

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Leon is sent on an infiltration mission~

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To her credit, Angelica seems to take her time mulling it over, thinking quite hard about it all. Especially since Leon isn't giving her anything in the way of advice at this point. He's said all he's going to say on the matter. And when she finally comes to a decision, he's fully willing to go along with it.

"... We'll go with Olivia's idea. I wouldn't wish slavery on my worst enemy... and Lady Deirdre is far from an enemy. Securing her safety and rescuing her shall be our priority. Captain Bartfort, take what you need for a proper infiltration mission and bring Lady Deirdre back to her sister safe and sound."

Leon smiles slightly, proud of the authority Angelica manages to inject into her voice. One wouldn't think she'd just been waffling about what to do. No, now it seemed to Dorothea and Nicks that she had simply been... pondering her options. At the very least, she knew to speak clearly and concisely, with not one ounce of hesitation in her voice.

In the end, he bows his head.

"As my Queen commands."

The meeting breaks up from there, with Leon leaving to get ready. He of course goes to meet with Luxion, though they barely even get a chance to start talking before the door swings open and Olivia arrives. Blinking, Leon turns to regard her with an arched brow, only for the blonde commoner's lower lip to tremble.

Was she about to cry? Instinctively, he opens his arms to her, offering his chest. Olivia jerks forward, crashing into him and embracing him tightly as he wraps his arms around her. She quickly begins to shake.

“I-I’m sorry... I never should have s-said anything!”

Leon arches a brow, more than a little confused. Still, he’s a bit weak to crying women it seems, because he can’t help but seek to comfort her.

“Shh, it’s alright. You’re alright.”

She slowly stops crying under his soothing words and for a second Leon thinks he’s getting her to calm down in his arms. But then, before he can so much as blink, Olivia suddenly slips free of him and drops to her knees right then and there on the carpet.

Leon opens his mouth, only to pause as she hastily undoes his belt and pants, dragging them down his legs and freeing his cock from its confines. Her mouth is on his dick faster than he can react, with Olivia bobbing up and down with an urgency that has definitely caught him by surprise. What’s gotten into her?!

Leon would have asked as much, even as he lays a hand atop Olivia’s head... but in the end, he doesn’t get the chance. Olivia is just starting to get fully into things and he’s just starting to get over his surprise when the door suddenly swings open again... and admits Angelica.

Well, at least it’s nobody more embarrassing. Still, Leon isn’t expecting Angelica to look so stricken, even as her eyes dart down to Olivia for a moment. The other blonde doesn’t even react to Angelica’s entrance. She keeps bobbing up and down on Leon’s cock, sucking desperately in order to get him fully hard.

Hesitantly stepping forward, Angelica clasps her hands in front of herself and bows her head.

“Leon... I’m sorry for sending you on what may very well be a suicide mission.”

It finally dawns on him then... they’re both taking Angelica’s decision much harder than he himself is. From the look of things, they’re beating themselves up over ‘sending him to his death’. Honestly, Leon doesn’t know whether to be insulted or touched. Maybe both?

Huffing, he lifts a hand in Angelica's direction.

"Come here."

Far from the formidable Pirate Queen of Tortuga that she's supposed to be, Angelica shuffles forward with her head still down. Right up until she gets into grabbing distance, at which point Leon grabs ahold of her and drags her to his side, making her squeak in surprise. As he holds her close, Leon huffs, his other hand atop Olivia's head gripping down on her hair and tilting her back slightly so he can look down at her.

"Both of you are being silly. Do you really think so little of me?"

Angelica's head snaps up, her eyes widening.

"What?! No!"

Leon scoffs, moving a hand down to Angelica's ass and giving it a solid grope through her dress. The blonde noblewoman squeaks but doesn't try to resist, her face going red as he glares at her good-naturedly.

"It sure sounds like it. You calling this a suicide mission... Olivia so distraught she's trying to suck the soul out of my body as an apology. Do you honestly think I can't handle a mission this easy? Pah! The Winged Sharks aren't a danger to me!"

Angelica whines as she squirms in his grasp.

"I-It's not that. I just know you don't want to go-ee!"

He pinches her ass at that, cutting her off.

"And what in the world makes you think I don't want to go? Have I given any indication I won't talk back to you when I think you're being foolish? I'm not just

going to follow your orders blindly, Angelica. I would have said something if I was truly opposed to the idea.”

Angelica falls silent, biting her lower lip in a bid to keep her moans contained as she stares up at him with wide eyes. Olivia is doing the same thing down on her knees, albeit with some gagging and gurgling interspersed as she begins to deep throat his cock.

“Glughk... Glughk... Glughk...”

“Then... you’re really not upset?”

Leon rolls his eyes.

“You both seem to be more upset than I am, frankly. Hmph, and maybe you should be worried too. I’ll go and rescue Deirdre Roseblade without breaking a sweat... what if she swoons over me though? What if I seduce her into my bed, huh?”

He means it teasingly, trying to get things a bit more lighthearted and fix the mood. Of course, Leon is not expecting Olivia to suddenly pull off of his cock with a ‘pop!’ and gasp as she looks up at him with lidded eyes.

“I wouldn’t mind that.”

Angelica looks at her best friend and personal maid sharply, but while Olivia blushes, she also doesn’t back down.

“... It would only be your Just Reward for saving her. The dashing, roguish hero should get the damsel i-in the e-end.”

Hah! As though Leon was some ‘dashing hero’. Maybe a dashing rogue, sure, but seriously? Olivia had been reading too many trashy romance novels. Alas... so has Angelica.

“Olivia is right. That’s exactly how things s-should go. And so... if that’s what Deirdre wants to o-offer you when you finally locate her, s-so be it... I won’t m-mind.”

Leon looks between the two blondes for a long moment before finally letting out an amused huff.

“Lewd. Both of you are lewd women.”

Olivia smiles coyly and returns to sucking his cock with a vigorous gusto. Angelica squawks indignantly, but Leon just pinches her ass again, before groping and kneading it until she’s moaning up a storm. He chuckles to himself as she begins to grind against his side and things... escalate from there.

Ultimately, there’s simply no helping it. The three of them have a threesome right then and there that results in Leon creampieing both Angelica and Olivia once more before the night’s end. A lovely ‘going away’ party, so to speak. Though obviously, Leon didn’t intend to go anywhere permanently. So really, it was only a ‘goodbye for now’.

Of course, he puts little stock in Angelica and Olivia’s talk of Deirdre offering him her body. He knows better than to think every single noblewoman he comes across is going to throw themselves at him like that. Not all of them are going to be as lewd as Angelica and Olivia, and many more besides will have personalities he finds objectionable, like Dorothea.

And considering Deirdre is Dorothea’s sister, it’s more likely than not that he won’t even like the young noblewoman that much. So really, Angelica and Olivia’s ‘permission’ amounts to nothing much at all, in the end...

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The next day, Leon departs from Tortuga to little fanfare. He doesn’t even say goodbye to his parents, letting Nicks carry a message to them in his stead. Nor do Angelica and Olivia see him off either. Not only does Leon tucker them both

out the day before... he prefers to keep his absence from Tortuga hidden for as long as possible.

He'll achieve this in a variety of ways, namely by leaving both his flagship and Luxion behind. The latter of whom will be controlling an automaton that looks a lot like Leon from a distance, so he can still be seen around Tortuga from time to time without being missed.

Meanwhile, Leon himself slips away in a different airship altogether... a much smaller airship designed to appear on the outside like it's a less technologically advanced vessel. The sort of thing that will pass inspection from most anyone looking for his particular band of craziness. Even the crew of automatons are all wearing masks, gloves, and hats to keep their true nature hidden.

Of course, Leon still needs an AI to properly run both the ship and the crew, because underneath the thin veneer is an extremely advanced vessel crewed entirely by robots. Luckily, he has just the one.

"Mmm... I still feel like I should have been the one left behind to watch over things. I could run all sorts of experiments on those new humans that you may or may not have knocked up!"

Glancing to his side bobbing white orb with a bright blue eye compared to Luxion's red, Leon snorts derisively.

"That's exactly why Luxion sent you with me in his stead, Cleare. Because he didn't trust you to watch over his pet project while he was gone."

The female-presenting AI dips at that, almost drooping in disappointment.

"Pah! Utter nonsense. I would never risk the test subjects or anything like that!"

Leon just shakes his head, not dignifying that with a response. Cleare was an AI that he was usually more than happy leaving to her own devices. Luxion, who could be described as a military-grade AI, a weapon made by the old humans to hate the new humans... Cleare was an AI made with science in mind.

She therefore had none of the prejudices against new humans that Luxion did, and really, all she truly wanted to do was focus on her science and research most of the time... her experiments, as she put it.

On the face of it, one would think Cleare would make a better steward for Angelica and Olivia and the Isle of Tortuga than Luxion would. She didn't hate them all with every line of her code, after all.

The problem was, Cleare was a bit of a troublemaker. When she wasn't in her lab doing her own thing, she required near-constant supervision... something Luxion could not do if he went gallivanting off on an infiltration mission with Leon.

And ultimately, Luxion was the better strategist of the two AI, so when it came to defending Tortuga and the potential babes with old human DNA that would one day soon be growing in Angelica and Olivia's wombs... well, it was obvious where Luxion needed to be.

So here Leon was, stuck with Cleare... not that he minded very much. She wasn't bad by any stretch of the imagination... and together, they would be more than up for any challenge.

"Status Report, Cleare. How is the Going Merry handling so far?"

Yes, he'd named his smaller infiltration ship after the caravel from One Piece. And yes, it looked exactly like it too, albeit with large oblong balloons on top instead of sails. It was packing a hell of a lot more firepower than the actual Going Merry ever had though.

"All systems are green, Captain. Hmph, as you well know. This ship might not look like much, but its top of the line and better than any other vessel in the sky. Really, you could take down the entirety of the Winged Shark's armada with just this!"

Leon gives Cleare a deadpan look at that.

“No. I really couldn’t.”

It was an advanced ship, sure, but the advantage in numbers meant he would inevitably be overwhelmed. For Cleare to say something like that...

“Cleare, are you fantasizing again?”

The female AI giggles wickedly to herself and Leon rolls his eyes, trying not to even imagine what she’s thinking about. Probably something about him being captured or doing some capturing... and then an interrogation taking place.

Unfortunately, this was another one of Cleare’s biggest flaws... she’d been infected by one of the most deadly diseases known to humanity. She was into... *yaoi*.

Fortunately he knows that despite her horrifying affliction, she’s reliable and entirely loyal. She might give bad advice from time to time, but she would follow his orders at the very least.

... Of course, that begged the question. What the hell were his orders? He had Angelica’s directive to go off of, but there were lots of ways he could go about finding and rescuing Deirdre. Now that he was on his way and all alone... it was time to decide which it would be.

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!