.

"..... I am sorry..... Oh, I can't stop.....!"

Her hips sway on her own and she hunts him down.

- When I look at Nathan's face, which is red and distorted with pleasure, nectar overflows from the inside again.

Sweat runs down his neck.

Shunka stretched out her arms and clung to him, scooping up the sweat with her tongue as they collapsed together.

Nathan reacts with a jump, and things move like bouncing inside.

"Ahh....."

Nathan's panting voice that seems to come out irresistibly seems to drive me crazy.

Suck on his throat and hug him around the neck.

"Nathan, I like you..... II like you."

Did it go wrong after all?

Shunka can't help but love him in front of her.

Because it gave me pleasure?

Because you protected me?

Because he was kind to me?

Shunka felt that it could have been caused by anxiety, but at that moment, his thing swelled insides-

"Giselle.....!"

"Oh.....!!"

- The whole body trembles, and the two of them end up.

As I was savoring the afterglow, Nathan came to me for his lips violently.

"..... So look at your face in a well-lit place..... It was dangerous."

"..... Why?"

"You're too cute, so I'm going to faster."

Nathan strokes Shunka's chin and kisses her eyelids.

"I love your eyes..... Hey, Giselle. Who are you?"

"I..... I..... It's just a buyer....."

Suddenly drowsy, Shunka closed her eyes.

Buyer.

Giselle had certainly said that.

However, there are various types of buyers—jewelry, media like films, and more.

It wouldn't be accurate to immediately associate her with "art."

But if that were the case, Nathan thought.

He advised Leonardo, and later received a report about a guest who had gone missing from the "Hôtel Paradiso," but it had been covered up.

Nathan headed to the hotel on the outskirts of town, near the sea. This place was unaffected by Clan Gero and maintained a unique calm with its old-fashioned atmosphere. The location might not be ideal, but it was a good hotel for a quiet stay.

Nathan often utilized the café space here.

"Ah, it's been a while," the manager greeted him.

A distinguished gentleman with salt-and-pepper hair, wearing glasses and a well-fitted vest.

"I heard a guest disappeared."

"About two months ago. A young lady from Japan, and when the police were notified, they said a week later that she 'seemed to have returned to her home country.' I hope she's safe, but she was such a polite girl, and something felt off."

"...A woman?"

"Yeah. Japanese people look younger, so it's hard to tell. Probably around twenty."

Giselle looked to be in her mid to late twenties, though.

"Twenty... then it's probably not her."

"Is something wrong?"

"No, I thought she might be an acquaintance."

"Do you have a photo?"

"No."

That was strictly prohibited by Livia.

"She has black hair, about this length,"

Nathan said, pointing to shoulder length. The manager hummed thoughtfully.

"The guest's hair was around the shoulder blade. But if she cuts it, it could be shorter."

"Ah... there's a possibility, then. Manager, if 'Bunny' or 'Giselle' comes by, could you try to find out something? If she's your guest, please contact me or Leonardo Rossi from the police."

"Is that a direct request?"

"There are traitors in the police too."

"That's troublesome. It's always like that, isn't it?"

While sipping the coffee brewed by the manager, Nathan glanced at the television.

They occasionally played old footage here—movies, dramas, and live music.

Today, it was a ballet performance.

Speaking of which, Giselle had mentioned she "did ballet."

"Ballet..."

A woman was dancing, but Nathan didn't know much about it.

Suddenly, in the footage, she became frantic, ultimately grasping a sword but collapsing before she could touch it.

The people around rushed to her, but she showed no signs of waking.

"She died. And then she becomes a spirit."

"A spirit?"

"A maiden who dies before marriage becomes a spirit and lives under the Forest Queen. She dances madly for any traitorous man who enters the forest and ultimately becomes a being that takes their life—except for the heroine."

"What kind of story is that?"

As Nathan watched the footage, the manager laughed and said,

"It's Giselle."

The dancer in the footage was too far away for her face to be clearly seen, but her wet-looking black hair and the diamond-like brilliance of her eyes were very striking.

He felt as if he were seeing the same impression he had felt when he first met Giselle.

The tragic maiden, Giselle... two men fell in love with her.

One was driven by possessiveness, while the other's deceitful nature ultimately cornered Giselle.

Yet the latter truly loved her, to the extent that he would have forsaken his status.

Nathan visited the L'Oasi della Regina, entering the VIP room with Giselle.

Ironically, the room was designed to evoke a forest.

Though adorned with a chandelier, the wallpaper was a dark green, and artificial flowers hung from the ceiling.

Wooden furniture created a fairy-tale atmosphere.

Since then, Giselle seemed to have regained her composure, reverting to formal speech in front of Nathan.

Despite having confessed her love so sweetly, her demeanor felt distant.

She wore a white vintage dress that suited her well, reminiscent of an old bridal gown.

With a wig or extensions, her hair was longer than usual, making her appear slightly younger.

She looked just like a maiden from a fairy tale.

Yet her eyes were like black holes, wide open and inviting Nathan in.

She wasn't just any ordinary prostitute; there was a deeper story behind her.

Trapped in a dangerous place and stripped of her freedom, she had been rescued by Nathan.

Could this be called love?

Nathan thought so, even as he recognized the danger. Just being by her side brought him solace.

He wanted to be the one to touch her skin, to fulfill her, to love every part of her.

"Did Livia get angry with you?"

"No. I wasn't found out."

"That's good. A perfect crime."

She chuckled softly.

"Giselle... Giselle would forgive him, right?"

"Huh?"

"I'm talking about the ballet. You would forgive the man who loved you... even though he betrayed you."

"Betraying was only because he was cornered... he didn't use Giselle."

"That may be true, but it's still frustrating. What would you do if I were lying?"

Giselle looked up.

"Well... it might depend on the reason."

"For example? What kind of reason would allow you to forgive?"

"Maybe for the sake of justice?"

Nathan paused for a moment at Giselle's words.

"If he didn't use someone for selfish gain, then maybe I could forgive."

"...He loved Giselle, didn't he?"

"I'm sure that was conveyed."

"If that's the case... then it's good."

How wonderful it would be if that were true.

Nathan recalled his first encounter with Giselle.

When he first saw her, he felt a deep sadness and loneliness behind her eyes.

It wasn't just her beauty; there was an air of something complicated that captivated Nathan's heart.

It might have been instinctual, a professional intuition.

It wasn't a simple case of love at first sight; there were deeper emotions involved.

A strong impulse to protect her mixed with a desire to touch her, creating a complex emotional whirlwind that consumed him.

But that wasn't the only reason he sought her out.

Tonight, Nathan had seen all the VIP rooms.

While spending time with Giselle was a part of it, he was also searching for "the painting."

No, he hadn't entered the top-tier room; that was reserved for Augusto.

But if there was a painting there, he should have already obtained the password.

Then it was impossible.

Lost in thought, Giselle smiled at him.

"What?"

"I thought if you'd indulge my hobby, I would do the same. What's your hobby, Nathan?"

"Driving."

"What else?"

"Exercise... but that's more of a necessity than a hobby. I enjoy my work, so... I guess I don't have a true hobby."

"Is that so?"

He embraced Giselle's slender waist and lay back on the floor.

He could smell her hair, and it calmed him.

He was using Giselle, perhaps more than half of her, for his own purposes—to search for the painting.

If you think she's protected, you won't have sex. If so, you are succumbing to lust.

Is it because I'm in love with her?

Looking at those almond-shaped eyes, I murmured involuntarily.

"If it's love, it's good."

"What?"

"..... It's Giselle and him."

"..... At least, it's love for Giselle. That's why I forgave him."

"..... I see."

Tickling her hips, Giselle burst out laughing.

Before you know it, it turns into a sweet sigh.

I stroke her skin, which is moist with sweat.

Nathan lay down and watched Giselle rocking her hips on top of him.

Her cheeks are red, her eyes are thick, her lips are colored like flower petals, her breath leaks from her lips, and the tip of her tongue peeks out.

She was tasting Nathan's penis, tracing the deepest part of her body.

Her wavy hair hid her breasts, and when Nathan tried to pull them away, his hands grazed her nipples, and Giselle leaned back.

Cute, lewd, beautiful spirits.

Because of the room and the costume, I had the feeling that if tonight was over, my meeting with her would be over.

An ephemeral existence that disappears in the morning.

As Nathan sat up and sucked on her colored nipples, Giselle straightened her back and moaned-sounding so lewd that his dick grew again.

He is made to dance until he goes crazy and dies.

The price of betrayal is heavy.

But there's no way he's going to betray her.

There is no way that is possible.

Giselle in the sun, seen on the Ligurian coast.

That innocent gaze, that smile.

If that's what she really is..... Nathan can swear his love.

Nathan decided to end it all and tell Giselle.

It's about me and why I'm here.

And if it comes true, let's be together.

Livia had returned to Monaco. Through the computer monitor, her room came into view.

The walls were covered in ivory wallpaper, with a golden snake winding around a marble column.

The rug was a cool gray, and beside the sofa stood lamps with floral shades, casting soft light.

And on the wall hung that painting of "Beatrice"...

"Augusto will be holding a meeting soon. Please support Caterina,"

Livia's voice was crisp and clear. She was on the verge of achieving her goal... this was a pivotal moment.

She opened Augusto's laptop and transferred information to a USB drive. This would complete her task.

Livia would soon stand shoulder to shoulder with Augusto...

"Why are you stealing information?"

Shunka asked, her question simple and naive.

Livia snorted in response.

"To make him my plaything. That's obvious."

"Huh?"

Shunka couldn't help but ask again, confused by the meaning.

Livia brushed her hair back and continued, speaking as if to impart wisdom.

"I can't trust men. Better to treat them as toys. Once you've made some money, buy up precious metals and stash them away. Just use your clients for that."

Her words left Shunka feeling sick, and she frowned.

"It's hollow to speak of people like that."

Livia raised an eyebrow.

"You've gotten pretty cocky. Aren't you just a toy to satisfy your sexual desires? If a man achieves his goal or gets bored with you, he'll push you aside. Do you really think that a prostitute can be a true lover? That's stupid. Once you fall into hell, you can never return to the surface of the earth."

As she said this, she lifted her cup to her lips. It was Caterina who refilled it.

"Even so, both Livia and I like Augusto. We just want to have fun together. We don't wish for his ruin, so this information is just a game. Think of it lightly."

"A game? The information the mafia holds is about crimes and the people who have suffered!"

Her voice grew rough, but Shunka wasn't about to take it back.

The two women glared sharply at her, then laughed.

"Naive little bunny. That's why you're called Bunny. You're easily devoured... Have you fallen for Nathan? How pitiful. If you're worried, why not test Nathan? All men are scum. We just pick the slightly better ones to play with."

"That can't be true..."

"Can't it? You'll see. Do you really think a man will be satisfied with a dirty body? Get real, Bunny. You talk about being a victim, but it was them who approached you knowing the danger."

"There are innocent people too!"

"Where?"

"Right here!"

Shunka pointed at herself.

Livia nodded as if recalling something.

"Now that you mention it, you're right. You fit in so well at the club that I forgot. You must have enjoyed it quite a bit, didn't you?"

"...Did you see the people who were left stranded in the streets? You brought them down."

"I did. But they had their own reasons too. Can you say it's all our fault?"

"...Enough. Just enough."

Shunka stood up.

She could hear Livia and Caterina's laughter behind her.

"You're already in this together. Even if you run to the police, you're guilty too. If you've worked in my club, you're part of the mafia."

"You're foolish, Bunny. If you stay here and behave with us, you could make money quickly. There's nothing to worry about."

Shunka felt a surge of anger boiling in her, but she barely managed to hold back her tears.

(She said if I got the laptop, she would free me... that must be a lie. Why hadn't I realized it before? She would probably expose images of me working at the club to the world to ensure I wouldn't escape. And I, who engaged in prostitution, am equally guilty. I'm receiving money. I can't escape her...)

As she said, this place had become hell. Shunka hadn't realized it until now.

She had been shackled by Livia in a way that was invisible.

That night, Nathan visited the club.

Shunka immediately told him, "I have something to discuss," and Nathan nodded solemnly.

They entered the first VIP room.

After watching Nathan perform his "jamming," Shunka sat down on the sofa.

As she clasped her hands in her lap, Nathan enveloped them with his larger, warmer hand. It was comforting to touch him.

Perhaps being in such an abnormal space was distorting her senses.

She was in love with him.

But she wasn't sure if that was her true feeling—yet it was all she had to cling to.

"Livia is targeting the laptop of the head of Clan Gelo..."

Nathan's eyes grew intense.

The piercing gaze made Shunka shrink back, but she continued.

"She said she plans to steal the information on it. Caterina is going to carry it out. They're going to copy it to a USB..."

"Is that true?"

Nathan's voice was firm, the tension rising.

"Yes. She asked me to help... Please, Nathan. I know I'm thinking only of myself, but I want to get out of here. Augusto is your boss, right?"

Her words were jumbled, and her throat felt tight.

"Calm down, Giselle."

"I kept the information about the boss safe, so I want you to set me free. I won't tell the police; just get me back to Japan quietly. If that's not possible, let me stay with you."

"Giselle, it's going to be alright. Livia referred to you as a 'gold mine.' She said she can't let you go, but there must be terms that satisfy her. I'll communicate the laptop situation and arrange things. Just hold on a little longer."

Nathan wrapped his arm around her shoulders, allowing her to lean against him. She could hear his heartbeat.

"For how long?"

"Just a little longer. I'll be able to pinpoint things soon. Once that happens, it'll be over quickly."

That didn't provide a clear promise.

Shunka let out a deep breath, and in that moment, Livia's words flashed through her mind.

"Have you fallen for Nathan? How pitiful. If you're worried, why not test Nathan? All men are scum."

No way.

Nathan was kind.

Setting aside any notions of love, he had at least protected her from others.

But as a result, had Livia become even more unwilling to let Shunka go?

Augusto's right-hand man, and the fact that he showed interest in Shunka made her a pawn of Livia.

Shaking her head to dispel the unpleasant thoughts, she forced a smile and sat up straight on the sofa.

"...Then I'll trust you. By the way, I might have found out where the painting you've been looking for is."

When she turned to look at Nathan, he wore an expression she had never seen before.

His eyes widened, the amber gleaming brightly.

Shunka was surprised by the change in him.

"...Where is it?"

Nathan's voice trembled slightly.

The painting was at Livia's house in Monaco.

After conveying that, Nathan didn't show up at the club the following day.

The day after Nathan heard the news from Giselle, he arrived in Monaco.

He reported to Augusto that he had been called in for work and joined Leonardo, seeking assistance from a local florist.

They purchased a large number of flower bouquets and made their way to the upscale apartment where Livia lived.

The doorman greeted them, and Nathan and Leonardo responded cheerfully.

At that moment, they borrowed aprons and hats from the florist's uniform and took the elevator to the 21st floor.

The walls were primarily white, and the corridor was covered with a single velvet carpet, while the lighting was modest but bright, casting a warm amber hue that added elegance to the space.

"Damn, it's crazy that criminals work in such nice places," Leonardo grumbled.

On the transport cart were cardboard boxes and a large number of lily bouquets.

"Well, it's good. If we fall from here, it won't just be a scratch," Nathan replied.

"Crime always comes to light eventually."

"But how did you figure out that there's a painting here?"

"I have an informant."

"Oh really? I should have learned that too."

"This isn't exactly something to be praised."

"Maybe not, but the end result might be worth it."

The security camera setup was already complete.

Livia was currently back in Italy, and there was no one in the apartment.

Leonardo quickly inserted the key and unlocked the door.

"Nice technique."

"Well, I'm good at details like this."

They stepped inside.

The room was filled with the scents of perfume and flowers, exuding a distinctly

feminine atmosphere, completely devoid of any male presence.

Yet, there was a lurking, sensual vibe in the air.

"So this is where they enjoy themselves through the screen, the three of them. Augusto really knows how to play," Leonardo noted.

Augusto didn't have a direct relationship with Livia; instead, he reveled in displaying his affair with Caterina to enjoy Livia's embarrassment.

In truth, Augusto showcased Livia to his executives, flaunting his control over her.

Once a high-class call girl, she was now his subordinate.

"Now, where's the painting?"

"Right there, in the middle of the room."

Nathan pointed to a painting of a woman adorned with gold leaf. It measured approximately 90 by 60 centimeters.

It depicted Beatrice, Dante's eternal ideal of a woman.

Beatrice appeared like a goddess or an angel, wearing a gentle smile that welcomed viewers. It was considered a hidden masterpiece, beautiful as a painting, yet sadly used for money laundering and as evidence to conceal crimes.

"She has become the goddess who exposes evil," Leonardo said cheerfully.

"...That's true. By the way, what happened to the Asian buyer who supposedly purchased this?"

Nathan removed the painting and checked the back for any passwords.

"There's been no word. The investigation is ongoing, but apparently, he has already returned to his country. However, there's no trace of him boarding a flight. Not even by boat."

"So he might still be..."

"He could be in Italy. I hope he hasn't been killed..."

Following the letters with his finger, Nathan discovered a string of Latin and English characters.

"This is it."

Finally, he found the password.

This was the password that encompassed all the information related to Clan Gelo's operations.

And once he obtained the laptop, it could lead to dismantling the organization.

With evidence of arms smuggling involving Japanese nationals, Nathan could return to Japan.

At that point, if Giselle was just a victim, he could bring her back with him.

Nathan took a picture of the painting and replaced it. Leonardo used a special smartphone to capture images, sending the data immediately.

A sense of accomplishment surged within him, but he knew he couldn't let his guard down.

He took a deep breath, packed the lilies back onto the cart, and closed the lid.

As they rode the elevator, they encountered the doorman once more.

They exchanged polite greetings as the door opened.

They got into the florist's vehicle and drove for a while before switching cars on a forest road.

It was at this moment that an unexpected event occurred.

They were shot at.

A week had passed since then, but Nathan still hadn't appeared.

(Had I been betrayed?)

Such thoughts kept swirling in her mind, and her body trembled uncontrollably.

No matter how far he was, he had always come to see her within four days.

Was it because she had mentioned the painting?

At that moment, his eyes had clearly changed.

-You've gotten pretty cocky. Aren't you just a toy to satisfy your sexual desires? If a man achieves his goal or gets bored with you, he'll push you aside. Do you really think that a prostitute can be a true lover? That's stupid. Once you fall into hell, you can never return to the surface of the earth.

Livia's words echoed in her heart, engraved in her mind, refusing to fade.

Not even tears welled up.

(Where did I go wrong...)

Had she been foolish to hope for Nathan?

She had seen how art could stimulate and drive people to madness.

She didn't think Nathan was that kind of person, but those eyes...

Those eyes were wide open, filled with a glint akin to a wolf spotting its prey.

Was his real objective the painting?

---Giselle, do you know about a painting? A picture of a woman adorned with gold leaf.

... I'm looking for it. I heard it might be here or somewhere else in the club.

-I want it. I heard it's quite a masterpiece and a rare item by an unknown artist. If I displayed it in the office, it would catch the customers' eyes... No, forget I said that.

He had spoken with such enthusiasm, a topic unfit for pillow talk.

It's said that true feelings often come out after sex.

He had cared for Shunka but quickly shifted back to talk about the painting.

"Of course, you wanted the painting..."

He had been visiting the club for that reason.

It should have been easy. Shunka was a complete novice as a prostitute and even shy in love.

A little kindness would make her pliable; she was a weak, easily manipulated rabbit.

Shunka felt her feelings growing colder, and she hung her head.

(But that's fine. At least he protected me, and maybe that's enough...)

She breathed, trying to convince herself.

(What should I do now?)

Shunka felt her mind growing heavier, increasingly disorganized.

In a daze, she began clearing the tables after the customers left.

On the central stage, a striptease was happening.

As each piece of lingerie was removed, the crowd erupted in cheers.

Strangely, there were women among the customers. They seemed to enjoy this bizarre environment as well.

Everything felt like an alternate reality. Nothing was audible.

As dizziness overwhelmed her, her vision suddenly darkened.

"What's happening?"

"Hey, the lights just went out!"

It was a blackout.

Emergency lights flickered on, illuminating the club, but the atmosphere was dimmer than before, and the red lighting was gone, diminishing the sensual vibe.

The music stopped, leaving only the murmurs of customers and staff echoing through the room.

"Giselle."

She thought she heard Nathan's voice.

It wasn't a hallucination; her heart recognized that voice.

-Giselle would forgive him, right?

Yes, she would forgive him. Because she had loved him. Because she had believed in his sincerity.

"..."

Shunka placed down her tray and stepped onto the stage.

She rose slowly onto her toes, moving forward. The murmurs quieted as the audience focused on her.

Once she reached the center, she spread her arms wide, crossing them in front of her chest while bending her knees.

A stillness enveloped the room.

Her graceful movements felt out of place in the club.

With every choreography she could remember, Shunka performed as a woman drowning in despair.

She lost the rhythm and flailed about, eventually reaching out for nothing before coming to a stop.

Kneeling on the floor, she bowed deeply.

Applause erupted from the audience, and Shunka finally caught her breath.

Yes. Giselle had forgiven him.

Had he given her love?

Though Shunka couldn't grasp Giselle's true feelings, one thing was certain:

She truly had loved him.

And there was someone watching.

It was Augusto, the Capo of Clan Gelo.

Monte Luce is home to an ancient castle known as Rocca di Luce.

It was built as a fortress, not a romantic castle.

Standing on the mountainside, its rugged structure features walls made of cut stone that are truly "unwelcoming."

The underground area serves as the hideout for Clan Gelo, with the great hall functioning as a meeting place.

To her surprise, Shunka had been summoned there.

She had been told that she didn't need to take other customers, but the situation was different. The person waiting for her was Augusto, the absolute ruler of Clan Gelo.

It was likely a conversation that neither Livia nor Nathan could refuse.

Since she couldn't arrive dressed in what was essentially lingerie, Shunka wore her own white dress and was driven here in a car by a bald man with a wrestler's physique.

Inside, there was barely a red carpet; the floor was stone, cold and austere.

Large windows opened out to a view of the city, showcasing a location truly befitting a ruler.

"This has turned into a troublesome situation," the driver, Vittorio, remarked.

Though he looked intimidating, his tone was quite friendly.

"Troublesome?"

"Yeah. The Capo has taken an interest in you, and that's a big deal."

"...Why?"

"Why? Aren't you Nathan's girlfriend?"

Vittorio's unexpected comment caught her off guard.

Girlfriend?

"That can't be. I'm... a prostitute."

"So what? It doesn't matter what her past job was in front of the man who loves her. What matters is right here," he said, pointing to his own chest and smiling at her.

Shunka widened her eyes at his friendliness, suddenly snapping back to reality, especially since she had felt somewhat reckless until now.

"But still... I'm not his girlfriend."

"Why not? He clearly liked you. Oh, I get it. You're the one who turned him down. You don't want to be his mistress, so you're aiming for the Capo instead? You don't look like that kind of person, but people can surprise you."

"...You're saying strange things. Nathan likes me? No, his goal was the painting."

"The painting, huh? That one is indeed important. Without it, we'd be in trouble."

"There you go. It was all for the painting... I guess I was fooled too."

"Fooled? Oh, he hasn't told you, has he? That figures."

"Excuse me?"

As Shunka responded to Vittorio's odd words, a member of Clan Gelo knocked on the window.

"Hey, we're here. Get out."

"Yeah, yeah,"

Vittorio replied, opening the door, and Shunka was ushered out by the executive.

Everyone around was dressed in matte black suits, creating quite an intimidating atmosphere, and she spotted a familiar blonde among them.

It was Caterina, her garter stockings peeking out from under her white mini skirt.

When she saw Shunka, she lifted her chin and flashed a triumphant smile.

"The Capo is calling for you. Looks like you did well. You and I can head to the bedroom together."

"What do you mean?"

Caterina leaned in close and whispered,

"This place doubles as Augusto's villa. The security is tight; it's a fortress after all. The entrance is a maze filled with traps. Even the police can't get in easily, so that laptop is stored here."

"...I see."

Shunka had lost interest at this point.

Even if she obtained it, she likely wouldn't gain her freedom.

"Augusto is skilled, so enjoy yourself. I'll steal the data while you're at it. I wonder how many times you'll go today... Since it's the two of you, maybe half the usual? Don't forget to leave some of his penis and semen for me. I love being drenched in his hot essence."

Her straightforwardness was shocking, and Shunka glared at her for her crude remarks.

"Well, that's frightening."

Caterina said with a smirk, turning her back on Shunka.

"Nathan isn't here."

The cold, heavy voice echoed in the great hall.

The great hall, with its marble table, was where Augusto sat in a high-backed, velvet-upholstered chair.

Shunka remembered him immediately from their previous encounter at the club.

He had platinum blonde hair and light blue eyes, with a well-defined face. His leopard-like physique and keen gaze suggested he was always on guard.

He was someone who wouldn't be easily forgotten after just one look. Although he bore a slight resemblance to the solitary wolf Nathan, their impressions were different.

His silver-gray suit flowed smoothly, creating shadows and highlights that suggested high quality, distinctly more elegant than the suits worn by the other executives.

"Does anyone know where he is?"

No one could answer, and Augusto slowly shifted his gaze, snorting dismissively.

"Well, it's fine. I'll hear his report later."

This was a monthly business report meeting to set new goals.

They discussed the firework factory built to create explosives, money laundering, counterfeit cards, and assisting those fleeing abroad by selling fake passports and identities.

As the list of crimes piled up, Shunka felt a deep urge to sigh.

Soon, the setting sun streamed straight through the windows.

The meeting concluded, and the executives began to leave.

Only Shunka, Caterina, and Augusto remained.

"The sales from Livia's club are doing well."

"The bunny has become popular. The dance the other day was well-received. Plus, the rarity of not being easily touched adds to its appeal."

"Bunny? What does that dance mean?"

Augusto's cold voice directed toward Shunka made her feel like a "frog caught in a snake's gaze."

Even without being touched, a suffocating tension overcame her.

"...It represents a woman betrayed by her lover."

Her response was barely audible.

"Hmm. Did you just describe yourself?"

Augusto propped his chin on his hand and beckoned Shunka closer.

His hand reached out, taking hers, aligning their palms before intertwining their fingers.

The way he touched her sent shivers down her spine.

She couldn't tell if it was terrifying or not.

In the mix of fear and confusion, all she could clearly feel was his cold hand.

"You have small hands. You seemed so powerful on stage."

"Did you see me?"

"Yeah. I happened to have some free time."

Augusto extended his other arm, pulling Shunka closer to him. If this continued, she would end up on his lap.

She resisted with all her strength, but Caterina gave her a gentle push, and before she knew it, her hand was resting on his shoulder, her face drawn close to his.

His face, marked by fine wrinkles, was beautiful and beast-like.

Despite the intimidating aura he displayed in front of the executives, his manner of speaking and touching was that of a gentleman.

He traced her upper arms with his fingertips, sending goosebumps across her skin and leaving a lingering sensation.

"Um..."

"Looking closely, your eyes are like almonds. So beautiful, like jewels."

His fingers traveled from her cheek to her eyes, gently descending to her lips. His index finger pressed against her mouth, slipping inside.

A chill ran through Shunka, and she felt her blood drain away.

She needed to hold on, or she would faint, but she didn't even know how to breathe.

His finger traced her tongue, saliva overflowing and coating his finger, dripping down to her chin.

"Ah..."

As her breath quickened, Augusto finally withdrew his finger.

"Excuse me. Please sit here."

(The following is a scene that shows off Augusto and Caterina's love affair. If you think it might be uncomfortable, don't look at it.)

Augusto pulled up a chair and sat down, motioning for Shunka to sit directly in front of him.

Shunka did so, her body trembling.

The cold marble is cold to the buttocks even through the dress.

Then Caterina takes off her blouse and kneels in front of Augusto.

Her small but shapely breasts stand out with pink nipples, and her necklace shimmers on her skin.

As she stiffened to see what was going to happen, Caterina stroked Augusto's crotch with her accustomed hands, undid his belt, unzipped it, and pulled out his long, thick, shiny black penis and sucked it.

Caterina is sucking while making a squeaking sound. Her face is bright red and her eyes are mesmerizing.

Shunka alternated between feeling hot and cold, as if blood was draining from his whole body.

Caterina licks it with a sweet, cat-like cry like a hot cat, and Augusto doesn't let go of Shunka.

Shunka's shoulders are shaking, and his body is stiff as he wants to run away.

Shunka was not restrained, but he seemed to be very immobile.

(They are showing me what they are doing.....)

Caterina turned to Shunka, opened her legs and straddled Augusto's lap, dexterously slipping Augusto's thing in with one hand.

"Ah.....!!"

Caterina's voice through her throat is so troubling that it echoes in her lower abdomen.

The penis with prominent back muscles wriggles like a beast and commits slimy inside Caterina.

Shunka's heart beats hard, and a throbbing sound echoes to his head.

(Why?)

I want to cover my ears, but my body freezes and I don't listen to what I say.

"Ahhh..... Ah!Oh!"

Swallowing his dick all the way to the root, Caterina showed a much more erotic hip than a striptease on stage.

- Her hips turn and she makes a squeaking sound and leaks love juice from the gap.

Sweat dripped down his forehead, Augusto grabbed her swaying breasts and traced her pretty pink nipples with his fingertips.

"Ahh!!"

Caterina's pant voice gets louder, love juice spurts out and the floor gets wet.

"Do you want it?"

"I want it, I want it, I want a lot of capo."

"You're a greedy woman."

"Mmmm..... More..... Fill it up in Katerina because it's a capo."

"Do you want me to put it out?"

Caterina nodded. – She is gasping to the fullest and twisting her hips and immersing herself in pleasure.

Shunka shook her own arms. – I can't take my eyes off the nasty scene in front of me. Augusto won't allow him to deflect it.

He was crying while he was staring over her shoulder at Shunka.

(ScaryNathan, help me!)

His pale blue eyes are like unadulterated ice. Beautiful, but cold.

Sweat ran down my back. It's stuffy, it's hot and it's cold.

"Capo..... I love you, sperm, put out a lot, Caterina a lot.....!"

Augusto looked down at Caterina emotionlessly, spread her legs, held her knees, and thrust his penis into her.

"Ahh.....!!!"

Her body trembled violently, and Caterina climaxed.

She wiggles and leans limply against Augusto.

Suddenly, with Caterina's love juice, Augusto pulled out his own.

– Because it was pulled out vigorously, a pure white proof of excitement popped out, wetting Shunka's ankle.

" ! "

It still hasn't cooled down from its excitement, and it glows with a wet and nasty liquid and wriggles like a snake glaring at Shunka.

As I involuntarily stared at his penis, Augusto stroked his platinum blonde hair with heavy breathing, looked at Shunka, and gave a small smile—in a whisper.

"Bunny, you're next."

Caterina took a step back, stroking her hair, and kept her eyes on Shunka.

The shelf directly behind Augusto. Apparently there's that laptop there.

In other words, keep Augusto's attention while she copies information from her laptop.

Shunka shook her shoulders and forced himself to breathe.

"C-Capo."

It was the first time he had used the name, but it seems that Augusto understood it properly.

"Hmm?"

Augusto's voice was gentle as he asked, but his penis twitched and moved greedily, like a serpent aiming at Shunka.

Augusto stood up, took off his jacket, took off his tie, lifted Shunka's right leg, and

bound her thighs and ankles with it.

Augusto carefully strokes Shunka's legs as he drops a kiss on Shunka's knee.

The horrible thing runs. Shunka used her arms and hips to move as if to escape on the marble table, but only insignificant.

"Please, wait, please."

"What? It's the first time, so I'm going to do it a little bit. Say what you want to say now."

"Uh..... Wow, me..... Nathan."

"Nathan?"

"Nathan bought it, and he said he would stop paying if he let anyone else touch it."

In fact, such a thing is not said, but it comes out of the mouth.

But Augusto only chuckled. He traces Shunka's leg with his tongue, enjoying the feel and can't seem to stop.

"I see. so he's pretty obsessed with you. He was also a normal man"

Augusto takes off his black shirt and exposes his superbly trained body. His arm, which had what looked like a knife wound, had blood vessels protruding and pulsing vigorously.

Nathan also had a pretty good body, but the difference was that Augusto's body felt somewhat painful.

"Don't worry, it doesn't matter if Nathan doesn't pay for it."

"But"

"I'll give you the money, and I'm the one paying Nathan."

"That's right..... Whew."

Augusto pushed Shunka down and put his hand on the marble.

It's like you can't get away from it anymore. Augusto's hand grabs Shunka's left ankle and pulls her back into place.

His penis touched her inner thigh, and her body became hot as if she had been burned.

Whether it was anger or shame, I hated it so much that my body was almost burned by the fire inside me.

"You weren't interested in me, were you?!"

"Yes, the first time I saw you..... Black rabbit. But Nathan seemed to be starting to look at you, so I gave it to him. He's a good guy, so I don't want to spoil his mood."

"Well, then, Please, stop."

"I'm not going to stop, I'm interested in what he's tasted. How did you captivate him? Is it here?"

Augusto rubbed Shunka's breasts through her dress.

His thumb starts to play with her sensitive nipples.

- However, the frozen body does not bring sexual sensations. A sharp pain ran.

"Stop.....!"

"I do this because I like him, Bunny, be my woman."

Augusto buried his face in Shunka's neck and reached out his hands to Shunka's lower legs.

I took a breath away and had an epiphany. Shunka quickly takes out what she has tucked in her bra and thrusts it into his neck.

"!"

Augusto sits up, holds his neck, furrows his eyebrows, his eyes wide, and looks down at Shunka, causing him to fall to the ground.

Caterina turned around.

"What!? Capo!!"

Caterina ran up to him, touched Augusto's cheek and called out.

"What's the matter, Capo!? What did you do?!"

As Caterina raises her eyebrows, Shunka pulls out another thing from her bra that Augusto has stabbed.

"That..... That drug? I'm using it in club!"

It is a special fast-acting numbing agent that is used only when unpleasant customers come.

The person who is injected with it is paralyzed and unable to move in a few seconds, after which the effect of the drug progresses and is induced to sleep.

"This scumbag!"

Caterina's hand bumped her cheek. Shunka glared at her and put a numbing agent on her shoulder.

"!"

Caterina gasped and immediately lowered her eyelids, calling out her name, "Livia.....," and collapsed on the spot.

Naked men and women collapsed on top of each other. It seems to be after an affair.

Shunka finally regained her deep breath and removed the restraints on her right leg.

Let's run away..... Just when I thought so, I saw a shelf opened by Katerina.

(That laptop is)

Thin, single, small laptop.

This is something that even a child can carry. This holds the fate of the organization.

Shunka touched it with a trembling hand.

[This paralytic agent does not exist in reality. Please understand that it is fiction]

Ten days had passed since the sniping.

The informant within Clan Gelo in the Italian police turned out to be Livia's spy, not Augusto.

The car had a flat tire, Leonardo had been shot in the abdomen and was severely injured, and Nathan was grazed on the arm but was not critically injured.

When Livia appeared, she said, "If you want to help Leonardo, you must obey me," and so they were brought to her establishment— "Lo Agi della Regina."

It was the top-tier VIP room, accessible only to Livia, Augusto, and his mistress.

The room had a church-like quietness, and an air of solemnity enveloped it.

Paintings of goddesses and fairy-tale women adorned the walls, each depicted with men or lions.

In the center was a bed as vast as the sea, draped with heavy blue velvet and trimmed with golden threads.

It felt like a room designed to "offer" an affair.

The unusual mix of cosmetics and perfume scents mingled with the smell of female skin, filling the space.

It was dark and suffocating, like a cave from which one could not escape.

Leonardo had temporarily received treatment at the hospital, but he still bled and sweat beaded on his forehead.

"Hey, just escape by yourself,"

Leonardo urged when they were alone.

"The operation day has already passed. I've lost contact with Vittorio... This is bad."

"Stay strong. I managed to contact Shindo. He's meeting up with Vittorio and is on the way to track down the laptop."

"What about the password?"

"Unfortunately, it hasn't been delivered."

"...It's pathetic, isn't it? To think I have a traitor in my midst."

"You're still tracking him down, right?"

"Should be. I've identified the bullet..."

Leonardo had Nathan remove the bullet from his abdomen before receiving treatment.

He had dropped the hidden bullet at the club, which Shindo, Nathan's junior, collected. An internal investigation should have already started within the police.

What should Nathan do, leaving Leonardo behind?

He pondered. The meeting at Rocca di Luce, where they would create an opening to switch the real laptop with a perfect decoy... It should have all been resolved that way, but it hadn't been that simple.

And then the laptop had vanished.

According to Vittorio, "The bunny has it..."

A heavy sound echoed as the door opened, and he turned around.

There stood Livia, dressed in a black velvet slit dress, exuding the aura of a queen of the night.

"What was your purpose in sneaking into my home?"

Her monotone voice resonated heavily in the room. She was indeed a woman who had risen alone in a dangerous world, and her voice carried an intimidating presence.

"The password."

"Did Augusto order you to do this?"

"No. It's my own judgment."

"Oh really? You think you have that kind of authority?"

"Who knows? But you've committed theft too, haven't you?"

Livia smiled, her red lips curling.

"And so?"

She asked, showing no hint of remorse.

"You're a witch."

"I can't help it. I don't know any other way to survive."

"Sounds like laziness to me."

"Hahaha! You're quite cheeky, Nathan. I think I understand why Augusto likes you. Listen, I'm not planning to betray him. I just want to stand alongside Augusto. Will you cooperate with me?"

It was an unexpected proposition. Nathan looked at her.

"The laptop left behind by that Matteo contains everything about Clan Gelo... We could split it among Augusto, me, and you. Then we could expand our influence even more. Who knows, we might even be able to control all of Italy."

"Augusto wouldn't allow that. He wants to be at the top more than anyone."

"Isn't it foolish to cling to such things? He should focus on more enjoyable pursuits. Don't you think?"

Livia pulled out a gun and aimed it at Leonardo.

"Now, Nathan. Put these on your wrists."

Livia offered him handcuffs.

If he didn't comply, Leonardo would die.

Nathan followed her instructions. Livia smiled with satisfaction as she watched him.

"Good boy. Now, attach the handcuffs to the armrest of that chair."

She gestured with her chin toward an old chair next to the bed.

It was luxurious yet elegant, fitting the room's atmosphere. Nathan sat in it and secured the handcuffs to the armrest.

"The key is right here. You understand what that means, don't you?"

Livia flaunted a small key, slipping it into her cleavage as she lowered her gun.

"Unnecessary killings would draw police attention. So I thought it best to avoid murder, but it turned out to be a bothersome situation, though I did find something unexpected."

"What are you talking about?"

"This."

Livia showed Nathan her smartphone, which began playing club music. He quickly realized it was filmed in this very establishment.

On the dark screen was Giselle, adorned with black bunny ears, a black lace corset, and a T-back. Thin stockings and high heels with ankle straps completed her almost lingerie-like outfit, accentuated by a white collar and wrist accessories.

Giselle.

He clenched his fist.

"...There's more. This girl looks great in cosplay."

She displayed various outfits, including a nearly underwear-like babydoll, an apron, and café staff attire.

In the back, the guests are engaged in the act without entering the VIP room.

In addition, when changing clothes in a clearly lit room, her shapely breasts were reflected, and even in the shower.

"I got some pretty good shots. If I sell them, they could fetch a nice sum."

"You... are the worst."

"Really? You know, women have been taking candid photos of other women for ages. If you cooperate with me, I won't spread these around. You'd want to protect that girl's honor, right? If this gets out, she won't find another job."

Nathan felt relieved that she wasn't a mafia member, but anger welled up inside him.

"So you were blackmailing her?"

"Exactly. That girl can't escape now. Poor thing."

What a cunning woman, Nathan thought bitterly, and finally voiced a question he had long wanted to ask.

"What is she to you?"

"An art buyer from Japan. She was the one who won that auction."

"!"

"And now she's my prostitute. Her name is... hmm, I have a business card. It says Shunka Aono."

Livia tossed the card at Nathan's feet.

"Shunka Aono..."

It felt right to say her true name out loud.

"You bought her. You turned her into a real prostitute. You can't pretend to be a hero now."

"I never intended to."

It was true that he was drawn to her and succumbed to desire. But he had no intention of feeling ashamed. He never saw her as a tool.

Livia wiped the smile off her face, stepped closer to Nathan, and tilted his chin with her red nails.

Her beautiful, elongated eyes were emerald green.

Heavily made up, she too was a pathetic woman hiding her true self.

Although her features were striking, her gaze was as ugly as a centipede's.

"What a foul woman."

With that, Livia curled her lips and spat out a glob of saliva.

"You're so damn cheeky. So, you're not willing to cooperate, huh?"

The story takes us back to the morning when Shunka arrived at Hotel Paradiso, the day after the meeting at Rocca di Luce.

She had left the great hall, where Augusto and Caterina were deep in sleep, clutching a laptop.

The paralyzing agent had been handed over to Livia.

On the day she decided to stand in the club, she received it as a gift for the paintings—three uses were allowed freely.

She had hidden it in her bra as a charm, not expecting to use it here.

Most women seemed to have various rules, like "getting them drunk to collect sperm" and some allowed internal ejaculation if they were interested.

This was a topic Shunka was not accustomed to, and Nathan hadn't wanted to do anything on their first night together.

Since then, he had protected her, and she hadn't needed to use any of it.

The corridor echoed with footsteps. The noise might wake them up... As she walked cautiously, a figure suddenly emerged ahead.

She hid behind a pillar, but a bright voice called out first.

"Oh, it's you! Are you okay?"

Startled, she looked up and hid the laptop inside her dress.

Vittorio approached with a beaming smile.

"You're quick. What's up? Where are Capo and Caterina? Still busy?"

"W—wait a second!"

Vittorio started moving toward the great hall. Shunka hurriedly grabbed his hem to stop him.

"They're... sleeping."

"Sleeping? How peaceful. Huh? Sleeping? Capo?"

"Yes. I don't want to wake them."

"Capo sleeping? No way! After he's done with a woman, he kicks them out. There's no way they're napping together."

"Eh?"

He seemed oddly knowledgeable. As Shunka frowned, Vittorio leaned in closer, whispering, "Shh. I'm a 'spy,' you know."

"Eh?"

"I always admired Bond, but I never thought it would come true like this. I thought I was just a low-level villain. By the way, is that... a laptop?"

"Ah!"

Shunka hugged the laptop and turned her back. Before she could run away, Vittorio caught her like a cat.

"It's fine. Just wait a moment; I'll do a little trick. Also, the castle is filled with bombs, so if you want to get out safely, stay here."

"What are you talking about... Ah, wait!"

Vittorio didn't wait for her response and walked away.

Shunka stood there with her mouth agape, but he soon returned, pushing her back with his large hand.

They hurried through the corridor and stepped into the underground labyrinth.

Vittorio opened a map, guiding her.

"Why are you helping me?"

"There are various reasons. Where should I start... Anyway, you'd be better off following me."

At this point, that seemed to be true.

Shunka realized she couldn't go back to Augusto and that, having been betrayed, she also couldn't return to Caterina and Livia.

(If only I could do something about my smartphone... but how?)

"Okay... step over here. Yes, avoid stepping on that wire. One thing I can tell you is to trust Nathan."

"...Why?"

"He helped my wife. She got sick, and no one wanted to treat the wife of a low-level mafia guy. Then Nathan introduced me to a good doctor in Japan. My wife is finally recovering."

"Japan..."

Nathan had mentioned that his mother was Japanese.

"Your wife must have had a tough time."

"Yeah. But I was lucky."

They navigated through the underground labyrinth and finally climbed the slope leading outside.

From the mountain, they could see the dimly lit city at midnight, and as they walked, they approached a bridge.

When they reached the parking lot, Vittorio helped Shunka into the passenger seat.

"Where to?"

Vittorio joked. Shunka finally regained her smile and replied,

"Then, to Hotel Paradiso."

Thus, Shunka safely arrived back at her original lodging. After parting ways with Vittorio, she slept in that underground parking lot until morning.

Later, she reunited with the hotel manager, who offered her words of comfort, saying, "So you got caught up in it after all."

The manager then made a call, and the person on the other end was—

"Oh, do you need something?"

—Livia.

A cold voice was heard, and both the manager and Shunka froze in place.

"What on earth is this?"

The manager asked back, his voice tense.

"Oh, this? I wonder whose smartphone this is... Hmm. Leonardo Rossi. A police officer's, it seems."

"You are... from 'L'Oasi della Regina'...?"

"Do you know me? How delightful! You sound like a grandfather. It's fine; some of our female staff prefer older men."

"Why do you have that smartphone?"

"Oh, I picked it up. It was ringing after falling on the floor."

—Livia sat on the bed, holding Leonardo's smartphone as she spoke on the call.

Nathan bit his lip and looked at Leonardo, who shook his head, sweating.

"By the way, Sir, could you be from 'Hotel Paradiso'?"

Nathan turned around. It was a familiar elderly gentleman—the manager?

That's right, Nathan had said to contact either himself or Leonardo... if "Bunny" or "Giselle" showed up.

"Manager!"

Nathan raised his voice.

—His voice reached them, and Shunka exchanged worried glances with the manager.

They quickly understood something was wrong.

“Nathan?”

When the manager called out, Livia switched to a video call, showing him on the screen.

He was tied to a chair with handcuffs and rope, his shirt and jeans torn in places, blood seeping through.

Next to him was a bespectacled man clutching his abdomen—Leonardo.

“What is this...?”

Shunka turned pale and looked up at the manager. He narrowed his eyes and addressed Livia.

“What on earth happened? What is going on here?”

“They tried to steal from me. So, I was punishing them. Oh, look, you have a cute lady over there—my bunny.”

Hearing her name, Shunka’s skin crawled.

At that moment, Livia’s smartphone rang. She answered it.

“Oh, Caterina? How did it go? What? The laptop?”

Livia turned to the screen, glaring at Shunka.

“What a thief you are. You two make quite the pair...”

“What do you mean?”

The manager looked at Shunka.

She pulled out the laptop and showed it to him, starting to explain in a low voice.

“All the information on Clan Gelo is here.”

“That’s serious.”

“Yes, it is. So hurry up and give it to me.”

Livia furrowed her brow, deepening the wrinkles.

“If you go to the police, I’ll spread your images around. Now, hand over that laptop.”

Shunka bit her lip. She didn’t want to give it to her.

But what could she do?

As she endured Livia’s piercing gaze, Nathan shouted,

“Go to the embassy! Hand it over to a guy named Arata Shindo in his twenties. Then you can go back to Japan!”

“Nathan...!”

“It’s okay, you’ll be freed soon... Ugh!”

Livia struck Nathan with the gun and pointed it at him.

"Listen, naïve rabbit, what does it matter to this man? If you'll give me that laptop, I'll give this guy back to you. Oh yes, and your embarrassing photos too. If you refuse..... Yes, I came up with a fun game. Do you know what swapping is? I'm sure I've tried a lot of things, but I've never done that. If you had fun with Augusto....."

Livia pulled her smooth legs out of the slit of her dress, took off her heels, and began to trace Nathan's legs with her toes.

Shunka felt her hair stand on end.

"I don't like him, but he's a good man, he's like a wolf, he's lonely, he's high-spirited, he's going to eat rabbits."

Livia goes around behind Nathan and strokes his skin through the gap in his shirt. His hands are completely different from Shunka's.

It was a nasty thing, like a snake transmitting.

Shunka squeezed her hand tightly.

"Let's cut it already."

The manager said so, but Shunka stubbornly shook his head.

Anger wells up, sparks seem to pop in my head.

"Oh, cute nipples, what happens if I lick them? Bunny, you know that, don't you?

his taste."

"This witch..... You're going to run away, to safety..... Shunka!"

Nathan calls her name, and Shunka feels like she's finally regained herself.

Shunka stood up, holding the laptop in her arms.

The manager contacted the Japanese embassy, and soon a young man named Arata Shindo, with light brown hair, appeared, leaving Shunka taken aback.

She had expected someone more serious to show up.

He wore a flashy pink floral shirt, white chinos, and leather sandals, topped off with orange-tinted sunglasses.

He arrived quickly because he was on patrol and had been in communication with Vittorio, who had reported to him.

As Shindo drove, he said, "No, this is a disguise. It's to get close to the Italian mafia."

His tone was casual, but there was a charm in his eyes as he spoke, clearly trying to lift Shunka's spirits.

"Alright? I'll keep it brief."

Nathan Blackmore was a false name for his undercover work.

"His real name is Nate Ando. He's a police officer with the Public Security Bureau in Japan, by the way, a sergeant."

"A police officer..."

Shunka repeated, struggling to keep up with his rapid-fire explanation.

"That's right. So, don't worry, Senior Ando is not part of the mafia. He infiltrated because of a weapons smuggling case involving Japanese nationals, which is linked to Clan Gelo. This was three years ago. But our superior is somewhat incompetent; he can handle short-term tasks but struggles with long-term ones. Senior Ando had a tough time. Then you showed up."

Shindo talked about the paintings and the laptop, which had led to Shunka being kidnapped by Livia. Nathan's change in demeanor regarding the paintings made sense now.

Shunka was trying to process everything, feeling warmth returning to her body as a sense of relief washed over her.

"So he's not part of the mafia?"

She asked to confirm, and Shindo glanced at her and nodded.

Seeing that made her exhale deeply, and as she bowed her head, tears fell onto her knees.

"Thank goodness..."

"I'm sorry. We couldn't identify Miss Aono as a kidnapping victim. There were difficulties in contacting senior, and Senior Ando was fighting alone, unable to provide proper support to Miss Aono... Anyway, I'll take you to the embassy."

"What? No, I'm going with you."

"What are you talking about? It's safer there."

"Livia thinks I'm coming to the shop. Even if you go, you can't reach Nathan."

"What?!"

Shindo exclaimed in surprise.

"It's a top-tier VIP room. Only a few people can enter."

"But..."

"Is there time to hesitate? You need to protect Nathan and the information, right?"

"Yes, but..."

"You'll need me until you get into the room."

"Wow... I think I understand why Senior was attracted to you."

Shindo turned the wheel and drove away from the embassy, heading in the opposite direction.

"Alright, but when we get to the shop, you'll follow my instructions, and stay safe, okay?"

"...Yes, understood."

As the sun set, the nightclubs began to light up, and L'Oasi della Regina was no exception.

Its red lights cast a glow on the cobblestones, intensifying the air of a brothel.

The illuminated sign made the letters appear to float in the night sky.

Men with money lined up, waiting for the opening.

The bouncers, dressed in matching uniforms, adjusted their bow ties neatly.

Caterina appeared in front of the club, clad in a gray suit, a custom-made mini skirt, and high heels, striding confidently down the red carpet leading inside.

Everyone parted ways for Caterina, not just because she was the number one prostitute, but due to her arched eyebrows and the way she walked with a slight tremor in her shoulders.

Upon entering the VIP room on the third floor, Caterina threw a small syringe aside.

"What a joke, that worthless woman!"

Everyone in the VIP room turned to look at her.

Livia released her grip from Nathan's chest and asked languidly, "What's wrong?"

"It's about Bunny! Both of us were called by Augusto to attend a meeting at the old castle, right? At that time, I assigned her to entertain Augusto so I could steal the data."

"What?"

Nathan glared. Caterina flinched for a moment but then straightened up as she realized he was restrained.

"Then this happened. She used the paralyzing agent I gave her as a reward, and on me too!"

"Paralyzing agent..."

Livia and Nathan simultaneously glanced at the syringe from earlier.

"Then..."

Nathan murmured, relieved, and Livia looked at him.

"She didn't use it on Nathan, did she?"

"Who cares about that? Anyway, Augusto was furious with me! He said if I couldn't even train my junior properly, he wouldn't call me again..."

"And that means you couldn't steal the data."

Livia's voice turned cold as she gazed at Caterina.

With a serpentine glare, Caterina furrowed her brow, trying to say something but unable to find the words.

"Caterina, I had high hopes for you."

Livia spoke gently, like an overprotective mother, and caressed Caterina's cheek.

"Hey, there's still a chance, right? Livia, I'll make your wishes come true. I'll make Augusto kneel before you. So..."

"A chance? You know Augusto won't call back someone he's lost interest in, right?"

Livia pinched Caterina's cheek with her nails and then slapped her hard.

"This is your fault. You should have checked whether Bunny had the syringe or not. You put Augusto in danger; that's unforgivable."

"But, Livia..."

"Bunny will be here with the laptop soon. You're no longer needed. Just do your best to earn at the club. Maybe then Augusto will forgive you."

"I don't care about Augusto..."

"I won't forgive you for insulting him."

Caterina's face froze at Livia's intense anger.

"I won't forgive you, no matter who you are. Augusto is mine. Insulting him is the same as insulting me, you understand?"

"But Livia... please forgive me. I'll apologize for what happened earlier. I can't live without you. Livia..."

Caterina knelt, clinging to Livia.

"Livia, my goddess. You've always been the only one for me. I've been collecting the sperm of rich men and earning money—all for you. Livia, I love you..."

"Then you know what you must do."

Livia's authoritative voice echoed, and Caterina bowed her head, like a flower battered by rain. She trembled, struggling to stand as if clinging to the wall.

"Hey, you finally made it."

When Shunka arrived at L'Oasi della Regina, she was greeted by a surprising face—Vittorio.

"Shindo too."

"Yeah. I'm just glad you're safe."

Vittorio shook hands with Shindo, his large hand enveloping Shindo's.

"What are you doing here?"

"I just finished a job. Plus, after Nathan and the others helped my wife, it wouldn't make sense to abandon you."

Shindo smiled back.

"That's more than enough. You received the ticket to Japan, right?"

"Yeah. But I've come to admire you, Bunny. Stealing a computer from Augusto and coming all the way here for Nathan."

"That's... honestly surprising even to me..."

Power surged within her. Perhaps her anger had sharpened her focus, and as she contemplated this, Vittorio watched her with a grin.

"Now that's love, my friend."

"Love...?"

"You' ll understand in time."

As Shunka-Bunny-made her appearance, the bouncers seemed to understand the situation and quickly cleared the way.

Shindo and Vittorio were to pretend to be customers as they entered.

Led by a bartender who had come to greet her, Shunka was taken directly to the VIP room without waiting for the two.

Her heart raced like a pounding drum, but there was no turning back. She had no intention of retreating.

The heavy silver handle was pulled down, and the door creaked open.

Inside were Livia, Caterina, and an unfamiliar bespectacled man sprawled on the floor, and Nathan was bound to a chair, his left hand cuffed and his right hand and body tied with rope.

"...Nathan..."

"Giselle..."

Nathan's voice was calm, and Shunka felt a surge of strength return to her.

"Leave that and run."

Nathan said, but Shunka didn' t nod in agreement.

"The photos..."

"Yes, you remembered well, Bunny. Your photo is like a hostage, isn't it?"

"Delete them now. Then I' ll hand it over."

- "Buy us as much time as possible to make it in time."

Shindo said this through the small earphones that Shunka was wearing. Shunka held the laptop tightly and stepped forward.

"After all, you care about yourself, don' t you, Bunny? It' s not for Nathan, is it? Then let' s make this quick. Hand over that laptop and get out of here."

"I refuse."

"Oh, you' ve grown bold. What do you want?"

"Let me hit Nathan."

The air in the room seemed to freeze.

Everyone' s gaze turned to Shunka.

"..... Hahaha!"

Livia' s high-pitched laughter echoed in the VIP room.

"Fine, do as you please. But before that, there' s something we need to take care of."

Livia ordered Shunka to take off her clothes.

Shunka obeys quietly and takes off her dress to leave only her underwear. White lace top and bottom, T-back that is completely worn ...

"What a dangerous little bunny you are. Where are you hiding the paralyzing agent?"

"Inside my bra."

"Oh, in the part for the padding, huh? That's certainly hard to notice. Smart move."

Completely undressed, Shunka watched as Livia had Caterina check her clothes. When she nodded, Livia said, "Alright."

Holding the laptop, Shunka straddled Nathan on the chair.

Knowing his true identity made her chest ache, and at the same time, a wave of affection surged within her.

Three years.

For three years, he had endured loneliness.

"Giselle."

"Nathan..."

"As you wish."

She caressed his cheek. As she traced his lips with her fingertips, Nathan gazed at her as if mesmerized.

"Didn't you want to hit him?"

Livia's mocking laughter rang out, but Shunka ignored it and kissed him.

As she embraced him, she adjusted her angle, secretly creating a "gap" for the laptop.

It fell near the bespectacled man, and with a glance, he nodded slightly.

"I've seen something good, Bunny. Your striptease is quite elegant. Now, let me delete those photos. Watch closely."

Livia began deleting the images one by one.

Things were moving too quickly. Would Livia really comply so easily?

"Delete them all."

"I know."

There were many photos and videos, which turned out to be a blessing.

The bespectacled man—Leonardo—began cutting the ropes binding Nathan's body with the small razor Shunka had handed him.

To mask the sound, Shunka tousled her hair and deliberately pressed her lips against Nathan's.

"Ah... I've been waiting for this, Nathan... shall we kiss some more?"

"Giselle? What are you... mmm..."

Leonardo gave a thumbs-up, indicating they were almost there.

With a few more kisses, she felt the ropes nearly severed and pulled away, slapping his cheek lightly.

With that, if Nathan exerted himself, the ropes would snap.

Next, she needed to free his hands. To create a blind spot, Shunka repositioned herself sideways over Nathan.

Leonardo continued his work hidden behind her, and the handcuffs made a small noise that Nathan seemed to notice.

"It hurts, Giselle."

He raised his voice slightly to cover the sound of the handcuffs releasing.

"Don't get too comfortable calling me that. I plan to take you instead of the laptop, so from now on, you'll call me 'Mistress.'"

"Are you joking? We made love so passionately, didn't we? Giselle."

"That's a rebellious pet. It seems I need to train you properly."

Open his shirt and stroke his chest.

Shunka pursed her lips slightly.

"Don't let other women touch you."

"Then let me be satisfied, 'Mistress'."

At that moment, Leonardo gave a thumbs-up.

Shunka tossed her hair back, pinched the small bone conduction earphone, and hooked it into Nathan's hair.

"I'll hand over the laptop," she whispered, just as a soft knock sounded. It was the signal that everything was okay.

"Alright, madam..."

She stood up, slipped on her dress, and turned to face Livia.

"If you give me Nathan, I'll hand over the laptop."

"That's fine. Go ahead."

Livia smirked, her lips curling like a venomous snake as she stuck out her tongue.

Shunka gently offered the laptop to her—when suddenly...

"Secure the area!"

With that energetic shout, armed men burst in through the door and windows.

Livia instinctively drew her gun, but Nathan broke free from his ropes and kicked it away.

"This is a joke! Why are the police here?"

Livia raised her hands and backed against the wall.

"The traitors in the police have already been dealt with."

It was Vittorio.

"Who do you think I am, the son of a cleaner and..."

"You betrayed the organization."

Raging, Livia glared at Shunka, her face flushed with anger.

"What a nuisance... this plague!"

"You just lost to your own desires."

As Nathan reached out to shield Shunka, a sharp sound rang out, and everyone ducked instinctively.

"Run, Livia!"

Caterina shouted as she aimed her gun. Shunka saw the muzzle clearly pointed at them.

Without hesitation, her finger was on the trigger, and just as she gasped, Nathan stood in front of her.

"Senior!"

"Nathan!"

Livia was captured, and Caterina was knocked to the ground.

"Nathan..."

Blood was flowing.

"I'm fine, Giselle."

Nathan collapsed against Shunka's knees.

In an instant, the situation had turned chaotic, and all Shunka could feel was the warmth of blood in her hands as she trembled.

"Criminal activities of the Clan Gelo are being exposed one after another. The hideout, Rocca di Luce, has been blown up, revealing several bodies of presumed executives, including a man believed to be Capo Augusto. It seems there was an internal conflict that escalated into a shootout, followed by an explosion. Livia, a former model and executive of Clan Gelo, has been arrested. Further reports will follow as the truth unfolds..."

When Shindo and the others arrived at the hospital, they were gathered in Nathan's room, compiling reports about the incident.

At this point, Shunka felt completely left out.

She entered a small café space alone, waiting for her coffee while looking outside.

Police cars were still patrolling the area, searching for any remaining members of Clan Gelo.

The city was gradually regaining its vitality, and it seemed more people were walking outside with a newfound confidence.

Sunlight streamed through the clouds, illuminating the roads.

"Mind if I sit next to you?"

A voice interrupted her thoughts, and as she turned to respond, she realized—

"Nathan... or rather..."

"You can just call me Nathan. And you are..."

"..."

Shunka lowered her gaze. The reason for her visit was to see him, but now she wondered what she should even say.

"Forget about me."

Nathan's voice resonated quietly.

"What?"

Taken aback by his sudden words, Shunka looked at him.

His eyes were filled with determination, staring straight at her, revealing his true feelings.

"It was an abnormal situation. You must have been confused. Your attitude toward me..."

"...Well, maybe that's true, but..."

Shunka averted her eyes, staring at her hands. She felt something inside her crumble.

(Forget? Forget Nathan?)

The warmth that had protected her during those days?

Nathan took a moment, gazing at Shunka before continuing.

"I'm sorry. I should have gotten to know you properly before we were together."

"But you couldn't, could you?"

There were traitors in the police, and Shunka had kept silent.

"That's true, but it's just an excuse."

Nathan looked ahead, taking a sip of his coffee.

"...I don't want to forget."

"..."

"I was the one who pushed for our relationship..."

"To survive."

"I used you for that."

"Giselle. I made you a true prostitute. You can sue me if you want. If that's what you need, hate me if you must. But don't blame yourself. If anyone is guilty of using someone, it's me for using you to find that painting."

"But... I don't want that. Nathan..."

She felt an overwhelming urge to leap into Nathan's arms but forced her hands together to resist.

"Why did you hold me? Why were you so gentle with me?"

It felt as if they were lovers.

Thinking back, the memories were so intense they almost made her heart melt.

"That's because..."

"Because I pushed for it? Because it seemed sad for me to be used as a pawn?"

Nathan slowly shook his head.

As she waited for his answer, Nathan turned to face her, as if steeling himself.

"...I fell in love with you at first sight."

"What...?"

"I didn't want anyone else to touch you."

Heat rushed to Shunka's face, and she rubbed her eyes. Tears flowed, wetting her fingers.

"Then, if I still like you..."

When she turned to Nathan, he did not look away as he said, "You shouldn't do that,"

"Why not?"

"Because this is an abnormal situation, and I might not be able to think clearly. You're still confused about me. So, it's better to leave both the incident and me in the past."

"Are you going to do that?"

"I won't."

"That's s..."

"Is it unfair? But you have your own life. You can't throw it away. You should be free now. You can return to your life."

"You think I'm..."

What would he say if she asked? Shunka became frightened to hear the answer.

What if it was just pity?

What if they were merely a prostitute and her client?

But what came from Nathan's lips was not that.

"Every time I met you, I found you adorable."

The moment Nathan's words fell softly, Shunka's heart surged. Her vision blurred, his face swimming in tears.

A warm sensation began to melt within her chest, spreading throughout her body.

"..."

Lost for words, Shunka could only stare at him.

Nathan stood up and turned on his heel.

What would happen if they parted ways like this?

Even if it was selfish, she didn't want to give up without doing anything.

Shunka stood up.

"Six months... in six months... can we meet again?"

The words slipped out of her mouth.

Nathan turned back.

"I' ll undergo rehabilitation. So, in six months, I should know how I feel about you."

Nathan looked straight into Shunka's eyes and nodded firmly.

A promise to meet again in six months at the High Tree in Japan.

It was a verbal commitment whose fulfillment was uncertain.

Shunka finally returned to Japan and met with the neuroscientist Nathan had introduced her to.

She resumed her work while undergoing rehabilitation, gradually returning to her routine of helping with exhibitions.

Checks for any lingering trauma were conducted, and her use of sleeping pills diminished over time.

As she settled back into daily life, it felt almost as if those days in Italy had been just a dream.

Her hair had grown a little longer, and the seasons shifted towards winter.

On the night before the promised day, Shunka had a dream.

In it, a silver arowana swam leisurely around her, stirring up the seawater beautifully before swimming away.

She thought she heard the splash of water and woke up.

"..."

Gently pressing her forehead, she looked around and reaffirmed that she was in Japan.

After finishing work, she headed to the High Tree.

The specialist had given her a reassuring "No problems at all."

Now, it was just a matter of whether Nathan would come.

Five o'clock passed, then six, and finally seven.

The observation space changed its crowd, and Shunka stood alone, waiting.

"It's almost eight..." she murmured.

Her voice was quickly absorbed and disappeared.

At that moment, an announcement echoed.

"We sincerely apologize. Due to strong winds, the observation space will be closed starting at 9 PM..."

With disappointed voices, guests headed toward the elevator.

Shunka also made her way to the elevator alone.

Was this how it would be?

Returning to her everyday life, all her days with Nathan had become a thing of the past.

Even those moments spent on the Ligurian coast.

It wasn't that she wanted to go back to the past; she simply wanted to see Nathan again and confirm everything.

(Was there love there?)

That was all she sought.

As the elevator doors opened, people flowed out.

Just as Shunka lifted her head and began to walk, she saw those amber eyes that she had gazed at and longed for countless times.

"Who are you?"

The voice held a hint of playfulness, echoing deep within her, like a memory ingrained in her body.

It had a low, resonant sound that felt like it seeped into her very being.

"...I am..."

As she spoke her true name, warm tears streamed down her cheeks.

The End.