So who will be the ultimate winner in this long war?

will be marked to each other.

CONCLUSION

The boy loved the girl. The girl also loved the boy.

That's right, it was just a one-time game with fire that would put itself out.

The world set him on fire, and the trivial game with fire became a fire that the boy and girl could not handle.

They mistakenly thought that the pain of being burned alive was each other's fault. Pushing each other deeper into the flames, they finally became flames and burned their world with their bare hands.

The only thing left in the ashes is a boy and a girl.

It was a terrible game of fire.

EXTRA STORIES

No-nonsense letter

Chocolate Flavor

MEANINGLESS LETTER

Dear Grace.

It is too rigid. There will be no need for formality between you and me.

Hello Gracia.

That day you must have wondered why I didn't say this.

Have you figured out the answer yourself?

I am writing this letter right now from a window overlooking the palace, which was my final destination. It is quiet now, but just a few days ago, the streets were full of protesters.

The throne is empty. It will become a relic of the past on which no one will ever sit.

It took a lot of work to lead the revolution the way I wanted, but it wasn't too difficult to trigger it.

All you had to do was throw a single ember into a warehouse full of dust.

Because people are already dissatisfied with the current system.

The monarchy was an old custom which it would be well to destroy when the time came. If I don't collapse, I will be a hero after all, for I have cleared the burden that would only be a headache for a long time.

I say this because the front page of the newspaper on my desk calls me a revolutionary hero.

You've already noticed me plotting things. How does it feel to finally figure out what's going on?

I can hear your voice calling me crazy from across the sea.

Come to think of it, even when I revealed my plan to Jerome, I was called a lunatic.

There is no way you would do something like this out of a sense of fairness, he said.

I wanted to hear something right, but after that it was just a stupid sound. Asking the king and the grand duke if it was so great the resentment they had accumulated so far.

Resentment towards them is an undeserved emotion.

I hate being dominated.

I was sick of them putting a leash around my neck and trying to act like a dog. Finally, I wanted to clearly show the sequence.

As a side note, at the last minute, I actually went to see him.

The king made the face of seeing a ghost. They are in a state of delirium, thinking I am already dead, and crying with fear. It is stupid. How stupid the world was to have such a pathetic man as its chief.

Of course, there's no fool like Jerome Winston.

Where is the human who starts the revolution from his own death?

It will be right in front of you, you idiot.

If you go to the front and lead the revolution, you can take over the government, but why are you doing good to others?

because my neck hurts

That guy, obviously John from history class. Asking what you can tell just by looking at the last revolutionary government. Most of the governments established immediately after the revolution have collapsed. Those who led the revolution lived miserably even if they died or lived miserably.

But why would I enter a minefield myself?

I was born an aristocrat, lived as a monster and died a hero, so now I will live as a common man.

I have always wanted to eradicate the rebels and the monarchy and start over in a clean land. Not at all like Leon Winston. thanks to you.

So, the real hero of the revolution must be Grace Riddle.

Aren't we disillusioned with the culprits who made our lives a living hell? If we don't completely uproot, we even think we might be harassed even in our new home.

But Jerome did not understand that he was mercilessly trampling on the rebels, the royalists and the military. You know it well even if you don't say it.

Of course, even if I knew, I would shake my fist.

I'll be honest? I miss your fists now.

I knew it would be hard to let you go. In my head, I know it's the smart thing to do, but my body and mind didn't want to part with you.

But the moment you greeted me from the cabin balcony, all my lingering feelings disappeared and I felt at ease.

I'm not the one escaping this hell, but my heart was racing like someone leaving.

You are definitely saying goodbye to me, but it feels like a new beginning, not goodbye.

Did you feel this way too?

Was the party fun?

It was a shame I could only see you in black and white, with the dress and jewelry I gave you and your heavy makeup.

Yes, I'm spying on you from afar.

They say you rejected all the men who flirted with you. You must have known I was spying on you, but then, why don't you dance with another guy as if to show off?

There will never be a chance for that again.

I heard from the butler that you are expecting me at the front door at four o'clock in the afternoon.

wait a little longer

Tomorrow I will leave this country. I am thinking of turning around because we don't want our new home to be persecuted.

There is still a long way to go. I can hold on because I know you will wait for the end.

But today was a little hard to hold on to. I have your diary.

Did you enjoy chasing me? I wouldn't have known that.

But the reason I enjoyed it was that I only got half of it right.

I didn't know you felt the courage to be there.

At the time, I thought you felt attached to me only because of your grudge.

I chose the media to harass you until you couldn't stand it and you showed up and harassed me. Now that I see it, the operation wasn't bad because it got your attention, but in the end it didn't work to get you back.

Now I know my defeat.

If I hadn't done anything, would you have called me while I was drunk?

I have a laugh

I was frustrated once. I am glad for your confession. And once again to say that you don't need me.

I couldn't laugh when I said I loved him.

You are the one who has all the decisions for me, but I made a decision the night I found out you thought you had no choice in your future with me. I tried to tell you beforehand that you planned to fake your death, but I decided not to.

Our relationship could end suddenly one day. You've been through it many times before. It was you, not me, who ended it until now, so you've never been in a position to be left behind.

I wanted to see what decisions you make at times like this.

Heaven does not need demons.

I wondered what you would do with me, who had supplied my needs in heaven, where there was no threat to my comfort or lack of anything.

Will you remember me there too?

From that day on I stopped forcing you, persuading you and appealing to you. Because I took a detour.

Greed for you is like life to me, so throwing it away meant death. As long as I thought I had to live, I couldn't throw it away.

I should be content with letting Ellie stay by my side because she loves me, but I couldn't. Because that's not what I really wanted.

know. It's a full stomach. But I was born full to be born. There is no way to tolerate insufficiency.

Even now. I heard that you love me too, so now I just need to know that I love you. I've been thinking about that all the time since I got the diary.

You said we are a broken teacup?

We were broken from the beginning. It was a broken cup of tea from the beginning.

Of course, it was me who smashed it.

Even if we start a new life with a new name, we will not be crack-free teacups. There will always be piles of sediment on our floor.

But sooner or later you will learn to drink tea without sealing the gold with your hand and without removing the sediment. Maybe later you will even enjoy the bitter taste of the sediment.

I figured as much. Being confined alone gave me a lot of time to think.

Anyway, I was your phone. just a

phone?

Be honest. That's what you wanted to take medicine for.

It's just a phone.

Thank you very much for giving you the opportunity to be someone else by saying that any pawn that ends up on the chessboard can be anything....

it's a phone

Isn't it too much?

It's really bad.

But right now, across the sea, you must be hating me.

Grace Riddle. As her name implies, she is a woman of grace and mystery. You have been the most difficult enigma of my life.

If you think you know one thing, something else will appear that you don't know. Just when you think you've solved one problem, another one pops up.

You stimulated my desire to conquer in many ways.

But the mystery now seems to be solved.

Take the mystery out of you, and all that remains is grace.

It is a hot night. I am writing this letter because I can't sleep.

You won't need it. Even if I don't tell you, you know what I'm thinking here.

I won't give it to you, so I'll cancel it.

I want to see your eyes like crazy.

CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

I can feel the smell of the sea.

Leon opened his eyes, which had been closed the whole time.

exactly four o'clock in the afternoon. The train pulled into the train station without delay. The vehicle and attendant were also waiting for him as promised.

Leon watched from the sedan as he rode through town toward the mansion on the edge of the beach. It was his first time here. Scenes that had only to be imagined through photographs and reports from passing employees. It was worth the time and money spent.

Grace's comment that she looked like Abington Beach was not an exaggeration.

After the city, the quiet villa area continued. As the car began to climb the gentle hill, the mansion perched on top of the hill slowly came into view.

The resort was decorated to resemble Abington Beach, but the mansion was built in a different style than the Winston family villa. Seeing it in person further convinced me that it was an excellent choice.

Instead of heading for the mansion, the car veered into a side street on the right. After following the orange tree lined wall and passing through the wide open loading gate, another paradise unfolded before my eyes.

The car, which had driven two and a half times through the manicured gardens, stopped in front of the south entrance to the main house. The waiting butler opened the car door and bowed to him.

"The wife and the young woman are at the fountain in front of the main door. Others are on the north side of the main building..."

"Take me to a room with a good view."

The butler noticed and guided him to a room on the upper floor by a path that did not cross other family members inside the main building.

In the inner garden, where the afternoon sun was streaming in, Leon looked out the front door. The fountain on the hill and the windows on the top floor of the mansion were at the same height.

Through the coolly rising stream of water, I could vaguely see features I had only seen in photographs from the past three months.

As he held out his hand, the assistant who had accompanied him from the Old World took a pair of binoculars from his bag and called out to the colonel.

Ellie's face began to clear. I wondered what she was doing and she was playing with toy boats and flowers floating in the fountain. Her little lips were moving non-stop, as if she was singing.

It seemed to have grown taller in just three months.

I couldn't see Grace's face. It was because I sat with my back to him on the chin of the fountain.

Honey, the man you're waiting for is in the back.

However, Grace just stared at the front door the whole time and didn't look back. A tingling sensation of joy began to flow through her veins.

Grace is waiting for me. without hesitation. desperately.

It was one of those moments I had been imagining and waiting for for three months. The reason I snuck into my house like a burglar was because I wanted to see with my own eyes what I had only heard from the butler over the phone.

After waiting for him for about an hour, Grace moved into the mansion with Ellie when it was time for dinner.

"Would you like to have lunch together?"

He shook his head at the butler's question. Instead of feeling hungry, I felt full.

Leon went to Grace's bedroom. The bedroom was just as he had ordered it, overlooking the beach.

The smell of the woman and her son as soon as he opened the door, the magazines on the bedside table, and the stuffed rabbit lying alone in the middle of a large bed covered with blankets. Leon admired the tracks of the two for a while.

In the dressing room, the maids unpacked and arranged her luggage. When she opened the closet, her suit hung next to Grace's, as it had always been there.

Leon took off his clothes stained with dirt from the trip. He left the belongings in his suit jacket to the patrons, but this time he removed the contents from his inside pockets and put them in the safe.

The butler, who had been watching the scene, looked puzzled for a moment.

Even after taking a shower and putting on comfortable clothes, the room was silent. I still didn't notice he was back.

"You two went to the beach after eating on the terrace."

When the butler sent the report and left, Leon sank into the armchair by the bedroom window. His gaze was outside the window.

Beyond the procession of green trees, a mother and daughter can be seen walking along the beach.

The two stopped from time to time to pick something up and talk. It was like collecting seashells. Like the day we met.

From time to time, Grace turned her head to show her face, but it was blurry because of the distance. But Leon didn't pick up his binoculars.

The sand begins to glow golden. It meant that the moment when we met for the first time was approaching.

Before long, Grace was left alone on the beach, as reported by the butler. It's the moment you've been waiting for

Leon finally left the window. What he pulled out of the dresser safe was a box of rings and cheap chocolates that seemed far from valuables.

We headed to the beach along the path Grace must have walked countless times. The clearer the sound of the waves became, the more numb were the fingertips that held the gift.

My heart skipped a beat as I walked through the garden and onto the path straight to the beach.

She stands where the endless blue-green sea meets the golden sand. The sea breeze stirs her dark brown hair like waves, fluttering the damp hem of her clothes.

Her skin was tanner than the last time he saw her. It was close to the color of the day we met.

Every step of the way takes me deeper into the illusion of going back in time to a 13-year-old boy.

However, it was no illusion I felt as I watched from afar that Grace seemed lonely.

The eyes gazing at the bottom of the beach tinged by the setting sun spoke of loneliness. However, the moment he was contained in it, the loneliness receded like an ebb.

It is the ebb of the tide just before the tsunami. The blue-green sea, which had been as calm as death, throws up a tsunami without warning.

There were so many emotions that it was hard to distinguish, like a ripple in those little eyes. In him I was looking for the emotion I enjoyed the most, like a habit.

you cared about me

However, the feeling left after the storm swept through was not a concern. is love The blue-green eyes look at him with emotions he has never given him.

At the time I couldn't believe my eyes, I couldn't believe my ears either.

"I love you..."

The reunion was perfect, but otherwise it was a mess.

The chocolates she had cherished were soaked in the seawater, and the necklace that Grace

held crumpled into a mess, and on the way to the room, one of the buttons fell off.

In addition, the bitten lower lip tingled as much as the cheek.

Even if the name changed, the world changed and even the relationship changed, the rough side of this woman did not disappear.

"I love a lunatic."

"You said you shouldn't even dream of love in this life? So I died as instructed and came back to life, but I don't know why you are dissatisfied."

"Didn't you break the habit of manipulating yourself while you were dying? Well, if you don't hold on to people and shake them, you're not you."

"I'm sorry, but you're the one grabbing me by the collar right now and shaking me."

Grace had no choice but to relax her hands at the words he added quietly after her cold comment.

"Let it go. You can't take it off."

As soon as his hand slipped, Leon pulled his shirt off over his head. The moment the part

upper body exposed, Grace blinked in disbelief.

What he did

more muscle That body that has become even more massive and hard will soon be draped over me. Imagine, the strength in her legs was already gone, and Grace sat on the edge of the bed.

Peek, a smile escaped his perfectly symmetrical lips.

"Are you

nervous?" You

are.

There was plenty of space in her voice when she asked, but her body was so tense that it felt like it would explode with the slightest touch of Grace's fingertips.

The tendons and veins swelled from the hand that unbuckled the belt. You can see the pulse beating under your skin. Your excitement is visible.

Between the loosened belt and the gaping front lip, another evidence of excitement began to emerge. She was about to rip her underwear and jump.

That man with that terrifying weapon that goes up to my navel will stick it right between my legs and stab it. Then, from the pleasure that shakes my head, I will go crazy and scream more and more, and cry and laugh because I like that bestial act.

Just as I continued with my low and wild imagination, the hand pulling down my underwear suddenly stopped.

As soon as I opened my eyes, my gaze met his. Only when Leon's eyes showed an unexpected sign did Grace hide the tip of her tongue in her mouth, which she had unknowingly stuck out to moisten her dry lips.

"Baby, did you miss this so

much?" the back of her neck

was hot.

"Though I don't miss you, you miss my things. I have
brought with great care.

You know it's wrong now, but you're sarcastic about the past. Grace replied with a smile.

"When you say that, I say, 'No, honey. I couldn't sleep every night because I missed him with tears in my eyes. You know how to say something like that?

"I did."

"..."

As the sense of defeat gradually built up, Grace tilted her head and twisted the corners of her eyes.

"By the way, didn't I ever say I would do it with

you?" "I should. what?"

"..."

This man said he would take it off, but he didn't say he would. In his actions, he hinted at an affair. It was disgusting to tease her again when he was trying to tease her.

Grace got out of bed. When she took a step forward, the smile disappeared from Leon's eyes. She knows how to get out of bed.

If it had been in the past, it might have been because I could not overcome the feeling of defeat. But now there are no losers in the bed war.

"You did this?"

Grace's slender fingers ran along the crevices of her thick, well-proportioned abs.

Tremors, shivers are felt in the fingertips.

The moment her hand slipped into her underwear, a loud tremor echoed in her palm. When I closed my hands, a hot breath entered my ears. However, no matter how hot it was, it was nothing compared to the flesh in my hand.

The tip of his penis was wet. The moment I traced the slippery hole with my fingertips, a sticky liquid came out. The viscosity and amount were different, so I knew it wasn't ejaculate without looking at it.

The liquid flowing along the blunt tip soaked her fingers. Grace gripped the pillar of flesh tighter and slid her hand down.

Shocks.

The wet skin rubbed up and down and began to make a rough sound. As if telling her to never stop, his arms wrapped around her waist tightly and pulled. The chest against which they met swelled enormously, squeezing her.

"Ah..."

A moan escaped Grace's mouth. The tip of his tongue dug into her ear suddenly, and she startled. Leon raped her ear as if copulating, then poured a rough, dry voice into the wet hole.

"Baby, why would you do something you didn't do?"

The hand that reached up through her skirt and groped for her thigh grasped her buttocks tightly.

I can see your head.

"Well?"

"You're going to drive me to the brink of becoming a beast and then leave me saying you never said you'd do something like this."

"So what?"

The hand that ran down the goose bumps on his spine was wrapped around the back of his head.

"Wow..."

Grace was pushed back and fell onto the bed. Before the trembling vision could stop,

her bloomers were ripped off and thrown away, and her legs parted before her underwear fell to the floor. She rolled her eyes between her legs and twisted her mouth.

"Grace, I always trust your honest mouth."

"Oh, no!"

The moist vaginal opening opened easily. They easily ate everything from the heavy tips to the thick pillars whose veins swelled more viciously than usual, and chewed as if they were about to pull out the roots.

"Ha..."

How I missed this feeling.

"Honey, why don't you give up the power struggles. That bother people?"

Leon let go of Grace's ankle and raised his hands above his head.

"Whatever, I lost."

A man who rises to the top like a conqueror and surrenders. Grace couldn't contain her laughter.

"Put me under you and say that? The mouth of the dead is alive, ah!

He squeezed the tip of Grace's pussy as if he were alive here too. Sparks flew in front of my eyes and my back bounced upward. As he tried to sink into her open mouth, Grace gently bit his tongue. Leon's straight forehead wrinkled.

"Anyway, there's no law that deals with that." "Who says what to say?"

Grace sucked on her lower lip, bit down hard and squeezed it. The man who had been bitten up and down at the same time was startled and let out a moan of pain.

"Yes, I have more fun when you're like that."

Her smile was symmetrical. Leon licked his bitten lip, straightened his upper body and began to shake his hips.

"It's funny, so keep making fun of it."

"Ah ah ah ah..."

Grace's moans were cut off each time she was lifted between her legs. Breathing and thoughts were cut off just like that.

"Are we having fun too?" "Stop it,

joking, joking, joking..." I no longer

had the courage to fight back. "Ah ah

ah!"

Flying high, the sandal, swinging dangling over trembling toes, finally fell to the floor, unable to overcome the abrupt gesture. Leon began to undress Grace as if he had just remembered. Still, instead of stopping, he sped up even more.

The remaining pair of sandals also rolled on the floor with the other pair. The dress fluttering about him, I don't remember when he took it off. Instead of taking off her bra, they almost ripped it off.

As soon as he undressed Grace with only the ring and genitals on, he kicked her backwards at full speed, as if she had endured it so far.

who was patient

Grace had already been pushed toward the head of the bed by the force of the hard blow. Something was still playing

her bobbing head, and when she turned her head, the child's wrist was staring back at her.

At that moment, my mind flashed. Doing lewd things in bed with a child. Reddened cheeks.

"Muffin, keep it a secret from your master."

Leon, reading Grace's thoughts, moved her wrist to the other end of the bed and turned her around, trapping her head between his forearms. As if to focus only on me. Grace's gaze, however, shifted to the window where the twilight was thickening.

Ellie will be back soon.

"Haha, three hours left."

three hours. Grace's puzzled gaze turned to the man above her who was breathing heavily.

"I told the steward to hand me the tickets.
for the movies. Everyone knows you gave it to me.

"...why?"

"How long do you think I'll try it and finish it?"

To completely ostracize the girl he loved so much that I would take all of me for him. Silenced by the man's amazing readiness, he literally began to savor every inch of Grace's body.

"Ah, it tickles."

Lips, earlobes, nipples. Every nerve in the peripheral area was wet with his saliva. A soft tongue licked the flesh buried between the thick lips. She shuddered to the depths of her body.

He even lifted his leg, sucked his toe and bit it as if he wanted to chew and eat it.

He was starving, like a person on the verge of starvation.

Straight golden eyebrows. Slim eyes with long, straight lashes. The bridge of the nose extends smoothly without any bumps. glowing skin AND even a strong jaw line that balances the face that might otherwise appear too delicate.

Watching them do barbaric things with a face that looks like it's been elegantly crafted makes me feel like I'm doing something wrong.

It was at that moment that he doubted he was a lunatic, that he felt that even the most obscene act of biting and licking his fingers between his soft lips seemed elegant.

His lips landed on the ring of her left ring finger. It was a kiss of pure swearing, with no hint of lust. The moment Grace is most ashamed of is when she is so innocent.

"Say it

again."

"Maniac?"

Look, a chuckle slipped through her

fingers. "No? So..."

The man looking at her with the back of his hand narrowed his eyes.

"I didn't miss you, but I missed your stuff, ah, uh, oh!"

The waist suddenly caught fire. It was payback for pretending to know what he wanted to hear.

pounding. It feels like a stake is being driven into a deep place. The gaze that travels down the body from the top of the head to the end that engages with it makes the head dizzy, as if it were a deer being eaten alive by the paws of a lion.

Even though the body covering her was no longer a threat, it was so large that it looked like an absolute being holding life and death in one hand.

"Oh God."

He holds it in one hand and calls it God.

"Open your sanctuary and wash away the sins of this beast.
sinner with holy water..."

"It is blasphemy to praise God while raping." "I will be reborn as a beast that will be faithful to you for the rest.
of my life, in the love that willingly accepts this senseless beast that dares to play with God in your narrow bosom."

To think that he twisted the words he said while proposing to her on the beach with a strange twist in bed.

"This lunatic who only lives his mouth even if he dies..."
."

"Have mercy on this poor man who has gone mad with God..."

"Ha ha!"

The laughter that bubbled out of Grace's mouth was immediately replaced by breathless eccentricity. Leon couldn't throw out any more trivial jokes either.

It wasn't even that the genitals were violently thrusting in and out. Since the tip didn't come out the back, only the end of the vagina, where the erogenous zones were concentrated, was hit, but Grace climaxed like lightning in the blink of an eye and fell asleep.

"Ha ha!"

This man was unpleasant, but it was another reason I couldn't hate him.

A dizzying pleasure rushes through the whole body along the nerves that bristle vigorously. The blood vessels expand as if to burst and the body heats up like a ball of fire from head to toe.

I opened my eyes wide, but could see nothing. I opened my mouth wide, but I could not swallow my breath, nor could I let out the curses that clogged my throat.

Grace couldn't get over the overwhelming climax that paralyzed her entire body, so she shuddered and clutched at anything she could catch as if she were holding on to a life preserver. Her nails dug deep into Leon's forearm as he lay on the bed.

I do not feel any pain.

All her nerves were pulled from the waist down. Grace's flesh clung to her genitals as one body. The wrinkles on the inner wall swelled, and she bit down hard on the tip where the erogenous zones met and sucked it sticky. Like trying to squeeze out semen.

"Oh..."

It was a moment when I gritted my teeth and endured the intense sensation of ejaculation. A slender arm wrapped around the nape of his neck and pulled him down.

As soon as their lips parted, a soft tongue darted between gaping teeth as if it were a habit. The sticky, warm flesh gently stroked him up and down, melting his shapeless reason.

I fell for a nasty trick.

Leon pushed his penis deep into Grace's stomach. When a round piece of flesh caught on the blunt tip, I released the force I had applied to my lower back. The moment my cervix was soaked and torn, a thrilling joy ran down my spine and coursed through my entire body.

"Ha..."

Eventually he gave in to Grace's wishes. Because I was connected to my overriding desire to plant my offspring with this woman, I did not feel defeated even after giving in.

When I lifted my head and met our eyes, Grace smiled, curving the corners of her eyes, which were tinged red with residual heat from the climax. It was both unpleasant and cute.

Leon repeated shallow movements of the waist and collected the accumulated body fluid at the tip of the vagina to the tip, wet the cervix and asked.

"God, it is an honor to conceive a child from this humble
beast..."

"It's good to know that you feel honored."

"Why do you want to buy hardship to die?"

Grace, with her arms around his neck, stared at him for a long time before giving an answer.

"To make you suffer to death."

"With joy."

Leon kissed her lips as if he were sealing the oath. In fact, he didn't need to hear an answer just by looking at the emotion in her eyes.

"Ah..."

The genitals that had been tightly blocking the vagina came out of nowhere. There was no time to feel empty. Grace was startled to feel bodily fluids dripping out of her body.

"What if I take it out without saying anything?"

He stretched his hand between her legs, stained with semen. It was inevitable that he would have escaped, but that was the moment he blocked the vaginal opening with his hand to save whatever was inside.

"Grace..."

Her hair stood on end at the low voice mixed with raspy breathing.

"I should have told you this was bad."

Between her legs, her genital body, glistening with love juice and semen, raised its head. The copper pillar, the color of iron heated by fire, re-enters her body and tries to extinguish it.

After staring for a moment, Grace slowly opened the fingers that were blocking her vaginal opening.

At that moment, Leon's hand, which had been sweeping the sweaty hair flowing in front of his eyes, stopped. A suppressed moan echoed deep in his chest.

A vaginal opening is visible between the fingers. The red, swollen flesh from the rough friction rippled.

into the invisible interior, swallowing traces of it between the wrinkles.

How to order more food.

Desire grew out of control. His swollen penis quivered as if he was about to ejaculate at any moment.

"He has changed. In the past, he was ignorant and drove people crazy, but now he's determined and drives people crazy."

Without hesitation, Leon slipped his penis between Grace's fingers.

"Oh, no!"

The soggy flesh swallowed it in one bite and squeezed it tightly. My waist does not even tremble, but it seems cold. It was because the wrinkled inner wall sucked and rubbed the genitals alone.

Eyes dizzy. Leon was able to shake his back only after he took the time to inhale and exhale deeply and suppress his orgasm.

"Ah, ah..."

Grace immediately removed her hand from his body and threw herself on his. When she shook him, he staggered,

and when he wanted to leave, he walked away screaming hoarsely. It wasn't long before the second ejaculation.

This time, Leon immediately pulled out his genitals. The whitish thread stretched from the end of the genitals to the inside of the vagina until it became long and thick, then the pillar of flesh split with the force of bouncing upward.

Watching the tingling bright red vaginal ball with white lumps was a spectacle every time I saw it. Each time her vagina contracted and expanded along with the aftershock of a long climax, semen and sex juices would spill out and wet the sheet.

And again, Grace reached between her legs. Her voice was hoarse as she continued to pump out cum.

"This nymphomaniac."

"You are."

Who do you drive like a lust-crazed beast while you open a hole with your bare hands to ask for a fuck?

"Feed me again?"

Leon asked, tracing the inside of the open vagina with the tip of his index finger. As if Jilgoo was responding, he bit his finger.

"Then you stand up."

In fact, the blood was rushing to the bottom without even a moment to drain, but Leon pretended not to have an erection.

"... What's the trick?

Of course, Grace, who knew full well that this would not happen, was not fooled.

Leon moved his hand from the bed to his chest. He cupped his fingers and grasped the gently spreading lump of flesh.

Her breasts fit perfectly in his hands, but they were too large for Grace's hands. Milky flesh, drenched in sweat, protruded from her hands.

Leon rubbed his hands together. Grace, who had been massaging her own breasts, moaned and twisted her body. When I gently pressed and shook the palm covering her clitoris, I even bent down.

"Yeah, this, uh, I hate it."

"When are you going to open your hands and shake them gently?"

Saying no, he shamelessly plugged the hole. Besides, cuddling like a baby was a position only when the pleasure was unbearably good.

Grace grunted and twisted her body just before she left, sliding out of his grasp. Of course, as soon as I got up, Leon grabbed me again.

"Ah, no!"

Leon found the hole and pushed his penis in without even touching it. As soon as Grace sat on his lap, he pulled back and shivered.

"You're just a pure god opening a hole with your own hands for the sacred mission of conceiving life, so you're telling me to be the only beast in heat."

"Do you understand now?"

Grace let out a giggle as she sank her face into his shoulder. But the unpleasant chuckle didn't last long.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah, no!"

Every time he was pushed between her legs, his body shuddered. He did not have the strength to

clutching at my breast, which was bouncing wildly in sync with my body. Each time the stiff nipples scraped up and down the man's firm chest, a flash of pleasure sparkled like a spark.

"Ah, this is, oh, why are you here, heh?"

When she came to, her right hand was wedged between her pubic bones. It was as if Grace was rubbing her clit with her hand every time Leon jerked her waist. He was stunned.

"Oh, sorry..."

Because the bottom was tightly interlocked, the hand did not fall off no matter how slippery the flesh was with love juice.

"Ahhh!"

Grace twisted her fingers and accidentally rolled her clit buried in the flesh, then bounced her hips upward.

"OMG!"

The moment she sat back down, a thick piece of flesh stuck to the end of her vagina. I felt like I was being blocked from hiding.

"Oh..."

Leon poured his warm breath into Grace's ear. Beads of sweat ran down the bulging muscles of his neck.

"Pure God, where did you learn to squeeze a man's genitals like milk from a cow?"

He withdrew his hand between her pubis lower down. Her genitals moved in and out and brushed his hand. It was sticky and warm.

The hand didn't stop there and went lower. The piece of meat that had been slapping his ass was caught in her hand. The scrotum was also soaked with love juice and semen and was slippery.

Even after ejaculating twice, the bag was still tight. It wasn't enough, and the scrotum clung to the root of the penis as if to pack semen again.

"The devil's seed here can sprout into an angel.
Only from your fertile

land..." "Ha!"

The tip, which had penetrated deeper and deeper, rubbed the cervix as if toying with it.

"Shall I defile your holy land with the seed of this blasphemous fiend?"

Grace squeezed his scrotum as if literally squeezing cum.

"Oh..."

"ah..."

Grace let out a long, languid moan as the contents of her body heat spilled deep into her stomach. Leon whispered in her ear, drenching her cervix once more with thick semen.

"I wonder what kind of child this angel will be."

The one that had been biting the earlobe bit the nipple.

"Of course, the taste I don't know."

"Wow!"

"God, I will dedicate this body until the day your stomach is full and your milk flows."

"Don't be ridiculous. I have nothing to give you.

"You are a merciless god. I will give you every last drop
Without

reservation."

"Ah oh!"

He really seemed determined to spill until his scrotum was empty. A man who has to see the end if he does it once.

I hope Ellie comes soon.

Then, at the moment of reaching the ecstatic climax....

If Ellie hadn't come.

Leon caught Grace, vacillating between conflicting thoughts.

The affair, which began as a war, became affectionate as each episode progressed.

They forgot both time and place and concentrated only on each other. Grace laughed, completely forgetting that she had been deeply saddened before sunset.

Tears flowed just from the extreme pleasure. how I missed you What did you want me to do for you? say

it.

Stunned by the pleasures of body and mind, Grace confessed to him everything he asked. I think I said I love you a couple of times before I asked. This man was still a wickedly competent interrogator.

The matter stopped only at midnight.

Leon carried Grace, who couldn't hold herself like a baby, went to the bathroom, washed her and put a robe on her. I liked the feel of the cool silk wrapping around my uncooled body.

Just as when I went into the bathroom, I was held in my arms when I came out. Laying her down on the sheets that the maid had just changed. Perhaps because of my drowsy mood, the bed felt exceptionally soft.

Grace took a deep breath as the white curtain billowed at the edge of the wide-open window. A breeze blew in, bringing the refreshing scent of the sea, and the air that had been sticky with the heat and humidity of an affair became much lighter.

All this was sweet as a dream.

It was a time when I was lying on my side and blinking at the night sea. The room was

darkened, and the back darkened, and a hand touched his back.

Fingers slid slowly down the back with a layer of silk between them. Her nerves still bristling, she shivered and reacted sensitively to the touch that was softer than a feather.

The moment she felt warm lips on the back of her neck, Grace turned her head back. As soon as our eyes met, our lips parted.

All lust was burned and turned to ashes. Soon it will come back to life, but at least for now, there is nothing left. The two shared a long, gentle kiss with only affection.

When their lips parted, Leon put on the engagement ring he had taken off for a while in the bathroom and put it back on Grace's ring finger.

"What do you want your wedding to be like?"

"Marriage?"

Grace looked at Leon and smiled mischievously.

"Didn't I ever say I would?"

I did not have the opportunity to respond that I would. God and grace

This man proposed marriage like a gentleman by swearing an oath of loyalty. Moved by the atmosphere, I received the ring and then realized that he had not even used words like marriage or husband.

You said thank you for giving me the opportunity to become something, so you chose to become a knight.

Grace burst out laughing when Leon pinched the tip of his nose, as if he were being sarcastic.

"Well. I didn't think of anything like a wedding..."

Others had done everything they had to do after getting married, and now that it was a wedding, it was new.

"Then think about it from now on."

Grace looked at Leon's face. It's a serious face. I wondered if he really wanted a wedding.

"What do you want to do?"

He was silent for a moment, then made a meaningless noise.

"I will choose the color of the dress."

The corners of his mouth, which turned up and down for a moment, looked embarrassed.

"Dress? My dress?" Why

do you do that "What

color?"

"White."

At that moment, Grace remembered what he had once said about a wedding dress and pursed the corners of her lips. only one side

"Please wear white."

This man, kneeling in front of the grave he dug with his own hands a few years ago, was like begging for mercy.

"please."

Although I don't bother anymore, my feet go numb and I confess and pray to myself. Gracia laughed.

"I'll take the more expensive dress instead."

"Obviously."

After sharing a light kiss, they lay side by side and embraced. The two looked out to sea where the moonlight was slowly rippling and shared the work of the last three months with the sound of the calm waves as accompaniment.

"I persuaded Jerome that if you paid the price of marrying the Grand Duchess in advance and then betrayed him, you would be guilty of murdering your brother and burning down the mansion."

"Did you say the threat wrong?"

The night got deeper and deeper as we talked nonsense accompanied by laughter with the word crazy.

Tired but satisfied.

It seemed that if I fell asleep like that, I would be able to sleep soundly without dreaming.

Then he seemed to have fallen asleep.

When I opened my eyes, the bluish morning light tinted the faces of those lying side by side in the same bed.

Grace was relieved.

I checked the man's sleeping face, not Ellie's.

When I opened my eyes, I was momentarily drenched with such sad anxiety that everything that had happened last night had not really been a dream.

The last three months was a time when I felt scared of familiarity. I didn't know where my heart was going for him, but I wanted his body to be forever tethered to my side.

The seat next to the bed, where she had never lain down before, was empty. Grace stared at the man who finally returned to the spot and then let out a sigh of contentment.

everything is back in its place Now, wherever she is, her seat is next to her.

It was the perfect morning to say hello in a long time.

"Ellie.

"Puaj?"

The boy who had been sitting on his father's lap and wiggling his feet raised his head. The man kissed the child's round forehead and asked.

"Didn't you cry because you missed daddy?"

"Don't cry."

"Why didn't you cry?"

"Dad told me not to cry."

"That's right. My child, you are smart.

It's sad to say I didn't cry, but I can't even say I'm sad because I said so.

Sitting across from each other at the coffee table and reading a magazine, Grace bit her lip and held back her laughter. The man who destroys the kingdom will not win his three-year-old daughter.

"So, how about this one?"

Ellie asked her father, pulling a small conch shell out of a bucket.

"It's a spiral with the perfect golden ratio. This is a work of art, so it should be displayed in a gallery."

"Hey, take this too, Dad."

Ellie smiled proudly, not at all understanding what her father was saying.

"thank you."

As soon as we had breakfast, Ellie brought in the corals and shells she had collected as a gift for her father and pulled them out one by one. Whether Leon's reaction was slow or the response was the same, Ellie quickly became sullen.

He was an experienced conversationalist in society, so it was not difficult to shower him with different compliments each time, but after two hours of this, Leon began to reach his limits.

"Ellie.

"Yes?"

"How's the gift your father gave you?"

"marshmallow?"

Fortunately, it was easy to divert the child's attention.

In the afternoon, at the tea table, Grace burst out laughing. It was because her favorite cake in the world was on the table. It was an almond cake that I thought I would never taste again after leaving my country.

I thought you would blatantly claim that the revolution was a gift. You came back with a real gift to make up for the three-month break.

How much did it cost to buy Mrs. Benoa's almond cake recipe? I was curious, but I stopped guessing because I thought I was the only one who cared about things the man wouldn't have cared about.

"It tastes the same."

If it tastes good, that's it.

"Where's dad?"

Ellie asked, seeing that Benny's father was at the table but my father was not.

"Dad works."

In fact, I don't know what the man is doing now.

Grace noticed him less than a day after he returned.

Leon is avoiding Joe.

In the morning, the three of us woke up early and ate separately. Lunch was eaten outside after the man went horseback riding with the boy. I didn't bother to call Grace alone.

I am really perplexed.

It was unbelievable, even after seeing it with my own eyes, that the man, who trusted everything,

even in other people's homes, he would avoid others in his own home.

They seemed to have a pretty rough relationship. Well, even when the two families first met in the annex, they seemed uncomfortable.

Joe is scared and there is no way he can escape. Apparently, when Grace wasn't there, the man behaved in his own way with Joe, but now that Grace was watching, it was clear that he couldn't do that and was avoiding him. The intent is not to create something that must be broken, even if that character must be broken.

that.

In fact, it was wrong from the beginning that the man and Joe had a good relationship. Grace had no intention of suggesting that they would get along.

"Grace, thank you for yesterday's movie ticket."

When tea time was almost over, Martha thanked her. I wasn't the one who gave the movie tickets, but since I had nothing to be honest about, Grace laughed like it was no big deal.

"Anyway, I was wondering why all of a sudden he asked me to come and watch a movie..."

Martha looked at the children playing in the yard and winked at her. Grace's cheeks burned.

"I arrived late in the evening and was surprised to see the
Count standing in front of the second floor door".

Leon no longer has a title, but Martha still calls him Count. She couldn't seem to find anything else to say.

You were right when you said you were not dead.

When Martha was embarrassed and apologized, Grace was embarrassed.

"It's just that the man cheated like that."

"Anyway, that's really good." "thank you."

"By the way, what about the

wedding?" "huh?"

Martha asked by the wedding without saying nothing about it.

"You got engaged."

Martha's eyes pointed to the large diamond ring Grace was wearing.

"Then we should get married."

"I'm going to do it simply, just the two of us."

"Why, it's a bit like the family is only on the bride's side? Still, isn't a wedding without guests lonely?

Eventually, the topic changed completely to the wedding. That's when Grace was asking Martha how to prepare for the wedding.

"Then I'm done."

Joe, who had been sitting quietly, abruptly got up and left. Grace, who was preoccupied with chatting with Martha, realized too late that it was something Joe probably didn't want to hear.

As she watched her brother's back with a heavy heart, Martha waved her hand, blocking Grace's view.

"Never mind Joe. I went out for a while in the morning and I
I feel bad.

Martha vehemently denied it was about Grace, but she couldn't help but know it was a white lie.

You don't have to be on good terms with the man and Joe. However, my heart felt heavy because I felt that my relationship with Joe, my only blood relative, would sour because of that man.

Martha tried to change the atmosphere, observing Grace's plantation.

"By the way, Ellie was falling asleep last night when she heard her dad's voice and opened her eyes. How much I miss my daddy..."

Martha regarded this strange relationship with strange benevolence.

Elly will be glad Dad is here.

The fact that Ellie was particularly excited today, employees included, was unknown to everyone in this mansion.

"Ellie's dad can ride such a big horse!"

Ellie was telling her cousin about her father's boasts as if she had put up with it all this time,

probably because his father was jealous of Benny, who was always by his side.

"And Ellie's dad is cute." "So is

my dad."

"No."

Joe was a handsome man who inherited his mother's beauty. However, Ellie, whose father had become the standard of beauty, seemed to think that if she didn't measure up to her father, she would be unconditionally ugly.

"Ellie's dad is the cutest."

"Ellie.

Grace, not heard, interrupted.

"Dad doesn't say he's pretty, he says he's handsome."

It took Grace a long time to realize why Martha was suddenly holding back laughter. It took a moment for her cheeks to turn red when she realized.

Through the wide open window, the sounds of children's laughter began to flow.

Leon left the financial report in his hand and walked over to the window.

It wasn't hard to find where Ellie was. All you have to do is find a nanny and a maid in a row.

Not far from the office was a pergola woven with wisteria vines. At a glance, I could see three children playing on a large chessboard in the cool shade.

what game are you playing

Ellie clung to a queen the size of his own. A child who didn't yet know how to play chess seemed to think of him as a wooden horse.

Leon's brow furrowed deeply. Let the girls play wildly with the boys. Is Grace okay with her daughter acting like a boy?

but. If you think about Grace when you met her, she wouldn't know what was wrong. Besides, isn't she still a radical woman?

Leon didn't want his princess to become a skirt-climbing tomboy. Then, like my mother did, she might fall into the arms of some madman.

It's time to teach her the hobbies and games of an aristocratic lady.

What should I teach you first, piano? ballet?

That's what masters should do. Leon had a better idea of Ellie stepping on the white tiles of the chessboard.

He's three years old, so it's time to start teaching him to play chess.

Leon also learned chess from his father when he was three years old.

Ellie is a smart girl like him, so she'll learn chess quickly. Maybe she'll beat my dad faster than that.

Leon closed the window with a pleasing imagination. Without hesitation, I blocked the voices outside the window and turned my back to return to my desk.

It's safe here. It meant she could feel safe even if she took her eyes off her son.

After looking at the investment company's financial report, it was time to review the mansion's budget and expenses. The door burst open. It was Gracia.

"Ah, you were here? I didn't know.

Why are you acting for nothing?

Pretend you didn't call, thinking no one was there. Imagine that the lines coincidentally overlap. in this huge mansion.

Grace hummed a tune as if she were too shy to go to the window away from him. Leon watched the scene out of the corner of his eye and gently bit his lower lip. It was to keep from laughing.

If you wanted to be by my side, you'd say yes. because you're drooling.

Grace sat down in an armchair in front of the window, took a newspaper from the bedside table, and opened it. None of the contents of the article will enter my head.

Leon, who was about to start a discussion with an article at the bottom of the paper, dismissed his mischievous idea and brought up a topic worthy of a 'good husband'.

"Did you get the assistant's shopping schedule?" "I got it."

Hearing the sullen response, I was convinced that he was right to introduce himself.

If Grace had to choose a designer to make her wedding dress, she would choose someone who had no skills at an absurdly low price and mistakenly think she had chosen well. So I asked the assistant to make a reservation at a high-end clothing boutique in a big city not too far away.

Grace's definition of 'expensive' could be seen just by looking at the expenses of the mansion she oversaw.

You could tell they tried to cut costs in several places, probably out of a lifelong habit. It's hard to even call this a luxury.

Grace, let's talk for a moment.

Unlike a wedding dress, which is a one-time expense, household finances are a problem that will continue to be faced in the future, Leon said. But Grace didn't understand what he was saying at all.

"It is natural for nobles to spend money to maintain their dignity."

"You are no longer a nobleman."

"What are you talking about. I'm not an aristocrat.

"Of course not. Since the kingdom and the caste system have collapsed, there is no more title of count or nobility."

Only then did Leon realize it. From the definition of nobility, this woman and my perspective are completely different.

"By the way, to be honest, I thought you would be a nobleman even in a kingdom with no name."

It was as absurd to say that he knew how to live on money as it was to say that he was not a nobleman.

Why me?" Buying titles is something that people do. false".

It is an insult to him, a true nobleman.

"Aristocracy is defined by its inborn blood. I was born beautiful to be born. It will not change until the day I die."

Grace's brow furrowed.

"Where is the precious blood in the world? So, that means there are low-blooded people who are born with it."

"I'm sorry, Gracia. I don't believe in imaginary ideologies like equality."

"Do you think that way when you look at me? Do you and I
We can't be the same forever?" "Of course

not."

"..."

"Because you are my god. God and man can never be the same."

Gracia smiled,

"You're fluent."

"You're a good kisser."

"You speak well."

This time, Leon couldn't contain his

laughter. "Grace."

She held Grace's hand over the expense report. I tried to calm her down, but she wouldn't come.

No wonder Grace was uncomfortable with her values. Following Jonathan Riddle Jr. there is one more thing to be wary of with this woman.

"You just have to live by your beliefs. I'm going to live by my beliefs I believe in money rather than an ideology that you can't understand."

The fact that there is no visible king does not mean that this is an egalitarian world.

It is a world where money is power. King is a title given to the person with the most power, so the person with the most money is king.

Leon ran his fingertips along the sides of the stack of thick reports. Here personal information, financial status and weaknesses of political and business figures are recorded.

Soon he will become the faceless king of the land.

But there was no need to agree with Grace on that.

"Anyway, my point is..."

Leon returned to the point.

"I want my wife and daughter to enjoy at least as much as I enjoyed. I can't grant that.

"... speak well."

"You speak well."

When he tugged on her hand, Grace, who had softened her stubbornness, walked over to him and sat on his lap.

Leon pressed his lips together and ended the day's discussion with a gentle kiss.

Grace, who has lived as a poor commoner all her life, does not understand his way of thinking. The same thing happened to Leon, who lived alone as a rich aristocrat.

In other matters, concessions and compromises may be possible.

But when it comes to money, she has nothing to adapt to Grace's world. Grace will gradually adapt to his world.

***[SOUTH DAKOTA]

The boutique the man had booked was located in the heart of a large city, an hour away by train.

What did you say when you made the reservation?

As soon as they got out of the cab, an elderly designer came out the door to greet Grace and Martha. He then ushered me into a lavishly decorated private room and even served expensive champagne.

While sipping champagne, the designer bragged about which celebrities wore her dresses from the boutique's history. It seemed to be a very popular place.

"I am so honored to be able to design the perfect dress for the best day of your life."

Grace, who was not used to being treated kindly, could not say a word and only laughed shyly.

"So, before I recommend the perfect dress,
may I ask you when and where you plan to celebrate your wedding?"

"oh..."

In fact, nothing is set in stone. When she revealed what she had vaguely imagined with a shy smile, the designer admired her clasping her hands together like a dreamy child.

"Oh my gosh, that's so romantic."

After that, the assistants pushed in and out the mobile hangers that hung the dresses in a row. All of them were made of fine, light fabrics adapted to the time and place.

"What kind of atmosphere do you want?"

"oh... On the fancy side..."

"You are an excellent choice. The bride has an elegant figure, so she pulled her hair back with a silk dress to enhance her charm..."

If you tried it on, you tried it on. If you looked around, you looked back. Grace, who wasn't used to this sort of thing, was embarrassed because she couldn't find anything to say when asked how she felt.

Fortunately, an experienced designer quickly picked up on Grace's preference based on her expression. She bit off the ones she didn't like and continued to create new designs.

It was around the time when all dresses started to look the same. The perfect dress appeared.

It was a silk dress that clung to the body without sleeves, revealing the curves.

Even in the eyes of Grace, a fashion outsider, this suited me exceptionally well.

"oh my god..."

Martha, who was watching from behind, admired him and the designer smiled happily.

"Doesn't it look like a dress made for the

bride?" "Yes, they fit very well, but..."

The reason Martha slurring her words must be the same as the reason Grace is unwilling to choose this dress.

It is a fine silk dress that is fitted to the body with no sleeves. I felt like I was somewhere between a tidy bride and a voluptuous woman.

"If the future husband sees it, he will be speechless. because it is so beautiful.

No, he'll try to strip right away. "I like it,

but it looks far from elegant."

I don't know what that man will wear, but whatever he wears, he'll be elegant. I wanted to look as elegant as Grace.

"So, how about something like this?"

The designer put something around his shoulder.

Theprofessional experienced professional was different. A daring and provocative gown became elegant with

a delicate lace cape that reached to the elbow. After adding the gold belt and brooch, Grace had no choice but to respond as if possessed.

"I'll take this one."

I thought it was the end when I chose a dress, but it was not. You have to look at the veil, the shoes, the gloves, the headdress and even the lingerie you will wear underneath.

While waiting for the merchandise, Grace couldn't leave the mirror. Martha, who admired that she was pretty, turned the inside of her dress over and murmured.

"How much is this one?"

There was no price tag attached.

Grace turned away from her and glanced sideways at the assistant who was chatting with the designer. It seemed that the word estimation came out of the designer's mouth.

Because it was the most expensive dress.

I didn't want to look at the price, but I got curious when I saw a designer who was more excited than the bride and even recommended flowers for the bouquet.

How much did you promise to spend?

On the train back to the mansion, Martha pointed out all the things she needed for Grace's wedding.

"Can I order a bouquet at a flower shop in town?
No. Do rich people want to order in a better place?"

"I'm thinking of picking flowers from the mansion garden."

"What are you talking about. It's a once-in-a-lifetime wedding."

Martha was even more excited than the priest. As Martha became more excited about her wedding, Grace felt sorry for her.

Marta was an orphan. Moreover, since she married her brother after leaving the rebels, no one was invited and the two of them had to have a simple ceremony. Knowing well that feeling of loneliness, Grace regrets having a ceremony alone with the man.

I was not as liberal as Martha.

At that time, Grace, who was immersed in the rebel ideology, felt betrayed by her brother who abandoned his comrades and the cause,

so she didn't go to the wedding even after she was invited. Looking back, I am truly sorry.

"Marta".

"huh?"

"Since both you and oppa are starting over with new names, how about having another wedding to commemorate it?"

A blush appeared on Martha's face, as if she wanted to do the same. But for some reason, she wrinkled her nose and shook her head.

"You're fine. It's a nuisance, but once is enough.

She's happy to help with Grace's wedding preparations, but she says my wedding is a hassle. Grace didn't know why Martha said things she didn't like and gave up what she wanted to do.

I need to find a house.

Joe seemed determined to leave the mansion as soon as Leon returned. Occasionally he would see an ad in the paper and go out alone with Martha to see the house.

As soon as he returned to the mansion, he found Joe in an impeccable suit, perhaps looking for work.

"We went shopping. Did you have a good

time outside?" "Oh."

Jo received Martha's greetings casually. Her nerves seemed to be in the many boxes and shopping bags in the hands of the attendees.

Joe's expression darkened noticeably. He seemed to think it was all for a wedding. Actually, it was something I impulsively bought when I went through a department store and got drunk on champagne, it was almost useless for a wedding.

"Then I'm tired." "article."

Grace again surprised her brother by avoiding her.

"Let's talk for a minute."

After leaving Joe in the living room, Grace went to the bedroom with a small bag in her hand. When I handed it to her, Joe's eyes narrowed as he opened it.

Inside was a diamond that my mother had left behind.

"I think you'll write more meaningfully than I will."

When I said to spend more on buying a house, I said it around the corner so as not to hurt my pride. As expected, Joe shook his head and held his pocket toward Grace.

"I can't stand it." "Then I'll

lend it to you." Still, he

shook his head.

"Grace, this is what your mother pays for you. If I get this, I won't be able to get rid of the feeling of sinning against you."

Having said that, I couldn't recommend it more. It's a punishment, but I don't blame my mother or Joe. I looked at the bag on the table with a heavy heart, but Jo took a deep breath and called her name.

"Grace."

Although it was a big decision, it was one voice.

"I'm going to ask you one thing. After today, don't I'll ask again. never." "What?"

"I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable, but I'm going to
go crazy, so I'm holding back and holding back."

When I saw the long editorial, I knew what the question was. And the predictions were correct.

"How can you love

him?" "how?"

A question that was easy to predict is not easy to answer.

"Then why do you love Martha?"

"Grace, I know these are feelings that can't be described in words. But you and he are different. How can you love a man who did that to you? I don't understand that.

Grace closed her mouth.

Days and nights spent with him.

The sky y the hell at the which I have been countless times.

Words were exchanged like a hail of gunfire.

Countless tears and occasional bursts of laughter.

Understanding at the end of a misunderstanding. Pity and regret that followed soaked at the end of hatred that I thought would never end.

And the sense of kinship I finally felt from a heterogeneous man.

It is difficult to give a simple answer to the question of what left the ashes after all that was swept away like wildfire.

Grace, who was organizing answers that were as long as they were long, suddenly panicked. What if you treat everything as excuses and excuses and you don't understand me?

I realized I was thinking such an unpleasant thought.

"Why should I make you understand my feelings?"

Your love does not have to be recognized by others.

"You're not wrong, but you're worried. The more I see you, the less I feel like the Grace I used to know. It feels strange.

"You look

good." "ah..."

It was only then that Joe made a questionable grimace.

"Anyway, you've always been crazy about the. handsome men..."

That's the elegant reason Joe knows. That couldn't be the real reason Grace loved the man.

No matter how sincere and long the words were, Joe would not understand them. So he gave me an easy answer that I could at least understand.

Wouldn't it be enough if my brother gained peace of mind even if he said something so pathetic?

Grace laughed in front of the bewildered Joe.

It's not wrong to be a pathetic woman. After all, love is pathetic.

"I don't know. The thing went like this..."

Joe asked with another startled sigh as he tousled his carefully combed hair with the best pomade possible.

"So, are you happy?"

Gracia nodded. It is the first time in my life that I have experienced carefree days like these days.

"Yes, that's what makes you happy. Grace, just know that I want you to always be happy no matter what you choose.

"know. thank you."

His heart would have been more uncomfortable if he had dared to ask an uncomfortable question. Whatever it is, I know very well that it is an expression of concern and affection.

My brother didn't agree with Grace's choice, but he supported her. However, in the old days, Grace couldn't do that. When she turned her back on the rebels, I felt ashamed of my inner little self.

"article."

Grace ended the conversation and stopped her brother as he was leaving.

"Martha wants to do the wedding again. Just this once.

"ah..."

A feeling of apology to Martha began to float across Joe's face.

"If Martha and I get married again later, I will be sure to attend then. I will present Martha's dress.

"thank you."

Joe didn't come out, stood in front of the door, hesitated for a moment, and then spoke haltingly.

"Martha and I don't feel sorry about that at all. I'm sorry you didn't come to our wedding, so if I didn't invite you to yours, I'll be happy to attend."

"really?"

"Honestly, I can't like it, but since it's my only sister's wedding, I'll try to restrain myself."

Grace's eyes twisted. Did my brother harass that man while I was away?

Considering the fact that the elders of the rebels hated him because of his open mouth, I thought it was not a very wrong assumption.

Next time, I'll have to dig deeper to see how she bullied him. Grace laughed softly and shook her head.

"You are fine. I want to play quietly with the two of us.

"Yes, if that's what you mean."

Joe walked back out the door and said something he never thought he would say.

"Congratulations on the wedding."

Grace, a man alone, stared at the pockets piled on the table. I'll have to put this to good use somewhere else.

Grace hesitated as she returned to her bedroom and put the diamonds in the dresser safe. Suddenly, my reflection in the mirror caught my eye.

"The more I look at you, the less I feel like the Grace I used to know."

At those words, instead of feeling threatened, Grace was relieved.

The Grace Joe knows is the Grace of the past. Grace molded in the framework of a false world. false grace.

the false is dead

Grace asked the real person in the mirror. what

do you want to be now?

Grace, once your pawn, is now at the end of the chessboard. It gives you the opportunity to decide for yourself which one it will be.

* * *

late.

The clouds floating over the distant sea were already dark coral red.

Grace would be the only bride to be late for the wedding at her house. But if the house is bigger than most parks, it can't be entirely her fault.

The long dress dragging on the floor also contributed to the delay. Grace carefully climbed the steps leading down to the beach, holding her dress with both hands so as not to step on it.

That's when I went downstairs and around the corner.

"I thought I had to go catch the runaway bride..."

I heard a joke and stopped.

Grace lifted the gaze that had been watching her feet the whole time. The man was standing at the end of the path and at the beginning of the sandy beach.

"..."

I opened my mouth to explain why I was late, but as soon as I saw it at a glance, I was speechless and couldn't even leave in awe.

A black bow tie fastened with a stiff collar, the hem of a jacket falling sharply behind, pants with sharp angles along slim legs and even shiny black shoes.

Even at the end, it's summer. A gentleman standing on the beach in a black tailcoat in the setting sun.

The classic, formal look didn't suit the beach, but it went surprisingly well with Grace's silk dress. I had to admit that a tailcoat looked good on this man who overwhelmed people just by standing there.

Grace inadvertently lifted the hem of the dress that had fallen to the floor and moved on. For some reason, the inside of my knee is shaking. On a flat path that wasn't even a staircase, she walked carefully and approached Leon.

The reason Leon couldn't speak was the same as Grace's reason.

A slender silhouette in the setting sun shone brightly like a goddess with a halo.

As the silhouette slowly took on a different shape, Leon became increasingly speechless.

Orange flowers, like a bouquet, were carefully placed in her dark brown hair, which was neatly pulled back. The veil, held by a gold leaf ornament, billowed along with the sea breeze, along with a layer of lace wrapped around her shoulders. The hem of her silk gown rippled gently with each step she took.

Leon took a deep breath. As Grace approached him step by step, the elegant yet sensual scent intensified. If he represented this woman as a perfume, I thought she would smell like that.

Now that Grace has taken a step forward, her eyes are dizzy as if she is choking.

The wind blew and Silk clutched at the belly of what might have been her other child. Grace showed her voluptuousness and smiled shyly as her cheeks flushed.

A god-faced bride, lady and sorceress.

Leon didn't know what to feel first: awe, affection or lust.

Anyway, his girlfriend was the most

beautiful. "Leon?"

At the moment a look of puzzlement settled into his blue-green eyes, Leon belatedly reached out his hand.

There were no greetings, no celebrants, no fluttering petals and a couple of white doves flying. The only music for the bride and groom entering the wedding hall, which had no walls or ceiling, was the sound of the waves breaking against the sand, creating white foam.

However, the pastor who will preside over the wedding cannot be missing. A pastor called from a distant village

stated that this lavish but modest wedding ceremony had begun when the bride and groom held hands and stood facing each other.

When asked if they would welcome each other as wife and husband, the two stared at each other for a moment, but the answer did not go against expectations.

This seemingly extraordinary lover's wedding seemed to be going like no other. Then, it began to develop in an unexpected direction when it came time to exchange oaths with each other.

I swore an oath, but no one opened their mouths. The two looked at each other for a long time with eyes darkened by the setting sun and then suddenly burst out laughing at the same time.

There was no way the pastor could understand the meaning behind that smile.

"Lion."

In the end, it was surprising that the person who started the oath first was the bride, not the groom. But the surprises did not end there.

"Didn't I say that all my life I waited for you to drive me in like a nail and not drop me?"

The pastor, who had been waiting for the obvious but self-evident promise to serve and love each other faithfully, no matter the hardship, till death do us part, was taken aback.

The priest raised his left little finger for some reason.

"But it turned out they were nails, not nails."

"Even if you take it out, it will come back out."

The groom laughed along with the bride and even joined in this bizarre wedding vow.

"Grace, you are my nails too. You are part of me."

Silence came again. The two looked at each other with loving eyes, just as they did before the swearing began, and burst into laughter again.

"Am I just nails? You can live without nails."

"You were the first one to call me nails. How did you Dare you make a once-in-a-lifetime vow this cool?

"If you don't like it, you can break up this marriage."

The two had an argument during the sacred wedding ceremony, probably forgetting that someone else was there. Then, the groom suddenly pulled the bride, lifted the veil covering her face and swallowed her lips.

It was the kiss that should be shared at the end of the wedding ceremony. The pastor was perplexed and gave him the meaningless permission a little late.

"Hey, you can kiss the bride now."

The two put on their wedding rings only after kissing to announce their marriage. The order of the ceremony was a disaster due to the selfish bride and groom.

"I declare that you two have finally become a couple."

Although the process of becoming one was a disaster, the two seemed happy.

The night became late. The sky and the sea became the same color, and now it is impossible to know where the sky ends and the sea begins.

Sitting on the chin of the pavilion, looking at the bonfire in the sand, Grace unfolded what she still held in her hand. It was my mother's diary.

Mom used to talk often about where Aunt Florence lived. In fact, I suddenly thought she might have wanted to escape from that hell and come here.

Grace had brought this diary because she wanted to let her step on this earth, even if it was her last memory, in place of her mother who was not in this world.

But I have no intention of keeping it for the rest of my life. For the sake of his mother's honor and his family's safety, he had to get rid of the diary, which contained dangerous truths.

The reason I chose today after procrastinating until now was because I met my mother in a dream last night.

"Do you know what the cruelest way to destroy an enemy is?"

It was that dream again.

"It just makes me love you."

The conversation that made me decide to avenge the man who was cruel to me with love has repeated itself in my dreams someday.

There was always something I wanted to say, but my voice didn't always come out. But in my dream last night, for some reason, I was able to speak.

So I finally asked. "Mother."

"huh?"

"The tactic was brutal even for the person who used it."

"Yes, and then you fell in love too. Grace is a bad soldier. That's good."

My mother's face, smiling happily, shone in front of my eyes like the light of a campfire.

That's right. What a relief.

Grace opened the journal page by page and threw them into the flames, bidding a belated farewell to her mother.

I don't blame you, so don't hate yourself either.

I only wish you find happiness, forever and ever, in hell.

The last words of her mother's letter always haunted me. Grace prayed.

May you have eternal rest wherever you are.

As the diary containing the painful truth disappeared into the flames, she stood up and tied her tailcoat over her shoulder. I heard footsteps behind me and my hands were wrapped around my waist. The ample breasts on her back touched it. it was welcoming.

Grace buried herself deep in his arms. When I clasped my hands together, there was a clicking sound. I always thought the sound of metal was creepy, but the sound of a pair of rings colliding was not.

I had a sudden thought.

If we had known how to embrace each other's pain, even if we were standing on opposite poles, we wouldn't have to turn around and come to this place.

Nobody does stupid things anymore.

It was the moment when I buried my head in his chest and listened to the waves and the sound of his heart, and I let

a languid sigh. The jacket that covered his shoulders disappeared.

"Gee, lady. This got me in trouble."

"What?"

"Because there are more wedding proceedings

left." I thought it was the first night, but it

wasn't. "waltz."

Leon grabbed Grace's right hand, lifted it and stretched it out. She quickly shook her head.

"Now, as much as I don't like the waltz, you have to dance with me. forever."

Dance partners were not a problem for Grace.

"How can I dance if there is no music?"

But he reluctantly led her to stand on the sand and began to waltz. If you listen carefully, the rhythm is right, so it says to use the sound of the waves as accompaniment.

It was amazing, but the admiration came out when she didn't step on the hem of the dress even in the dark. Of course, when Grace was at

about to trip over my dress, harsh words came out.

"Stop it, Mr. Crazy."

"Then you mean let's move on, ma'am ma'am."

"Wow!"

In an instant, my back bent backwards. As soon as I saw the stars shining as if falling from the night sky, my eyes darkened.

Her pursed lips tasted of champagne that she had already drunk less than an hour ago.

Feeling like flying is by no means a romantic metaphor. Leon picked Grace up and headed for the pavilion. As soon as the soft lounger touched her back, her body fell onto it.

"Here? Ahhh, nymphomaniac."

"Isn't a wife who wears underwear like this a nymphomaniac?"

The sound of the waves that could be heard from nearby became distant.

* * *

The day after the wedding, the two kept their promise after 19 years.

We watched a movie lying side by side in the movie theater in the basement of the mansion. It was a cartoon movie where the deer were playing and the princess was singing along with the birds singing.

Because he kept his promise 19 years late, the choice of film went to Ai.

As the sun set, the two headed to the carnival at the end of the beach with Ellie today.

Ellie really liked the place that Leon had built with a lot of money. I fell in love with the merry-go-round and rode it three times even though I left the pony at home.

Ellie buys red apples.

Candy Apple, who pulls every time without being able to eat it all, this time had to hold on to her hand. The two looked at each other and laughed as if they had made a sudden promise after seeing the child eat the

caramel apple leaving small teeth marks.

Ellie, who returns home alone when he enjoys everything, tried to miss just one place. it was a circus.

Carnival takes a break at the end of the summer. It meant Ellie would miss her chance to overcome her last fear for the year.

"Ellie, shall we go to the circus today to see a bunny with
hat?"

When Grace asked, Ellie shook her head with a candy apple still in her mouth.

"Ellie, that circus won't catch fire. Dad promises.

The preparations for the fire were meticulous. That is why it was built over the sea.

"Then why don't you go in a little way up to the door there and come out if you're afraid?"

After repeated coaxing, the boy nodded, but instead of Leon's outstretched hand, he took his mother's hand.

"Dad is here."

The fire wasn't the only reason the boy was afraid of the circus. He was also afraid that his father would be shot and disappear like that day.

Ellie will be back soon.

The boy, who only came and went for a short time, came out of the tent only after the performance was over. My heart felt relieved when I saw the excited face.

"Have a lot of fun. Elephants like apples.

The candy apple that was in Ellie's hand when she walked in was gone.

After a good while, before returning home, the three climbed the Ferris wheel at the end of the pier. The slowly moving Ferris wheel stopped when the three reached the top.

A peaceful paradise developed beneath Grace's feet. The calm turquoise waters tumbled and trickled into the golden sand. It was beautiful.

It was a time when I watched the beach in silence. Ellie, pointing to the mansion at the end, clung to Grace.

"Mom, Ellie is hungry."

I rummaged through my bag looking for something to eat. All that came out was cheap chocolate that Leon had brought from across the sea.

What does this chocolate taste like?

It's time to finally solve a long-standing mystery. Grace didn't hesitate to remove the crumpled wrapping.

The chocolate looks disappointingly plain. The taste can also be disappointing.

But even that disappointment I expect now.

Grace cut a piece of chocolate and gave it first to Ellie, then handed it to Leon. He took it and put it in Grace's mouth.

I know you don't like sweet things, but what kind of chocolate is this? It took a while for this man to be a little disappointed, wondering if he wasn't curious about the taste of chocolate.

Overlapping lips. Chocolate melted by the body temperature of the two of them spread over the

tongue of the other. It was a moment when I looked forward to the sweetness of the first kiss.

"do!"

Ellie exclaimed. At that moment, Grace and Leon's faces distorted as they met.

The chocolate soaked in seawater was salty.

Considering the many tears shed even before tasting this chocolate, it tasted like this.

GOD IN HAND

Reliable enemy

"I am a sinful man."

The man confessed his sin and committed another sin.

There was no effort to hide the lust boiling in the light blue eyes. Although his eyes were too blasphemous to capture a woman in a nun's uniform, the man twisted his mouth and openly expressed his joy at having finally imprisoned her here instead of feeling guilty.

"Sister, you look like my first love."

The impure intentions were evident from the words of the man hiding in the confessional as he opened the door, grabbed her and dragged her inside.

"If we confess our sins, the God of the world will Almighty will forgive us our sins..."

The sound of the priest presiding at noon mass echoed in the church and then passed over the lattice door and the curtains of the confessional. Everyone was so focused on the mass that they didn't even pay attention to this place, but the woman fixed her impatient eyes on the closed door peering over the man's shoulder in the darkness.

The man who is the embodiment of possessiveness finally covered the gaps in your vision with his huge body. As if just keeping my eyes on you.

that money

The muffled sound of footsteps broke the precarious silence. The two bodies trapped inside the narrow wooden box touched each other without a space to put a hand. Contrary to the stoic appearance that covered her entire body, the woman who was familiar with lust knew very well that the hard object pressing against her lower belly was not a gun.

now? here?

The embarrassed woman pushed the man's lips with her hand and said firmly.

"The priest has to see the sacrament of confession.

of confession.

"The holy water to wash away my sins only flows from the nun's body."

"Now you have sinned even more with those vulgar words, brother.

"Brother."

The man's light laughter tickled the woman's fingertips.

"Who got mixed up with a brother?"

A longing tongue protruded from the man's lips and enveloped the woman's fingers. That slimy piece of flesh squeezed between the index and middle fingers and slowly licked the fingers from tip to tip.

The woman's cheeks flushed when she saw the familiar figure from a different angle as the man licked between her legs. It was natural for places that knew what felt good to feel good to also get hot.

"Who is going to give birth to a child of a brother? Even
two of them.

"Ah..."

The man's hand gently pressed her now flat belly, pushing her as if she were pinned to a wall.

"Some beast is in heat while being sucked by a brother."

The man laughed. I thought he was closing his eyes, but he was just lowering them. Following his gaze, the black fabric under the round white collar stood out in a way that couldn't be called chaste. It couldn't go out like that.

In fact, the idea of getting out of here was long gone.

"Right, I'm not a beast."

said the woman, lifting her thigh trapped between the man's legs.

"Oh..."

The man's groan of pain was caused by her thighs rubbing promiscuously and pressing against the center of his anger.

"Unlike the beasts that attack nuns."

The man recognized by his actions that I was a beast. The woman blocked his hand when he tried to unbutton his pants and remove the sinful object.

"Previously..."

The woman lifted the hem of her nun's robe with both hands. The black fabric slid upward and a scene appeared that would make God sigh.

The 'nun' ordered, opening her thighs, whose immaculate skin stood out between the band of her black stockings and the gun holster.

"Wash that sinful mouth out first." "With

joy."

The man knelt down as if to repent and committed an obscene sin.

Crunchy.

I hear the tearing of my underwear after a long time. However, the sound of biting and sucking the soft flesh inside was long as it was hard to tell.

"Ahhh..."

Grace tucked the hem of her nun's robe over her belly and struggled to stifle her moans. Outside, in a solemn atmosphere, the priest's sermon continued.

"Right, I'm not a beast."

This may be wrong.

He, who craved lascivious pleasures in sacred places and sacred working hours, was not a different beast from this man.

"Ha, we're crazy."

Leon looked at her with only a small piece of meat in his mouth, though it was swollen. his eyes said.

When were we sane?

He took. The moment the sharp tip of his tongue suddenly struck the sensitive nub, a sharp sensation of pleasure rose up and choked me. Grace begged, her thighs quivering, as he gave her no time to catch her breath and began pressing the underside of his tongue against her overexcited clit.

"Let it go. Hey, send me, give me."

It was not my intention to pull him out. This time, the time and place were dangerous, so I intended to bring him straight to climax without worrying about it.

This man, on the verge of climax, had developed a nasty habit of watching the impatient Grace.

begging. It was since she had a job. It had been two years since Winston's death, but the manipulative fox was still alive and well.

Instead of a full-fledged tongue twister, Leon replied with wide eyes. that nasty smile. Even here, you might be able to afford to drive it to the edge of the cliff and take your mouth off.

see you tonight

"Let it go, taaaan, honey, please."

As soon as she begged him and called him affectionately, Leon's chest swelled enormously and a warm breath of excitement came out of her wet pussy. Startled, Grace jerked her body, tensing her genital area, which was getting even hotter, as if the man's excitement had passed.

"Ah, uh, uh..."

The plea worked. Leon opened her clit biting her lips and peeled back the thin flesh. The slippery tongue coated the pinnacle of pleasure and rolled and rolled again.

fast slow. rough, smooth. It was a clever tongue twister. Sometimes she pursed her lips to bury her clit in her flesh to adjust the intensity of the stimulation.

Two large hands swept up and down the trembling thighs. As if trying to read something. He was a man who knew very well that the greater the wave of pleasure Grace felt, the more he stimulated her by following the rhythm of her body rather than simply thrusting hard.

"Ahhh... uhhhhhhhhh..."

Grace gritted her teeth and put her strength beneath her. I repressed the sensation of pleasure arising from the rubbing of my flesh, as if she was pressing it between my legs to hold her back. You know very well that the more you hold back, the more overwhelming the climax comes.

Why do you do this when you have to go fast? Grace was also a greedy beast.

The rougher the friction where the flesh sticks, the more the pleasure overflowing from below rushes to the top of the head and down to the toes. As if to the

edge of a cliff, my eyes grew dizzy and my heart began to pound.

"Ah, what should I do..."

Grace, who had to straighten her toes before leaving, stood there and couldn't help but lift her heels and stand on her tiptoes. As Grace reluctantly fled, Leon followed her and covered her mouth with one hand.

"Hey!"

The moment the tongue puckered the clitoris, the waters of climax opened. The pent-up heat exploded all at once, flashing to the top of my head, gushing. Overwhelming pleasure like a tsunami produced a lightning intense climax.

I feel like going crazy

As she enjoyed the dizzying moment when the boundary between body and mind collapsed, Grace felt helpless.

Whenever and wherever this guy attacks me, I end up going crazy and spreading my legs. It was all

because Leon was awfully good at it. It's not just that I'm good at it, I'm getting better at it.
How can I do better than yesterday? I thought he went crazy yesterday too.

It's really unfortunate when you see Leon as a person, but I'm relieved to know that I can only build him. Grace had such a selfish thought at this time. However, on the other hand, it makes me greedy that it would be nice if he just didn't stand up for other women.

crazy, really

"oh my god!"

side. After sucking on her clit once, the sound of her lips being removed echoed in the confessional. As soon as his head dropped, Leon let out a deep sigh as he held Grace, who was about to collapse when her legs failed.

Even deep breathing didn't dampen the excitement. It was because Grace openly showed her enthusiasm by spreading her legs without protection.

Underneath his pale, flushed face as if he had lost his soul, the rounded pieces of

flesh he bit and sucked beat like a small heart. A groan of pain echoed deep in Leon's chest.

At the bottom of the clitoris, I hadn't even touched it, but the ripe red vaginal opening automatically closed and opened to reveal the inside. There was water inside. She had no choice but to be thirsty.

Watching Leon lick his wet lips with his tongue, Grace thought of a beast licking his lips. As soon as the lustful eyes turned to her face, they bent between her legs.

"Suck!"

She lowers her head and covers Grace's mouth with the palm of her hand. The tip of the tongue plunges deep into the pubic area that has yet to climax, sparks flashing in front of my eyes. Grace moaned and shuddered convulsively as the thick, slippery mass of flesh pushed inside her, causing deep ripples.

Leon licked it once from the inside out and stuck out his tongue. As soon as he withdrew the hand that

covered her mouth, Grace let out a pained sound along with a quick exhale.

"Haa, why don't you wash the sins out of that willing mouth?"

Grace's anxious gaze was on the curtain behind Leon's back.

"Do all my my sins have been washed away now, sister?"

"The root of sin cannot be washed away."

Her lips moistened with love juice drew a crooked arc and pressed against Grace's lips. With a sticky kiss, he pulled another fountain of sin from below the waist.

This man must have believed that 90 percent of his crime was committed with that thing.

The conscience is a man who only belongs to Grace and to the children, that is why he does not consider sin what he has done to others. The same goes for the manipulation of people and, moreover, society to their liking, and finally even the destruction of a kingdom.

"Take all the paths that God has commanded you. do..."

"Then let's go the way my god allows."

Having sex in a cathedral in the middle of mass was not a sin for him. If Grace wants it, whatever you do with the sinful object will atone for it.

Leon stood up and lifted Grace. As he peered behind the curtains and behind the lattice window, Grace leaned against the wall, wrapped her legs around his waist, and bent down out of habit.

As he fumbled for the back pocket of his pants, he felt her hip tighten in his hand. Ahead, the sly snake raised its head even more erect and licked Grace's crotch.

"Ah..."

Grace, who had taken a direct hit to the clit, flinched. I couldn't overcome my weight and fell back down, grabbing the pillar of flesh with my hand before hitting the clit again.

Open the small metal box in the back pocket of Leon's pants, take out a condom and remove the

strip of paper was now a piece of cake with one hand. It was a familiar reaction that every time Grace reached into her pocket and moved her hand, her genitals expanded with more force and filled with clear fluid through the space at the tip.

"Ha."

A latex film was applied to the neglected tip, as if it had already been in and out of Grace. As he held the ring wrapped around the vein-riddled pillar with his hand and pushed it down, the man who had grabbed Grace's chin groaned as if he couldn't take it.

"Baby, can you please me too?"

Leon pulled back the veil and licked the ear hidden underneath. "Keep calm."

I grabbed the pillar of flesh that was clenching my palm promiscuously, and he let out a short laugh and gently bit his earlobe.

Grace was bitten by the flesh that crinkled the tip of his penis like a spoiled child's candy.

Press the thick piece of meat with your inner flesh and bite it, then cover the remaining condom to the base of your penis with your hand. It was a scandalous look.

Pretending it was a mistake, he took it off, and both Jigu and his hands squeezed and grabbed it by the chin. A sigh of excitement burst from deep within Leon's chest.

Grace withdrew her hand and wrapped her arms around his neck. It was permission to shake the waist. Or an order to shake immediately.

According to the order.

Leon lifted her slender legs even higher and pushed her waist. The elongated column of flesh sank into Grace's belly at once.

"Whoops!"

"Eww..."

The brows of both of them were furrowed in the same way. As soon as it slid in without much resistance, the walls of her vagina tried to chew it with tremendous pressure as if it had been waiting.

"Ha..."

Leon took a deep breath, repressed the feeling of ejaculation that was already taking hold of him, and looked up. The ceiling of the confessional was so low that his head barely touched it.

"Hold on tight."

He grabbed her head with one hand to keep it from bumping against her and pulled her to his shoulder. The space was tight, so as soon as he began to lift her waist, Grace squeezed the back of her neck and stifled the moan that was about to come out.

"Eup, uh..."

A faint moan echoed in the sacred space of repentance, along with the blasphemous noise of intertwined flesh. If someone were to open the door of this confessional right now, they would see the shocking scene of the nun eating with the believers.

Leon admired the woman wearing the nun's uniform and patting him on the back with warm eyes. Even if you cover everything from head to toe, why is it so erotic?

To see this, she slipped out of the house and followed Grace. You could have asked me to wear it to bed tonight, but if you're going to dress up, you have to have the right time and the right place.

"It's your fault for committing blasphemy, no matter what you do."

"I also want to have sex at different times.
And places, but isn't that what I want?"

Grace said, raising her head and leaning against the wall. To say such arrogant words, drunk with pleasure, with a disfigured expression on their faces. It didn't match at all, but even that sense of incongruity was erotic.

well well well well. Another noise mingled with Leon's rhythm. It was the sound of the crucifix beads hanging from Grace's neck as they clashed. Grace followed Leon's gaze and wailed.

"Even a cross can't chase a whore."

"If you emit a sweet smell, it is inevitable that the colored horse will twist."

Leon dipped his nose into the veil-covered nape of his neck and took a deep breath. The perfume was thick as a

smoke screen, but I could clearly smell the scent Grace was trying to hide. It's a familiar smell.

"A nun who smells like milk. You have committed a blasphemy.

When he lifted the hem of the nun's robe, which was rolled up to her waist, her white bra was exposed. A pair of immaculate breasts, confined in thick padded fabric, only swayed sideways as he jiggled their waists, barely moving up and down.

It was evidence that the milk had become heavy. It was lunchtime, so I did that.

"city..."

He fixed the black hem of her dress, gagged Grace's mouth and pulled up her bra. Round chunks of flesh fell out and he didn't even suck on them, but the self-erecting nipples contracted in an off-beat rhythm.

Was he leaking because he was excited or was he overflowing because he was too full? A little milk had already come out and they were getting

forming milky drops here and there on her pink nipples.

"It's time for a good parent to step up."

Leon reached inside his suit jacket. When she saw him pull out a glass bottle and shake it, Grace didn't call him crazy.

On days when Grace couldn't go home for lunch, Leon would come to a hotel near the company. There was a bottle in his arms, or a baby in his arms, or both.

"Why did you come?"

"Because my bad mother couldn't come because of work. But I'm a good father."

It's a shame that Grace just takes her favorite snack out of the world and throws it away. But I thought you'd follow me to church and get milk.

He knew how to do what he always did, whether it was squeezing out the filling or sucking on one side and letting the milk flow out the other side. The man made an incredible noise as he placed the bottle on the narrow ledge of the wall. .

"Today, shall we make the horny mother spill milk by herself?"

It meant that I would try to induce an ejection reaction with climax alone.

Can you afford that?

I couldn't afford to respond like that. "Hey,

hey, yeah!"

The waist became rough. My body shuddered mercilessly from the force of being pushed upward. Each time the intertwined skin rubbed against each other with no chance of water seeping in, a sensation of pleasure arose as if sparks were jumping. The pleasure that had reached its limit overflowed in an instant.

Goose bumps crawled over the skin following the excitement coursing through the body. Leon lowered his head and licked the flesh that smelled of milk and sweat. The soft sensation of the tongue protrusion made the soft hair bristle even more along with the pleasure spot.

But all other nerves are dulled. The reverential voices beyond the door and the vulgar noise of skin rubbing become distant. The

moment when the man between the legs bounces his back once loudly.

"Hey!"

Grace climaxed with the hem of her nun's uniform in her mouth. As if struck by a bolt of lightning hurled by an angry god, she shuddered.

No, if God was really angry, he could not have allowed such ecstatic pleasure.

This feeling that everything that was tightly bound is melting away. Maybe it was because I was so nervous about the job, the relaxation that the climax brings was even more fantastic today.

If I'm more excited about this damn outfit, time and place, I'm sure I'm really a human being on the same level as that man.

"defect..."

His lips, which had been touching her breast, lifted and held the formation on Grace's cheek. He was so ecstatic that even the tears were flowing, but there was still no sign of wetness.

It hasn't been done yet, but it can't be done.

However, it was a bit of a rush to judgment. Jerking. Leon inserted his penis into her flesh again and pulled it out with a hook, and the juice overflowed.

"my god..."

That wasn't the only thing that overflowed. The ecstasy that had subsided rose again toward the peak, and as soon as it peaked, milk spurted from the left nipple.

"... Your offspring shall multiply without number in a land flowing with milk and honey".

"I believe."

Leon responded to the priest's sermon, seeing the milk and honey flowing from his wife's body.

"It is as God said."

Her children grew up in this body that flowed with milk and honey.

She put the bottle under Grace's nipples. At first, drops of milk dripped out in large numbers, and then several thin tubes of milk came out.

Grace's cheeks flushed even today at the reaction that always comes with breastfeeding. It wasn't a reaction that started with sucking, but it seemed more embarrassing.

Whether the owner of the body was embarrassed or not, milky white drops began to form on the right side, where the milk flowed slowly.

"Oh, you only brought one bottle."

Grace thought, shuddering at the sensation of his tongue licking the tip of her nipple. This man deliberately brought only one.

Soon he began sucking the tip of her breast down to the areola. A man who puts on the skin of a decent gentleman and does all the vulgar things in the world without hesitation. Even though I've been watching her naked up close, it's still hard to see that adult face sucking my cum.

gulp. It was even more embarrassing to hear the sound of milk dripping down the back of my neck.

Leon was silent for a moment. He moistened his wet, sticky lips and asked.

"vanilla?"

Grace's eyes widened and her face blushed even more. You guessed right I bought vanilla ice cream on the way to the cathedral.

It's hard to believe, but the taste of Grace's food remains in her breast milk. Grace was curious too, so I took a dip and ate it, but I never noticed the difference. I don't know if it's because my taste buds aren't as sensitive as that man's.

"Uh..."

Leon bites his nipple again. The sensation of being bitten by a child was drastically different.

Milk is sucked by the power of a man. Grace moaned as if imitating him, squeezing and sucking the deeply embedded penis. Suyu was a sacred act, and there was no partner for lasciviousness.

The person who received it should have been a little naughty.

The tongue play was also terribly irritating, as if it wasn't simply for sucking milk.

The climax had already subsided, but as she continued to fast on the other side, the reflex lasted longer than usual. The milk stems became drops only when the bottle was half full. Feeling still inside, Grace squeezed her breasts with her hands and squeezed out the milk.

On the right, the situation was completely reversed. When the milk stopped flowing, Leon opened his mouth and held her left breast. The swollen flesh was gently crushed in the palm of his large hand.

Squeak.

What only dripped when Grace did, came out smoothly with Leon's touch. He was a better man than Grace in terms of strength and skill.

"Are you out?"

"No. I think I have a little left."

In the end, even the left nipple was bitten and sucked.

"Yes..."

I couldn't stand the strange feeling and twisted my body, and when our eyes met, Leon rolled his eyes and smiled. It was a face that enjoyed seeing Grace embarrassed.

"Wow!"

side. Lips lightly sucked on the nipple, stealing the milk and dropping it. Leon caressed the soft flesh that had returned to its original texture and wiped what had flowed onto the white skin with his tongue.

recoil. The walls of her vagina stretched and contracted, following his tongue, gripping and jerking him. There was no way to win.

"Hey hey hey..."

The back pain started again. Every time I come out, Grace sucks it into me with tremendous vaginal pressure. If the sky were made of flesh, it would feel like this. hot. Wet. green The inner flesh, the source of all those ecstatic sensations, clung to the point of sensation and pounded it, taking it beyond the gates of heaven.

"Whoops!"

"Oh, Leon..."

Grace said as they embraced him and ascended together to heaven.

"We will fall into Hell." "Where

you are is heaven."

Even after the affair was over, the sound of flesh colliding continued. The two shared a kiss, which was still taboo in God's house, and fixed their clothes.

"Are you done with your business here?"

Leon, who smoothed Grace's veil, asked, brushing her hair that was tousled and falling across her forehead.

"Shall I take you to the office?"

Grace, who didn't like Leon coming near her workplace, shook her head and handed him a capped bottle.

"The milkman will deliver the milk before it gets cold."

Leon placed a bottle that was 2/3 full on his chest and smiled.

"Has God said that those who give generously to others will be blessed?"

When this man mentions the Bible, the beginning is pious, but the end is unfailingly irreverent.

"I sincerely hope that the sister will be blessed as she practices the word of God with her whole body by willingly sharing her body with a hungry father and mother's milk with a hungry child."

Again this time too. Grace shot at Leon, who greeted him with disgusted politeness.

"I hope you don't intend to kiss the angels with that mouth. Please purify yourself with holy water and come back."

"Can't it be holy water? You should make a exorcism.

Leon himself called me a devil, then pulled back the curtains and looked outside. He opened the door a little to see if no one was there, stepped aside and waved his hand.

"Women first."

At times like this, he was truly a model gentleman.

"You go first."

When Grace declined, she lifted the bowler she had left on the shelf above her head and rolled her eyes in farewell.

"Sister. No, thanks to reporter Chloe Regan, I'm going to try a nun on the subject of a man who can only represent a woman. Thank you for today."

Leon put on his felt hat and disappeared. Grace, left alone in the confessional and holding her breath, murmured as her gaze touched the last object he gave her.

"under... That lunatic.

When Grace infiltrated, Leon followed her two or three times out of ten. A month ago, when he infiltrated a hotel bar as a bartender to eavesdrop on politicians' conversations, he had almost gone to work with Grace.

"whiskey. on the rock. For Mount Brayton, the Lands Altas would be fine.

Sitting at the bar pretending to be a customer and ordering Grace's hometown whiskey is amazing.

The first few days they were completely treated as guests and ignored. But the bartender I worked with seemed hard to ignore.

"That handsome blond, doesn't he come every day and just look at you? You look rich at first glance, but why aren't you doing well?

It is already going very well, and we have two children.

"Well? not exactly. If I go and talk to him, I know what I'm what that man will say".

It's like first love.

The same sound every time, isn't it boring? On the other hand, I wanted something that would make me fall in love with that boring sound every time.

This time, I didn't say I was going to search a priest's office and disguise myself as a nun. It must have been because of what happened last night.

Before I went to bed, I packed the things I needed today in my gym bag on the dresser. I asked myself what I was doing, so Leon, who

had followed him into the dressing room, stared at him, so he asked.

"Why honey, are you afraid I'll run away?"

"No. When did our self pack up and flee?

She had noticed that what Grace had put in her purse was a nun's uniform and followed her. It was none other than a new pair of bloomers she had been holding in her hand before leaving the confessional. Bringing this from home meant she had already thought about tearing it.

"You crazy fucker..."

At times like this, I still feel chased and pursued. Then and now, I felt a sense of pleasure in being chased by that man.

Maybe that's why I always fall in love with the obvious.

***

After crossing the suspension bridge over the wide river, you will see a forest of skyscrapers. Beyond the concrete and glass forest, a real forest with fresh vegetation stretched out.

It was a forest that was ill-suited to be located in the middle of Columbia's largest city, and also a wealthy town. A sedan that

ran along the high-rise buildings that surrounded the park like a castle wall and stopped in front of the front door of a building.

The doorman, recognizing the luxury sedan, quickly ran over and opened the door to the back seat. Upon entering the lobby, the staff stopped what they were doing and bowed politely to the owner of the building.

"The president is back."

A female employee standing behind the reception desk spoke on the phone. The other person on the phone was the penthouse butler.

The guards in front of the private elevator in the penthouse raised the tips of their hats, saluted politely and opened the lattice door. As the elevator began to move to the 47th floor, the top floor, Leon took off his felt hat and sunglasses. because I'm back home.

Earlier this year, she moved to the city of Rochester, a six-hour train ride from her beachside mansion that was nothing short of paradise. I just want to grant Grace's wishes.

"It was my desire to live in a big city."

That wasn't all Grace wanted.

"I want to work too."

I thought I was going to help him with his business?

"reporter?"

It meant getting off their fence and working.

"Then I'll set up a newspaper."

"Are you asking me to work for you?"

"If you don't like it, I'll build it in your wife's name."

"I'm not grateful, so I'll decline. Besides, the rural resort is so quiet, there's not much to go around."

The news that a certain hen hatched a light bulb-like egg is also news, but there is no coverage. It was because Grace's standards for the field it wanted to cover were firm.

Human rights, equality and justice. such a social problem.

Even when she was transplanted to another land, Grace was still Grace Riddle. Just as Leon is still Leon Winston. The framework created by the environment in which you grew up cannot be replaced.

In any case, since moving here earlier this year and up until now, mid-summer, Grace has been working at a job that doesn't help, or sometimes hurt, her business. In other words, it means that child care is her share until Grace leaves the job.

"Grace, I'm more progressive than I look. I'll raise our daughter at home while you make money."

Someday what I said in jest would turn out to be true.

"Hey!"

It was when the elevator passed the 43rd floor. The voice of a baby crying loudly reached here.

Wow, I'm awake.

When the elevator reached the 47th floor, through the lattice door, I began to see the owner crying loudly.

The pupils were the same as Leon's, but big tears hung from Grace's eyes and then dripped. Her hair, shiny gold like his, or curly like my mother's, was tangled, probably because she had just woken up.

"Dad!"

The child recognized it too. As soon as her father looked into her eyes, she stopped crying as if she hadn't cried so sadly, then threw down the old dolphin doll she was holding in her arms and opened her arms to him. I wanted to hug you. When the nanny grabbed me and wouldn't let go, I even struggled to get him off me.

The elevator stopped and the guards in the penthouse hallway opened the lattice door before the nanny released the child. The child screamed and staggered toward Leon.

The 14-month-old was still clumsy to walk. When the fidgety step reached the second level, Leon took a step closer to the child to keep him from falling and picked him up with a quick hug.

"Liv, why are you crying?"

"Miss Olivia..."

Leon was just mouthing nonsense, but the nanny, who understood him well, reported on behalf of the child that he could not speak.

"I woke up about 15 minutes ago and was.
looking for the president..."

That was something I knew even if I hadn't heard it. Of course, even if you know everything, it wasn't bad to have it confirmed once again by someone else's mouth.

"Lunch."

the employer asked with a smile, but the nanny shrugged her shoulders.

"By the wind that cries... You haven't eaten yet. Eat now..."

Leon shook his head. "I'll

find out."

Liv leaned against him, sucking her thumb. like sucking breast milk.

Her cheeks were wet from crying, and the tip of her round nose was red. She took out a handkerchief and wiped away the tears as the boy rested his chubby cheek in her hand. Then he, happily, smiles so innocently.

It was a happy but terrifying moment. Like when facing the Absolute.

What have I done to make you show me absolute affection? Every time the child did this, Leon would

felt small, unlike a man full of self-belief.

Now I understand Grace's words that she was afraid of Ellie's absolute affection. Even if Leon does not live up to expectations, Grace will remain by his side, but the children may not. So it is not an illusion to see in the children the appearance of the Absolute who will judge them from time to time.

But on the other hand, looking at this smile, I could understand why Grace could not abandon Ellie.

He was about to kiss the cheek of a child who was happy as if he had the whole world just because his father was right in front of his eyes, but Sister Grace's words sounded like hallucinations.

"I hope you don't intend to kiss angels with that mouth."

Before kissing the angel, the first step was to purify her body, which was far from pure.

"Ow! bar!"

Outburst.

"Ow! bar!"

Outburst.

Throughout the simple wash, the call to him echoed throughout the bathroom. The child knocks on the door of the dressing room, not the bathroom. Liv looked like my mother and had extraordinary strength.

My stamina is so good, but why is my walking so slow? At this time of year, Ellie was walking well on her own, so Grace had a hard time keeping up with her.

"Wow!"

When I changed clothes and opened the door, Liv cheered as if she had found her father playing hide-and-seek. Leon's eyes narrowed rather than following the boy's. It was because the amount remained the same despite being given the bottle.

I hugged her and sat in an armchair by the window, and finally Liv put the bottle in her mouth. The pink ball bobbed up and down. Leon combed her curly blond hair with his hand and asked.

"delicious?"

"Yes."

I still can't speak very well, but I'm good at understanding. I thought I was already as smart as my sister, although she was slower than my sister.

Of course, even if Liv wasn't as smart as Ellie, she was perfect for him. Perfection doesn't take one absolute form.

Anything that looks like him and Grace is perfect.

If Ellie closely resembled her parents' dynamic side, Liv inherited the static side intact.

Unlike Ellie, Grace's morning sickness passed lightly when she had Liv. Grace hoped this child might have a calm and collected personality, and it was as she expected.

"I guess he's not your son."

Of course, I didn't forget to add a joke. "Olivia."

Leon called out his full name instead of a nickname for the first time in a long time and kissed his immaculate forehead. Maybe it's because he's a child held in static stillness.

She was born just after all the wars ended. So the two named the child 'Olivia', which means peace.

"everything."

Liv drank the last drop and began to tap the empty bottle in Leon's palm.

"everything. everything."

"Give me more?"

It looked like he wasn't hungry. Because she sucked on one side, I only got one side, so I have no choice but to be brief. A good father will have to pay for stealing his daughter's milk.

"My princess, then how about we go buy some candy?"

At the word candy, the boy's eyes widened like saucers. Leon muttered as he looked at his watch.

"You can take Ellie with you, too."

"Oooh! Ellie!"

Liv, excited to listening to the name of his sister's name, he waved his hand wildly. Leon was

used to pick up the glass bottle thrown into the air by the wind.

It was clear that this end looked like my mother.

The front entrance of a private girls' school in an affluent Rochester town was crowded with mothers and nannies who had arrived to pick up their children in time for the last day of kindergarten.

Women dressed in expensive clothes and handbags gathered in groups of two and three and continued to stare at the car Leon was in. It was something that happened every day.

It is not uncommon for a parent to pick up a child. It was almost non-existent when I came every day.

Curiosity would have faded after eight months, but it was still because Leon was called the faceless King of Rochester among the city's wealthy.

Five years ago, he appeared without rumor and took over the city of Rochester. However, he is a mysterious geek who shows his face nowhere and even conducts his business through an agent.

People here knew Leon that way.

However, a man extremely reluctant to expose himself only shows his face at his daughter's kindergarten. Curiosity is bound to grow.

The fact that no one saw his face properly also played a role in keeping my eyes on him. It wasn't enough to always wear sunglasses, so I even hung a black veil over the car window.

"It will take a while."

"I said no dozens of times. Next time it won't end with words."

Outside the window, I could hear the faint sound of a security guard pushing away a man with a camera, giving a warning. The reporters and serious businessmen Campbell leaked used to wait for him here during school hours.

This is the reason why bodyguards are well placed not only in front of the school, but also inside. Ellie was always surrounded by bodyguards, even in kindergarten.

The reason he was able to receive such special treatment from the school was because he treated the school in a special way.

Recently, the school expanded its facilities into the building next door. The school will not have to pay rent until the building owner's two daughters graduate here. Instead, he was able to fully guarantee the child's comfort and safety at the school, so it was not a bad deal.

It was also the result of Leon's reserved seat being in front of the main gate, where parking competition was fiercest going to and from school.

The school's old-fashioned front door swung wide open and girls in kindergarten uniforms started running out. Liv, who found her sister waving to her friends in the middle of it all, jumped onto the windowsill.

"L! leeward!"

Burst. Now the car window was hit by Liv's hand.
Hearing that, Ellie turned around.

"Dad!"

As the child ran, the attendant outside opened the car door. At that moment, Liv screamed with excitement.

"Kyaa!"

"Olive!"

Cute things are unconditionally named after food. Following her own rules, Ellie shortened her sister's name to Olive. Between the parents, Olive was further shortened to Liv.

The car with Ellie was headed to her favorite bakery.

"What Ellie learned today in kindergarten..."

The child bragged about what she learned as soon as she was in the House of Commons today. It was Grace's idea to send Ellie to kindergarten. Leon was against it.

"You have to get a formal education."

"Low quality education?"

For Leon, formal education was cheap, except for tutoring from his carefully selected tutors.

He was educated at home by a tutor before going to the military academy. At that time, in the Old Continent, it was natural to educate the sons of nobles in this way, and for Leon, the military academy mixed with commoners was like a pigsty.

"Grandpa, times have changed."

After hearing this kind of criticism from Grace, he raised the white flag, but Leon was still dissatisfied with formal education.

"Wow, that sounds delicious!"

Ellie, don't run.

No matter how much etiquette he was taught, the reason the boy went tomboy crazy must have been because he hung out with tomboyish girls at school.

"This one, this one. ah! this one too! oh so much Mommy loves it.
like.

When they left the candy store about ten minutes later, the assistant following them had a box full of cookies in his hands.

In Leon's arms, Liv licked the stick of a bright red candy apple and licked her lips.

What does a candy apple mean to the girls? Neither 'Daisy', nor Ellie, nor Liv could pass Candy Apple.

Liv, who had only licked the sugar on the outside, sighed uncharacteristically for a baby and held out the apple to Leon.

"Assailant."

It's not something my dad fed me. He did it every time he gave me a big bite, knowing it was easier to nibble on the edge.

It seemed that it was okay that he was a child with an extraordinary brain.

It would be better if you only cultivated greed.

Liv was hungry, but Ellie filled her greed. All the snacks in the trunk of the car were Ellie's choice. Liv paid attention to nothing else after holding the candy apple.

"Liv is not greedy."

Even without it, there is not too much. Even if the dog at home steals the bread I was eating and my sister plays with my toy, Liv doesn't take it away from me and doesn't cry.

"No matter how you look at it, it doesn't look like your daughter."

For Grace, it was just an excuse to tease him, but for Leon, it was a concern.

Grace, you've changed now, so there's nothing to worry about, but I wonder if Liv will grow up to be a person without selfish desires like my mother and be driven by other people's greed.

Having an agent at the helm did not entrust everything about the business to others. He picked up one of the items awaiting his decision on his desk and was beginning to review it when the phone rang.

"What's going on, well."

The phone call was just a regular location report. As soon as I hung up, there was a knock on the door from outside.

"President."

It was the nanny's voice coming from outside the office door.

The ladies are here.

"Come in."

The door opened and Ellie walked in holding her brother's hand. Leon didn't ask what was going on. During the day, his office was like a playroom for his daughters.

Even on days when there is no ballet class, the girl wore a pink tutu in her ballet practice uniform. From Leon's point of view, Ellie was a girl learning ballet to wear a tutu.

"Put it in front of the window."

Ellie pointed to the thick carpet in front of the window. It looked like it was going to be a tea party today, as nannies pushed serving trolleys and loaded baby tea tables and chairs.

The nannies set the tea table in perfect order and quietly retired to a corner of the office. Ellie sat down with her sister and her dolls and immersed herself in the role of party hostess.

"Princess Olive, it is a great honor that you came to my palace today."

"..."

When 'Princess Olive' didn't return her greeting and just stared at her, Ellie clasped her hands together and whispered.

"Olive, you should also call Ellie a princess."

"Ewww."

As her sister babbled incomprehensibly, Ellie looked at her father, who was sitting behind the desk. Leon translated without taking his eyes off the papers.

"Princess Olive said it was an infinite honor to be invited to the tea party of Princess Heloise, the most luxurious person in the kingdom."

"swim..."

Eli covered his cheeks and smiled, as if satisfied with Leon's rather arbitrary interpretation.

"Oh, it's an honor to have Princess Olive come. It's baked by the most famous chef in our kingdom. Try it."

They were the cookies Ellie had just bought at a bakery that she served to her little sister on a pretty plate, saying they were baked by the chef

most famous in the kingdom. Liv stuffed everything her sister gave her into her mouth and only muttered silently.

"How are you?"

"..."

"delicious?"

"Yes."

"But if you eat too many snacks, can't you have dinner? Stop eating and drink milk."

Ellie's tone of voice changed to mother, as if it wasn't fun to play princess with a silent baby.

"What is this hair? Ellie will make it pretty.

The nannies who had been watching from afar came over and removed the cookies and cakes and placed the baskets on the table. Ellie pulled out a comb and began brushing Liv's frizzy hair.

"My baby is already the prettiest baby in the world."

Now Liv kisses her on the cheek, saying she's the prettiest in the world, but Ellie didn't like her sister from the beginning.

"No! Baby, tell me to go home! "Ellie,

this is my baby's house." "No! This is

Ellie's home."

"Dad told me. Just like Ellie, the baby is a mother and father's baby."

"No! It's just Ellie's mom, dad, baby!".

I watched my mother's stomach swell. I even told her during my pregnancy that my younger brother heard it. At the time, he seemed to accept it, but when he saw the baby in his mother's arms, he seemed to have changed his mind.

"Babies don't have to curl their hair! Wow!

Besides, even in my younger eyes, my younger sister looked more like my mother than me, so I must have been very jealous.

"Hey, Ellie's feeling sick."

Even if Mom and Dad told her that they loved Ellie forever and that Ellie was a special existence for both of them, it didn't seem that her broken heart would heal easily.

"No. Mom and Dad are Ellie's.

When my parents wouldn't let me hold my younger brother and my mother breastfed me, I cried because he was mine even though I wasn't old enough to breastfeed.

So for the first few days, a nanny took care of Liv, and Grace secretly fed her when a wet Leon rejected Ellie. Looking back, it was like an intelligence operation.

For several days, Liv didn't notice her and said nothing, but eventually, Ellie asked first.

"Where's the baby?"

"To the baby's room."

"... What are you doing?"

Whenever he showed curiosity, she let him see the baby. Instead, the two did not hold or approach the baby in front of Ellie.

One day, after watching the nanny feed the baby, Ellie brought a doll and fed it to the toy bottle. There, Leon, who came up with a good idea, hinted at the child's greed.

"It's a living baby. Unlike yours.

Yours is just a flimsy doll, but the nanny has a baby that actually eats, cries and moves.
Aren't you envious?

Grace, who quickly realized what Leon was trying to do, also helped.

"Looks like a lot of fun, doesn't it?"

Ellie didn't respond. In fact, just by looking at the baby through the greedy Ellie's eyes, you could tell it was almost over.

After a long conflict, Ellie shook her head decisively. It was not a denial.

"You can't be raised by mom and dad."

"So mom and dad will raise Ellie, then?
Ellie will raise the

baby?" "... Ellie?

"That's right. Baby is Ellie

now. "Are you Ellie?"

The operation to stimulate the possessive desire of the greedy man was a success.

How a four-year-old raises a newborn baby. After struggling for a few days under the

supervision of a nanny, Ellie changed her parenting method and let the adults raise her baby. At first, I did it to the nanny, and then I started doing it to the parents as well.

"My baby is crying."

First it was Dad.

"Isn't that what babies are supposed to hold?"

She gave me a hug to calm a crying baby and told me she knew better because she had been raising a doll for three years.

"The stomach at Baby Ellie is growling. Hurry up."

After that, until the mother allowed the baby to nurse. Then they started calling her Olive, as if they were fond of her, and at some point, they started introducing Liv to others like that.

"That's Ellie's sister. Aren't they so cute?"

broadly. Ellie set the comb down on the table.

"It's done."

It was a sin to be modest, and Liv didn't even know she was being punished with ten colored ribbons in her hair.

"Oh how cute!"

Ellie smiled proudly as she appreciated my masterpiece and asked the nannies to bring her a camera and album. Taking pictures was Ellie's new hobby.

"Smile. No, no kissing.

Ellie took some pictures of Liv and began teaching her sister the language by opening the album and showing the pictures as word cards.

"Olive, where's Ellie?"

Liv pressed her finger against Ellie's nose.

"No, not the real Ellie. in the picture."

What Ellie held up was a picture of me sitting on a pony.

"This baby is Ellie in the big house. did you see it the month.
past? You cried because you were afraid of Olive.

You can't have a stable in the city, so the horse was naturally in the mansion by the sea.

"Daddy will buy me a horse when Olive grows up. This baby is Ellie's, it's Marshmallow. Try marshmallows.

"Mah.

"mentally! city! Mel! how!"

Having misunderstood the master, Liv might think that this animal is not a horse but a marshmallow.

"Where's potato?"

"Apa."

"Wow, good job. So, what's up with mom?

"Lady.

Ellie kept showing her sister the pictures and asking her to look for her sister, mom and dad. But it wasn't long before she started to stop telling her to look for her dad.

"Look at this one. Ellie is also short like Olive."

Ellie pointed to a photo I took with Grace when she was about a year old. That is, the days when Leon was gone. The air is too sweet, so it comes back bitter like this.

He may have vaguely hoped that if he raised another child, he could make up for lost time.

Ellie wasn't like that. Ellie is different.

However, when Grace says this, she is relieved. This is time with Liv, not Ellie. It just made it clearer that time once past cannot be undone.

Leon closed the papers and stood up.

"Look carefully. wasn't Ellie as cute as Olive?

"Ellie is still cute."

"swimming... that's right."

Leon hugged his daughters and sat down on the couch. Ellie held the album open on her lap and continued to look at the pictures before asking.

"By the way, where did Dad

go?" "Dad took the picture."

"Ouch! well."

That's right... It's a lie.

Ellie, now 5 years old, is slowly forgetting her memories from before the age of 3. Looking back, it seemed like a natural process of growing up for Leon, as he had lost all of his childhood memories.

Good thing. I'll forget the nightmares of the circus and the kidnapping by rebel remnants.

But the moment I met him for the first time also meant that I would soon forget him. I felt a little lonely when I thought that sooner or later I would be alone with my precious first moment.

But in the end, I had to say it was a good thing. Ellie will think Dad has always been with me. I wanted the child to think that.

Ellie, who had reached the first page of the album, pointed to the one picture and said, It was a picture Ellie had given Leon, telling him not to go back to heaven.

"My mother was originally Ellie's mother."

Liv nodded her head gravely at the picture of her mother holding her baby sister, not knowing what Ellie was referring to.

"But ever since Olive was born, Ellie gave up her mother.

"My daughter is nice."

Leon patted Eli's small shoulder and praised him.

"I don't have to share it with anyone else...."

It was a statement that a Grace would Grace would be amazed to hear.

"You have to share and live with your brother."

Do children inherit their parents' parenting style? It's bullshit. His parents competed and discriminated against their two sons, but Leon had no intention of doing so. Even if he is the one who won the competition.

Her parents loved only one of their children, but Leon loved them all. Ellie is already a child who takes good care of her own things, so no big concern, but Liv is not greedy and I was already worried about Ellie pushing her around. I had to nip the competitive shoots at a very young age.

"Does Ellie always share her life with Olive?"

"Well?"

"We share snacks y mom shared, too."

"good job." "swim..."

Ellie straightened her shoulders and was very proud....

"So, Olive, when you grow up and don't need your mother, you'll have to give her back to Ellie."

Le I asked seriously to baby that no could not understand. Here, Leon made an unintentional mistake.

"... Dad, why are you laughing?

Ellie asked with a wrinkle between her eyebrows. The expression was familiar. If I had realized first that it was the expression I had seen in the mirror, I wouldn't have made a major mistake.

"By that time, Ellie will have grown up and won't need a mother."

"So mom says it's dad's?"

If the daughters become independent, wouldn't it be natural for Grace to take over? I didn't deny it, but when

I rolled my eyes, Ellie's eyes became sharp.

"get out."

The boy pointed to the door with a firm command.

just realized that the opponent Ellie is competing against may not be her sister, but her father.

"Today! No kissing!"

As soon as the relentless bombshell statement was dropped, the door slammed shut behind me. Leon stood in the hallway and looked back at the closed door, laughing.

Is it my office?

Occupying someone else's space and asking them to leave. Anyway, I was like my mother.

"President."

Hearing the call, Leon turned his gaze down the hallway and met the person replacing his face.

"It's already this time."

Campbell asked as he approached us with a briefcase containing what we were discussing today.

"Are you doing anything good?"

"They kicked

me out." "...

Yes?"

"In my office."

A child's voice came through the crack in the door. Campbell found it hard to understand that his five-year-old daughter had kicked him out, but harder still to comprehend that the president was laughing gleefully.

In the end, the trade was given to the children, and today I received a report from the studio. After discussing urgent matters, Leon asked Ellie what she was most interested in.

"Amusement park stuff."

After moving here, I often took Ellie to the nearby amusement park. Unlike the carnival, Ellie liked the park, which had a variety of rides and themes that would appeal to the

children, so much so that I didn't want to go home once I was there.

"Mom and Dad are going home. Ellie will live here.

How about buying one?

I may live here for quite some time, so maybe I should build a playground nearby. There was a suitable plot of land on the coast about an hour's drive away.

I was thinking of giving it to myself as a gift for my next birthday at the earliest or Christmas next year at the latest. So, I asked an architect for a plan ahead of time, but what has kept him from being a good father for several months is the building permit.

"We have just received the results of the deliberation.
of today's building committee..."

Just listening to Campbell handing out a packet of papers with the results of the deliberation on them made it clear that the results were not good.

widely. After reading the results of the deliberation, Leon abruptly put down the papers and laughed.

"It sounds like a horse."

The reason for not allowing construction was absurd. The committee stumbled over the construction of a resort with an amusement park.

They arbitrarily classified the villas within the complex that are rented long-term to members as residential facilities and said they could not grant permission because they were commercial land.

In addition, there was a casino within the complex, which was concerned that it would negatively affect the local economy and the healthy lives of the residents. I know very well that the same committee approved the construction of a casino this year. There was only sophistry and coercion.

Are you asking for a bribe? However, when deliberation was delayed for an unknown reason, the lobby tried appropriately.

"You said the committee members were lukewarm?"

"Yes, we really didn't like the approach from our side."

"I mean, they're not particularly honest. It's not who is protesting to pay more bribes".

After delaying deliberation for several months, what was discarded was not a written opinion requesting a reexamination because it was supplemented, but an outright rejection.

"I don't know if there are people who have tried their luck beforehand."

"Let's figure it out."

"Good."

After Campbell finished his report, he left, and as he was passing down the hall, he heard the sound of the elevator going up again, which Campbell must have come down. At that moment, the telephone rang faintly in the distance, and after a while the butler came out and said.

"Your mother is coming."

"She's a mother!"

From the moment I heard the phone ring, I should have opened my office door and peeked out, when

I heard a scream down the hall. Hearing the sound of jumping up and down like a tomboy, Leon let out a deep sigh.

"Ellie, if you're a princess, act like a princess."

"Because Ellie is a princess, what Ellie does.
is to act like a princess.

The logic was perfect, so Leon decided to let it go.

"Kyaa!"

The welcoming ceremony for the mother leaving work began today, with Liv, who was soon embraced by her nanny.

"mom! mentally! mom! mentally!"

"cancer! mentally! cancer! mentally!"

Ellie called out for her mother and jumped up and down in the same spot, but Liv didn't know how to jump, so she kept her feet together and just moved her hips, it was more like dancing than running.

The welcoming ceremony reached its climax when the elevator went up and I saw the face I was waiting for. As soon as the door opened, the children ran toward their

mother, and Grace handed the bag and hat to the maid and took the children in her arms.

"My princesses, did you hear your daddy?"

"Hey!"

Ellie looked shamelessly at Leon as she responded without hesitation. It was an unspoken threat to accept my lies. The one with no conscience was, after all, his daughter.

"What about daddy, were you quiet?"

"low..."

Surprisingly, Grace also asked Leon about this. Who's the one who can't just sit quietly and tell me this? Leon ignored Ellie's snitching from below and asked again.

"Did you really work quietly without having an accident?"

"of course."

"You'll know it when you

see it." It wasn't empty talk.

Liv has a lot to eat now.

The child in Grace's arms did not respond, only blinked at the bright eyes containing the mother.

"So let's stop eating this. huh?"

As if he understood, the boy shook his head. Not answering out loud was partly because I couldn't say I didn't like it yet, but it was more because I had a pacifier in my mouth.

Originally, I was going to wean him when I started working, but I still couldn't do it. Today, when I got to bed, I raised a white flag to the little boy who was always looking for mommy.

"Just today."

I patted my bottom, which was full from the diaper, and the little girl curved her little lips into a big smile. At times like this, I had no choice but to admit that the proud man also had the ability to make a cute baby.

"Mom, Olive likes the three little pigs..."

Ellie, who had chosen a children's book to read to Liv, looked at them and hesitated. The girl's eyes changed to envy Ellie's.

"Uh..."

"Ellie is all grown up."

"No. I mean, I'm still young."

The children's book she said she would read to me is an afterthought, and I sit beside her and watch enviously as her younger brother feeds on his mother's milk. Grace raised the white flag again.

"Just today."

Ellie laughed and hugged her.

It has been 8 months since I made up my mind. The reason they still couldn't implement their resolution was because the milk was still not dry after the three of them took turns touching each other. Of course, it was not conscience to blame the others completely.

"My big baby."

Grace patted Ellie's butt as she did Liv's and kissed her on the head.

"I remember when our Ellie was a baby. It was really nice.

Of course, at the time, I had never thought the way I was breastfeeding was pretty. It is painfully pretty, but I tried to cry thinking I'm not pretty.

Ellie had been forced to stop breastfeeding before she was half a year old. At the time, I was thinking of giving her to my dad and going off on my own.

I had a sensitive appetite and was stubborn, so the weaning process could not have been easy. I cried a lot and starved to death. Could it be that the scars of that time still remain and she is particularly obsessed with her mother? In Grace's heart, the debt from that time remained, so she passed it on to her adult daughter.

The children looked at each other as they sucked, then put their noses together and started playing with their hands. It was the children who ate it, but when I saw it, I felt Grace's stomach was full.

It is such a peaceful time. It was a peace that was unimaginable just a few years ago.

'In six years' time, you will have two children with an enemy whom you hate terribly, and you will live with an

normal happiness in a foreign country across the sea'.

If anyone had said this, twenty-six-year-old Grace Riddle would have been dismissed as the delusion of an insane person.

How many choices have you made? And how many misjudgments and mistakes were there?

I regretted, and some things I still regret. But, on the other hand, it was also true that even the things she regretted became stepping stones and led her to this moment today.

Even if it was a little crooked on the way, it might not be there now. When I thought about it, I felt a shiver down my spine, but I murmured words of thanks to the one I didn't know.

pleased to meet you

Grace cradled the children in her arms and took turns kissing them on the forehead. Then she prayed for peace.

"It's Dad's secret..."

Of course, I was afraid to speak up, but I got caught.

"low."

Upon entering the room, Leon let out a sigh that sounded like a sigh or a laugh as soon as he saw the three of them. Whatever it was, it was clear that she was not content to nurse her adult daughter.

"If my friends found out that Ellie was still breastfeeding her mother, would they really play with me then?".

"No one will know unless Dad tells you."

As soon as Ellie threatened her father for a moment, she buried her face in her mother's chest again. The threats didn't end there.

Dad.

Grace used to rhyme with the shape of her mouth.

"If mom doesn't tell me, no one will know."

It meant that you should also shut up about stealing food from your daughter.

"Liv, good evening."

After putting Liv, who was falling asleep on her chest, in the crib, it was time to

to put Ellie to bed. It wasn't long after I put him on the bed in my room and read him a storybook, and he started rubbing his eyes. Grace closed the book and turned off the table lamp.

Good night, Ellie.

"Sleep well mommy. kiss."

When it was the father's turn for the child the mother pulled and kissed, he covered my mouth tightly with both hands.

"Dad said something mean to Ellie today. So no kisses today.

Grace shot him a questioning look, but instead of responding, Leon shrugged and leaned toward the boy.

"I hope Ellie has good dreams and sleeps well. Daddy loves Ellie. So, even if Ellie doesn't, Daddy will kiss me and leave."

He kissed the back of the child's hand and

whispered. Good night, Ellie.

That was the moment I stepped out into the hallway and closed the door. When the door was an inch to the left, a voice sounded like a whisper.

"Sleep well, Dad."

As if to see this, Leon's eyes were slanted as he looked at Grace.

Sitting in an armchair by the bedroom window, Leon's eyes were drawn to the night view outside the window, and his ears were drawn to the sound beyond the open door.

In the dressing room, there was a buzzing sound and the clinking of cosmetic bottles. It was as if a familiar smell was wafting through my nostrils.

When the rumbling stopped and footsteps began to be heard, Leon opened the evening newspaper on the nightstand, which he had already read in the evening. Back in the bedroom, Grace was wearing a fine silk nightgown that came to just below her knees.

At this time of night, instead of the bed, the woman watching Leon through the window climbed into bed without a word. When Grace pulled the covers over her eyes and closed her eyes, Leon began to count the heat.

slap.

What was expected happened at the count of eight. Grace pulled back the covers and got up and got out of bed. She then wrapped her arms around his neck as she sat in the chair and hugged him from behind.

"Do you have any interesting articles?"

A fresh scent hits you and spreads wherever your body temperature touches it. It took more effort than I thought to pretend to be indifferent.

"Does it look like you read it for fun?"

"Then why don't you read my equally boring articles?"

"I thought you might want to send a rebuttal."

The wife is a reporter for a progressive newspaper and the husband owns a conservative media company. Even if it doesn't fit, can't it fit like this?

"We long to read our own excellent writings,
but we restrain ourselves for the sake of peace in the home".

I just don't want to read it, but it's for the peace of the family. It sounds like a nasty excuse, but on the other hand, it was sincere. Since I didn't want her affection

hard-earned to wear himself out with trivial daily frictions, he was the man who promised to take care of everything from child rearing to housework to Grace.

Completely unaware that he had another purpose behind his promise, Grace felt like a strong ally in his professional life.

But on the other hand, since Leon solves everything by himself, I feel lonely as if I don't need to be in this house.

Make me care a little sometimes Grace

asked, sitting on his lap. "Did something

go wrong today?"

When her husband shook his head in response, keeping his eyes on the paper, Grace snatched it from his hand. Leon looked surprised for a moment, then gave a belatedly sincere response with a shy smile.

"Ellie was invited to a friend's birthday party. They say it will be held at a cabin on Grapevine Island next month."

"You should buy a gift in advance."

"I think Ellie and I will have to decide."

In Leon's eyes, Grace's lips were the same as when Liv was pouting.

"Oh, Liv said a new word today."

Mom, Dad, Ellie, Mom, Mom, Come, Meongmeong, Nyangnyang. The words in Liv's dictionary, which was just this, increased day by day.

"Haven't your words improved a bit lately, even though you've heard about it?"

Grace smiled and nodded. Actually, I'm not sure what it is. However, if I said that, 'I don't know since I'm not attached to the house' I might come back, so I kept my mouth shut.

Even at the dinner table tonight, Grace could barely hear Liv's babbling. But Leon responded as if he understood everything. Really, like an adult.

"Ababa, ody ody ma'am."

"The duck is sleeping now. Liv will eat it and tomorrow he will give bread to the duck in the park.

Did you really understand that man, that babble? Besides, do you think a one-year-old would understand that?

However, Liv nodded and quietly went back to eating her portion of applesauce. It's as if she's really talking.

"You should also increase your steps."

"That's right, Dad keeps carrying it, so I can't always do it."

I can't. After I finish this coverage, I'm going to take a vacation and spend time with Liv.

Grace's determination looked good in Leon's eyes. That's a decision she skillfully induced.

Does Grace know? That Leon still couldn't break the habit of being manipulative.

His hand, now gripping her thigh, might feel like a gentleman's hand holding a lady, but it was actually an animal, and he was fighting the urge to bury himself in the silk hem and knead it wildly. I can't ruin the nonchalance I've been doing all night.

Operation Indifference always works very well. Since he's not paying attention, it's obvious by simply taking the newspaper and sitting on his lap and blatantly getting his attention.

Grace had confessed to him that she used to suffer from anxiety when she was useless, but now that he is there, she is no longer anxious. Yes, I won't be anxious anymore. But alienation is another matter.

Leon played it skillfully and gently. Compared to what he has done in the past, this is just a cute kid's prank, so it won't be too hard to get forgiveness from his god if you get caught. Maybe he would take pity on the poor guy who had to pull such a stunt.

Does Grace know? That the man who pretends to be a progressive man raising children at home instead of a working wife is actually a conservative man who wants her to quit her job and remain a mother and wife.

Leaving aside the obvious and being more honest, Leon wanted Grace to be his mistress rather than his mother and wife. It was a relationship that started backwards on the

I hated it, so I didn't want to give up what I missed just because I had children and got married.

But Grace was thinking about making up for something else she had missed in her life. If you object, you're a bad husband. Besides, if you tell me not to do it, won't you want to do it more?

Using that psychology in reverse, the more Grace pretended she didn't have to be home, the sooner she got home. If he pretended his lust was burning but his affection was lukewarm, the words "Are we going on a date?" would come out of Grace's mouth first.

"So, what did you say to Eli?"

I knew it. If you don't tell me, ask first.

"Naughty words? I was just telling the truth. "What did you say?"

"Ellie told Liv to give her mother back to her when she was no longer needed. I said that by that time, Ellie would be older and wouldn't need a mother. Then they misinterpreted that to mean that Dad would take care of Mom alone."

Of course, this is not a misunderstanding. This competition with Grace as a trophy is not on one side of Ellie, but on both sides.

Leon studied Grace's expression. Grace wasn't laughing at something that would make others laugh when they heard it.

"I guess Ellie still needs more time with her mother."

Now Grace will stay at home even longer.

exile to the new continent marry Grace Gets Grace's love. Gets a new life as a common man as well.

Everything went according to his initial plan, but one thing went completely against his plan. He had never intended to release Grace so freely.

You know Grace, who bursts out laughing when he says this? The fact that Leon seems to be freeing her, but is actually enslaving her.

Grace is a god.

He was a god imprisoned in his hands.

***

"Good morning,

Chloe." "Yes good

morning."

When Grace walked into the newspaper office, she changed both her tone and her name.

Ellie learns an upper-class Columbia accent mixed with an old-world accent in kindergarten. Leon, as he has done all his life, uses an upper-class Old World accent at home, and then uses an upper-class New World accent as Ellie does outside. To hide the fact that they are from the Old World.

Grace was far from upper class everywhere, so she changed her tone from using a plebeian Old World accent at home to a simple New World accent outside.

"Chloe, how did you go to church yesterday?"

As soon as he sat down at his desk, the editor-in-chief, who had been absent yesterday afternoon, poked his head out of the office and asked.

it was amazing

Of course, the editor-in-chief didn't ask about that incident, but about what had happened before that. It didn't work out.

"Unfortunately, the office was clean."

"How about the bedroom?"

"I'm thinking about looking into it."

"Since the opponent is the opponent, I expect y o u to move carefully."

"Yes, I know."

The editor-in-chief nodded and murmured before

entering. "It would be good to capture the scene."

unpleasant Without to know it, the face of Grace's face contracted as she imagined the scene.

"It would certainly would be that, but think at that is terrifying.

"Then call the police." "Yes, I

will."

It sounds like something you shouldn't fool around about, but you're a criminal in the act and you should call the police. How could the editor-in-chief, who had no knowledge of Grace's past,

know that she was thinking she could shoot him as soon as she saw the scene?

When the editor disappeared, Grace picked up the receiver. I haven't finished calling witnesses yet.

"Hi. This is Chloe Regan, a reporter for the Rochester Independent.

Chloe Regan. The reporter's name for Grace's articles was a pseudonym created by mixing the spellings of Leon and Grace.

It is a name where two people become one.

Leon seemed to like it a lot. I made a thousand business cards without asking. A business card with gold leaf on high-end paper, which doesn't suit a small progressive reporter.

That man is surprisingly smooth. I thought you'd be against becoming a journalist.

After committing suicide, who was molded into the framework of a false world, Grace, who was born again, struggled for a long time in the face of the opportunity to decide what she would become. To

Ashamed of that long agony, the opportunity to decide on a professional career suddenly came one day.

In a magazine, I read a special article in which a journalist infiltrated a factory as a worker and exposed human rights violations. My heart skipped a beat the whole time I read that long article. It's like the feeling of finally finding shoes that fit after putting your feet in someone else's shoes.

This is exactly what I wanted to do.

The Revolutionary Army's cause of creating a better world for all was fake, but Grace's beliefs were real. In addition, it was also a way to atone for the work she had put into the fakes.

well. you should be a journalist

I have loved writing and reading since I was a child. I discovered that you can be a journalist without going to college. Plus, infiltrating, intelligence gathering, running and hiding were things Grace had been doing all her life.

this is great

So as soon as this year dawned, I knocked on doors here and there. I had no experience as a journalist and since I was a woman I was told to become a typist and not suffer, I was lucky enough to get a job at one magazine a month. However, this time, women were only allowed to cover soft news, such as neighborhood gossip and interviews with movie stars.

This is not what I was trying to do.

Should I give up or not? It was a time when I was worried.

I was offered a job as an investigative reporter at the Rochester Independent, a fairly well-known progressive newspaper. That day, the worries were over.

"Jacob."

The editor-in-chief, who came back out, stood in front of a reporter and put a stack of papers on the desk.

"I have to fix it."

When a reporter who was ordered to remove the entertainment industry portion of an article about the

article on indiscriminate land development protested, the editor-in-chief also complained.

"If you do this, the ad will cut off."

As it turned out, this place was almost closed earlier this year due to mismanagement. After all, newspaper companies make their living from advertising revenue and not from newspaper sales. The amount of sales is small compared to conservative newspapers, and they often only write articles that are unfavorable to companies, so there is no way for large advertisers to run ads.

"If the deficit continues, even this boss might sell this place. He doesn't want our paper to become a cheap tabloid in the hands of his next boss."

The reason this dying newspaper is still standing is because someone took over the place last spring.

"The ignorant philanthropist must have been swindled by his former boss."

The editor-in-chief used to make jokes like this often. I don't know whether he is a philanthropist or not. The president didn't come to the office as if he wasn't very interested in the paper, and he sent a secretary to the president to give him instructions.

"Anyway, it's the boss's order."

The reporter let out a deep sigh at the words of the president's instructions. When the editor-in-chief left, he picked up the manuscript of the article and looked at it in disgust. to Gracia.

why are you looking at me like that

Contrary to the editor-in-chief's opinion, the president used to interfere quite a bit with the article to see if he was completely ignorant of the world. However, Grace has not yet been censored by the president.

Why are you pointing that arrow at me?

Fellow journalists whispered behind her back that the president favored her because she was a woman.

Reporters are human beings because their logic is very weak.

If I had favoritism because I was a woman, the boss would have come in and looked at Grace's face. I haven't seen his face once, and I've never spoken to him.

It's not possible, but even if it's true that it's favoritism, it's probably because the direction of Grace's article fits well with the president's thoughts. Besides, isn't Grace the most notable rookie reporter these days?

It was thanks to an article published two months ago after a month of undercover coverage. It revealed in detail that a mining company was systematically mobilizing and exploiting children in coal mines, and urged the government to initiate related legislation and take action.

As the naked article gained attention, newspapers were flooded with letters from readers expressing sympathy and anger. Soon after, the same letters were reaching Congress, and a member of the legislature made a speech holding up a newspaper with the article and proposed a bill to ban child labor exploitation. The government has also launched an audit of the company.

It was the best result Grace had ever imagined.

Thanks to that, the Rochester Independent magazine attracted a lot of attention, sales increased and advertisements increased, so Grace looked pretty in the eyes of the president.

"... Yes. Thanks anyway. If you change your mind, call the Rochester Independent and look for Chloe Regan."

Grace sighed as she ended the call with the last witness. As expected, few people were willing to respond to the interview.

I transferred a single person's name and appointment time to my notebook and opened another folder. It was time to write an article for this week. Grace pulled out the fountain pen Leon had given her as a work gift.

I mean, that guy has changed a lot.

Even if it's because I liked the name, it's a calling card.

square square.

Throughout the morning, Grace wrote an in-depth analysis of economic recovery policy.

the government. It was time to deliver the finished manuscript to the editor-in-chief.

"Good morning. It's ten minutes to noon, so it's best to call you in the morning.

Around lunchtime, Mr. Burrell, the president's assistant, who always comes to the newsroom, shows up. For some reason, the editor-in-chief always had business with him, so he wanted to go to Grace today, but he heard a completely unexpected sound.

"I got a call from Chloe's daughter."

"Yes? My... daughter?"

"How cute. How old is he?"

"... I am five years old."

"He spoke very well. When I asked him how he knew to call, he clearly replied that he had asked a kindergarten teacher.

"oh... thank you though... What did the child say?"

"I was asked to go back to my mother".

"... Yes?"

Grace was contemplative, but Mr. Burrell smiled and said it was the nicest protest he had ever received in his life working for the press.

"I guess I miss my mother a lot. Chloe must miss the kid a lot too. Having a lovely son and being cooped up all day with ex-reporters on cigarettes and coffee. I don't know how to contain myself because the kid's face flickers in front of me the whole time I'm working."

My face was blurry and my heart was about to go out.

"I guess Ellie still needs more time with her mother."

ah... Ellie... My baby

I can't. As soon as noon came, Grace grabbed her purse and stood up. As I was about to leave, a reporter asked with an unkind look.

"Are you going to eat separately today?"

Lunch is always eaten separately. The real reason was not known to his colleagues. In any case, it had been a few months since

Grace always disappeared from lunch for one reason or another, so now it's a regular thing, so no one asked, but today is a fellow reporter's birthday.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I have a talk show."

"Uh-huh, coverage. well. thanks for your effort."

It was a very crooked answer.

Why are you like this

I was stunned. The interview schedule is only in the afternoon. She was sensible and lied that she had a lunchtime interview schedule, but there was no reason for Grace to feel sorry for her colleagues. The birthday celebration was in the morning and lunchtime was definitely Grace's personal time.

"To have a lovely child locked up with all the reporters all day long between cigarettes and coffee".

That is all.

Grace jumped into a cab and went immediately to see the flickering face in front of her eyes.

"She's a mother!"

The little girl was thrilled when her mother, whom she only saw at night, picked her up from kindergarten during lunchtime. Ellie, who was running around with joy, finally heard what her father said.

"That's Ellie's mother. Oh, that's nice.

Seeing the boy hugging his friends and bragging about his mother made Grace's heart ache even more.

"Mom, aren't you going to work today?"

We had lunch together in the park after a long time, and the boy asked with expectant eyes.

"I have to make a short trip to work in the afternoon, but..."

The child immediately became sullen.

"I'm learning Ellie Ballet today.... The teacher said she was like an angel..."

"Come to think of it, Mom hasn't seen Ellie taking ballet lessons lately."

Leon was right. When I first started taking classes, I watched a few times, and after that, I saw Ellie.

show the movements he learned after work.

"You can watch the class and

go." "Wow!"

Reporting is possible in the afternoon anyway. The class only lasted about 40 minutes, and since it was held in the same building as the penthouse, it was not difficult to find time.

"Mom! Are you watching?"

"Then watch."

"Are you okay with Ellie?"

"Yes, you're doing great. Our Ellie is like an angel."

"SWIM!"

Ellie almost flew through the entire class. How much the mother sweated to keep her child from learning to dance in a tutu.

After class, while Ellie washed and dressed with the help of her babysitter, Grace also changed and put on today's work clothes. And before I left the house again, I decided to spend some time with the second one.

"Aww, that's nice. who is your mother that makes you so.
Pretty, huh?"

Perhaps her mother's way of talking was interesting, Liv smiled with her mouth open as she was nursing. Somehow, this child was no different from an angel.

"Grace."

While nursing and playing with her baby, she heard a voice calling her from outside the door.

"Go ahead."

Immediately the door opened and Leon stepped inside and hesitated. The smile that spread when he first saw Liv disappeared the moment Grace's attire caught his eye. It was, after all, a maid's uniform.

When that man, Grace, wore a maid's uniform, of course, when she wore a black dress and a white apron, she would get hot and her feet would go numb at the same time. Grace is uncomfortable with herself even though she knows there is no remnant of the past left.

Looking at the man who couldn't move in front of the door as if considering whether or not to leave, Grace rolled her eyes and smiled as she always did.

"Hello, Captain. I was nursing Miss.
Olivia.

After teasing him, Leon cleared his throat once before asking with a cheeky grin.

"Sally, when did you get a job as a nanny?"

It was a little short of a polite, unabashed smile. It's like a person who is forced to smile while walking on thin ice after being pushed by a gun.

"What's up, relax. Feel free to joke around."

Leon felt a sense of déjà vu. I never thought I would hear from my wife what the senior cadets used to say during the military academy. Of course, Leon had never been nervous in front of the senior rider, or had never held back his words, but if the opponent was Grace, he would have no choice but to become a pawn in front of the general.

"Anyway, have a good interview."

I said goodbye and was about to leave, but Grace said something unexpected.

"I'll be home early today. And the kids go to bed early and we go out on dates?

"... What kind of wind is blowing today?

Leon turned to Grace with an expression of disbelief.

"Did you see three Christmas ghosts in your dream?"

No. Actually, it is the work of one person.

"Ellie, we didn't lose our mother to Liv, we lost her to the company."

The effect of what he said while taking Ellie to kindergarten in the morning was immediate.

***

A small town in the Richmond area, just outside the city of Rochester. Behind the church Grace had infiltrated yesterday was a building used by priests as lodging.

"Get out quickly..."

Grace parked her car on the hill across the street and peered at the back door of the inn through her binoculars. How long had it been since the bell rang to announce three o'clock? Out the back door came two middle-aged women dressed in maid's uniforms identical to hers. She carried a bag in her hand. It meant cleaning.

Grace got out of the car as the women disappeared toward the bus stop. She was carrying a rather large leather bag slung over her shoulder.

As naturally as possible, but not so slowly as to be seen, I passed the fence of the inn and made my way to the back door. Then, as a maid did a moment ago, I tipped over a flower pot near the door. Underneath was the key to the inn.

Sigh.

The sound of an old door opening echoed down the hallway and up the stairs. The interior was quiet, perhaps because it was the time when the priests were in the cathedral.

The structure of these places is more or less the same. Grace, using her many experiences from

infiltration as an employee, found the cleaning supply room in one fell swoop and got her hands on the set of keys hanging on the wall. Then, with a feather duster in hand to cover myself just in case, I went upstairs to the girlfriends' private rooms.

There are three priests in this church. The room Grace had to find was Father Gilbert Miller's private room. It was Martha's complaints the month before that led him to pursue Father Miller.

"A new priest has arrived at our local church. Rumors are circulating that he caused trouble in the old church and was sent to cover it up."

"What trouble did you cause?"

"That's all, boys..." "ah..."

It was disgustingly common, so I didn't have to hear it anymore.

"The mothers sent a letter to the parish where they The priest lived and they asked about it." "What

am I going to do by asking my accomplice?"

As expected, the parish responded that it was unfounded.

"My children I don't send them because I can't believe it, but it worries me because there are parents who believe and send them."

"That girlfriend, what's your name?"

This was not something I could simply listen to and pass on, either as a mother or as a reporter. Large religious groups are not easy opponents, but if the media avoid them, who will expose their absurdity?

In the meantime, Father Gilbert Miller has asked about all the churches he has visited and about the former believers. Most of them kept their mouths shut, but there were some victims who bravely testified.

However, if only a few testimonies were exposed without evidence, the rotten church would remain ignorant as it is now, and conclusive evidence would be needed even for witness protection.

When I searched the office disguised as a nun, nothing turned up. She looked like she needed to see her space

staff, so this time she disguised herself as a maid and infiltrated the bedroom.

You are here.

On my second attempt, I found Father Miller's private room. Grace quickly began searching the simple space, as in any other priest's room.

I was good at looking in bedrooms to find other people's private parts, so I could boast that I knew better than anyone else where to look. I usually hide erotic pictures under the mattress of my bed, and things related to my kinky taste are kept in the back of the closet or under the floorboards. Either way, I'll pull it out often, so there were always the traces of many hands left behind.

Come to think of it...

Grace, who was looking under the bride's bed, laughed at the sudden thought. In the past, I searched the bedroom to find the secret parts of my now husband, the enemy, but I couldn't find a single paint magazine. So I really thought he was impotent, as he was

he rumored. It is also impossible to know just by looking.

"under..."

Predictably, Grace found photos under the bed that could serve as legal evidence, and she flipped through them one by one, gritted her teeth, and muttered:

"I want to kill you..."

I guess there is no god OR a god for the wicked. A criminal like this is a messenger of God.

"Impressive..."

This time, cocaine and opium were found in the emptied Bible. Human rights violations and even drugs.

"Father, you are very diverse. You have to cut the branches".

I'll go out and call the editor and ask him. Can you be reported for drug possession? But if you are a priest, wouldn't the police be reluctant to look at the church? The priest could destroy the evidence while the police rush in.

Grace pulled a camera out of her leather bag and took pictures of the room and the place where she was

found the evidence. And to prove that it was Father Miller's room, I put together his ID card and took pictures of the evidence.

It took longer than expected to record the evidence. It was time to finish filming and put the evidence in place.

Sigh.

The sound of the front door of the building opening was heard outside the door. I quickly looked out the window, and the back of a man's head in a wedding dress had disappeared through the open front door. It was Father Miller.

Damn it, why are you coming home at this hour?

Grace quickly tucked in the peeling sheets and put them away, grabbed her purse and duster and went out. I quietly closed the door amid the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs. It wasn't far to the stairs and it was a dead end, so there was nowhere to hide.

"Father."

"Sister."

As he proudly tapped the walls of the hallway with a feather duster, Father Miller simply bowed his gaze and walked past. The priest went straight to his room and opened the door. As soon as he disappeared inside, Grace headed for the stairs without looking back.

"Sister."

It was when I came down the stairs and was only a step away from the front door. Father Miller called out to her from the top of the stairs.

"Yes?"

Grace replied, casually heading for the door.

"Did you clean my room?"

"No."

"Anyway, this is the first time I've seen you." "Yes,

today is the first time."

"May I see your personal identification, please?"

Already suspicious. Grace's eyes caught what the priest had been playing at a moment ago.

gray feathers. Apparently, I didn't see it fall out of the duster when I ran out of the room.

"Why is that?"

Quietly, and pretending to be a little upset, he grabbed the doorknob behind his back.

"If you don't cooperate, we will call the police."

If you cooperate, you will be caught as a reporter and your camera will be taken away. Grace opened the door and ran out. The priest's shout came from behind her.

"He's a thief!"

Yes, I prefer to be a thief.

It was when I was running straight across the backyard to the gate between the walls. A middle-aged man in overalls opened the fence gate and entered.

"Call the police!"

The priest who had been chasing her, apparently a gardener who worked here, called the man. However, the man did not go to call the police and chased Grace.

damn it

Grace, whose retreat was blocked, ended up going around and around the building and chasing the two men.

"Officer! A thief!"

Bad luck doesn't come alone.

"How are you!"

Even the policemen passing in front of the church on patrol joined in.

Oops, I don't know

Grace managed to dodge the men with her quick feet and threw the bag she was carrying over her shoulder over the wall in front of her.

Took.

There was a thick bush on the other side of the fence, so I could hear the bag not break, but the soft landing of the bag. Then it was Grace's turn. It was the moment when she was about to leap over the high wall by climbing the tree next to the wall.

"I understand!"

"Wow!"

My ankle was caught and I fell.

"name."

"..."

"name."

"..."

The officer sitting across the desk asked repeatedly, but Grace did not answer the question, but only asked.

"I didn't steal anything, so why are you holding

me?" I don't have anything, let alone steal it.

Fortunately, the bag with the camera remained. As I was being arrested, I took a look around and the bushes were so thick that I couldn't even see the bag hidden behind it.

So, to them, Grace was a person with no identification and nothing.

"Then why did you pretend to be a maid and come in?"

"that..."

Grace pretended to be in trouble and turned her body before answering in a breathy voice.

"Actually, I love the priest.... I just wanted to lie in bed. Just once."

The officer's eyes changed. Crazy eyes. He agreed with Grace's plan. However, the man made a complicated expression and asked as if he still wasn't sure.

"Then why did you run away?"

"I was surprised and ran away because I was being chased."

"Why did you have a gun?"

"I always carry it with me for self-defense. "What what kind of a world is this these days? as you know. And aren't all citizens of Columbia gun-free?

"... And what is your name?"

"You also have the freedom not to speak."

If he gives the reporter's name, the interview is over. As soon as it reaches Father Miller's ear, he will destroy the evidence.

However, it was even more undesirable to say his real name in Columbia. Martha, who gave the report, could be in trouble. And Leon could

and tell him to quit his job. Also,
wouldn't it be impossible to become an ex-convict as soon as you start over with a new identity that looks like a blank sheet of paper?

Ha, what should I do?

Grace was worried.

Will Father Miller tell the officer that he is carrying drugs? So what about me?

It was difficult to make a decision on my own without the help of a legal expert. In the end, it seemed like the first thing I had to do was to get out of here, no matter what the excuse.

But isn't Father Miller coming?

Grace looked at at . at officer, blinking widely.

"Maybe. Will I ever get to see Father Miller up close again when he goes to court and is tried?"

Even the displeasure was now evident in the officer's eyes.

Yes, she's crazy, so let her go. There's no reason to hold on to it anyway.

outburst. applaud.

However, the officer sent her back to the detention center.

Not even stubborn

I won't even have an ID. I won't steal anything I thought that if I kept my mouth shut and held on, only formal measures would be taken and sent.

"Ha, maybe it's okay..."

Grace sighed when she saw the clock hanging on the wall outside the dungeon. It's almost 9 o'clock at night. I promised to go home early today.

It must have been before 4:00 p.m. that the police caught her, but it was about time because the officers were putting her in here and saying they were busy.

I will worry I need to call

Getting caught at the police station after tricking him from a family meal to a date, Grace asked for it, prepared to hear a scathing rebuke from Leon.

"Let me use the phone, please."

"I don't remember your name, but I think you remember your phone number."

When did I say I don't remember? I said I don't want to talk

They argued for a while, but the officer vehemently refused and left.

When I'm calm, I'll open the lock with a hairpin and leave.

I was sitting quietly on the bench, waiting for the right moment, when I heard footsteps and a long shadow fell in front of Grace. Thinking it was a police officer, Grace looked up and her eyes widened like saucers.

"... Mr. Burrell?

Why is the boss's secretary here?

"The chief has brought in a lawyer and is talking to the officer in charge."

"... Are you the boss?

A person who never comes into the office came here. Embarrassment preceded the question of how he came to know.

"I don't have a face. I'm so sorry."

"No. It is only natural that news organizations would protect your reporters.

I expected to reprimand her, but Mr. Burrell encouraged Grace by telling her that she had suffered a lot.

"You can go."

Shortly thereafter, the officer returned and opened the cell door. The revolver that had been stolen was also returned.

I followed Mr. Burrell into the lobby of the police station. After greeting the lawyer who released her, Grace asked, looking around.

"Where's the boss?"

"He said he was busy and left first."

"Ah, my... I made a busy person come here. I'm sorry."

I should buy you a gift and thank you. As soon as she made up her mind and left the police station with the two men, Grace hesitated. In the light of the streetlight, the man standing leaning against a black sedan parked on the side of the road looked familiar.

He was wearing dark sunglasses, so although she couldn't see his eyes, she could tell he was very angry. The man, who had not yet abandoned the habit of living like a soldier and always stood erect, now leered at her with his hands stuffed in his suit pants pockets. The sowing will be as twisted as that attitude.

Mr. Burrell, who had offered to drive him home, followed Grace's gaze and asked with a glance.
Who is that man?

"He's my husband."

"Oh! Come on."

"Thank you very

much."

After greeting the two men, I quickly approached and Leon took his hands out of his pants pockets and stood up.

"Lion." "get

on."

His expression and voice are quite cold, but he opens the door with the utmost respect. He waits until Grace is seated in the passenger seat and finishes ordering

his clothes, then closed the door, turned around and sat in the driver's seat.

The car started quietly. As they passed through the quiet residential area, the few streetlights occasionally illuminated the interior, but Leon's expression was somber. Grace examined his complexion and asked cautiously.

"how... well?"

"How do you think you

knew?" "A bodyguard?"

Hearing the correct answer, Leon became a little upset. yourself.

If Grace had realized she had bodyguards attached to her anyway, it would have given her close security. I thought she would hate it, so I made her watch from a reasonable distance, and I never thought it would turn out that way.

As Leon silently affirmed, Grace muttered to herself.

"I knew it."

Even if he knew that, he didn't seem to know anything else.

"I locked him up until midnight so he wouldn't do this again, and then I tried to let him out, but how did he get out? Who are those men?"

When I told him to ask, Leon's eyes watching the road sharpened even more.

"What the hell is your boss, pretending to be a knight rescuing a princess in trouble?"

"A knight to save the princess? You are only an employer that protects its employees.

"So your boss protects all his employees like you do?"

"oh..."

"low."

Leon snorted with a disgusted expression on his face, then finally looked at Grace.

"Grace, calm down. He sees you as a woman."

"low."

This time it was Grace's turn to snort.

"How can you consider a person you've never seen as a woman?"

Grace said, putting her elbow on Leon's shoulder like a rascal.

"Please do it in moderation. Just because I look dirty in your eyes no matter what I do doesn't mean that in other people's eyes. Do you know how common in the world men are who wear tortoiseshell glasses like witches, paint their lips red like they've eaten something, always carry a gun, have only one temper, and think a dog fight they won't let go of once bitten is erotic?"

He acted humorous and tried to ease the stiff atmosphere, but Leon didn't laugh at all and asked in a forceful tone.

"Where was the wound?"

"It doesn't exist."

"I'm going to go home and take it off. I know I can't get out of bed for a day if I have an injury."

"What are you going to do after you lock yourself in bed?"

The cold light eyes looked at Grace with the edge of their bitter eyes. I felt I could hear a voice telling me if you were in the mood for a joke.

He is a man who behaves lightly the angrier he gets and is sarcastic. Not being in the mood to be sarcastic meant that the current emotion was not simple anger. From the moment I saw his face, I did what I was going to say.

"I'm sorry."

Of course, I didn't expect him to completely alleviate his mood with an apology.

"Baby, did you wonder if it was me who put up with my.
wife in the coffin?"

What if things had gone wrong and he had lost his life? Grace was quite relieved that he had started being sarcastic.

"He just thought I was a petty thief. You know that
He had a gun and was trained."

"You'll be fine."

"Even after I was caught, I was able to escape on my own, but I didn't fight because I was trying to save myself. I also think about my body."

"No, not at all. If so, I wouldn't have done anything so dangerous in the first place. i know i don't care
Even so, you don't have to think about the children.

"I will restrain myself."

Grace questioned after reflecting on herself as a sinner.

"And why aren't you paying attention?"

Even in the days of hatred, Grace only saw that man in his eyes, so he poured blind hatred on her. Looking back, ever since I met Leon, there hasn't been a single moment when he hasn't been on my mind.

"I'm so sorry I couldn't keep my promise to arrive early today."

"..."

"... What are our daughters doing?

The nanny must have put him to bed.

I must have slept without my mom and dad. Sorry, it made my heart feel even heavier.

The children are already asleep, so I have to apologize tomorrow. I wanted to make up for the wrong I had done to Leon right away.

"I can keep my promise to go on a date even now. How about the rooftop bar at the Starlight Theater, shall we go there?

"Before you say that, what should you do with that outfit?"

"ah..."

Grace was still wearing her maid's uniform.

"So why don't we leave the kids with Marsarang and Joe for the weekend and take a yacht trip just the two of us? I'll drive the yacht.

"Liv would cry without me. No."

"Because we can't separate it..."

Grace looked at Leon's expression and then stopped talking. He didn't seem to be in the mood to laugh and play with Grace anyway.

"I will make sure this never happens again.
Promise me, honey.

"It's just talk." "It's

just talk."

Grace wrapped her arms around Leon's neck and leaned against her. It was time to kiss him on the cheek. Leon said, looking down at her.

"It means proving it with actions, not just promising it with words."

"Ah."

As if Grace had made a mistake, she ran out. Leon began to examine Grace's now calm expression.

is to say I'm sorry But when I see him feel sorry, I feel sorry for him.

Just as I tried to pretend to love and fell madly in love, I tried to pretend to be angry and got very angry. It's always been hard to play a trick on this woman, but why are the incomparably simpler tricks of the past getting harder and harder now? Now, he's confused about how far he can go and where his sincerity begins.

Just before climbing the suspension bridge into the town of Rochester, Leon snapped the steering wheel. When he pulled over to the side of the road out of nowhere, Grace looked at him with wide eyes.

"I never said no to a kiss."

Grace's expression, which had been as dark as that river all along, became as bright as the brilliant night view of the city. When her arms wrapped around his neck again, Leon turned to look at Grace this time. she came

Grace first tickled the tip of her nose and then smiled at Leon. The sound of wet skin gently colliding, snagging and gently falling echoed in the silent car late at night.

As soon as the kiss, which was perfunctory but penetrated to the depths of her heart, ended and fell, Grace curved her moist lips into a smile. Leon also unknowingly followed Grace and curved his mouth.

Pull back into an affectionate kiss. He was still a hardened idiot.

***

The next day, the editor-in-chief of the Rochester Independent received a complaint call from the vicar of the Diocese of Richmond. Last night, they had come to the newspaper's police station and discovered that

the crazy woman who had broken into Father Miller's room was actually a reporter.

Although the editor-in-chief tried to remain silent under the guise of protest, instead of ordering it quashed, the editor-in-chief urged the report.

"Let's blow it up quickly before it interferes from the other side."

From that day on, four days passed without a blink of an eye. Grace brought forward the interview with the victim, which was scheduled for the next week, and went on to prepare a special article that took up a page of testimonies and photos of evidence.

So, it was the day before the article was published. In a completely unexpected way, I was hit by the opponent's preemptive strike.

Please give me back, boss.

My son is the two faces of a child rights abuser hero

An article attacking journalist Chloe Regan with that headline appeared in a special edition of a popular women's magazine.

The content of the article, namely Chloe Regan, was having an affair with the president of the Rochester Independent.

[Reporter: There are rumors that you have a date with the boss every lunch. Some people have been seen going to lunch at a hotel near the company. It hurts my pride as a journalist that such a prostitute is a reporter like me.

Even my five-year-old daughter called the boss's office to ask about her mother. Doesn't that mean that the daughter is also aware of the issue? That's terrible.

The husband raises the children at home and the wife seems to be the head of the family, but no matter how bad the husband is, he should not do such a thing if he thinks of the children]].

The anonymous tipster said she was a colleague of Chloe Regan. That she was not a fictional character invented by the magazine, I knew from the fact that the false testimony was mixed with real information about Chloe Regan that only people at the newspaper knew.

"Who did this!"

disco. exclaimed the editor-in-chief, throwing the magazine to the newsroom floor. I was outraged because one of my reporters had participated in discrediting a report to be published tomorrow by accusing a colleague of being an immoral prostitute.

"This spy bastard is the same reporter! This really hurts my pride as a journalist! I know what kind of person I am and I won't let you go if I get caught!

Grace looked back at her fellow reporters who were intimidated and only noticed the editor-in-chief. who did it.

I didn't know it was rare to see her disappear at lunchtime or that her co-workers secretly laughed about her husband raising the child at home. But I never thought I would have written such a dirty, third-rate novel.

They would have been playing together and added their own illusions to create a story that didn't exist, and one of them might have sold it to the other, so maybe they're all the same human being anyway. There was no point in finding out who had done it.

unpleasant

From Grace's eyes looking at her fellow reporters to her chest, she went cold.

You are touching my family and nothing else.

He also gnashed his teeth with Father Miller and his accomplices, polishing the article. If you give up exposing that you have been the victim of a slanderous operation, won't that unsubstantiated slander become the truth? In the end the exposé article was published, but it was already a losing battle.

Predictably, all the dioceses mentioned in the article dismissed Father Miller's misdeeds as unfounded rumors. In the face of them, they silently denied and kept their mouths shut, but there was no way they could have responded in such a dignified manner.

Grace was sued by the women's magazine after insinuating that the women's magazine article about my private life was a defamatory operation to silence her in a revealing article.

"Fire Chloe Regan now, Rochester Independent!"

Believers gathered in front of the company to protest. They frantically demanded the disclosure of the

victim's name and blamed Grace for not disclosing it.

religious enemies. A drunken paranoid in the role of a hero. A novelist, not a journalist. I heard all sorts of things.

Even unheard women's groups came and protested. They accused Grace of standing in the way of working women, saying that a woman with moral defects cannot represent women.

Advertisers began to disappear.

By now, Grace knew what it felt like to be on a witch hunt.

He was more concerned about Ellie than himself. The kindergarten does not yet know that Ellie's mother is Chloe Regan. However, if the other party finds out about the kindergarten, they will accuse Ellie's mother's parents of being a cheating woman.

I want to quit. Eyes darkening, Grace began to wrestle with these thoughts.

But if you give up, you're admitting a lie. What caused Grace to give up after tightening the

teeth was what one mother of a child said while talking about gossip at Ellie's friend's birthday party.

"Isn't it really because that woman is the mistress of the president of the newspaper that the reason they still don't cut it even though they are protesting?"

The world looks like this

All the voices of criticism are just tricks of the other side, and the vague expectation that the real readers will know the truth has been broken. Gone is the energy.

Why do I have to endure such treatment and walk a lonely road where no one encourages me?
Justice, a better world for all? My family has suffered injustice, so where is justice for us?

"What is this?"

"This is my letter of resignation."

Eventually, Grace wrote a letter of resignation and gave it to Mr. Burrell. Rather than accepting her resignation, Mr. Burrell gave her letters of encouragement from the

readers, but Grace was already so tired that she couldn't resist any words of encouragement.

"I am hurting too many people. I will take responsibility for this situation and resign."

"Chloe, don't lose to the authors' tricks. And since it was an interview we allowed, the responsibility should be shared with the newspaper."

"Since I was the one who suggested initiating this report, I feel it is only right that I take responsibility. And I want you to give this to the chief along with your letter of resignation."

Grace handed him two luxury gift boxes and a letter.

"I set it up to say thank you for my work at the station, but I didn't know it would be with the last salute. I apologize for getting caught up in an impure scandal because of me, and I know the chief is married, so please tell your wife you're sorry too."

Mr. Burrell looked at Grace with rolled eyes and sighed.

"I know how hard it is. I'll give you about a week, so let's take a nice break and organize our thoughts again."

However, Mr. Burrell did not reject Grace's letter of resignation and put it in her arms.

"I think you should check this out first."

As soon as today's meeting began, what Campbell offered was exactly what he expected. Without lifting a finger, he got the result he wanted. I should be happy, but why do I feel this way?

"According to a Finance Ministry insider, the government will start regulating as of next year..."

I could not concentrate the entire time I was receiving Campbell's report. As a result, the meeting took longer than usual. Campbell left and sat alone, looking at what was on the desk when someone knocked on the door. I put it away in a drawer just in case, but it was the butler who came to get it.

"What's going on?"

"My wife came in an hour ago."

As he stood up, he tried to ask where Grace was, but the butler gave him an answer before he could do so.

"And about thirty minutes ago he took the girls to the beach."

Grace returned after three hours. Leon cleared his throat as he stepped into the couple's damp and humid bathroom.

"Who is it, reporter Chloe Regan at this hour, at my house? Has there been a murder case?

Grace, who was submerged in the foam that filled the bathtub with her head raised, stopped tilting her glass of red wine and burst out laughing.

"No. You are a reporter who accuses children of human rights violations. Reporter, the only bad thing I've ever done to a child is lie about Santa's existence."

Grace's smile got a little brighter this time.

"If you don't want to be exposed that your dad is a liar..."

Grace raised one of her index fingers and nudged Leon.

"Go ahead." "As

ordered."

Leon untied the tie around his neck and tugged at it as he approached Grace.

The bath was short-lived, but the long night had just begun.

"How about this?"

Grace rummaged through her closet for an evening gown to wear on their date tonight, pulled out a silver silk dress and turned around as she pressed it against her naked body. The man, dressed only in a bathrobe, sat cross-legged in an armchair by the dressing room window, looked at the dress and tipped his wine glass, but did not respond.

"Isn't this too?"

The answer was instead of going below the waist. It is a disqualification to write there. Because it means to be too rude.

"... So, what are you asking me to wear?

I pulled out five more suits and asked, but Leon was always adamant. The bewildered Grace was sarcastically snarky.

"Does it even happen if you use a bag that says 'Columbia No. 1 Potatoes'?"

"Mmm..."

Leon rubbed his chin, wanted to imagine for a moment, then narrowed his eyes.

"Your mouth is watering. disqualified."

"...maniac."

In the end, she chose a midnight blue dress that she liked best. Blue was the color that went well not only with Grace, but also with Leon's eyes.

Only then did Leon begin to prepare to leave. He chose a tie the same color as Grace's dress and put on cuffs and a wristwatch the same color as the jewelry she had chosen.

Grace stopped applying her lipstick and looked at the man in the same mirror. A pomade-smeared hand gently combed back the tousled hair over her forehead.

The reason Leon likes her bare face without makeup is probably the same reason Grace likes her natural blonde hair better without pomade.

"Oh, are you itchy?"

He said he would wear a necklace, but kept pinching the back of her neck, which was exposed when Grace lifted her head. Since the makeup didn't come off when he finished, Leon also ended up wearing Grace's perfume.

As soon as she entered the appointment location, which was only a 10-minute drive from her home, Grace exhaled and said, as if experiencing an exhilarating climax.

"Ha, it feels like my heart is exploding."

Leon felt his chest tighten. The Summer Garden at the Opera House was packed with people coming to enjoy the summer that would soon give way to fall. Leon, who doesn't enjoy crowded places, couldn't understand Grace's feeling of breathing in the crowd.

But a good partner is not the one who is equal in every way, but the one who respects the other's differences.

They danced together on the heated floor that didn't cool even in the river breeze, laughed and talked while listening to music at the bar, and drank heavily. Of course, it was Grace who did the binge drinking.

As he got out of the car and walked to the elevator to go to the penthouse, Leon held Grace wobbly and asked.

"Did I have a good time

today?" "Sure. It was a lot

of fun."

Like his footsteps, his tongue was also twisted.

"I really liked you. Call me at this number if you still have a place for your wife, you handsome lunatic.

Grace gave Leon the whole bag after playing a couple of times trying to get the business card out of the bag. This woman's drunkenness always made him laugh.

"baby."

As soon as they entered the elevator, Grace grabbed him and began to strangle him.

"Do it. Do it. Do it. Yes? If you don't, I won't sleep today."

"The strong voice of a woman who will fall asleep as soon as I put her to bed."

What Grace asked for was an Ellie impersonation. Right now, I'm acting as Eli and imitating Eli with him. I didn't want to do it, but once I did it, Grace clapped and liked it. Even though it was a disingenuous imitation of her voice, with only the accent and words changed to Ellie's.

Grace, who always asked me to do that boring thing, and Leon, who hated it but always did it, were really useless people.

"Mom likes Ellie best in the world."

Grace smiled broadly.

But mom, dad, and Liv are the ones who are most important to me," she says.
want in the world.

"Then there's no point in being number one."

Leon kissed his wife's forehead and r e l u c t a n t l y agreed to her request for more.

"Because Ellie is a princess, what Ellie does is act like a princess."

"Good."

It was a mistake to give her another one when she was having so much fun and laughing so cute that I didn't even bother.

Ellie feels sick.

"under..."

It was definitely laughter at first. However, the moment Grace began to bury her face in her hands, it turned to crying. Leon felt sobered up and hugged Grace.

"Grace, what is it?"

"Me too, I feel sick too."

If you do this, it hurts me too. But I

didn't say stop.

"Cry. It's okay, so cry all you want."

Didn't you know better than anyone that pain doesn't go away even if you hide it? Leon hugged his wife as he does when his daughters cry. Grace, who cried more and more for a while, squeezed her voice through the tears and said:

"... I'm sorry."

"What?"

"It has passed a time since the last time we went out, and I'm crying like a baby..."

"You think I didn't know?"

Actually, I knew it from the beginning. Throughout our date, I thought Grace's smile was exaggerated. Leon didn't know that being more, nay, obsessively immersed in dancing and drinking than usual was an attempt to hide the pain in his heart.

I thought I had forgotten it because of the alcohol.

"Did you see that article too? You know that's not Right, right?"

Grace asked, clinging to him. "Why

are you asking for the obvious?"

Grace left from laugh like if he had done his needs and twisted his face again.

"I'm sorry."

"I didn't do anything wrong, so why are you apologizing?"

Why do you, who have no sin, have to be guilty? Grace's apology struck a chord with Leon.

"Why am I so ugly?"

"What's that again?"

"I was just avoiding it every day. So now I tried to fight without dodging. But it doesn't work. I did everything I could.... It's just about this."

You've done all you can if you're ugly

Face-to-face is not the only way to fight without dodging.

Fanaticism is not exclusive to them. you have it too.

Facing them alone with a fanatic at their feet who would bite them alive at the slightest glance.

He was an ugly god.

***

On Saturday nights, Rochester's downtown nightlife districts were filled with crowds of ants looking to relieve the

tiredness of a hard week. Above their heads, neon signs with the names of famous singers and comedians shone painfully in their eyes.

As soon as I stepped off the boulevards lined with streetcars, cabarets and jazz bars, a different world opened up. The back alley of the entertainment district is also a place of entertainment, but it must be said that this place is a lair.

"Hello, handsome gentleman."

"Go take a break. It could be anything
for you tonight.

Naked women leaning against the side of the road beckoned to a middle-aged man passing through a musty alley. Ignoring their temptations, the man tightened his bowler hat and hurried his steps.

The moment he walked past and into an alley, the prostitutes hurled insults at the back of his head, treating sodomy like maggots.

pitiful people Then, when dawn breaks, I will run to the church, confess my sins to people

sodomites I treated like worms, and I will pray to die and go to heaven.

The place the man entered was an alley of prostitutes selling their bodies to men.

"I'm sorry, Bishop."

"If you're really sorry, please be considerate for a while."

Gilbert Miller was careful with his actions as the bishop asked him to do, but after a month passed, he couldn't stand it. The fact that he had to throw away all his hard-earned treasures because of the damned journalist made it even harder to endure.

After all, shouldn't we respect ourselves only as far as the eyes of believers and the church reach?

This alley was the devil's lair that not even the eyes of God could reach.

"Hello handsome man."

A few men lined the side of the road beckoning to him, but the bearded men were not to his liking. It was a time when he was approaching

the end of the road and only deepened the disappointment.

I found the boy crouched behind a pile of chests. I must have been about twelve years old. When he stopped, the boy looked down at his shoes and his face was red. I looked at him with fearful eyes.

At first glance, he had never done anything like this, but it was clear that his mother, a prostitute, had pushed him onto the street.

found.

Gilbert pulled a bill from his trench coat pocket and showed it to the boy. The boy looked at the elegant man at the end of the alley. He looked like a pimp.

After the pimp gave him permission, the boy nodded and got up. The boy nodded obediently even when he said he would give him more money if he let him take a picture. It was a lucky day.

Gilbert followed the boy to an old building deep in an alley. The cries of prostitutes and the screams of drug addicts echoed down the hallway as he climbed the creaking stairs.

It is a hell that even the gods will look down upon and turn their heads to. So no matter what you do, God will not see it.

"This is our home. There are no adults."

The boy opened the door to the last house on the third floor. Gilbert took a moment to examine the mess and went inside, and the boy followed him in and closed the door.

At that moment, my eyes went dark. I couldn't even see my feet, perhaps because the buildings were so close together that light couldn't get in through the windows. Gilbert asked, groping his hand in the air, looking for the boy.

"Are there lights?"

"Yes."

It was the voice of a grown man, not of a child.

widely.

As soon as I heard the sound of flipping the switch, the lights came on and my eyes turned bright yellow. It wasn't just because the bulb was yellow. There were five large men who obviously weren't there when he walked in, surrounding him.

was beaten

I heard that there is a group of people who rob people pretending to sell themselves. Knowing that, I could not have come empty-handed.

"Hey, phew!"

As soon as I tried to pull a pistol out of my trench coat pocket, one of them grabbed my arm. It was so powerful that it made me think that if I resisted badly, it might break.

In the end, Gilbert could not overcome the strength of the five men and grabbed his gun. He pleaded as they began to search and retrieve his belongings.

"Take them all and save my life."

"What?" I intend to do exactly what
contrary".

Just before the lights came on, I heard a voice answer him and a young man came out of a room. The blond-haired man I had never seen before wore only expensive things that didn't fit in a poor neighborhood like this. Holding a riding whip in the middle of the city,

where there were no horses, also contributed to the feeling of incongruity.

"As promised."

When the man tossed the large coin he was holding in his hand, a boy who had been quietly observing the situation in the corner ran over and grabbed it.

"That's yours too."

"thank you!"

The man pointed to the bills that had fallen out of Gilbert's coat pocket, and the boy quickly picked them up and disappeared from the apartment.

"To my house."

Are the men bossy? Under his direction, the men dragged Gilbert into a room. Unlike the cluttered living room, the room was eerily clean. The windows were barred and the only furniture was two iron chairs.

The men forced Gilbert to sit in one of the chairs and tied him to the chair by his arms and waist with leather belts.

"Who are you that does this, ugh..."

When one of the men tried to bite him with a piece of cloth in his mouth, the blond man shook his head.

He is gagged. No matter how much I scream, no one you will hear here".

The man who approached Gilbert, who became even more contemplative at those words, sat down in the chair across from him. At the direction of another young man standing behind him, all of his men left the room. The door closes, leaving only Gilbert and a young blond man.

The man who appeared to be the boss rested his elbows on his knees and rested his chin on the tips of his hands together as if praying. Then he looked at Gilbert in silence.

The man's eyes were too dark to look human. How long had it been since I began to tremble with anxiety because I couldn't understand what was inside? The man broke the silence.

"Father Gilbert Miller.

You know my name I didn't even see his wallet that the henchmen outside the door had taken from him. Gilbert crouched down, sensing a foreboding.

"You know who I am."

"Mo, I don't know."

"It's okay if you don't know my name. But you should know that I'm the husband of reporter Chloe Regan."

"ah..."

"Should I tell you something you couldn't bear to

say?" "No..."

"Ah, you're the poor man with the unfaithful wife."

"..."

"And he's also my lover."

Facing the confused man, the man laughed like a maniac.

"that's right, I'm the president of the Rochester Independent."

It didn't make sense. Suddenly, it all started to make sense that the woman was still uncut and could still wander around like a fearless honey badger.

"I became a man who had an affair with
my wife. Isn't that funny? Campbell, what do you think?

The man asked the subordinate behind him, and everyone burst out laughing. I thought he was laughing, but even when the laughter died down, the man didn't lose his smile.

"Even if there are rumors of infidelity, only my wife and I are men. On the one hand, it's the most romantic."

He must have come for revenge, but the man seemed strangely happy. Gilbert asked cautiously, hopefully.

"What do you want?"

"First, you should listen to my story. That's the first step."

I asked him what the first step was, but the man did not answer, looked at the whip in his hand with sad eyes and asked the subordinate behind him.

"Even if it's not, I've been itching lately,
but he's doing well. Campbell, how long has it been,

"It feels like it's been more than two years."

"It's not as old as I thought."

"How about smoking one for the first time in a long time?"

The subordinate who pulled a cigar box out of his chest was using the tone of a soldier. And what an Old World accent.

The subordinate is a military man from the Old Continent, and the author treats the president of a media company with his wife as a reporter or the mobsters as bosses. The author's identity did not become clear as he got to know him, but blurred.

The man looked at the cigar box opened by his subordinate with regret and shook his head.

"You know. My oldest daughter hates it. Even if I don't, I live with 'I hate you,' probably because I'm in a rebellious period these days, but I couldn't be more hated."

When the subordinate removed the cigar box, the man's gaze turned to Gilbert.

"The article's daughter - what's she like? Now that you know the circumstances, do you have any idea how outrageous the lie was?

"That, that's what I said..."

"Of course not. It seems the bishop bribed one of the rats at my paper with his breath on the magazine staff."

"Yes, you're right. Bishop..."

As soon as the man heard the confession, he smiled and cut off his words.

"Well, you committed it to cover up your crime anyway, so you're the main culprit."

"I'd like to apologize to the reporter who is the wife of the president..."

"A wife..."

The man muttered the word 'wife' over and over again as if savoring it for a moment.

"Others say it easily, but the world has no way of knowing that it's a word I understood with difficulty."

He said, staring into the void with eyes that seemed to look into the past.

"If you only knew how many years I worked hard to become my wife, and what I left behind, you'd say that

I am crazy. I don't touch a woman who has a madman for a husband. I am the one who destroyed the country because of that woman, but I cannot destroy you alone."

My hamstrings were already numb to the sinister signal. Gilbert begged to have it resolved verbally, but the man said he was the one doing the talking and continued with a story that he couldn't understand why he was doing that to him.

"To be honest, I didn't like my wife's job. If you are quietly in my arms, you can live with everyone treating you like a queen, then,
why on earth would you buy it and go through all those difficulties?

With a hiss, the whip in the man's hand struck the leg of the iron chair with a sharp sound.

"But on the other hand, it makes sense. Even if it's just me, I feel like staying home. Also, as a woman who has lived her life doing only what others tell her to do, it makes sense that I would want to do what I want at least once."

So that was a shame too, the man added.

"I told you to do whatever you want, but I can't let you go. Even if I let you loose, shouldn't I let you loose inside my fence?

One man's fence meant a newspaper company on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Originally, I only run conservative media. But if you have two sides, you'll be a good strategist if you put puppets on both sides. So it's not bad to have one or two progressive media outlets under my feet."

Mind you, the man said sarcastically that the puppet, fence and stooge who does not know whether to imprison or protect his wife, is more faithful to his role as a bedbug who gnaws his funds than to his role.

"Looking back, what happened with her was always a loss for me. However, the existence of that woman in itself was a reward that outweighed all the losses, so I only benefited as a result.

His gaze, which had been staring into the void as if he were looking at his wife who was not here, turned to Gilbert. The blurred eyes, as if

were drunk on drugs, they become cold to the point of shivering.

"I actually had expectations that I would quit on my own after doing it moderately. Then, not too long ago, I received a letter of resignation as I wished."

It was only after hearing the words that followed that I realized that what I had thought was a ringing sound was actually poking at the center.

"But why? I should be happy, but I'm not. why? What do you think it is?"

"Yuck!"

The man stabbed Gilbert in the chest with the end of a whip.

"Then it hit me. I wanted my wife to get tired of playing moderately and stop, not get hurt and kicked out."

Dreuk.

The man rose from his seat without warning. Gilbert prayed in contemplation.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. If you send me..."

"A word of apology is not enough. do you think that will that word heal my wife's wounds?

"So what do I do..."

"If you do something wrong, you have to pay for it."

"I, I, then, will admit my sins, I will surrender and I will pay for my sins.

"What are you talking about. I have no intention of condemning you morally. I am not a moral person. I am a selfish person who knows nothing but me."

Gilbert's heart sank when he understood the significance of the idea of personal sanctions.

"To be honest, whether the world is hell or not is none of my business. If only my home were heaven, it would be enough, wouldn't it? But if that hellish world touches my wife and daughters, it's my business."

that money that money With every step the man took, Gilbert tried to flee, dragging his chair behind him. it was useless.

"How are you, I make a woman who doesn't make me cry."

"Ah!"

bang. A chair kicked by Leon's foot fell backwards. Bound to a chair, he collapsed, hit his head on the floor and began sobbing and shaking all over. Seeing that the space between his legs was getting thicker, Leon wrinkled his forehead.

So far, the people he interrogated were those who had been trained for a while, whether they were good or not. This is the first pure civilian who has no experience in this type of work. In other words, it means that this is the first time a person has had to urinate with just a kick of a chair.

Leon laughed with Campbell, then lay down on the floor and looked at the guy who was wetting his pants like a kid.

"this one. You seem to have forgotten your diaper today, father.

The bride's eyes widened when asked if she forgot her diaper. As shock and horror of another kind began to seep into her eyes, Leon inhaled arsenic.

"You seem surprised that I know your secret tastes."

Early on the morning of the day following Grace's arrest at the police station, Leon's bodyguard, who had been ordered to retrieve Grace's car and camera, made an unexpected discovery.

Father Miller was said to have thrown something into a trash can at a bus stop not far from the shelter and entered the shelter as if he was going to flee. The box he threw out contained something that a single middle-aged man should not have.

Bottles, nipples and caps and adult size diapers.

I heard that there are people who pretend to be babies and have a tendency to get excited, but I thought it was just a rumor, but I thought it was true.

is varied

It was unfair and humiliating for Leon to be tied as an abnormal sexist with such a disgusting person.

Aside from being repugnant, these objects could not support Grace's report, nor could they be used as

evidence of a crime. Still, I thought it would be useful if I kept it, so I secured it and it was also useful.

"Now it will be the world's turn to be surprised by the priest's secret taste."

I winked at Campbell, he opened the door and let the bodyguards wait outside. In their hands were the things Father Miller had thrown away. The bride's face paled as she guessed what I was going to do.

"Okay, my story is over, so let's move on to the next step. Of course I won't get my hands dirty anymore."

As he said, preparations for the next step were made by his subordinates. The bodyguards lifted Father Miller and stripped him of all his clothes.

"The only downside to marriage is that you have to give up bachelor games. But there are advantages beyond that. listen. Ah, useless advice for a priest.

Leon smiled, twisted his lips and added, "I proposed a marriage ceremony to a bride who took a vow of celibacy."

"Besides, especially if you're going to die soon."

The priest grew contemplative and stumbled.

"I asked you to take everything and save your life? I'll give you back everything you threw away and just take your life."

He laughed as he lifted a large diaper off the floor with the end of his whip.

"Oh, and your honor, of course."

It seemed that the backstory was not on his mind.

"Sah, save me. Please, I'll do anything..."

"Let's finish this quickly and go. I have to go read my daughters a story before they go to bed. Of course, don't forget to kiss."

Leon looked at his watch and urged the bodyguards. When his pleas didn't work, he began to spit and curse.

"You, your wife and your daughters will all go to hell!"

"Well, I asked a demon I knew well, and he said there's no place for me in hell because I'm full of filthy priests like you. Oh, don't worry, there's a place for you."

"Well! Kill me! I know how show up like a ghost and eat your ass!"

"Oh, have you ever preached the word of God with That vulgar mouth?"

Father Miller soon became a grotesque figure, naked, wearing a cap and diaper.

"I don't like babies other than my daughters, but I never thought they were gross. The author is the first."

Leon's eyes grew large. When permission was granted, Campbell pulled a vial from his pocket. After recognizing what was inside, the priest trembled and left a will as a curse.

"Demon, if you dare to deceive God's messenger, God will not let you go!"

Leon smiled and delivered God's answer.

"Fool, there is only one God in this world, my God. The messenger of the false God who blasphemed the true God will die at the hands of a fanatic."

Soon Father Miller forced himself to swallow the dust of blessing he used to hide in the Word of God and forgot all about it.

"Kyaaaagh!"

A group of women gathered in the street shouted and scattered in all directions. It was because of a middle-aged man who suddenly jumped out of the alley.

Wearing a cap and wearing a diaper while naked. The man was acting grotesque beyond words, whether he was a psychopath or not.

"¡A!"

Like a savage, he shouted incomprehensible words and chased people down the main street. As if drunk, his steps and eyes were unsteady.

In the end, crowds gathered on the side of the road to see the 'giant baby'. The man laughed like a maniac at the people around him, then was punched and punched as he tried to pounce on a group of young people.

The man stumbled and got up again. When the beaten young man again threatened, he turned around and

he ran away. The place where he jumped was, of course, in front of a streetcar that happened to be passing by.

burst! gain. "Kyaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Again, women's cries echoed down the main street. A crowd gathered in front of the streetcar, which this time stopped. Standing on the roof of a building not far away, Leon looked through his binoculars and smiled at the man in the middle, who was stretched out in an even more grotesque appearance than he was wearing a diaper.

He had a truck waiting to kill him after attracting enough attention, but I never thought a tank would do his job.

"As expected, I am lucky." It was only

natural that he was loved by God.

***

Father Miller's grotesque death was only the first step in Leon's revenge.

Thanks to the wallet in the diaper, it was quickly established that Father Miller was the man who had died in a drug-fueled rampage.

in town one weekend night. It wasn't just a wallet in a diaper.

From the next day, the incident began to be widely reported. It started with Leon's media, but within a day, others joined in, looking for scoops and sales numbers.

I feel sorry for Grace, who thinks the press is justice, but the press is a hyena.

Reporters, blinded by the titillating competition for stories, reported the coroner's testimony that the priest was inserting a black nipple as if it were an imitation penis. The tabloids even ran a front-page photo of the bride's diapered body.

Thanks to the prostitutes' testimony that Father Miller arrived by his own feet, went to the alley where the prostitutes were and then ran away after performing the strange thing with his own feet, the suspicion of lynching or retaliation never arose.

When the priest, whom I believed to be innocent, died demonstrating in person a foul scandal, public opinion was turned upside down in an instant.

[The two ugly faces of Father Miller].

[Woman's solitary struggle against the great church].

[They said it was religious repression, but is it really press repression].

Leon's target was not just Father Miller. It was Bishop Merrick, who was in charge of the Diocese of Richmond, who led Grace down a blind alley.

[The fact that one apple is rotten does not mean that all the apples in the chest are rotten. The personal deviation of one priest deserves condemnation, but it is time for all of us to unite so that true people who faithfully serve God do not fall innocent victims].

When the bishop made a statement and tried to cut off his tail, Leon borrowed the man's method of mobilizing a fishing organization.

[Is it true that your son reported to Bishop Merrick what happened to Father Miller?]

[Yes, it's true.]

[So that means that the bishop knew about Father Miller's crime.]

The actors he hired gave radio interviews posing as the mothers of the victims and protested in front of cathedrals and parliaments. Of course, the bishop also tried to stop the demonstration by mobilizing fanatics, but they could do little with the bodyguards released by Leon.

As soon as he grabbed the bishop by the ankle, who was about to cut off his tail and run away, Leon pulled out the next card.

[Until the offers are converted into shares in illegal gambling establishments].

[Prostitution, syphilis and Bishop Merrick].

[Bishop Merrick exposes Pope for sodomy].

They tracked down the bishop and revealed his talk at a poker meeting and the doctor's medical records. One per day, even at the end of the article, announcing the headline of tomorrow's show.

Leon's strategy attracted attention, and the incident at the cathedral in an eastern suburb spread throughout Columbia and, eventually, overseas.

As if they had been waiting, the misdeeds of the priests were exposed and the media, including radio, ridiculed them. In the region, donations also flowed like an ebb along with pedestrian traffic to the cathedral.

Was the revelation of the Pope's private life fatal? The Vatican, which has always remained silent on these matters, finally stepped forward.

In the end, Bishop Merrick was dismissed for lack of dismissal.

The church, which only knew that its opponents were the president of a small newspaper and a cub reporter, must have been in for a rude shock. Suddenly, the situation was reversed, and as the exposition unfolded as if they had expected, the parish seemed to realize that there was a person behind it.

Of course, they bragged shamelessly, hoping that not only they but the whole world would notice. Reporter Chloe Regan has a fan with power and money.

No one will touch their god anymore.

Fixing the women's magazine that published false articles at the bishop's behest was much simpler.

In a situation where public opinion was no longer good, I sued them under the name of the owner of the Rochester Independent and they immediately issued an article of correction and apology.

Catching the rumored rat was a bit more complicated.

Using Leon's media company, he extorted major women's magazine advertisers to make the financial situation worse and acted as if he was going to run an ad for a powerful company in which he is the majority shareholder, but cancelled at the last minute. Of course, he came out desperate, as if he was on his knees and begging.

He contacted me saying he wanted to see me, so Leon sent Burrell to the site.

"They say that Jack Crespo did it in our newsroom. It is said that he sold rumors circulating in the company in exchange for a position as a reporter for a business magazine within the same press group, not for money."

At a hotel coffee shop in Rochester's affluent neighborhood, Burrell reported, but it was unclear whether the

chief was listening. He seemed completely concerned about the child in the stroller.

"App. Stay." "No,

this is Liv." "ah-."

The boss fed his one-year-old daughter, who had the pretty features of 'Chloe Regan', a piece of bun with strawberry jam and cream, and wiped her mouth with a napkin. Then, without taking her eyes off her daughter, with a happy smile on her lips, she handed Jack Crespo.

"Burrell, fire him."

"Of course I will." "Campbell, cut it

out and feed it." "Yes."

Seeing Campbell respond without hesitation, he seemed to understand everything, but Burrell did not. When I said cut, I wondered if I accidentally said fired twice. Burrell was left alone with Campbell as he left the café to resolve that sinister curiosity.

"By the way, what did the boss order cut?"

Campbell laughed bitterly, then raised two of his fingers over his lips and made as if to cut them off. Realizing that it meant cutting his tongue, Burrell became contemplative.

"I couldn't believe it, but I didn't think it would be true..."

Burrell looked around the café. Looking back at the gentleman who was enjoying tea time with grace, he had a confused look on his face as he could not connect what he had heard and what he had seen.

"You seem to have the dignity of an aristocrat, sir. As expected, people from the Old Continent are different."

That's what Burrell often told Campbell. is tea On the other hand, I thought the other side was not obvious.

"Just in case, there is no need to be afraid. He's generous with his people. Of course, it's a story when you don't change and do what you've been told to do."

The tension was about to ease, but Campbell's words only made it tenser. Burrell broke out in a cold sweat as he realized.

belatedly that he had entered more dangerous territory than he had thought.

Pretending to be an anonymous hero, a husband secretly helps his wife with her outside work. What I thought was a romantic play at home was actually a very serious mission.

***

The early autumn sunlight streaming in through the high windows of the attic sunroom definitely tickled the soles of the boy's feet a moment ago, but now it was up to his neck as if it had crept up.

"It will be dazzling."

Grace gently lifted Liv, who was lying on the daybed taking a nap. However, the child did not wake up. The child seemed so sound asleep that I didn't even notice that my sister's white cat, Milky, whom I was afraid of, was next to her.

How lucky I am that this doesn't look like my father and sister.

Grace picked up the scissors she had set aside for a while and began cutting out a newspaper article she had gathered. She was making a scrapbook about Father Miller's case. After pasting the last article into the album, Grace flipped through the scrapbook from the front and looked it over again.

The hand kept turning the pages back and forth, with the case of Father Miller's death in the middle. The newspaper that criticized Chloe Regan in the previous chapter praises her in the subsequent article. My eyes, remembering the moment when the tone reversed as if I were flipping a pancake, turned to the man across the room.

Leon was sitting opposite Ellie at the chess table. His posture of waiting for his opponent's move was relaxed, while Ellie was not.

Holding a bagel tightly in one arm indicated anxiety. With the other hand between my eyes, I looked at the chessboard seriously, just like my father's expression when he fought. Although I couldn't see the chessboard well here, I felt I knew the outcome.

"Uh... I lost again.

as expected. It took less than five movements for the results to come out. Leon lifted the child, who was lowering his head while hugging the doll, with a jerk.

"But it was a pretty close game today, so next time you'll win."

Calms and encourages his sullen daughter, but never loses. was like a man

"How does a five-year-old beat himself?
Even adults can't win."

Grace pretended to be talking about chess, but she was not.

"Ellie lost because she was sleepy. haam..."

Ellie rubbed her eyes and yawned. Leon squinted as if offended and covered the child's open mouth with his hand.

As if it were true that she was sleepy, Ellie lay down next to Liv and fell asleep holding Milky and Muffin. Leon called the maid to pull down the blinds and sat down next to Grace to drink tea as the

I watched him take notes in his scrapbook. Then, out of nowhere, he asked.

"Did you go to the

morgue?" "I went."

Should I guess? You should have checked your nails first.

"Do I look that stupid? He must have left traces of what you instigated.

"I left no trace, I just recognized that Lover was. my job. It's so romantic."

Leon seemed to understand the true meaning of Grace's words that even adults couldn't beat him.

"You really are a terrifying man to have as an enemy."

"Once upon a time you were an enemy too. was scared I didn't look scared at all. I must have been afraid of you.

Grace burst out laughing, then quickly covered her mouth and whispered as the children twirled around and around.

"You must be a scary man because I ended up calling my enemies mine."

"That sounds pretty good."

This man smiles often, but 8 out of 10 bright smiles are fake. But, like now, every time he smiled softly with eyes that seemed to be tasting something, he was always sincere.

"Even though I'm a scary man, isn't he the best lover?"

"Oh, what are you talking about now?"

"Please take revenge. Make a revolution too. Give me two cute blonde babies. Everything you ever wished for has come true, so I'm your best lover."

"under..."

"Am I wrong?"

"..."

On the one h a n d , tired of that arrogance, I c o u l d n 't refute it. Wasn't that the case this time too?

I thought I could overcome injustice with justice, but in the end, I was once again frustrated by not being able to

win only with justice and, at the same time, I confirmed once again the affection of this man.

Once again, without fail, it was not the cause of the world that saved her from the pit, but the love of a man.

"Thank you, Leon."

"I don't need to say thank you. I just did what I know how to do.
I was supposed to do as your eternal ally.

"... Those words made my heart pound."

After Grace's surprise kiss, Leon pressed his moist lips to hers, looked into her eyes and whispered.

"Grace, don't forget. You always have me.

there is only me

The woman who shed tears of emotion as she snuggled into his arms seemed completely unaware of the true meaning of his words.

do not forget. That I am the only one who will remain by your side until the end. So why don't you leave the damn world behind and be faithful to me right now?

But from the first meeting until now, when had Grace ever acted according to her will at one time? Grace raised her head, wiped away her tears and clenched her fists. Like a person who burns fighting spirit.

"As expected, the only person who supports me is you. I will work harder so that the support of my only ally will not be in vain."

Grace, I'm actually your enemy.

Suddenly, he became a reliable enemy.

I still love it

The resignation letter was returned. With bonuses and a special two-week vacation.

"This is a reward given to Chloe by the boss for their hard work.

It was a time when I was burning my fighting spirit to work harder thanks to Leon's support, but it was a vacation. But since it was a reward, I couldn't refuse.

Originally, I was going to take a break after this was over, but it worked out.

While resting, I went on a family trip to a lake famous for its autumn leaves. When I returned, I began to look at personal work that had been put off.

Grace took all the papers out of one of the boxes on the desk. The box had a name tag that said 'Foundation' on it.

Late last year, Grace created a small relief foundation with her mother's legacy. To help those in need or victims I met while covering.

After reviewing plans for the Christmas fundraiser coming up in two and a half months, I wrote a check for the company bonus and put it in an envelope with a note to add to the soup kitchen's budget for Thanksgiving.

I put the envelope in the filing cabinet and, as I was looking in the drawers for what to do next, I saw a gift box and envelope stacked on top. Grace took it out and put it on the desk.

When I received my resignation letter, I didn't just get a bonus and vacation. The boss responded to Grace's letter and even gave her a gift in return.

I didn't have to...

Still, is there anyone in the world who doesn't like letters and presents? Grace opened the letter with glee.

The letter was uniquely typed instead of handwritten. Grace's face hardened as she read, hoping for words of encouragement.

"This..."

Ostensibly, it takes the form of a letter of encouragement to a subordinate, but the sentiment is like a fan letter or love letter to someone you admire.

"... What is this?"

So what's that? Grace put down the letter and opened the gift box. Her expression darkened even more when she checked what was inside.

It was an expensive fountain pen. engraved with this inscription.

Dear Chloe, with respect.

Respect is included, but the last name is omitted. I have never seen your face, and I have never spoken to you, but I have never spoken to you.

Also, why is it a fountain pen?

Grace already had the fountain pen Leon gave her.

As she gazed at the fancy fountain pen, Grace suddenly remembered a conversation she had had with Mr. Burrell this spring.

"It's a very nice fountain pen."

"My husband gave it to me as a gift to convert me. in a good journalist.

Could it be that Mr. Burrell gave this to you?

No. Let's not think weird. Let's just be grateful. Ah thank you. Thank you...

Strange.

It wasn't just the letters and gifts that were strange. It was strange that he gave me a two-week vacation. At first, it caused a lot of noise inside and outside the newspaper office, so I suspected it was a recommendation to go away under the guise of a vacation. But it turned out it was a paid vacation. That vacation

paid that I have never given to any other employee before.

Even yesterday, when I went to a department store, I met an employee from the company's human resources department and heard a surprising voice. While she was on vacation, four reporters were laid off and others started showing up in their place.

They are all very good reporters, so why?

I guess now All the fired reporters were the ones who didn't like Grace and whispered.

Is the boss showing too much affection or am I misunderstanding too much? That day, Leon asked Grace, who was unsure and confused.

"So your boss protects all his employees like you do?"

... No

"Grace, calm down. He sees you as a woman."

... really?

"eww...nasty."

Grace tossed her fountain pen into the box like a bug and wiped her hands with a handkerchief.

Oh my gosh, to see a subordinate who is both a married man and a married woman as a woman. The president sued a women's magazine for publishing an article about an affair, saying it was baseless, but did he really have that kind of heart toward me?

My body was already itching, and the idea of going back to work early disappeared completely, and I started to hate going to work.

"... what to do?"

Why can't a woman be treated as a single human being in society?

If an offer comes in from somewhere else, will you move? If that happened, would you be seen as a person who betrays you as soon as you gain popularity after teaching a newcomer who knows nothing and turning him into a decent reporter? That's why I can't quit my job as a reporter and can't keep working with an awkward boss.

I clutched my forehead and thought about it, but I heard a rattling from outside the door and someone knocked on the door.

"Yes, come in."

The one who opened the door was Leon, but the one who poked his head through the gap was Ellie.

"Mom what are you doing?"

"Mom is working."

Ellie will also work.

Saying that, the boy held up a wooden briefcase-like case. It was an art supply box with crayons or something.

Liv was sitting on top of 'Jelly', a grey toy pony that Ellie was dragging, probably also looking after her little brother. Liv was very alert, keeping her big eyes on Milky, the kitten that was following her.

A maid followed her, placed the teapot and three cups of tea on the coffee table in front of the sofa, and Leon closed the door. That man is thinking of spending time here, too. If he sees this, I'd say to leave from

immediately. No, I'm glad you're done with the words.

Grace placed the boxes and letters on the desk in the desk drawer as calmly as possible to keep them out of his sight. Luckily, Leon didn't come this way, so she walked over to the couch and sat down.

"What are you hiding?"

Yes, there's no way I can't see it. "Is

there another man?"

"Yes. In your head."

The illusion turned the arrow in the opposite direction, telling him to do so. Leon smiled and, without asking any more questions, took the newspaper and opened it on the table. At first, it seemed to have passed safely.

"If you keep moving, Ellie won't be able to draw."

Ellie sat at the coffee table and drew her mom, dad and little sister with crayons, and Grace practiced walking with Liv playing ball.

Liv staggered after the ball her mother had rolled, and when the ball seemed to be closer, she lifted her foot to kick it, but as I stopped, the ball rolled away, so I followed

running in vain. Every time that happened, the child would bend over and then stop on its own.

"Be unique. After a while, you'll be good at running."

"No."

Leon, who was tipping his teacup as he read the paper, voiced his objection to something he had no objection to.

"Given that Ellie has become a 'princess,' she will be gave up halfway through,

but..." "That's right! Ellie is a

princess.

"... I will raise Libman as a lady."

But as soon as the future lady Olivia reached for the ball, she picked it up and threw it like a lady. She still didn't know how to throw it, so the ball landed at her feet and bounced.

The boy who had laughed at him suddenly screamed and stood contemplative. It was because Milky, who was hiding behind Liv and looking for an opportunity, rushed up and attacked the ball.

"Oh? Liv careers, Mom..."

... I thought he was running, but the child ran past the mother's outstretched hand, hugged his father's leg and clung to it.

"Dad! Ana, Ana!"

The smile of a winner was unabashedly etched on Leon's face as he put away the newspaper and picked up his daughter.

"My child, did you think of your father first when you were afraid?".

When Ellie was little, she played well with Leon, but when something scary happened, she used to run to her mother. It was finally washing away the sadness of that time and acting like a winner.

"Anyway, Liv's favorite person seems to be her dad. I've always been by your side, so that's what I have to do."

Grace looked at the smiling man with eyes twisted mischievously, then curved the corners of her eyes and smiled the same way. I got up and sat on the other end of the couch. I don't know what she's trying to do, but in front of the man looking at me with sinister eyes, Grace unbuttons her blouse one by one.

"Uh... nyanya... Wow! Mom!"

The child, who had been babbling as if telling a story, pointing to his ball and the cat lying around, suddenly opened his eyes wide. Immediately, Liv pushed her father away and walked toward her mother, screaming mama. Grace took the nursing baby in her arms, stealing Leon's winning smile and putting it on her face.

"My child, is your mother the best in the world?"

Leon looked at the smiling boy with vacant eyes. Having been together all day confirmed that Dad wasn't as good as Mom with a big heart. Now the disapproving look turned to Grace.

"It's rude."

"Isn't it an honor to hear that from a teacher who taught me that no matter how despicable you are, you just have to win?"

"I am honored that my teaching was good, but please don't write to me."

It was the time when I was taking the newspaper again after finishing a children's quiz. I heard the butler's voice from outside the door.

"Chairman, Mr. Campbell has come to visit." "It's already this time."

Even later from that Leon went to left, the three continued on to Grace's office.

"Liv, stop."

I tried to wean him slowly, but he was blinded by the desire to compete, so he bit me again. The game was over, so Grace soon stopped trying to get the baby off the breast. It was so hard that I wondered if the tip of my breast would fall off as I tried to pull the baby out.

"complete!"

While Meanwhile, Ellie ended up at drawing and proudly presented it to her mother.

"Wow, well drawn. Did you draw a picture really. your mother's pretty?

"Because my mother is pretty. This is daddy, this is Olive..."

Ellie interpreted the image herself and sat back down in front of the coffee table with a full expression after receiving her mother's compliments.

"What are you doing?"

"I paint every circle beautifully."

The boy took out a piece of paper on which were randomly stamped meaningless letters and began to color with crayons. Grace, who was watching him, suddenly noticed something and stopped. At that moment, a lightning-like intuition penetrated my brain.

"Ellie.

"Puaj?"

"Ellie hit this?" "Hey!"

"What typewriter?" With Ellie.

"... well?"

Grace's gaze shifted to the tightly closed desk drawer.

Campbell finally delivered the report he had been waiting for.

"We have discovered by why no be allowed construction was not allowed.

A resort and casino will be built in a town one train stop away from the Sandy Beach area, where Leon plans to build an amusement park. It appeared that every local building committee had put their hands on it ahead of time to keep competitors from entering the area.

"After the results of the review came out, we did not request a reexamination or lobbying for the building committee at all, and this letter arrived a few days ago."

They sent an unsolicited response that they could give permission as long as they built an amusement park.

"Well, it must be a ploy to attract tourists to the amusement park I built and lure them to other resorts and casinos."

It only serves as bait and thinks they will take the fish it caught.

"What kind of price did they pay for the building committee to take the initiative to enrich other people's villages?"

"We are investigating, but nothing has been outlined yet."

"Maybe it wasn't a one-time bribe."

"There seems to be a possibility that he will tender a share."

Even if you bid something that exceeds that, your opponent will not stand still. In this way, as if they were competing for bids in an auction house, they would increase the size of each other's bribes, and the winner of this stupid competition would eventually be the building committee, not him.

Leon had no intention of jumping into the complete nonsense.

"Let's start by investigating members' weaknesses."

It was enough to replace them with puppets that listened to him.

When I came out after the meeting, I saw three women arguing in front of the elevator. I could tell by the clothes of the three of them.

Ellie wore a dress that a princess in a fairy tale would wear and even wore a crown. Today was Ellie's kindergarten friend's party. Grace,

who follows her as a guardian, is in street clothes, but Livman is wearing a robe.

"Hueng-."

"Liv couldn't go because she wasn't invited."

At that age, I can not understand the concept of invitation. Liv, who only understood the part about not being able to get past her mother's words, stomped off and got angry.

When the nanny behind her approached and tried to hold her, Liv pulled away from her hand and stepped into the elevator with the door open and sat in the middle. The mother and sister followed and began to calm the child.

"Sorry, Liv."

"Olive, Ellie will come quickly and play with you."

"Look there. Dad is here. Liv can have fun playing with dad.

I wondered if it was possible to talk to Leon because he had been taken meekly, but Liv could only think of asking his dad to go with him.

When Leon stepped out of the elevator, Liv pulled his tie toward the elevator. Like pulling on a horse's reins.

However, Liv burst into tears as the elevator doors closed and the two disappeared, leaving only her mother and sister on board. Leon seriously reprimanded the crying child.

"It's not fun to go there for Liv."

How much fun is a princess tea party for a one-year-old? Of course, a one-year-old doesn't even understand that.

"Why don't we go see the ducks instead?"

The little girl, who understood the word "ori", stopped crying and
He nodded his head with tears hanging down.

"Kyaa!"

As soon as I stepped out into the park across the street, it was clear that the boy had completely forgotten that my sister and mother had left me to play.

Liv chased the ducks gathered on the lawn in front of the lake, and when all the ducks fled to the lake, she could no longer follow them and stood at the water's edge and watched. When she saw the girl's expression become

it was getting dark, Leon scattered bread crumbs at his daughter's feet.

Liv's expression brightened as the ducks, blinded by the bread, returned. She broke off a piece of bread and placed it in the child's hand. The duck came and ate it, and the excited child laughed and clapped.

"Audi.

"duck."

"Wow."

"Yes."

"d."

I wondered if he finally said it correctly, but the boy said the incorrect pronunciation again and held onto Leon's leg and laughed. It looked like he was deliberately teasing him.

"You take after your sister. If you're going to be like me, be
like your sister's greed".

Don't be like running like a tomboy.

It was the time when I wore the hat that had come off a bit from duck hunting.

"What a lovely child."

A strange male voice came from behind.

"You deserve to betray your country, Lieutenant Colonel Winston."

Leon lifted Liv with his right arm and with his left hand he pulled out the pistol he was carrying under his trench coat and pointed it at the voice's protagonist.

As soon as he saw the snout, it was a middle-aged man he had never seen before.

"Whoops!"

The man raised his hands high and trembled. But the face was smiling. The bodyguards stationed around him ran and surrounded him, shouting at him.

"Go now!"

"Let's not do this. I'm just here to talk.

Meanwhile, Leon handed Liv over to the nanny. It wasn't until the child, surrounded by bodyguards, disappeared from view that he turned to look at the uninvited guest.

The man with the bowler hat smiled while showing his teeth even in front of four gun barrels.

Leon also looked at the opponent with a smile on his face and lowered his weapon.

"Does this arm really hurt?"

When he lowered his weapon, the bodyguards did not, so the man still had to stand with his hands up. Leon ignored the man's request and pointed to the opponent's rude comments.

"Betrayal. I deserve to be praised as a pioneer who accelerated the flow of the programmed era".

"Well, my first greeting was a bit extreme. Heh, heh, I apologize."

"I'll take it. Then I'm busy. My bodyguards will see you off. I hope the road to hell is smooth for the sin of knowing a name you shouldn't know."

Saying he would kill me, I lifted the bowler I was wearing, said goodbye and turned around. I heard another laugh behind me.

"You don't seem to be curious about who I am.
Oh, don't you care about an old man who is about to

die, but you may be wondering how I know your real name.

Leon stopped walking and turned around. As soon as their eyes met, Leon's eyes widened.

"Your question is incorrect. You should ask how I already know why you know who I am."

The man was a soldier. Although he uses a relaxed and flirtatious tone, the soldier's vocalizations remain as fingerprints on his voice.

However, he is not someone who served in the same military as Leon. The author was a Columbia native, as he was using an upper-class Columbia accent mixed with Old Continental pronunciation, but it was not a native pronunciation.

"... Therefore, he must be a 3rd Army, Navy, Air Force or Columbia War Department officer, and if so, the former government agent who joined Campbell last year to investigate me must be one of his subordinates.

"Hey..."

The man applauded and admired. A mixture of sincerity and exaggeration.

"I wondered if it was just a hoax because he didn't seem to surprise me with this surprise visit as much as I expected. Also, I underestimated him. I apologize."

The apples didn't look like apples at all. Even though he was still surrounded by gunfire, the man's demeanor was even more relaxed.

He must have been convinced that he couldn't kill him as much as he knew he was a government official. Leon was just fighting for the initiative.

either request or application. The Columbia government sent the author because they wanted something from him. Is it really a mistake that the author's first greeting was radical? not at all. It's just a planned method. It was an attempt to overpower him by saying he knew his greatest weakness, his identity.

It is true that the situation is advantageous for the other side and unfavorable for Leon, but the moment he asks what he wants first, he becomes completely the other side's dog and is dragged along. Not letting go of the initiative was the basis of the negotiations.

"I will remember today's discourtesy on the part of the Columbia government. Enough then.

As I was about to turn around, the man took off his hat and shouted.

"excellent. I lost. I'll tell you the purpose of coming. Before that, of course, it would be polite to introduce myself.

The man introduced himself as Lieutenant Colonel Ronald Gibson, head of the Army Intelligence Command's Overseas Intelligence Battalion, and extended his hand to greet them. Leon stared at the hand with his arms crossed, then said with a grimace.

"Columbia Army Intelligence Command is a poor intelligence collection force."

"Ah, you avoid physical contact with others."

Lieutenant Colonel Gibson, who finally remembered that he had misophobia, smiled sheepishly and withdrew his hand.

"As you may have guessed, I've come to make a suggestion to Lt. Col."

"If it is a proposal, I will listen, but if it is forced, I advise them in advance to remember what kind of endgame the government faced when it pressed me before making a pronouncement."

"You can put the advice aside - I don't know who the lieutenant colonel?

Lieutenant Colonel Gibson smiled and pointed to a bench under a tree not far away.

"Since this is a long story, please sit down."

Lieutenant Colonel Gibson sat on a bench and mumbled as he looked out across the forest of skyscrapers through the forest of autumn leaves.

"The faceless King of Rochester is actually the main culprit in the downfall of the Rochester royal family, the origin of the name. It's really exquisite to take a name that's been cut off and become king. I wonder if that was intentional."

With the last word, her gaze turned to Leon, who was sitting cross-legged at the other end of the bench. Leon didn't respond, just looked at his

wristwatch and pressed him silently to tell him the business first.

"He is also an outstanding businessman, but it is unfortunate that he has to look behind the scenes instead of being active."

"I'm satisfied that I don't have to waste my time in meaningless conversations like I do now."

The lieutenant colonel laughed out loud and then spoke again.

"The kids are lovely, but as long as your wife
does great things out there..."

When Grace's story came out of the mouth of a military officer, Leon was very offended, but he didn't show it. It simply confirms your weakness.

"... Are you stuck at home raising a child? As a parent, this might be great, but as an ambitious man, it must be pretty boring, right?

"It's boring."

Leon snorted.

"It is an honor to nurture the fruits of the fertilization of the
centuries-old royal family".

"Of course I do, but Lt. Col. Winston is too young to enjoy his time off after retirement."

Lieutenant Colonel Gibson sighed ruefully and asked.

"Don't you miss the days when your name alone made the rebels tremble and rage? That talent is worth it."

"It sounds like you have a very long presentation before you reveal your purpose."

It is clear that he is trying to capitalize on Leon's military career, simply by constantly referring to him as an abandoned military rank.

"I refuse to do dangerous things in advance.
You now have a family.

"I know. Hold on to your worries."

When Leon finally showed interest, the lieutenant colonel leaned toward him and got down to business.

I hate to admit it, but the author's provocation hit the mark. Indeed, this monotonous life without ups and downs,

apart from the peace it was now, it was gradually becoming boring.

"Actually, my intelligence battalion has been exchanging information with allied intelligence agencies for several years. But recently, when it was discovered that a certain country had sent this information laced with impurities, headquarters became upset."

It meant that the other side was trying to manipulate the Columbia government by giving false or fabricated information.

"So, this time, we decided to introduce a large-scale security device."

"It means hiring someone who knows the situation in each country well as an advisor."

"Exactly."

The lieutenant colonel exchanged information on the security situation in the new and old continent with the Intelligence Office at Army Headquarters in Ripon, Leon's home country, and was the most trusted ally. That is why there was a desperate need for an expert to verify the reliability of the information.

"Is there anyone more suitable than the lieutenant colonel? Besides, wouldn't it be better to understand things on the Old Continent through the eyes of the people of the Old Continent?"

He sounded out several candidates, but Leon was the only one who knew the military and internal affairs of that side well and had a separate channel of information, but there was no way he would be loyal to that side, nor would he be caught. and arrested as a spy."

"All you have to do is read the information I'm giving you, and the only danger is cutting your finger on the paper. We promise that we will thoroughly conceal the Colonel's identity. Of course, the cost..."

"I hope that the government will cooperate with me as much as it will
I cooperate.

"I will do my best to show sincerity."

I would not have believed him if I had answered that I would do whatever he asked me to do. On the other hand, it was the same as not believing in the realistic but ambiguous expression of the utmost sincerity.

"I expect one thing to be guaranteed. Even if I personally use the information I learned during the cooperative process, don't get involved."

The lieutenant colonel wore a worried expression.

"You know that selling information to the outside world is an act of espionage, and then you're punished as a citizen of Columbia, right?"

"You sound natural."

"It doesn't matter if you use it for business, but you need to make sure the source doesn't leak out."

That was also natural. In the end, the lieutenant colonel guaranteed the price and concluded the negotiations.

"So, our first poker meeting will be next Monday at 10 p. m. at the Mayfield Casino."

The lieutenant colonel, who stood up with a satisfied smile, tapped his forehead as if he had forgotten something and opened a wooden box placed at the end of the bench.

"Actually, I brought you a gift."

What was inside was a high-end cigar that Leon liked to smoke when he was a military officer.

"There are rumors that you are a smoker."

"low..."

Leon

laughed.

"Columbia Intelligence Command is very slow on the hearsay. I'm already on the verge of regretting my decision."

Learning that it has been a long time since he quit smoking, the lieutenant colonel again slapped his forehead.

"It looks like they've already been caught, but our intelligence agency doesn't have a very long history. That's why the lieutenant colonel's help is even more urgent."

revealing the floor At first, the person who provoked him with confidence and tied him with a leash was now a dog, lying face down in front of him and playing tricks.

"Then, next time, let's try to prepare a gift that your daughter will like."

"I'll tell you what he likes so he doesn't make the same mistake twice."

Leon rolled his eyes and smiled.

***

The family of four headed to Ellie's playroom for the unveiling ceremony of a new toy.

"Wow!" "Where

are you?" "That's

it!"

Looking around the room, which seemed to have more toys than any famous department store, Grace, searching for a new toy, arched her eyebrows as her eyes landed on Ellie's spot. Next to the giant dollhouse lay something no less enormous, covered with a white cloth.

"It's not even a special day."

Out of habit, I scolded Leon, asking him what he would do if he gave me such a big present when it wasn't even his birthday or Christmas....

"It's a special day."

This answer came back. But what day it was, he seemed reluctant to say yet.

"Quickly. Ellie will wait y go to become at grandmother.

When the boy urged him to jump, Leon winked at the maids standing next to him. The white cloth came off immediately.

"..."

As soon as the identity of the new toy was revealed, Ellie turned to ice on the spot. Leon was so shocked that he couldn't even cheer and walked over to his daughter, who was standing there, and gently wrapped his arms around her. He then placed his hands over her open mouth in an ungodly manner.

The new toy was a scaled-down model of the Sandy Beach amusement park to be built next year. When I plugged in the cable and turned on the switch, a song played, the Ferris wheel and merry-go-round began to spin, and the roller coaster began to run along the rails.

"OMG!"

Ellie's eyes widened even more. The baby's eyes, which had been staring at the object in front of him indifferently, also became round. To be honest, even adult Grace was stunned.

"Ellie.

Leon bent his knees to look into Ellie's eyes and mentioned an even more surprising story.

"This isn't really a royal gift." "Yes?"

"What?"

"This is just a model of the real amusement park. that Dad is going to build for Ellie and Liv."

Leon had said this at his first meeting with Lt. Col. Gibson.

"Amusement park and resort building permit from the Sandy Beach Building Commission. It's a gift my daughter will be thrilled with."

Then, just a few days later, a permit was placed on Leon's desk.

"Dad is the best!"

Ellie hopped like a rabbit and clung to her father's arms like a koala bear. Leon, with a child in his arms, had a rather complex and subtle expression that could not be called a happy person.

Yes, my daughter ran around like a tomboy again, but I couldn't scold her. Shouldn't we spoil the moment when we finally hear that daddy is the best?

But for Grace, it was more distasteful for Ellie to grow up to be a spoiled princess than to grow up to be a spoiled tomboy.

"Ellie. Thanks Dad."

"Thanks Dad!"

After the noisy greetings, hugs and kisses, a noisy time of appreciation followed.

"Ellie will have a big party here next year. Then we should we should invite a everyone our classmates and teachers!"

"See. Where does Liv play?

As I examined the model, my attention was drawn to a large building that occupied one side of the amusement park.

"y! It's a dollhouse!"

It can be opened and has many rooms, so the kids think it's a dollhouse, but this is a resort any way you look at it.

Exquisitely well done While scanning the second floor of the building, something caught Grace's eye.

"... casino?"

When I looked at him asking why he put a casino in a toy, Leon responded as if it was a big deal.

"I just moved the real thing."

"So, you mean building a casino?"

If it was the man Grace knew well, it would be a purely public money-making business. However, it was because of Leon's change in behavior these days that she thought it might be the realm of personal taste.

"I thought I was going to a poker club that didn't get me
it was convenient..."

"Wouldn't I need a social life too?"

Leon laughed as he read Grace's expression, saying he had nothing to say. If we go to another 'poker meeting' tonight, Grace won't object.

In the most secluded private room of the casino on the second floor of the Mayfield Hotel, which was

spread out on the poker table was paper, not cards.

"This, you're never late. At this point, you may be wishing you had a date with me, this old man could be wrong."

"I never thought anyone would have a worse sense of humor than me. Please don't try to go the way of a comedian after being discharged, I sincerely hope so for the sake of humanity."

Lieutenant Colonel Gibson, sitting in the dealer's seat, laughed and poured whiskey into a crystal glass and pushed it across the table. Leon sat down in the dealer's seat and resumed today's task in front of the glass. Shouldn't he show as much sincerity to make this useful partnership last?

The first information of the day was about a risky deal by a politician who is expected to be the next prime minister.

"This I cannot verify here."

"I figured as much."

Although he hoped he would not be able to verify it immediately, Lt. lieutenant Colonel looked at a Leon with eyes

expectant. You know the person who can verify it is in Leon's network. Leon raised a glass of whiskey and mentioned a story that sounds completely irrelevant but is not.

"They say they will come to my house with their family to watch a trivial parade in a fortnight."

"Since the parade procession passes along the boulevard in front of the building where the lieutenant colonel lives, it literally must be the royal seat, heh, heh."

"Anyway, to stay a week for a parade that only lasted a couple of hours. It's just annoying.

"You should have plenty of time to have a long conversation with your siblings."

It meant verifying the politician's information through Jerome.

Jerome, who remained in his homeland, was also a senator. The reason the guy who locked himself in a subway niche and compared the bones of dead animals tens of millions of years ago improperly became a politician was, of course, Leon's drive to plant connections in government there.

After a moment of meaningful smiles at the table, Leon took the next sheet of paper.

"As expected, I saw the person correctly."

The lieutenant colonel smiled cordially as he sipped his glass of whiskey. It was a reference to Leon's high-ranking connections on the Old Continent. The army also had to go through Campbell, so there was nothing difficult to reach.

There was information that needed to be verified by mobilizing personal connections, and there was also information about the overall situation. As you have it in your hands now.

Leon, who was reading the parts that didn't fit, became seriously interested. The intelligence sent from the field contained much deeper and more detailed information than that published in the local newspaper.

Due to the severe economic recession, the mood in every country of the Old Continent was unusual. Radical parties that previously received no public attention were expected to gain ground in the elections. All of them advocated nationalism and totalitarianism.

Soon conflicts large and small will arise between peoples and national borders, and totalitarianism will spread to militarism thanks to the ambition of leaders to use national crises as an excuse to strengthen power.

Leon laid the report he had read to the end on the table and smiled bitterly.

"Historically, every time this trend has occurred, the beginning has been different, but the end has always been the same."

War.

"I applaud the excellent choice of Lt. Col.
Winston to look to the future."

It was a reference to avoiding disaster in advance by exile. However, since they owned land on the Old Continent, and the Winstons were still useful, Leon could not help but prepare for war.

When Leon picked up the next sheet of paper and read it, his eyes began to sparkle. Others might be concerned about the information that a certain country's military is trying to establish a rocket laboratory, but Leon saw an opportunity.

War is inevitable. It may not be the side that cannot avoid it, but it may be the side that does not avoid it.

At that point, the definition of war readiness changed for Leon.

Another task for Jerome's help.

This time he did not show a smile at all. After all, Leon's root was Winston, who was greedy in the place of conscience.

***

In downtown Rochester, the private dining room of a luxury hotel restaurant was silent, but not because it was empty. It was only because the lady and the two gentlemen around the table were more comfortable with silence.

Rosalyn, more attentive than usual, set the teacup down on the saucer without a sound. No matter how quiet she was, it was rare for her to hold her breath as she did now.

'my god...'

At the moment I met the man's eyes tilting his wine glass on the table,

I even got goose bumps. The man rolled his eyes and smiled as usual. Rosalyn's mannerisms were mimicked in an awkward smile, but behind the mask she let out a small scream.

Leon Winston was the man Rosalyn had betrayed and the man who had betrayed her.

No, can what he did to me be called treason? Because the author never promised not to use me as a shield to protect the House of Winston from an attack by the royalists, nor to promise not to destroy the Grand Duke by killing my father.

Why would you do that But, on the other hand, it seemed to be understandable. But did I really have to do that?

Rosalyn's feelings for Leon Winston were simply indefinable. But the fear was clear.

If you get entangled with that person, you don't know when or how they will hit you again. She already wanted to keep an ocean's distance from Leon Winston, but her husband seemed to have other ideas.

"You're late."

Jerome muttered as he looked at his wristwatch and the empty seat, and the older brother sitting next to him responded as if defending his wife who was late for an appointment.

"Because the roads will be blocked during the rush hour".

"Mmm... Then, while the queen is at work, the nanny will be
occupies the princesses".

"Do you think your father is a decoration?"

My older brother smiled and sarcastically. This is where the ridiculousness comes out.

"A man who raises a child at home while
He waits for his wife to come home from work."

Jerome let out a big sigh as if he heard it and continued.

"He's a disgrace as a man."

"A real man knows no shame."

When Jerome was told you're a phony who knows shame, he wandered around unable to find an intelligent way to respond. Fortunately, the conversation is interrupted

by the arrival of an unexpected savior before their defeat becomes evident.

"Am I a little late? Sorry."

"I have nothing to regret. It's obvious what happens during working hours."

The older brother blatantly rejected the woman's apology to Jerome and Rosalyn and stood up.

"It's getting more obstructed

today." "great job."

The woman began to unbutton her coat. When the waiter following him tried to receive him, the older brother winked at him and helped his wife take off her coat himself.

Does he also work as a waiter here?

The older brother also provided a chair for his wife to sit in place of a waiter.

"I ordered yours in advance."

When you sit down, you even hear the warm sound of yourself. The older brother even recited the menu he ordered into the woman's ear and asked her questions.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, I like it."

The woman took it for granted that she was used to such uncharacteristic behavior from Leon Winston. But Jerome couldn't do that at all.

"Long time no see. You must be tired from having come a long way.

Jerome could not hide his question-filled eyes even as he responded to his brother's wife's customary greeting.

What kind of magical charm did this woman have that made her tame a man who was far from submissive into a blind dog?

Soon the food was served and the silence was given a valid excuse. Still, Grace couldn't bear the discomfort of wandering like a ghost among the four of them and opened her mouth.

"oh..."

Which of the two would be less awkward to talk to? I lost my way and stammered until finally, hoping someone would accept it, I threw greetings to the one I didn't know who I was asking.

"How are you?"

"I'm doing well, how's Grace been?

It was Rosalyn who accepted it. Grace gave the stereotypical response that she was doing fine, and at least brought up an issue that was more empathetic than uncomfortable.

"Is the child growing well?"

Leon's younger brother and his wife had a one-year-old son, five months younger than Liv.

"Yes thank you."

"It is the most beautiful moment."

"Yes I see it."

Start talking, start walking. It's a time when there are a lot of topics that mothers want to talk about, so I expected it, but Rosalyn seemed uncomfortable and seemed to avoid talking about her son with a formal response. Grace also kept her mouth shut.

"Rosalyn this time..."

Just as the awkward silence began again, Jerome interrupted. I was wondering what to do with her...

"I was invited as a guest lecturer in the Department of Bridgewater College Astronomy."

Grace ignored him and spoke only to her older brother. Is it because the caste system is still ingrained in her body that she is not wanted as a commoner, or is she despised for being a rebel?

Whatever it is, from now on, this cold aversion is on both sides.

It's not that Grace never liked the author.

"The first female professor at Bridgewater and the youngest female astronomy professor in Korea."

Jerome Winston, who believed that intelligence was the best quality, boasted about his wife's brains. Rosalyn, who has become a source of pride, looks uncomfortable as a person sitting on beans.

"Actually, it's still too early to become a teacher..."

"Does it adapt a your your taste? At in fact, the waiter recommended something else, but you did well with this one."

"Because the results of the investigation are so good, here and there..."

While Meanwhile, Leon pretended shamelessly not to listen to his brother and spoke only to Grace.

"In the future, the famous Professor Milner..."

Milner?

Leon, who had been ignoring Jerome and only moved the knife and fork, suddenly put down the crockery and laughed....

"Similar to Miller."

They changed the subject by using a last name that was not very similar.

"Father Gilbert Miller, don't you know?"

Faced with the two people staring at each other with uncomprehending eyes, Leon slipped his arm around Grace's shoulders and patronizingly.

"Don't you know that famous article by a rookie reporter who became the leading nominee for the Journalist of the Year Award as soon as he

appeared like a comet...the news is slow. Only in this way can I really be called the owner of the media and the editor-in-chief."

"Do I know the news from across the sea?" Jerome shot back in a fit of anger.

"If you are the head of the household and responsible for your family's wealth, the basic thing of all is not to miss the changes in the world across the sea. Jerome, since you're still at that level, you're still under my shadow."

It hasn't been three years since Jerome took over the management of the family property, which had been in his brother's hands all along. It's humiliating, but I'm still not used to it, so there are many occasions when I have to seek advice from my older brother. And with advice comes interference.

"You pretend to help, but in the end you look out for your own interests, don't you? How many times have you used the family name you threw away with your own hands? I have no shame.

"Thanks to the abandonment of my family, I would be grateful if my second son, José, could hear the voice of the Count for a few days. I have no shame.

"When did I ask to hear from you, Count?

Experienced opponent is not agitated, but only Jerome has become emotional. Rosalynn, who was nervous that he would make a mistake, changed the subject without warning.

"The best man is fine."

common enemy.

"The

Godfather."

Leon Winston snorted as he raised his wine glass.

Titles disappeared along with the caste system, so even though Elizabeth Winston was not a lady, everyone called her that for convenience. Of course, calling herself that was not a matter of convenience, but a matter of pride.

"Yes. The mother is fine.

Jerome also smiled and the war of nerves between the siblings came to an end. Rosalyn was relieved that her clumsy trick had worked, but....

"So, give me a detailed definition of 'getting along.'"

"..."

It wasn't until Leon Winston asked that she realized her mistake. Elizabeth Winston was doing well, but the way she was doing it was far from common sense. It wasn't something to talk about comfortably anywhere, especially for a man who was being used in that way.

"I'm sorry. I made a mistake. Please forget about this."

"It's not like that, Rosie."

Jerome took the baton instead, saying it would be fun for his brother to hear.

"I'm still mourning for you."

Even now, more than two years later, I still wear mourning clothes, wear a veil, and wipe my dry eyes.

with a wet handkerchief. The mother still thought the older son was really dead.

"Me? You must be mourning the death of your position as Countess Winston's godmother.

"Surprisingly, you miss your oldest son quite often. He's also very proud."

"The traitor who took away the status of the nobility?"

"Anyway, you became the one who gave birth to a hero."

A smile escaped Leon's crooked lips. Even that death would have been a medal for the mother, who all her life had only considered her son a medal. In that way, Leon had unwittingly become a great son.

A common enemy became a hot topic and a strange consensus formed, but the uneasy atmosphere remained. Before leaving early the place that no one enjoyed, Leon came up with a business deal.

"Rosalyn.

"... Yes?"

It was funny how the woman was nervous, but considering the business, she had to put up with the ridicule.

I remember you said you knew Professor John Chadwick.

The woman was surprised by the unexpected name for a moment, then nodded with a bright smile on her pale face.

"sure. Last month I visited the lab with Yii to see a new rocket engine."

Professor John Chadwick was a renowned rocket engineer. It was a name he still remembered because it was quite impressive that Jerome's paper once harshly criticized him and then poured out uncharacteristic wrath of a grand duchess at the time.

"I still support research funds. Professor Chadwick is what brought us together."

Jerome smiled proudly and wrapped his arms around her waist, but Rosalyn silently pushed him away. No matter how different things are now, you'll never have the guts to laugh and tell your ex that you cheated on your fiancée's younger brother.

"By the way, the reason why you asked if you knew to Professor Chadwick..."

"Recently, I became interested in the teacher's field of study."

"Oh, that's good to hear."

It was too early and naive to rejoice that Professor Chadwick might have another sponsor.

*** "gun?"

Rosalyn lost the newspaper she was reading the moment unexpected words came out of Jerome's mouth after hearing the phone call from Leon Winston and Professor Chadwick.

I introduced him thinking he was a pure purpose research sponsor, and he suggested weapons development to Professor Chadwick.

"They say there are indications that in a few years a pretty big war will break out. That's why they are trying to expand their business into the military industry and, in particular, they say they plan to invest heavily in the development of new weapons."

"You mean developing lethal rocket weapons.
How could you think..."

Rosalind, who had only ever seen rockets as a means of space exploration, darkened.

"What did Professor Chadwick say?"

"The purpose of the research is to explore the other people's planets, not destroy our own."

I was relieved when the professor said no, but it didn't last long. He became concerned when he said Leon Winston was trying to convince the professor.

Once a technology is born, it is destined to be used beyond the developer's intent. The development of rocket-type weapons is something Professor Chadwick cannot stop, and it is an inevitable trend of the times that will happen even if he doesn't. He is reported to have said

In addition, some countries are already trying to manufacture weapons with rocket technology. If rocket-type weapons were not developed on this side, when the opponent went out on the battlefield with an automatic rifle, we would be in a situation not unlike fighting with a sword.

"If one day the enemy burns down your family's house with a rocket, you will regret it. Perhaps before that, you will be kidnapped by those with evil intentions and forcibly mobilized to develop weapons. Then you will have to create a much more terrible and brutal monster."

It sounds plausible to Rosalyn's ears, who listened through Jerome's mouth. Professor Chadwick might be shocked.

"What did you say then?"

Jerome hesitated for a moment, then gave a roundabout answer.

"Leon is a madman. I did so many crazy things that I couldn't understand, but every time I had to admit it in the end. That I was right.

So, I wanted to say that I would not oppose this. Jerome, who read Rosalyn's intentions without telling her, asked her.

"Again, Leon is a lunatic, Rosie. He's good for my family to step back and watch in silence."

The family is still in the hands of Leon Winston.

"Please pretend you didn't hear this story."

"... Well."

It was a promise to be broken.

"Rosalyn?"

The concerned voice brought Rosalyn to her senses.

"Do you have any concerns?"

"Ah."

Only then did her eyes catch the empty teacup in her hand. As soon as she put the teacup down, the maid next to her poured tea from the teapot.

Lost in my thoughts, I was tipping an empty teacup as a habit. how stupid was that Rosalyn's cheeks turned red.

"If you don't like it..."

Sitting across from her, Grace's eyes were on a plate that Rosalyn had barely touched.

"You are welcome. Thanks to the discerning hostess, the meals here are much better than at the hotel. Unfortunately, I tend to eat less."

This morning's breakfast was not at the hotel, but at Leon Winston's penthouse, before the parade.

The men say they have a story to share, so they bring it separately, and the kids eat while being served by nannies at different tables in the same restaurant. So it was like sharing a meal with Grace alone.

Rosalyn tilted her teacup back and occasionally raised her eyes to look at the hostess of the house sitting across from her. After thinking it over and over, our eyes met. Judging by the expression on her face, it looked like she had already been told something, so Rosalyn cautiously rhymed.

"It may be rude to say this, but..."

It is like trying to measure depth by throwing a small stone into an unknown lake.

"I actually read Grace's article."

Grace was surprised, but not offended.

"Excuse me. This is an article I am writing in the hope of being read. Thank you for reading."

"So, would it be okay if I shared a little bit about my feelings?"

Is there anything to criticize? Grace was nervous, but nodded cheerfully without boasting. However, the only thing that came out of Rosalyn's mouth was praise.

"... That's why I thought he was the only person who had no choice but to be nominated for the Journalist of the Year Award."

"thank you. I don't know what to do about overeating."

"It's not much. It's a pity that I can't convey what I felt because of my poor verbal skills. By the way, if this isn't impolite, may I ask you how you decide where to eat?

Few people ask questions like this, so Grace happily told the story of how she began covering the articles she had written. Rosalyn listened attentively, tilted her teacup as if lost in thought for a moment, and then spoke again.

"Actually, there are things I worry about these days. Everyone around me was saying I was worrying about nothing. However, I wondered if Grace would have the same thoughts as me while reading the article."

"What is it?"

"Rumors are circulating that war may break out within a few years within the continent."

"ah..."

Human history is the history of war. There were always rumors of war, so Grace wasn't too surprised, but the words that followed startled her.

"I think the arms race has already started. With rocket-type weapons that can kill on a large scale, it's much easier than it is now."

"Oh my gosh, that's something to worry about."

"I am very afraid. I am afraid that Professor Chadwick, whom I sponsor, will abandon his dream of space development and develop weapons."

Rosalind apologized to Grace during the serious discussion about the dangers of munitions companies colluding with the military and criticizing the munitions industry for making money from war. It's how to use it.

But the only person who could stop Leon Winston was his wife, whom he loved.

A splendid parade began. The crowd gathered on the boulevard like a swarm of ants waited for the parade procession to arrive here too, stretching their heads and looking toward the end of the street.

Since it was a symbol of Thanksgiving, the competition for the front row was fierce. There were even people camping out with me from the night before.

However, those with tight pockets can purchase a hotel room along the parade route or a window seat at a restaurant.

Of course, the tycoon with a building on the street didn't have to. The building owner and his family slowly descended from the penthouse to the building's second floor balcony only after receiving a call that the parade was approaching .

"COME!"

As if the cry of a child hanging on the balcony looking down the street was a signal, I heard the music of the brass band. Soon, a colorful parade of cars appeared on the avenue below the

balcony, and giant balloons with characters began to float in front of my eyes one by one.

"Mom, over there! It's a cat from a cartoon movie!"

From five-year-olds to one-year-olds who don't know what's going on in front of their eyes, they couldn't take their eyes off them. It was the same for adults, but Rosalyn was an exception.

As the others watched the parade, Rosalyn stepped back and observed the couple lined up in front of the balcony. A man and a woman with their arms around each other's waists are joined as if they were one body, but they have two heads. Two heads looking at different places.

Maybe war will break out between the first two.

Rosalyn just wanted her side to win without any problems.

***

The sound of violin practice flowed incessantly from one room and filtered into the office. The story the two men shared in the context of a gentle caroling was far from gentle.

"So far everything is going according to plan, but..."

Campbell, who was reporting on progress in the establishment of a military supply company, cut his words short with a negative undertone. There is no such thing as an unobstructed path. Leon nodded his head to continue.

"Recently there has been unusual movement on the part of the parliament, so noise or friction is expected in the facility."

"Parliament?"

"As a civic group begins to petition the Democratic Party and other major progressive parties to introduce regulations on the military industry and weapons development, lawmakers are showing interest."

"A civic group? Once again, stupid idealists set it up."

Leon chuckled as if he was laughing and gave brief, clear instructions.

"Take care of yourself."

This is an order given countless times. But for some reason, Campbell did not respond immediately and simply opened his mouth without understanding.

"You know. As usual. Find the rep's weakness or..."

"But if the representative of that group is all that matters..."

"Who is it?"

Is it because of how difficult the opponent is? With a very concerned expression on his face, Campbell pulled out and handed over a legislative call for papers that the group had distributed to legislators. The embossed foundation name embossed at the top of the paper looked familiar.

"... You are my wife."

The stupid idealist was his wife.

"Damn it..."

Leon groaned as he plunged his face into one hand.

Grace, you are the best source of income in my life, but everything you do is a loss to me.

The god in your hand keeps biting your hand. I didn't even know you were destroying my world.

Leon let out a deep sigh and corrected the instructions.

"... For now, don't touch it. Be very careful not to find out that we are trying to set up a military supply company."

Instead of guarding his hands, he is in a position where he must be prepared for Grace to try to play games with Leon if she discovers he is trying to dabble in the military industry.

Why are you doing this all of a sudden? Could it be that history leaked from our side? It seemed like I should take a closer look.

"Then let's go."

"Yes, good job."

That was when the meeting ended and Campbell opened the office door.

"Is the meeting over?"

A cheerful voice came in. When asked if Leon had any business, Grace spoke to Campbell.

"The foundation is running a legislative petition drive these days and we're collecting signatures from citizens. Can you give this back to the company?"

Grace held out the wad of thick paper she was carrying to Campbell.

"I prepared a lot because there are a lot of companies."

So now Grace was asking all the companies Leon owned to join a move that was completely out of line with the direction of his business. Campbell, of course, did not readily accept the firm's role, nor did he turn it down.

"Grace."

Leon approached and intervened. He read the signature paper and asked, pretending it was something he had never seen before.

"Why is this all of a sudden?"

"I recently read a book by an anti-war activist. If the military industry and the military collude there..."

is a book If so, it meant that the story had not filtered through this side.

Then you don't even know I'm starting a munitions company.

A concern resolved, Leon pretended to listen to his wife with a much lighter heart. Corruption, monopoly, intervention in defense of personal wealth. Grace, who had been talking for a while, smiled brightly as she spread out the wad of paper again.

"Can I get your signature?"

"Then whose desire is it? I have to do it."

"Trust yourself."

Leon's expression changed as soon as Grace came into his arms. He again forced Campbell to sign the paper he had been forced to sign and dragged her down the hallway before Grace asked me to sign it as well.

"Didn't you decide to go Christmas shopping

today?" "Tomorrow."

"I'm having a good time, how about today?"

"well? well."

Leon manages to divert Grace's attention. for now.

Entering the last month of the year, the department store exuded a Christmas atmosphere. In the center of the hall, where the carols were playing, a huge tree reaching up to the ceiling of the glass dome, sporting colorful ornaments, did its duty to distract shoppers.

The unique Christmas scent with cinnamon and ginger also stimulated Leon's sense of smell. Liv was the culprit.

"Annyang.

The boy greeted strangers holding a cookie in the shape of a missing snowman. After learning the word hello, Liv's new hobby is greeting anyone.

"Oh, you're lovely."

After being greeted by an unfamiliar child, the old woman smiled broadly and looked up at the father holding the child's hand. Leon responded by lifting the corner of his mouth at the old woman's smile and then lifted Liv.

"E-.. down. down. down."

Liv, who has become more stubborn these days, fights to be put down as soon as she is hugged.

"Annyang.

As soon as she leaves, she greets the stranger again and draws attention to him. Leon pulls down his bowler, which he hadn't taken off even though he was inside, and drags Liv over to Ellie and Grace, who are busy shopping.

For Leon, shopping means sitting comfortably in his living room and selecting items brought in by the store manager. At least sitting in the store's VIP lounge.

However, for the two women, the real pleasure of shopping is walking around hurting their feet and picking out items from the crowd of strangers. It was a truly incomprehensible taste.

"I thought I was doing my family's Christmas shopping."

The two were picking out Christmas gifts for someone else. Grace, who pointed out to the manager that

to carry twenty identical dolls to the box, he smiled proudly and boasted.

"Ellie decided to use the pocket money she saved this year to give gifts to her friends who don't have parents. yes?"

"that's right."

"Isn't our Ellie proud?"

Leon nodded and stroked Eli's head in praise.

It was a moment when Leon's educational policy, which meant not sharing with others, and Grace's policy, which meant she had to live sharing with others, clashed, but Leon said nothing.

The property is full of garage. It's not about giving it all away, but donating pocket money is a big deal. I was lucky they didn't make fun of me and say, 'But my dad said you don't have to share your life with others.'

"So, Ellie will be Santa Claus to those friends?"

"No, Ellie is Princess Santa."

After answering solemnly, Ellie began choosing gifts for the nannies this time.

"Shall we do this?"

"Then we can buy five of these in the same color."

"eh."

"And Dad will take care of the nanny's Christmas bonus.
Yes?"

Grace rolled her eyes and smiled, putting a cute little pressure on Leon. anything now Everything was cute except asking for a military industry regulation bill as a Christmas present.

After shopping for gifts, the family of four headed to the clothing section. Ellie, who was looking around the place where she had collected only Christmas costumes, motioned for her mother to hurry over.

"mom mom!"

"why?"

"Can't I wear this during Ellie's performance?"

The mannequin the child pointed to was wearing a white dress with a wide flared hem and a tulle fabric with lots of sequins. It was pretty, but Grace

shook her head, concerned about the girl's spending habits.

"You bought something. Didn't you choose that because you liked Ellie?

"But this one is brighter..."

Ellie looked at her mother with sullen eyes. In vain, I looked at my father this time. Grace gave her husband a warning look, telling him no.

While the mother and daughter were arguing, Leon, who just watched indifferently from a step behind, didn't even react to the mother and daughter's conflicting eyes. Then he turned and walked away, so I thought he was on Grace's side.

whistle

Until Leon picked out the same dress in Ellie's size from a hanger not far away and handed it to the assistant.

"Kyaa, Dad is the best!"

Ellie ran to her father in a month, and Grace looked at her husband fiercely. Leon rolled his eyes and laughed, and then literally did another brutal thing without fear.

"You should also buy a hair ornament to match the dress."

"that's right. that's right."

When asked to find a headpiece to match her daughter's dress, Grace was wrong.

"This year is this."

It was a knitted reindeer hat with a red nose and big brown antlers. Grace put it on Liv and admired it.

"Oh, Liv. Mom's in trouble if you're that cute. She's my daughter, too."

"My daughter."

Grace picked up another hat, ignoring Leon's intrusion. I tried to put it on Ellie, but unlike Liv, I was met with strong opposition.

"No. The princess doesn't wear things like

this. "Can a princess be cute too?"

"I don't know if it's a deer, but reindeer princesses aren't cute."

"Ah, let's call it a deer and use it just once on Christmas Day."

Leon had known Grace for a long time, but it had only been three years that he hadn't noticed her quirky attachment to strange Christmas traditions.

Everyone in the family must dress up for Christmas. That was the tradition Grace insisted on.

But Ellie's stubbornness goes beyond Grace's. Ellie wore what she wanted every Christmas, ignoring her mother's pleas. As a result, the only people who followed tradition were Liv, who still had no intention, and Leon, who was sacrificed even though he had his own.

The first year, newly blinded by the idea of finally spending Christmas together, the tradition was well received, but from the second year on it became a liability. The Christmas outfit Grace asks Leon for is, of course, a green tie. Green was a color Leon didn't like because it didn't match his eyes.

"Do you know where the green tie you wore last year went?"

"Well? I don't know."

know. Leon secretly ordered a maid to throw it away.

Ask the maid.

The maiden he had already silenced. "It's

up to you to ask."

"Well then..."

"You can buy a new one." "..."

please. As Leon emptied out, his god, who went to the tie stand and looked for colorful items, picked up something and ignored the fervent prayers of the followers.

"Ah, this is this year!"

Grace, please.

What Grace proudly held up in front of Leon's eyes was a dark green silk tie with alternating red and blue lollipops. It was worse than last year.

"What's it like?"

Leon rolled his eyes.

"You know I'm fine with whatever you give me."

"Yeah? You like it too?"

don't listen It's almost as if it would be more honorable to die wearing this than using it.

... I couldn't answer. After Ellie, if Leon said he didn't like me, Grace would be depressed.

Leon replied by taking the tie from the Grace's proud hand and handing it to the assistant.

Take off your tie.

Of course, her real answer came in Grace's absence. It wouldn't be obvious that a tie was missing from today's mountain of shopping harvest.

After so much Christmas shopping....

Come back next week.

"...too?"

No, I was going down the second floor hallway looking for a way out. Ellie shouted, pointing to a place decorated like a snowy village.

"It's Santa Claus!"

On a log bench in the center of town, a man dressed as Santa Claus was talking to a child on his lap.

Ellie also wants to meet Santa Claus.

Seeing that there was already a long line of children and parents waiting to meet Santa, Leon shook his head as he pushed Ellie's back toward the exit.

"Dad will invite Santa."

Of course, Grace, who hates spending money terribly, objected.

"You don't have to do that. I can meet with you here.

"that's

right."

"Liv, let's go see Santa."

"Yes."

The three mothers and daughters stood at the end of the line holding hands side by side. Those three had no way of doing Leon's bidding. He had no choice but to follow either.

The line moved slowly forward. Meanwhile, the mother and daughter were talking.

"What gift is Ellie going to ask Santa for?"

"It's a secret. You should tell Santa about it." Ellie

laughed and covered her mouth with both hands.

"Mom is it?"

"Mom is also a secret."

"Chi-".

While trying to figure out what they both wanted and what they had prepared this year, Grace asked Leon, looking at him with a pale look on her face.

"What is my gift this year?"

At Christmas last year, I received a small box from Leon. Thinking it was jewelry, I opened it and what was inside was a key. A key with a key ring in the shape of a nautical key.

Leon had given Grace a yacht as a gift. The means used to escape from him.

Of course, it was not a small yacht as it was then, but a family yacht with multiple cabins.

"Thank you. Now I don't have to run away with the kids in the
stomach.

"I am a good father and husband. If you ever have to run away from me, I hope my family is nice and comfortable."

If that is the case there will be no Leon's eyes spoke with confidence.

The current Lion's eyes were drooping significantly as he tried to decorate something else.

"Huh? What's my gift?"

"It's a secret."

"My family has too many secrets from each other."

Soon it was her turn. Liv went first. Santa asked the child sitting next to her from a distance due to the vehemence of the father who could not sit his daughter on the lap of a strange man of unknown origin.

"What's my little girl's name?"

Santa looked at the parents and asked if they thought the child would be too young to respond on his own. However, neither parent responded.

Liv, who used to be talkative about everything, was suddenly speechless from last month when she was 17 months old. I'll speak well, now that I know my name, I let myself answer. Little did I know that something strange would come out with a short pronunciation of the language.

"Libu."

"That

doesn't..."

My sister and mother urgently corrected him. "OIL!"

"I'm Olivia." "I

see."

Santa asked, trying to make eye contact with the boy who was preoccupied with the tree-shaped cookies.

"Was Olivia a good girl?"

"Yes."

The parents did not object.

"Good? Christmas presents should be given to good children. What would Olivia like to receive this Christmas?

"Mom."

Liv replied, looking at her mother.

"Mom's gone."

I'm really going to wean him now. Grace shook her head decisively and the boy puffed out his cheeks sadly.

"Is there anything else?"

When Santa asked, Liv put what was in her hand to her mouth and showed her empty hand with only crumbs.

"Cookie."

To say the same as my older sister at the time. Then, next year, she wants to buy a dollhouse worth half a year of her mother's salary.

So what should Ellie ask for this year? It was Ellie's turn.

I'm Ellie.

Ellie ate the cookies the babysitter had just brought and hugged her baby brother, who was wobbling in front of her.

"Give me another real baby as cute as Olive. Please don't hesitate."

Santa smiled and winked at his parents. At that moment, they both stiffened their expressions and shook their heads at the same time.

The child is charming, but two is enough.

The couple has already reached an agreement. Of course, things don't always work out as agreed.

***

The smell of morning began to waft into the editorial office of the Rochester Independent, where typewriters and telephones began to ring. Jin, the editorial secretary, brought coffee.

"Good morning. a tie I haven't seen before?

In the morning, Jin surrounded the desk with a coffee pot and poured coffee with kind words for the staff.

Chloe, good

morning. "Thank

you, Jean."

"How did you did you decide Chloe spend her vacation Christmas?"

"My family is going to the country."

Going down is good, but going to the country is bad. I decided to go to the beach house and stay until mid-January before returning.

"How did you decide to send Jin?"

As I was conversing with Jin, a familiar voice came from the doorway.

"good morning."

It was Mr. Burrell, the president's secretary. He lifted his bowler hat slightly in greeting and strode serenely across the newsroom. A briefcase was in his hand.

The boss sometimes sends me dubious letters disguised as encouragement, so I wondered if it would be the same this time, but Mr. Burrell passed it on. It took him less than five minutes to leave again after entering the editor-in-chief's office.

"Then I hope everyone has a good day."

Not long after Mr. Burrell left, the editor-in-chief arrived. He sighed and held the manuscript of the article in his hand.

Another person is being attacked by the president's knife.

There was no way anyone was Chloe Regan, so everyone but her sighed and followed the editor-in-chief with their eyes, like prisoners awaiting sentencing.

Chloe.

chin. The manuscript was placed in front of her. The president rejected Chloe Regan's article.

"I have to fix it. No, I prefer just rewrite it.

While everyone was shocked by the unprecedented incident, the person who was actually censored just stared at the headline of the article without showing any signs of surprise.

[The emergence of a new security threat: a dangerous alliance between military and arms dealers].

***

The dressing room in the school auditorium was packed with kindergarten students in colorful costumes, their mothers, nannies and teachers. It was because the kindergarten Christmas performance was only 30 minutes away.

Ellie, hold still.

Grace was sitting Ellie in a dress in front of her dressing table while decorating her hair. As Ellie kept moving, the left and right sides of the decoration became distorted.

"Uh..."

Ellie was tuning her violin. The boy, who kept tightening and loosening the string with a pouty face as if he didn't like the sound, sighed and asked.

"What about Dad?"

"Of course you're coming to see our Ellie."

Ellie's expression as she nodded was still dark. Ellie, who lost another game of chess this morning, shouted 'I hate you, Dad!' Knowing full well that my dad is not the narrow-minded type with me. Grace added one more word to reassure her.

"Dad is looking forward to it, too."

"The greater the expectation, the greater the disappointment."

Where did you learn these words? Only then did Grace realize the real reason for Ellie's dark expression.

I worried that my parents would be disappointed if I didn't do it. That's why I couldn't sit still and kept tuning the instrument.

"Ellie, Mom and Dad are not disappointed. Ellie already
is too much for us.

We're so lucky you're alive. Grace rubbed her cheek against the girl's warm cheek.

"Oh, it tickles."

Yes, just being alive is enough.

How comforting this smiling sound is to Grace, who still blames herself when she remembers her past mistakes.

"To be honest, my mom and dad would applaud you for being proud and charming, even if you cried all the time for being scared on stage."

"It's scary."

Ellie smiled and picked up the violin. This time, the boy who finished the tuning immediately played the song without hesitation.

Grace sat alone, looking at the stage in front of her. If you turn your eyes away and make eye contact with the parents, you will embarrass yourself.

The front row of the center section of the auditorium where she sat was completely empty. It was as if the stinging stares of parents who had been deprived of the opportunity to see their children up close because of the 'Faceless King of Rochester' were pouring down the back of her head. But even Grace couldn't help herself.

widely.

The moment the auditorium lights went out, the buzzing stopped for a moment. I thought the show was starting, but what opened was not the curtain covering the stage, but the auditorium door.

A tall gentleman in an elegant suit entered surrounded by bodyguards. Everyone's eyes followed him. There was also a spot where the flash went off. Maybe I expected this to happen, but the man who entered after the lights went out was wearing sunglasses even in the dark.

Usually, when I enter the theater after the lights go down, I duck, express my apologies with my whole body and quickly find a seat, walk in and sit down. However, the man walked calmly over and sat next to his wife as if he were the main character of the day.

Only then did the stage curtain rise. As the stage was illuminated and the audience was plunged into darkness, Leon removed his sunglasses. The bodyguard sitting next to him handed Leon two bouquets of flowers, as did Livman.

"receive."

He gave one to Grace, so I thought he would give it to Ellie amicably later, but Leon lifted Grace's hand and whispered as he kissed her.

"Even a bouquet is too small to contain all the respect I have for the best mother in the world who gave birth to today's star."

"What. It's embarrassing."

A ruddy smile broke out on Grace's face as she turned her face away. This man, I thought he was only good at badmouthing, but he was also good at the sweet stuff.

The performance has begun. The first performance was a carol choir by children from 5 and a half to 7 and a half years old.

"On the first day of Christmas, my love gave me a partridge perched in a pear tree. On the second day of Christmas..."

When Carol reached the fifth day...

"My love is not enough for me!"

When a child's voice rang out exceptionally loud, the greedy parents burst into silent laughter.

After the choir, ballet for 3 and 4 year olds followed. Since they were still small, there were also children waving to their parents as they looked for their parents sitting in the audience. Some parents laughed at their childish appearance, while others urged them to hurry up and dance like the other children.

It is a kindergarten in a wealthy town with a great passion for learning and a very competitive spirit. As a result, the competition for the one-time instrumental soloist stage was fierce. When the ballet was over, the child who finally won the place took the stage.

A boy standing in the middle of the stage bowed like an adult and greeted the audience. Leon clapped louder than anyone else.

Ellie looked up and met her father's eyes and smiled brightly. Where had that tomboy gone? His feeling of looking at his daughter, who was as dignified as a princess, became strange.

After saying hello, the boy put the violin on his shoulder and bowed. He exchanged glances with the teacher sitting at the piano. Then the violin began to play with the piano accompaniment.

Is it a sin to have a rich man for a father? Grace felt it was unfair for her parents to accuse her of buying the solo stage with money, not skill.

"Let's see."

In the end, his promise came true. As soon as the performance began, admiration broke out among the parents. Now, they will have no choice but to admit that it is a position they have earned thanks to their skills.

Music flows like flowing water. Grace's mouth, which had been stiff, curved slightly.

After all, worry and tension were useless.

"He's a child who can't simply act with
calm as he said, and he's good at everything else."

Leon nodded, but he didn't really agree. Ellie is not good at everything. There are a lot of things I want to try as much as I have a lot of greed, and there are a lot of things I leave without being able to show my talent or interest. Violin was also a talent she discovered through painting, golf and piano.

It was hard to believe that those little hands could play the instrument no matter how many times I looked at it.

is so small Then it was smaller.

Watching the deft movements of his fingers, he remembered the moment he met Ellie. She was half his age and a head shorter than she is now. I'm more like a child now, but I was like a baby then.

The baby who couldn't even button his clothes when we met now plays the violin while teasing his fingers like an adult. On the one hand, my

chest was overflowing and, on the other hand, I felt as if water was seeping into my heart.

Leon took a deep breath. Then it was sarcastically. It was his way of repressing his emotions.

"To think that the school is bragging about a child born and raised by parents and extorting money from parents."

Today's presentation was also a fundraiser for school facilities.

"On the subject of nothingness. It's amazing."

"... Is that so?"

Grace couldn't help but nod. Both the person who taught her to play the violin and the person who bought that expensive dress were her parents.

"Anyway, that dress looks prettier on stage."

Under the stage lighting, the sequined material shines brightly. He had no choice but to recognize his daughter's discernment.

"She's like the Snow Queen."

y...

It's a white dress, so it's too early to imagine it. The imagination of an adult Ellie in a wedding dress.

"Ellie will grow up and get married someday, right?"

Leon just looked straight ahead, but there was no response.

"Daughters usually want to marry a man like their father."

Leon's eyes widened. The thought of Ellie growing up and getting married bothers her, but she introduces the damn son of a bitch by saying, 'He's a man like my father!' Maybe she'd drown him in the sea in front of her house without Ellie's knowledge.

I hope you never mess with a guy like me, no, don't even touch me.

But if you say that, what will happen to Grace who married a man like me? Leon corrected his posture and turned away as he felt uncomfortable in his seat.

"Well, Ellie would like to marry a man like her mother."

"A man like me. What is it."

Grace, who was silent for a moment, burst into a small laugh.

"I can't imagine."

"I can't imagine Ellie getting married any more than that."

"That's right."

They both agreed that they would like that day to come as slowly as possible. It was the moment when two people who disagreed every day about how they raised their children became one.

***

"Look at this one. did you get a lot of flowers? it would be nice Oh,
no. You're not going to eat that!"

Ellie stood up and placed a blackmail nipple in Liv's mouth as she tried to pluck and eat flowers from the bouquet.

"Olive is still too young to come to her concert."

As the evening approaches, Ellie is still in her performance dress. She has a violin and bow in her hand.

"Listen carefully because Ellie will play it again."

Still unable to calm the excitement of the performance, Ellie began another performance. For a single spectator.

The fiddle tune stopped with the nipple sucking accompaniment. Ellie asked Liv, who seriously appreciated the whole passage.

"Are you okay with

Ellie?" Liv nodded her

head. "Swimming..."

Ellie smiled proudly and sat down across from Liv and handed the violin and bow to her brother.

"I will also teach you olives."

A five-year-old violin was too big for a toddler who had just turned one and a half. Still, Liv's eyes widened as if it was strange that her sister made a noise every time she moved her hand.

"Mom! Olive can play the violin too".

"Oh, really?" "Yes,

Ellie taught me."

"Wow, what a wonderful sister."

"Hey..."

Grace entered the living room just in time, dressed in street clothes. Leon squinted as she sat comfortably on the couch reading the newspaper.

"Ellie, Liv. Mom, I'm going out for a while. You go to sleep first.

"why? why? why? why? why? why? where? Where?"

"Why? why? why? why? why? why? why? Audi? Audi? eye patch."

Liv followed her sister's words and, like her sister, ran to her mother and clung to her leg.

"I agree with the princesses' objection." Leon also

folded the paper and stood up. "Where are you going

right now?"

"I have some research to do. put the kids to sleep.
I will be back before midnight.

Grace kissed them beforehand and told them not to leave.

"Today, Dad will read a storybook instead of Mom."

"Dad reads boringly!"

Not long after their mother left, the children were unable to read that boring storybook. In the blink of an eye, Leon was out of the house, leaving the sleeping children in the care of the nanny and bodyguards.

Today was the day of the poker meeting. with new players.

"If I go."

Who are you at this late hour? As soon as he opened the door to the sound of knocking on the hotel door, Professor Chadwick was very surprised. Three strange men were standing behind them, with young men who looked like bodyguards.

"What... Is it work?

Between the three of them, the handsome middle-aged man took off his bowler hat and greeted him politely.

"Professor Chadwick.

Those who saw him for the first time knew his name. To him, who was even more embarrassed, the man made an even more incomprehensible proposal.

"This is because we play poker and there are not enough people. Please give me a moment."

It was no coincidence that Professor Chadwick was invited to a university in Rochester, Columbia, as a professor and stayed at the Mayfield Hotel. It was a trap Leon set when the professor did not hesitate despite his persuasion.

"The government of Columbia is providing us with all its support so that all our families can settle down..."

In the corner of the casino on the second floor of the same hotel, three men, including Lt. Col. Gibson, were trying to persuade Professor Chadwick with sticks and carrots. Since we agreed to develop weapons jointly with the Columbia War Department and the Army, wouldn't persuasion be a common task for all three parties?

Leon had a familiar face at home, so Professor Chadwick might recognize him, so he sat down with Campbell at the negotiating table in his

place, and sat with his back to the table in an armchair in a dark corner. It was a time when I was looking at the wall and listening to the conversation behind me. The sound from the front began to make him nervous.

intelligent intelligent

A knock is heard on the door from somewhere beyond the wall. After a moment of silence, there was another knock on the door. This time it was a little closer. I don't know who it was, but it was knocking on the door of each room.

This time, the sound of a knock on the door was followed by a very faint voice. Judging by the pitch of her voice, it appeared to be a woman.

At that moment, having a strange intuition, Leon got up and left the private room. Outside, in the hallway, there were plainclothes soldiers brought in by Lieutenant Colonel Gibson and Leon's bodyguards, but no woman in sight.

intelligent intelligent

Another knock was heard at the door. This time it was close enough to clearly reflect the hallway it was in. Leon came out of the

private room, rounded the corner of the hallway toward the sound and quickly ducked behind the wall.

Grace?

Grace, dressed in a casino waitress uniform, walked over with a tray in her hand.

Why are you here?

The answer was obvious. Isn't collusion between the military and the military industry a topic Grace is obsessed with covering these days?

Leon's gaze turned to the door guarded by soldiers. Where the hell did you get the information and why did you come here to investigate? It looked like there was someone leaking information from inside.

I will have to find out

However, instead of trapping the enemy inside, he was in a situation where he had to worry about being trapped first. Behind that door was Campbell. At the door was his bodyguard, whose face Grace knew. Even if

Leon leaves, his involvement will inevitably be discovered.

Grace sent an unknown soldier to stop them in their tracks, but it was too late. The click of high heels came from just around the corner.

Leon turned around.

"My God!"

Tinkling.

Grace suddenly dropped the tray and stepped back as she suddenly appeared from behind the corner.

"...Leon? What are you doing here?"

We are bullying ourselves.

Leon slipped his hands into his pants pockets and slowly approached Grace with a smile as evil as his demeanor.

"The reporter Chloe Regan? I'm a longtime fan."

His voice was thicker and deeper than usual. Let the word Chloe Regan ring out in the hallway. It was to give his bodyguards a clue to move quickly.

"What. Are you following me again?

Grace laughed in amazement. Leon willingly framed her and casually wrapped an arm around her waist and led Grace out of the private room.

"How did I get here... Ah, bodyguard.

Of course, they had bodyguards attached, but they did not report Grace's location. If they had, this would not have happened.

"what are you doing."

Grace meekly followed her a few steps, and when Leon opened the door to a private room away from the private room, she began to twist her body to escape his hand.

"I'm busy. After I finish the interview..."

"Just a moment. How do you tell me to put up with this?

Leon's gaze completely covered Grace's body from head to toe. little Santa hat. Red ribbon choker with jingle bells. Knee-length red velvet dress. White hair

finished in neckline, puffed sleeves and skirt. Plus black stockings.

The casino recently changed the attire of its cocktail waitresses for Christmas. In other words, Grace is now acting like a rather fat Santa Claus.

"Wow!"

applaud.

Grace unexpectedly leaned over and tried to get out between his arms and sides, but she couldn't help herself. Leon pushed her into an empty room and closed the door.

"You said you were busy."

When she tried to leave, Leon blocked her with one hand. Pushed once more, Grace stumbled and leaned against something. It's hard and soft to hold in your hand. I looked back and saw a blue light in my eyes. It was a roulette table.

The muffled sound of footsteps drew Grace's gaze to the man who had held her like a magnet. He approached slowly, pulling the jacket of his black suit over his broad shoulders.

The jacket was caught on the chair in front of the table. Even after throwing it away, it looked like it was folded in half.

Then it was his turn to pull out the cuffs at the end of his sleeves. His outstretched fingers carefully rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt, revealing his well-muscled forearms.

Grace swallowed. If you watch her hands go through the preparation ceremony, you will naturally think about what those hands will do to your body. that feeling too. vividly. This is an innate reaction that reason cannot avoid.

"under..."

I was short of breath. A man pulls me into a corner. Each time he takes a step closer, my heart begins to pound harder. The feeling of chasing and chasing after each other after a long time was indescribably thrilling.

The man, who had come close enough to hear a sharp intake of breath, leaned toward her and placed his hands on either side of Grace. Grace was locked in by him.

"Don't bet."

The light blue eyes pointed to the roulette wheel at the end of the table.

"If it's black, I'll let you go, if it's red, I won't let you go.
What's it like?"

Licking her lips with his red tongue, he asked. Grace responded with her body instead of words. I spun the roulette wheel with my hand and threw the marbles.

whistling over and over again

At the moment the marbles surrounding the rim with a loud friction sound broke into a certain square....

"Sigh..."

Leon swallowed Grace's lips. The loser's gaze was on the marble that fell into the red square all the while receiving the winner's wish.

Grace already knew that. Although she is now a loser, she is the ultimate winner of tonight's game.

side.

"Ha..."

As soon as her lips fell, a hot breath that couldn't find a place to go came out of the breath that was connected. Leon ran his tongue over his saliva-soaked lips and looked at Grace with feverish eyes lowered.

"Waitress or Naughty Santa, which one should I enjoy first? Of course, I have a choice.

Looking at the two roads for a moment, the man with a pleasant smile as if imagining the journey twisted one side of his mouth as if he had made up his mind.

Her long fingers dug deep into Grace's waitress uniform, which was cut off below the collarbone, and she slipped her bra on in a single motion. She looked inside and exhaled an excited sigh.

"I was left alone."

It was something a baby would say when he was alone. Such a man is the father of a child.

Leon pulled a large bill out of his wallet and rolled it up like a cigarette and inserted it into his sternum. Like tipping the waitress. Is this man the father of a child?

"I'm thirsty."

When Leon touched her swollen nipples with his fingertips and asked for a glass of fresh milk, Grace pulled her hand away.

"Don't even dream. If the baby doesn't eat, neither does the father."

"I thought our relationship was stronger than our relationship with my daughter, but it's too much."

She was a woman who did not succumb to Liv's onslaught, who fought mercilessly. No matter what Leon did, there was no way he was coming.

"Fine. Then do it Santa Claus. It's the first time
I'm in heat with Santa.

It wasn't hard because it was the first time. As if to prove it, the front of his pants was already standing up like it was about to explode.

The real purpose of dragging Grace into this room was already fulfilled, so there is no need to be nervous. The tension that strained her back did not disappear, but everything came back to center.

"Miss Santa, I've been a good boy this year. Pretend Christmas came a few days early and give me a reward.

Leon put his hand under Grace's skirt and brushed her thighs upward, lowering his head. Just as their lips were about to overlap, a snort of laughter crossed his lips.

"kind man?"

Grace asked, pushing him away.

"How was the punishment?"

"... me you?"

Gracia nodded.

"Actually, there's something I've always wanted to do."

"Whatever we want."

But Leon did not expect this.

"So, from now on, I'm Chloe Regan, a cub reporter, and you're the president of the paper."

At that moment, the doubts that had plagued him lately took over Leon's nerves. He drifted

of the words Burrell, who did not know how to do it, said with satisfaction.

"My wife seems to enjoy using the fountain pen the boss gave me these days."

only in the company. Never use it in front of Leon. It's a given gift not to write. However, Grace was doing the exact opposite of her expectations.

Using a gift from another man without her husband's knowledge. Do you like the 'boss' whose face you don't know? Still, in the end, she likes him. Even with rumors of infidelity, only Grace and I would sound as romantic as I did, but that wasn't the case with Leon.

Because from Grace's point of view, the boss and her husband are different men. that's one issue.

What do I have to do? Leon felt the despair of a lost man for the first time in a long time.

However, that might have been a very one-dimensional suspicion, Leon finally had a hunch from Grace's words that followed.

"I'm being punished because I came here to do.
an interview that the boss objected to."

As soon as he finished speaking, Grace knelt between his legs.

"... What are you doing?"

Confused, she grabbed Leon's thighs as he tried to pull back and then looked up at him with elongated blue-green eyes.

"Boss, I want to report. I have to publish this article. I can do anything if you give me a gentleman.

As if to test what that 'whatever' is, the two hands climbing up her thighs came together at her center. Grace stimulated it further by stroking the firm front with her palm, lifting it up and down, and even rolling it to find the tip hidden behind the fabric.

"Oh..."

The sound of the belt unwinding was heard as soon as it tightened. In the center of his clear vision, the image of Grace unbuttoning the front of his pants appeared. Not knowing what the

intent on sucking it, Leon stepped back and took his hand away.

"Chloe, do you know how much damage you are doing to my paper? Advertisers are no longer advertising in our paper. I'm on the verge of bankruptcy. All because of you."

"I will pay for the damage with my body."

Grace stood up, bent down and slipped her hands inside her skirt. She took. She followed the sound of the suspender straps holding the stocking straps loosening. Leon thought maybe he wouldn't be able to hear this sound after this long.

No. No way.

As soon as the garter straps loosened, the white bloomers fell to the floor. Grace removed her underwear from the black heels and sat down at the roulette table.

"How many losses have you seen so far?"

-I ask, wearing a skirt and spreading my legs wide. Showing the naked the source of pleasure that provides him with an income incomparable to the damage he has seen so far.

Without stopping there, Grace opened her vagina herself, showed him the way and tantalizingly pulled down the hem of her skirt.

"Ahhh..."

Then, secretly under the skirt, but openly making sure all hand movements could be seen even outside the skirt, she moaned as she played with her hands. Determined as a witch, she seduced Leon. Grace hadn't been so afraid in a long time.

"Ha, I can sleep as much as the boss wants.
So, may I interview you today?

In order not to get caught up in the gradually revealing truth and Grace's tricks, Leon probably avoided himself with a script that was just a façade.

"Allow? I am here to punish you.

"Then, you can punish me in advance by adding the loss you will see due to hedging. I'm going to disobey the president's instructions today."

Leon, who was about to pull back, was grabbed by Grace with both legs. One hand slipped into the back pocket of his pants and squeezed. Seeing that there was no contraceptive device anywhere, Grace asked with an outstretched hand.

"What. You said you were chasing me? You're not ready?

With these words, Leon became even more confused. I thought I already knew everything, but I'm asking, do you really not know? Or are you knowingly selling traps but pretending not to know?

Looking into Grace's eyes, I couldn't read her thoughts at all. On the contrary, she looked like she was going to hook me.

"Ah, my..."

I forgot my contraceptive device, so I tried to get out of this dangerous game by saying stop. However, Grace tightened her legs around his waist and pulled Leon closer. It felt like being immobilized.

Grace, who untied the front of his pants without hesitation, said this with a wink in one eye.

"Punishment should instill fear in those who receive it."

By that definition, Leon must have been punished now.

Grace pulled out the penis that was trapped inside and lifted it up, jerking it with both hands. Above the waist, high, below the waist, more. Leon was going through a split in his ego.

Then, when Grace hiked up her skirt and spread her legs, her low-waisted ego triumphed.

"Wow."

But since his waist-high self wasn't dead, Leon, afraid to look her in the eye, turned Grace around on the table.

"Oh!"

The moment his penis penetrated the wall of her vagina and was pushed deep into her vagina, at the end of her vagina, her head lifted up and a high-pitched scream came out.

"my god... Yuck..."

When he went in, he drilled Grace mercilessly, but when his penis came out, he was sluggish. There was no mercy in any way. The chin of the slowly pulling out tip smoothed and scraped without missing a wrinkle. All his senses rubbed against it, sparks jumping.

"Ah, hehehe, ahh..."

Outside, she scratches the table with her fingernails and trembles, not knowing what to do. It's only a waist, but Grace's reaction is already intense.

"Yes, boss, oh, there!"

Hit it, it's scary to pull out your genitals and stab them. I pressed the erogenous zone I felt most authentically. Leon teased Grace, who was trembling again, clinging to his waist tightly.

"Ah, yes, ah, the president, sir, quick, finish, eh, me, the interview..."

Grace kept calling him boss and pushing him to get on with the work. It was as hard to bear as the pressure squeezing her pillars of flesh.

"Who you said that you did a report without my permission?"

"Yes... Boss, I did it, I did it wrong, I did it, I did it, I did it."

"No fear of what to do if you go through dangerous places and get caught by a bad guy and do something bad."

"So, alas, what is the chief doing in this moment?

"under..."

"Umm, but I think it would be okay if I were the boss..."

What is this woman talking about Leon felt embarrassed and frowned.

"Boss, does that feel good? Well, then the article you asked me to review can be published as is, ugh...."

Leon's hand covered Grace's mouth. damn This should be a play, but Grace's script reflected reality too much and tried to break the line between drama and reality. excessively or intentionally. It was dangerous.

"Shh, listen to what we're doing outside."

He covered his mouth with the excuse of stifling her moans, and continued to violently thrust his penis in and out of Grace's ass.

"Eup, uh..."

Jingle and jingle.

Every time she shakes her waist, Grace's neck makes a ringing sound. The Christmas atmosphere is very refreshing. Was there a Christmas story about a bad boy who raped Santa Claus and came to punish him?

Santa must go to the house where the good children are waiting, isn't he?

Leon spurred at the waist with a single thought that he would quickly exhaust all of Grace's reason and physical strength and drive her home while she was unable to come to.

"Hey, hey, ahh."

"Wait, wait a minute."

Today, Leon wasn't the only one making a decision. Grace rushed to the brink of climax and drove people crazy by deftly turning her back on him and squeezing and

loosen the inner wall brilliantly even as his body trembled.

Isn't that enough, so now they rub their bare skin intact without a single layer of film? It had been a while, so the feeling of touching your skin was even stronger.

Every time I pull my waist back, the wrinkles of soft, rusty flesh clinging to my skin bite and suck on my genitals, pulling them inward. into a fountain of hot pleasure as if to melt their own.

"Ha, damn it..."

"Am I okay, boss? My husband said I was fine."

Leon wiped his face with sweaty hands and looked fearfully at the woman lying in front of him. Why are you doing this? Extreme pleasure equaled fear.

"Don't do it inside. I could have a baby with that boss".

"If you don't like it, please stay calm."

"By the way, boss, wouldn't it be better if you had children? You might not be able to turn around the Baron you called and stay still at home."

"under... When have you been like this?

The laughter that came out of Leon's mouth cut his jaw. It was because she pressed down on him and choked him. I was told not to do it inside. Grace whispered insistently, like someone trying to pump cum.

"Eww..."

I tried to hold on so hard that my buttocks ached, but it was no use as the sensation of ejaculation peaked. Leon quickly pulled his penis out, trying not to spill it on Grace's stomach.

"Ha..."

As soon as I took it out, the feeling of extremity calmed down like a lie. Thanks to that, the annoying post-processing was avoided.

When Leon catches his breath, Grace stands up and leans against the table. The smile in her eyes as she looked up at him was ominously familiar.

"If my stomach swells up again, the boss will be happy, but my husband might be sad. Do you have to grow up again? There must be a lot of things you want to do outside.

"..."

"It looks like you're already doing it without me knowing. Oh, so you can't just have a kid and sit at home, can you?

"Oh..."

Grace demanded, grabbing his genitals that were barely holding back his ejaculation and pulling them between her legs.

"Please keep me pregnant. Keep me and the men tied up at home.

"... Grace."

"My name is Chloe. He's a bad enough guy to call his wife by her name while sleeping with a subordinate. Well, what could have been the only bad thing the boss did?

Grace tucked the object she was holding into her pants and casually buttoned it, pouting her lips as if she were sad.

"Have you ever imagined what would happen if your wife found out? Well, what if she found out? I wouldn't run away anymore. I don't know if I'd throw the boss out. yeah?"

"Grace."

The play is over.

"Which is my fault."

"Originally, cheating and cheating is exciting. Boss, was it exciting to cheat on your wife, huh? Was it exciting, honey?

He grabbed the tie and snatched it away. It was dragged right in front of him, eyes staring at him with blue-green flames burning brightly.

"Now, would you mind telling me what you were doing here?"

The work is over, but the real punishment has just begun.

whistle

After opening the door wide, Grace let out a loud sigh as if she heard the man behind her.

"Oh, I was just trying to say hello to my friends."

The poker room was empty. That's right, everyone moved while this guy was ostracizing her.

Grace recognized the man's coat hanging on the hanger by the door and smiled. Picking up the coat and tossing it to Leon, she walked past him.

"Grace."

I called out, but Grace didn't even listen and left on her own. Leon stared at the distant figure behind him and let out a deep sigh.

Grace came to know everything.

Where did she find out that the key figure in the Gunsan collusion she was after was my husband?

I even knew somehow that Leon was the president of the Rochester Independent. I didn't feel right from the moment I propositioned him for sex pretending to be a reporter and president of a newspaper.

"Grace, wait."

Leon followed Grace through the halls of the casino to the exit and threw his coat over his shoulders. It was

too cold outside to go out wearing only a thin waitress uniform.

Grace didn't take off her coat, but she didn't stop or look at it. Walking out with her coat slung over her shoulder was no different than taking it off.

"Are you going to go out and freeze to death?"

Leon caught Grace and set her up. When he lifted the coat again and unfolded it, Grace obediently tucked her arm in while staring at him. It was a moment when I was adjusting the front of my coat and buttoning it, receiving the fierce eyes that seemed to kill me.

"Who is it?"

Someone had been aware of them. It was Lieutenant Colonel Gibson.

Did the way he put on his coat look harmonious? The lieutenant colonel, apparently unaware that the couple was fighting, tossed his cigar into the ashtray, got up from the couch in the casino lobby and approached them.

"Yes. Now I can see the beauty that destroyed the kingdom.
in real life.

The colonel smiled and offered to shake Grace's hand.

"I don't know what name to call you at the right time and place. Anyway, I'm Lieutenant Colonel Ronald Gibson of the Army Intelligence Command."

When pretending not to know is the greatest virtue, I wondered what he was thinking when he intervened....

"It is the love of the century that even left the homeland. Lieutenant Colonel Winston's love for his wife is truly amazing."

They misunderstood that Grace did not come as a reporter, but as a wife who was suspicious of her husband's affair and wanted to see the scene.

"Even at our poker meeting..."

When the word "poker meeting" came out of the lieutenant colonel's mouth, Leon closed his eyes and pressed his fingertips to his throbbing forehead. Even with his eyes closed, he could feel Grace's questioning gaze.

The identity of the poker meeting has not yet been revealed. Grace didn't even ask. Probably

you didn't know. The lieutenant colonel had exposed it to defend it.

After all, an ally with a bad brain is no different from an enemy.

"low."

When Grace snorted, Leon opened his eyes.

"Was this the identity of the poker meeting? A secret meeting with military officials. In other words, Gunsan collusion."

"A collusion. It's cooperation."

It was then that the lieutenant colonel seemed to realize his mistake.

"... Didn't you follow in your husband's footsteps?".

"No, I went after Professor Chadwick. But then my husband came out."

"ah... You came as a reporter, not as a wife. Then I'm done.

The lieutenant colonel stepped back and raised his hat, but Grace asked with the tenacity of a reporter who ignores the gesture to speak no more.

"Colonel Gibson, you should tell me what my husband did at the poker meeting before we leave."

"I can't tell you because it's a military secret. The only truth I can tell you is that he dedicated himself as a patriot to his daughters' future."

"A patriot? Who is this man?"

Grace looked at Leon, snorted and left the colonel with a brief chin jerk to say goodbye, then ran past the two men.

"Phew..."

As Grace walked out the casino door, the lieutenant colonel let out a sigh as if holding back, then smiled awkwardly at Leon's complexion.

"I'm sorry for this. But as someone who's been married for 30 years, it's a blessing to have the strength and affection to fight."

over and over again.

The sound of heels breaking the silence of the hotel parking lot was quite sharp. Leon took a few steps back and looked silently at Grace.

as he pulled out his car keys while standing in front of the sedan that had been parked on the corner.

I thought you were going alone Grace opened the passenger door with the key and threw out a blunt word.

"get on."

Then head for the driver's seat. Leon's mouth curved gently as he followed Grace.

If it were the Grace of the past, she might have left him and gone in a hurry. That habit of running away from difficult problems under the pretext of punishing him.

Leon thought this might be the case again, but he was wrong. It wasn't often that I felt good even when I was wrong.

"It is a blessing to have the strength to fight and the love left."

It was terribly ironic to pour oil on someone else's house that was on fire, but it was also true.

"I'll drive."

I reached out my hand for the key, but Grace didn't even look at me and opened the driver's door. Come to think of it, Grace didn't like Leon's conservative way of thinking a man should drive.

Even if you give up the initiative, you can't give this up. Instead of stepping back, she opened the door before Grace could even grab the doorknob.

Waiting for Grace to sit in the driver's seat, she exchanged her high heels for shoes and tidied her clothes, then closed the door and Leon sat in the passenger seat. Meanwhile, the car Grace had started pulled out of the parking lot and the escort cars followed.

"Columbia County first discovered our identities and approached me last fall."

Leon began his confession in the car on the way home, fortunate that Grace had no room for reckless driving on busy roads.

"He asked me to serve as an advisor to the Intelligence Command. I accepted because it was a no-lose offer. There is nothing wrong with being close to the

government and, personally, it was partly because I felt it was a waste to rot the experience and knowledge I had accumulated over the years."

"..."

"If it were dangerous, I would have refused. You know that."

Grace said nothing, just looked straight ahead, but you could tell she was listening to Leon just by looking at her slightly relaxed expression. It seemed that the emotions that had been raging gradually subsided and reason returned.

Leon asked after honestly confessing everything that had happened until the 'poker meeting' turned into an arms development business.

"how did you know?"

Grace recited the set words in a professional manner.

"Reporters at the Rochester Independent take great care to protect the identity of informants."

So, Rosalyn Winston.

"I am very afraid. I am afraid that Professor Chadwick, whom I sponsor, will abandon his dream of space development and develop weapons."

Since Leon showed interest in Professor Chadwick in Grace's presence, it was natural to assume that the person trying to develop the weapon was my husband.

Rosalyn did not mention this story because she is a journalist. Since she is Leon's wife, she asked to detain her husband. There was no way Grace, who had a history of infiltration as a servant, was unaware of the unique way of speaking among aristocratic ladies who responded to what they wanted.

It was right to follow Leon for conclusive evidence, but tracking him while avoiding the eyes of the bodyguards was no easy task. So today Grace saw Professor Chadwick. It must be because of Leon that she came to Rochester. And the result is the same.

"You have a lot of money. There's a lot of good business. But why do you want to become an arms dealer?

"An arms dealer. This is just the defense industry."

"Stop playing with words."

"Grace, as long as humanity exists, war will not disappear."

"Stop talking."

"Even if I don't develop rocket-type weapons, someone else will anyway."

"That doesn't mean you have to."

"Isn't it better to have dangerous technology in my hands than in the hands of the enemy?"

"That's the government's job, not yours. You're doing this for your own greed, not for a mission for humanity."

"Grace, don't forget. I supported you even when you did something that got in the way of my business. I don't want you to do that either. But you can at least pretend you didn't see it.

"under..."

A sigh escaped Grace's lips.

"Wasn't there my husband who worked hard to help me with my campaign to promote the regulation of the military industry on the front lines but

Behind the scenes he was trying to grow the military industry by working hand-in-hand with the government?"

In fact, it was an opposition movement initiated after learning that Leon was going into the military business, but Grace pretended to be betrayed.

"I am a good husband and businessman. I was faithful to my wife's work and my own."

Well, to deal with this insolent man, I had to be as insolent as I was myself.

"You do your job, I do mine. Ultimately, this is what we do for our family, so it will be the same for everyone, but everyone can do it their own way."

"No. What you are doing is not for our family."

Leon stared at her, resting his temples on his knuckles as if asking for more details.

"To make a living doing what I oppose. I
I become a hypocrite".

"No matter what business I do, will you be a hypocrite?
No, you're already a

hypocrite. "What do you

mean?"

"His salary comes from money he earned using the investment practices he is supposed to prohibit."

"low... It's the head.

Grace sighed, leaning her steaming head against the cold car window to cool it. Then, as if to help himself, he made up a headline for the article and recited it.

"Does Chloe Regan's hero who stands up for truth and justice really sleep in bed with a villain every night?"

"A villain. The day this land is bombed,
I will be a hero.

"In the days when you don't get bombed? What if the weapon you developed was only used to attack and not to defend? I hate it when my daughters live in abundance on fucking money. Aren't you afraid of what your children will think of you when they grow up?

"Grace, every dollar has someone's blood, sweat and tears on it. According to your logic, even a gun manufacturer's secretary is a vicious human being living off the damn money. Even children will understand this."

"under..."

Grace turned her head and gave the master sophisticator a tired look.

"Why don't you try being a politician instead? It seems like a vocation.

"I don't know what to make of the rave reviews."

"It's not a compliment."

"If the criticism is yours, I'd appreciate it."

"But I'm not listening. Wow..."

Grace clutches her head and groans, but the side laughs. Leon was looking at Grace with a subtle smile. It was an eye telling me to throw my fist one more time as I was ready for any attack. That man didn't tremble an inch, but only Grace stumbled and nearly fell.

I will have to change my tactics.

This man should not try to win with his head. Knowing that, Rosalind would have asked his wife to stop him, not the reporter.

Then there is only one weapon left.

"Can't I do something I don't like? Did you forget that I stopped covering undercover because I hated you too?

heart.

"You can do that for me."

If I can't do it, then I'm not even that good to you. When he drew the decisive card, the smile finally disappeared from his face.

"If I hate you so much, I'll take my hands off you."

The time it took Leon to make a decision was absurdly short.

"It's not okay to own it loosely through outsourcing. You can't even invest in borrowed names. You can't even buy technology patents."

"know. I will surrender completely".

When Leon raised his hands in a posture of surrender, Grace began to smile.

"Well?"

"Yes well."

"Yes, it's okay if we like ourselves."

"that's right."

Leon laughed. The only people in the world who look cute even when they're sassy are his daughters and Grace.

"But how did you know I was the

boss?" "The boss's fan letter."

"My letter?"

He was completely unaware that he had been caught because he went to the trouble of typing on a typewriter instead of writing by hand to hide the fact that he was the sender.

"You took an old typewriter out of storage and used it? That typewriter, the R is a little broken and it looks like a P. Ellie is using it as a toy these days."

"I'm going to write it down and throw it away..."

I deliberately chose words I didn't normally use and changed all the spelling and punctuation to Columbia style, but it was a waste due to an old typewriter.

"That's when I started to doubt it, and the article criticizing the military industry was the smoking gun."

"under... throw bait Are you doing enough?

Leon blurted out. while rejecting the article. With that, Grace was convinced that Leon was the president of a newspaper company and had something to do with the military industry.

"Okay, if you completely release me from the kingdom, it won't be you. Still, it's not that I'm not banned from working as a reporter, but I bought a newspaper and put myself there, I've loosened up a lot."

In the car stuck in the terrible New Year's Eve traffic jam, Grace stared at the car ahead, which was barely moving, laughing to herself, and suddenly hardened her face.

"Wait, so why did the boss pretend to like him?
Are you going to make him resign because it's

uncomfortable?" Leon admitted in a different voice.

"Pretending to like you. The boss likes you... It's not
I do love you.

"It's really disgusting. Still, I feel like I'm crazy because I'm excited.

Because those words weren't just an excruciating excuse to try to get out of an embarrassing situation like a snake.

"You're crazy about me."

"Ha, you lunatic. So why did you help me every time I was in trouble if you wanted me to quit?

That's why he wasn't so hateful.

"I am crazy about you. I wish I would give up, but when I see you struggling, I turn my eyes to help you and then I regret it again."

Leon laughed bitterly, saying that my behavior, which I thought was only contradictory, was ridiculous, and then muttered to himself.

"When has anything about you ever gotten away with anything?"

In fact, he tried to block everything Grace did, but in the end he did everything she wanted.

A cynical realist encouraging a foolish idealist.

Grace also laughed bitterly at the contradiction. Looking back, the relationship between the two was a contradiction in itself.

It wasn't just the past that they were enemies. Their backgrounds, ideologies and tastes were different. It felt like an incredible miracle that two such different people could live together as an alliance called family.

"We don't get along very well."

At the moment he muttered, Leon, who had been staring at the road that looked like a parking lot, turns his head toward Grace. Then he looks at her with eyes that seem to be tasting something and smiles softly. It was always that sincere smile.

"I still love you." Grace smiled just the same at the end.

"In that sense, we get along very well."

The strongest love in the world may not be 'then' love, but 'yes' love. Even if people change, love will not change.

For them, who will be swept along by the endless changes of the world in the long journey of life, only this contradictory love is their constant guide.

The two superimposed the same mirror-like smile. As they tried to breathe while swallowing their lips, a horn sounded from behind, interrupting the long-awaited passionate kiss. All in all, the cars began to move now. Grace regretted it, but parted her lips and took the wheel again.

"Go home and finish."

"Where are you going to finish what you were doing?"

The same smile spread across their faces again. Of course, this time it wasn't subtle, it was just covert.

"Ha..."

"Sigh..."

In the end, the engine started even before he set foot in the house. It was a moment when they kissed in the elevator going up to the penthouse, and gradually abandoned their expectations of going to the room in

this state, thinking about the route to the nearest room from the elevator.

"Ahhhh!"

Liv's loud scream echoed in the elevator passing by on the 43rd floor.

"oh my god. I must have woken up.

As soon as they pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the smeared lipstick from their lips and face, the elevator reached the 47th floor and the crying owner began to be seen through the lattice door.

"Dad."

Someone grabbed Liv, who stopped crying as if she hadn't cried so sadly and ran away laughing.

"for a moment."

It was Ellie who was angry all the way. scolded Ellie, standing with her hands on her hips, like her mother does when she's angry.

"Where have you been tonight, not stuck at home?
I will have to tie it.

It was not empty talk.

"Is slavery the story of the Winston family?"

Grace looked at the knot on her wrist and whispered in Leon's ear, who was tied to her side. The child dragged the parents into her brother's room, sat them on the floor, and tied their hands with ribbons to the crib rails. The two criminals were bound in obedience.

"You know what Mom and Dad did wrong?"

After binding the sinner, the sermon began. Ellie waved the air with the violin bow in her hand to emphasize her words and paced back and forth in front of her mother and father.

"It's bad to leave your kids home alone!"

"With the love of home and the

babysitter..." "Writing."

"..."

"Oh, they're very nice, what are you going to do if someone steals them from you?"

"That's you."

"If you do this one more time, I'll pack up with Olive and leave."

"That's you."

"No. I know how to kick mom and dad out of the house! Why is it just the two of us, bad!"

As the parents searched for traces of each other in Ellie's tone, which is a sense of deja vu in itself, Liv rubbed her cheeks on her father's bound arms.

"Dad."

Then, with eyes full of affection, she kissed her father and staggered back to her mother.

"Hi mom."

"Liv, kiss your mother too."

Grace opened her lips, thinking the girl was going to kiss her too, but Liv's attention was misplaced.

Crunchy.

The button of the waitress uniform was immediately ripped off by the girl's tremendous grip. Grace stared in amazement at the baby who pulled Mommy out and ate it, taking the opportunity to keep her mother bound and mumbling uncomprehendingly.

She is your daughter.

Although he wasn't showing off, the insolent man smiled proudly as he kissed the baby's wavy blond hair.

***

Grace inhaled and exhaled her breath that was faintly reminiscent of the sea, in sync with the sound of the waves.

It's a holiday, but I'm already awake.

I was not awakened by the sound of the waves coming into my bedroom through the mansion window. I woke up with the strange sensation of something hard stabbing my butt.

Grace lowered her hips and stroked the hard object. The man who was hugging her from behind let out a choked moan and pressed her closer.

"Is that thing between her legs, a gun? Or is it a Christmas gift from handsome Santa Claus?

"Anything, anything that kills."

That was the moment Grace burst out laughing and turned to look at him.

"Mom! Is Dad awake?

Ellie's voice came from outside the door.

"under...already?"

It hasn't opened yet. Even though it's winter, isn't it too much? Grace sank her head into the pillow and pushed Leon back.

"Go look. You are looking for your father.

When Leon opened the bedroom door, Ellie, holding a muffin and milk on either side, clenched her fists.

"Ellie is feeling good today."

I wondered what a good feeling it was...

"When a child wakes up early on Christmas morning, it's to unwrap presents. Not to play chess with daddy.

Leon had to sit face to face with his daughter across the chess table from the dawn. I didn't even have time to change, in my pajamas.

Ellie was holding a muffin and cuddling Milky in her lap for the best psychological stability, but judging by the deep wrinkles between the eyes.

of the girl looking at the chessboard, it didn't seem to be going well.

"I'll tell you up front, even though Ellie hates Dad, Dad loves Ellie."

It was a word I expected to scream 'I hate you, Dad!' In other words, you've been betting the kid will lose. Did that spur Ellie's fighting spirit more? By the time the sea outside the window turns golden following the rising sun?

"Mate!"

"..."

It was as Ellie declared. No matter how hard you look at him, his king couldn't see how to avoid Ellie's words, so Leon knocked the king down and admitted defeat.

"I won!"

Like a champion on a podium, Ellie climbed onto a chair and struck a pose...

"Kyahahahahahahahaha!"

Jumped y ran through the room laughing with enthusiasm.

"Wow!"

Then he was caught by his father. I thought he was trying to scold me not to run, but my dad was laughing. He lifted Ellie up high, took her in his arms and kissed her on the forehead. Ellie was puzzled.

"Dad, Ellie won."

"Know."

"But why do you like it like Dad won?"

Those words suddenly reminded Leon of the day he defeated his father in a chess match for the first time when he was six years old. Six-year-old Leon also couldn't understand why his father, who had lost in a match, was as happy as the one who won. but now I know.

"The time will come when you will also understand this day."

It was time to get dressed before the gift opening ceremony. Grace, who was wearing a red dress this year, came out of the dressing room and dropped off an order for Leon, who was tying the cuffs at the end of his shirt sleeve.

Don't forget your tie.

tie?

As Leon looked around the dressing room, the tie on Grace's dresser caught his eye. It was dark green, etched with a small lollipop pattern. It was the item Leon had secretly taken from the department store.

His tricks were discovered again and again.

Neatly dressed in a three-piece suit, Leon made his way to the boys' bathroom without a tie hanging around his neck. The door was open, so I could hear Ellie and Grace arguing vividly from the hallway.

"I'm not going to wear it with Christmas colors. Ellie is the queen of chess today, so she'll be dressed like a king."

"So, would you dress like a king and just wear a reindeer hat?"

"No."

"Look at this one. Liv wears a hat as her mother wishes. Our Liv, my girl is pretty..."

"No."

That was the moment Leon stood in front of the door. Liv took off the reindeer hat she was wearing and threw it on the floor.

Leon was relieved to see the child confidently reject his mother's greed. Now there is nothing to worry about that child being carried away by other people's greed.

"no no." "Sir,

sir."

The daughters held hands, sang a song, and ran out of the room. Alone in the room, Leon approached Grace, who was alone picking up her hat.

"It is my mother's wish. My daughters are too good".

look at that The children are already about to leave your arms. So don't forget The one who will remain by your side until the end is me.

In front of his wife, who had lost the whole world, Leon showed off his terrible-looking tie.

"Leon..."

Grace clung to Leon, her eyes wide with excitement.

"As expected, I'm the only one." Yes,

your eternal follower is just me.

Grace, who rewarded him with a heartfelt kiss, stepped out and winked meaningfully at him. The reindeer hat she had been holding remained in Leon's hand.

"under..."

The road to becoming a true fanatic was never without its difficulties.

As soon as she entered the living room closest to the bedroom, Ellie ran to the roaring fireplace. Because there was something she had to check.

"Santa Claus has come and gone!"

The cookies that Ellie put on the mantel, claiming they were Santa's snacks, disappeared. Leon decided to take to his grave the truth that was actually in his mother's stomach.

"Cookie!"

Liv exclaimed happily as she sat under a huge tree that reached the high ceiling and opened the gift box her father had given her. Seeing that 'Santa' gave Liv a cookie just as she wished, Ellie's eyes turned round and began to glow with the color of a greedy person.

"Did Olive get the cookies? So is Ellie a baby?

Ellie longed to open the presents Santa had given her, then puffed out her cheeks and folded her arms.

"Santa didn't give me a baby and just ate the cookies. that Ellie gave me. Bad Santa Claus I will sue."

Ellie, who learned the concept of accusation from a recent conversation between her father and Uncle Campbell, has been using accusations in her mouth lately.

Leon watched Ellie and thought it was time to teach her where babies come from. However, he always had a wife who had conflicting parenting policies.

"Ellie, the baby is being brought by a stork, not Santa."

"Well?"

"Yes, but I can't go in winter because it's cold."

"So what am I, born in winter?" "That's right.

Dad's birthday is in winter."

When Grace gave him a piercing look and asked why he didn't match his hands and feet, Leon turned to Ellie.

-Ellie, you know. Babies are made by mothers.

"No. He's with Dad now."

Grace blamed Leon and left with a pile of gifts with her name on them.

"This..."

Seeing a familiar gift box on the top of the stack, Grace stifled a giggle and picked it up ignorantly.

"What is this?"

"A gift given to you as an apology by a reporter from the newspaper where she was rumored to be having an affair."

Yes. This was a gift Grace gave to 'the newspaper president's wife'. You never dreamed of giving it to yourself.

"You really have nothing to do with her?"

Grace pretended to be angry and challenged Leon. Leon acted like a man who flirts awkwardly after being caught cheating.

"What are you talking about. You know I'm the only one.

"So why did you run out the other day as soon as you got the call that I was being detained at the police station? Even late at night.

"It is the duty of a media owner to protect reporters."

"So you protect all reporters like that woman?"

Leon flashed a worried smile like a husband who lost an argument with his wife and finally admitted it.

"That girl looks like my first love."

Grace's expression at that moment was far from that of a wife confirming her husband's infidelity.

While Mom and Dad argued, Liv quietly emptied the box of cookies and Ellie sang five gold rings to

at full volume, playing with his violin, regardless of whether the carol was already playing on the radio or not.

All were arbitrary, but was a perfect Christmas because everyone was together.

Fin

SNS