





"Woman! I repeat, not only are you forbidden from taking Aino away, you will always be mine! Alive, you're mine, even in death, your bones will belong to m e!"

As he spoke, he had already torn her clothes apart! One of his hands caught both her wrists and raised them above her head, locking them in place.

Meanwhile, his other hand tore at her clothes freely. Layer by layer, from her outerwear to her more intimate innerwear. Within two or three minutes, all of her clothes had been ripped off.

They were very familiar with each other's bodies, engaging in amorous activities at least several times a week. However, at that moment, she felt nothing but humiliation for appearing in front of him like this.

She hated herself for being so weak. She hated that she could not kill him right now. But most of all, she hated herself for continuing to love him.

That was right.