

The World 1011

Chapter 1011: Shredica's Winter And The Final Piece (7)

CLAAAAANG!

The strike connected with a brilliant flash of blue light exploding from the impact point, followed by a deep, guttural roar of pain that echoed through the entire chamber.

"GRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The wyvern staggered backward, flapping its wings wildly. Each movement sent shockwaves through the air — WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! — the sound deafening. The ground beneath me trembled, but I held my footing, panting heavily, watching as it thrashed in pain. The weak point I struck began to glow violently, pulsating like it was about to rupture.

Then it exploded.

A burst of crimson energy erupted from its wounded wing joint — BOOOOM! — sending chunks of molten scale and embers raining down. The wyvern shrieked again, slamming its body into the ground and carving massive scars into the earth with its claws. The entire place trembled, dust falling from the ceiling like rain.

I stumbled backward, barely managing to stay on my feet. The wyvern's movements were slower now and it was heavier, with its balance broken. One of its wings hung limply, smoke and blood dripping from the torn flesh.

I had weakened it.

But not defeated it.

The wyvern's eyes still glowed with hatred, its breath coming out ragged yet furious. With one last roar — GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

— it launched itself forward, dragging its wounded body toward me. I raised my blade again, ready to counter, but my hand finally gave out.

My knees hit the ground. I couldn't even move. All I could do was watch as the wyvern thrashed, trying to crush me under its fury. But then, it collapsed halfway through with its massive body slamming against the ground, shaking the entire chamber once more.

It wasn't dead... but it was down.

Smoke billowed from its mouth with every breath, and its body heaved like a dying furnace. I dragged myself up, trembling, every muscle screaming in pain. I could feel the heat radiating from it as I stepped closer. It glared at me, still alive but too weak to rise again.

I looked past it. The book was still there, untouched, and faintly glowing.

Finally within reach.

I limped forward, each step heavier than the last, my breathing shallow and broken. My fingers brushed the air just above the book's cover.

And even though I knew this wasn't over, that the creature might still rise again, I couldn't stop the corner of my lips from lifting.

"I got you," I whispered to myself, my voice rough, nearly drowned by the sound of the wyvern's pained growls echoing behind me.

When I grabbed the book, a chill ran down my spine. It wasn't just any ordinary book. I feel like there was something inside it. I could feel it, like the thing was alive, breathing faintly in my hands. The leather cover felt cold and strangely soft, almost like skin. My fingers trembled a little as I flipped it open, dust fluttering out like ancient whispers escaping after centuries of silence.

The first thing that caught my eyes were the words written in ink that shimmered faintly under the dim light, as if glowing with some kind of eerie energy.

"Whoever is powerless but brave enough to venture into this place, I award you this book that will allow you to open a rift for the heroes from another world to aid the people of this world on the oncoming catastrophe."

I stared at it for a while, eyebrows furrowed. What the hell was that supposed to mean? It sounded like something straight out of a fantasy novel. Maybe the one who wrote it was some kind of ancient mage—or just someone with a flair for the dramatic. Either way, I had no clue what it was talking about. But still, something about it... felt important. Dangerous, even. Maybe... this was the reason as to why I was the one who was supposed to get this? It said here powerless but brave, and I fit those two category. Oh well.

With a shrug, I decided to keep it. No way I was leaving something like this behind. So, I tucked it under my arm and made my way toward the cave's exit.

But just as I was about to leave, a low, almost pitiful sound echoed through the cavern. I stopped. The wyvern—the same creature I'd fought earlier—was lying there, wailing softly. It didn't sound like the roar of a beast anymore. It sounded... pained. Like it was suffering.

I don't know why, but my feet started moving toward it on their own.

"You look like you're in pain," I said, my voice calm but sharp. "But that's only natural... considering you were in my way. Honestly, getting hit is the least of what you deserve. Be grateful that I'm not in the mood to kill you."

The wyvern let out a weak growl, more like a groan than a threat. I noticed the spot where it was wounded—it was bleeding heavily, the red dripping down and hissing as it touched the hot stones below. Steam rose from the wound, and to my surprise, I could see its flesh starting to knit back together.

It was healing... but slowly. Unevenly.

Something was wrong.

I looked closer and noticed something glinting from beneath the torn flesh of its wing. It was a blade. It was rusted, cracked, and stuck deep between its scales. The thing must've been embedded there for years, maybe decades, the rust eating through metal and flesh alike. It was clear that the wyvern had been in constant pain all this time, unable to heal completely because of that damn thing.

I hesitated. If I pulled it out, the wyvern would recover fully—and that could spell trouble for me. But for some reason, I couldn't bring myself to walk away.

"Do you want me to pull it out?" I asked, half-expecting silence.

The wyvern turned its massive head toward me, its golden eyes dull but aware. It didn't growl this time. It just stared. There was no hostility in its gaze, just... weariness.

"Well, that's not a no," I muttered. "I'll take that as a yes."

Carefully, I climbed onto its back, pressing my hands against the rough, scale-covered surface. The wyvern didn't move an inch. It could've thrown me off easily, but it didn't. Maybe it understood what I was trying to do. Or maybe it was just too tired to care.

Up close, the blade looked even worse—its metal eaten by rust, coated with dried blood and grime that looked older than I was. The flesh around it was swollen and dark, pulsing faintly. Just the sight made me grimace.

I muttered. "You've been living with this all this time?"

Gripping the handle, I pulled.

The sound that came out was awful—a screeching grind of metal against bone. My arms strained as I tugged harder, until finally, the blade came free with a harsh metallic shriek.

The wyvern let out a thunderous roar that shook the ground beneath my feet. A blast of wind rushed out from its wings as its body glowed faintly, light seeping from the wound as it rapidly closed up. Within seconds, it was completely healed.

The wyvern exhaled sharply through its nostrils, a hot breath washing over me. It didn't look angry anymore. It looked... relieved.

"You're a good one," I said with a smirk, giving its neck a light pat. "Guess even monsters appreciate a bit of help."

Chapter 1012: Epilogue 19 - A Turning Point (1)

Claire's POV

The moment I stepped out of the cave, a faint rumble crawled up through the soles of my boots. At first, I brushed it off, thinking it was just an aftershock from the earlier quake—but the trembling didn't stop. It grew stronger, deeper, until the entire ground seemed to pulse like it was alive. Pebbles rolled down from the cave walls, dust trickled from cracks above, and then—one of the larger rocks near the entrance split clean in half.

"What the hell is Shredica doing in there?" I muttered, half worried, half annoyed.

Before I could even take another step, a deafening boom erupted from deep inside the cave. The sound was so powerful it shook the air itself. My ears rang as the entire ceiling tore open like paper, and something enormous exploded out of the darkness—launching a blast of wind so intense it almost threw me off my feet. I stumbled, shielding my face with my arm as a wave of dust and debris slammed into me.

For a few seconds, all I could see was gray. The air was thick with smoke and crushed stone, and the sound of falling rubble echoed like thunder. When the dust finally started to clear, I squinted through the haze—and froze. My eyes went wide, my breath catching in my throat.

A wyvern. A massive one.

It towered over the ruined cave, its body covered in jagged scales that shimmered gold and silver under the sunlight. Its wings spread wide, easily large enough to block out half the sky. The air vibrated as it let out a thunderous roar—one so powerful I felt it in my bones. The mountains around us echoed the sound back like a chorus of monsters.

And then, through the blinding sunlight, I saw it—no, her.

Shredica.

I couldn't help but let out a disbelieving laugh, shaking my head. "Hahahaha, you're really something, Shredica..." I muttered, still watching her in awe.

This girl really went and tamed a wyvern like it was a damn horse.

Shredica's POV

"Good job getting the last piece, Shredica," Veronica said in that calm, composed tone she always used. Her sharp eyes lingered on me, studying me like I was a chess piece she'd just moved into place. "With this, we might finally achieve what we've been aiming for—the summoning of otherworlder heroes."

The summoning. The legendary spell. Two ancient tomes, written in different ages, that when combined could call beings from another world. The process wasn't simple—it would take two days of nonstop recitation, and even a single slip-up could ruin everything.

"We're really grateful for your determination in retrieving this book, Shredica," Commander Lilia said, her expression softening into something like approval. Her gaze reminded me of how adults looked at a child who had just done something impressive. "You've done wonderfully. With this, I might finally regain the royal family's as well as the Milham's citizen's trust. The Holy Kingdom's attacks, and all the other threats surrounding Milham, have made my position unstable. But with this... I can turn things around."

Her voice carried pride and desperation mixed together, like someone who'd been fighting to keep their power for too long.

"Should we proceed immediately, then?" Veronica asked, her tone flat but her eyes sharp.

"Yes, we should." Commander Lilia nodded without hesitation. "Let's start preparing. We'll need a skilled reader to recite the entire text perfectly. One mistake, and everything could collapse." She turned to me, her eyes briefly flicking toward the courtyard. "Oh, and Shredica—make sure your beast stays put. She's scaring the soldiers."

I followed her gaze, seeing the wyvern standing outside. Its tail flicked lazily, but every motion made the ground tremble. The soldiers were pretending not to stare, though their trembling legs gave them away.

Commander Lilia walked ahead with confidence together with Laurel, her boots clicking against the stone floor. I exhaled quietly, adjusted my uniform, and followed alongside Veronica.

Myrcella's POV

"S-Summoning of heroes from another world?" Johanne's voice cracked slightly as she spoke, her eyes widening in disbelief.

We were sitting inside her manor—a quiet, elegant place surrounded by trimmed gardens and high stone walls. It was a gift from her father, and she shared it with Tris, who was sitting nearby, looking just as stunned.

"Yes," I said softly, lifting my teacup and taking a slow sip before setting it back on the saucer. "The Magic Knights have been searching for those ancient pieces for years. Now that they finally have them, they're not wasting a single second. They're already preparing the ritual."

I sighed, glancing toward the window. "Honestly, Commander Lilia is someone I've wanted gone for a long time. Ever since she took office, the Magic Knights have started to rot from the inside with corruption and favoritism. But after pulling off something like this, after showing results this big... it'll be hard to strip her of her position."

Johanne frowned. "It seems like things inside the castle are more complicated than I thought. Are you sure you'll be okay, Princess?"

"Well," I said, letting out a small chuckle as I leaned back. "It's getting harder to breathe in there, I won't lie. But... I think I can handle it." I smiled, though there was a weight behind my words.

"That's good," Johanne said, sighing in relief. "By the way, I heard you've been making progress on your plan—to let cadets graduate and become Magic Knights regardless of their class. Everyone's been talking about it."

"It's only a small step forward," I admitted, smiling faintly. "Thankfully, the one of the academy's administrators aren't as stubborn as they used to be."

"I see. But still, progress is progress," Johanne said with a nod.

"Exactly," I replied. "Even if it's slow, it's still something. Every step forward counts."

Even if things weren't moving as fast as I wanted, the fact that they were moving was enough to keep me going.

"Leon seems busy with his own work, huh?" Tris said, crossing her arms.

"Yup. He's been trying to unite the Great Forest," I said, smiling a little.

"Isn't that practically impossible?" Tris asked, tilting her head.

"Well, it's Leon," Johanne said, smiling knowingly. "He has a way of doing the impossible."

"Yeah," I said with a small laugh. "Leon can do just about anything. I'm sure he's managing just fine."

In truth, I wasn't worried about him at all. Whatever he was up to, I was sure he had it handled.

Two days after that conversation, I received word that the ritual had already begun. The summoning was underway—one more day, and it would be complete.

And somehow, deep down, I couldn't shake the feeling that once it was done... nothing in this world would ever be the same again.

Chapter 1013: Epilogue 19 - A Turning Point (2)

The ritual had been going on for nearly two entire days now—two long, exhausting days filled with chanting, glowing runes, and the kind of pressure in the air that made it hard to breathe. The enormous royal hall was thick with mana, every sound slightly distorted as though reality itself was straining to hold everything together. Countless people had gathered to witness it, nobles and soldiers alike, all standing in reverent silence. Among them were my mother and father, seated in the high balcony that overlooked the grand chamber.

My father's expression caught my attention immediately. He wasn't just curious—he looked deeply fascinated, his eyes fixed on the massive magic circle drawn across the marble floor. The glow from the runes danced against his eyes, making his face look almost inhumanly determined. Commander Lilia stood beside him, her back straight and her hand resting casually on the hilt of her sword, her hair shimmering faintly under the arcane light.

I found myself unconsciously leaning forward, straining to catch their conversation through the faint hum of the ritual. They weren't near enough, but the acoustics of the hall carried their words in broken fragments, just enough for me to piece things together.

"With this, we might be able to conquer the land of the demons, Your Majesty," Commander Lilia said, her voice calm but filled with pride. "The heroes from another world are said to possess unparalleled strength. Some legends even claim they can defeat the Seven Deadly Sins themselves. With proper guidance and training, they could win us any land we desire—perhaps even grant us the power to stand against the Empire itself."

Her tone was honeyed, persuasive, and I could practically see what she was doing. Commander Lilia was always calculating, always one step ahead. She knew how to play my father like a stringed instrument. With her position as commander growing shaky lately, this was her chance to tighten her grip—to make herself indispensable again by promising him glory.

My jaw clenched. I couldn't hear every word, but I could see my mother quietly arguing back, trying to steer my father away from such reckless thoughts. She knew better than anyone that power like this—heroes from another world—would come with consequences. But Lilia's words were dripping with conviction, her tone sharp and intoxicating. I could almost feel her ambition radiating even from where I stood.

Hours passed. The chanting continued, low and rhythmic, like the heartbeat of something ancient and dangerous. The light of the circle grew brighter, shadows dancing wildly across the walls. Sweat dripped from the mages performing the ritual, but not a single one faltered.

Then—finally—the ritual reached its climax.

For a moment, nothing happened. The silence that followed was deafening.

"Did the reciter... mess up?" I muttered under my breath, unable to stop the words from slipping out.

And then, as if mocking my doubt, the circle exploded

in light.

A surge of mana shot upward, bright enough to blind everyone in the hall. The floor trembled, the air grew hot, and I felt the pressure crash down on me like a wave. The brilliance devoured everything—colors, shadows, even sound—until the world was nothing but white.

When the light finally faded, I blinked through the haze—and froze.

There were people standing there.

Dozens of them. Confused. Frightened.

"H-Huh? W-Where are we?"

"Wh-What is this place?"

"Hey... this isn't some kind of prank, right?"

They wore clothes unlike anything from this world—strange uniforms, shirts with unfamiliar symbols, jackets made of odd fabric. The nobles gasped in amazement, and then, just like that, the hall erupted in cheers.

"I-It worked! The summoning worked!" someone shouted, almost delirious with excitement.

But while everyone else celebrated, a chill crawled up my spine.

Something about it felt wrong.

I didn't feel joy. I felt fear.

These people—these strangers—had been torn from their world to fight our battles. To die for us. Their lives, their ordinary, peaceful existences... had been stolen from them in an instant.

And for what?

Kashiwagi Yuuto's POV

When my vision returned, I found myself standing in a place I'd never seen before.

W-What... just happened?

I remembered that blinding light. It swallowed everything—my friends, the classroom, even the air I breathed—and now I was standing somewhere else entirely.

The place looked... unreal. Massive marble pillars stretched toward the ceiling, their surfaces etched with gold designs that shimmered faintly. Red banners hung from the walls, and the air smelled faintly of incense and dust. It was regal, majestic—something straight out of a fantasy novel.

"Welcome, heroes from another world."

The voice came from the front of the room, calm and composed. We turned toward it and saw a tall woman in a dark military uniform, her presence almost intimidating. Her gaze swept over us like she was evaluating every single one of us.

"You are currently in the royal castle of the Kingdom of Milham," she said, her tone confident, almost rehearsed. "You have been summoned here to fight for us—to stand against the danger threatening our lands."

Her words hit me like static. Fight for them? What was she even talking about?

All around me, my classmates were just as lost. It felt like someone had thrown us into a scene from a game without telling us the rules.

"U-Um... W-What do you mean by that?" our teacher, Hasegawa-sensei, stammered, her voice trembling. She was visibly pale, her hands gripping her skirt tightly.

As our teacher, she was responsible for us, and now... she was standing here, trying to make sense of something that made absolutely none.

"Our kingdom faces destruction," the woman continued. "We are powerless against our enemies. That's why we have summoned you—to aid us with your newfound abilities, your magic."

Magic? My brain stuttered at the word.

Hasegawa-sensei stepped forward, her voice shaking. "W-What do you mean, powers? We don't have anything like that... we're just normal people."

That was exactly what I was thinking. Magic didn't exist where we came from. How could we possibly help them if we didn't even understand what they were talking about?

The woman smiled faintly, as though she'd expected the question. "The moment you arrived here, your latent powers were awakened. You have been blessed with magic."

"Magic...?" I whispered under my breath.

"Try it," she urged, her tone calm but strangely compelling. "Close your eyes and feel the energy within you. It's there—waiting. All you need to do is reach for it."

We exchanged nervous glances, but eventually, we did as she said.

I closed my eyes, trying to focus. At first, there was nothing—just my heartbeat and my shallow breathing. But then... I felt something.

Something coiled deep inside me. It was warm, restless, and powerful. Like a storm trapped beneath my skin. The longer I focused on it, the more I could feel it pulsing, begging to be released.

And then it happened.

A spark.

A rush.

A burst.

The energy surged outward, swirling around me like a living force. I gasped, stumbling back as faint lights—mana, I realized—erupted from my hands. My classmates were shouting in awe and fear as their own powers awakened one by one.

The air vibrated with pure energy, the floor glowing faintly beneath our feet.

This wasn't a dream.

This was real. This was all real...

Chapter 1014: Epilogue 19 - A Turning Point (3)

Many of my classmates were practically glowing with excitement when we heard about it. It was like the air itself had changed. You could feel it in the way everyone whispered to one another, eyes wide and filled with disbelief. Some even laughed out loud, as if trying to convince themselves this wasn't just some crazy dream. The moment we realized we could actually use magic, it was as if the world itself had flipped upside down.

Honestly, who could blame them? We'd spent our whole lives doing the same routine. We wake up, go to school, study, go home, repeat. Everything had always been predictable, dull, and... ordinary. So when something like this suddenly drops out of nowhere, something that breaks every law of what we thought reality was, it felt impossible not to be excited. Even I could feel my heart pounding, this weird mix of fear and thrill crawling under my skin.

I mean, come on—who wouldn't get excited after finding out they could use magic?

But after that wave of amazement started to calm down, the questions began to rise. The shock faded, replaced by unease, confusion, and a growing sense of dread. We weren't idiots—we knew this kind of thing had to come with a price. Something this unreal couldn't just happen for free. We needed answers. Real ones.

"U-Um..." Hasegawa-sensei's shaky voice broke the silence. She stood near the front, her hands trembling as she tried to find the right words. "Is it possible for us to be sent back to where we are? I mean... we didn't exactly sign up for this. T-This... something like this shouldn't even be allowed, right? I-I don't understand."

That was a fair question—probably the first real one any of us had managed to voice out since being thrown into this madness. Now that our heads were starting to clear a little, it was only natural for someone to ask what everyone else was secretly thinking.

The woman standing before us let out a slow sigh. Her expression softened. "Well," she said, her tone calm and oddly heavy, "we do have a way to send you back to your world. But that method... is connected to the Demon King. In order to retrieve the spell that can return you home, we need to obtain it from him."

My throat went dry. "W-What does that mean?" I managed to ask. My mind went blank for a second, my stomach twisting as I forced the words out. "Does that mean... we have no choice but to defeat the Demon King if we want to go back to our world?"

There was a long silence after that—just the echo of my voice fading into the vast hall.

The realization hit like a slap to the face. Just because we found out we could use magic didn't mean we were ready to take on something as insane as fighting a Demon King. The excitement we felt moments ago suddenly felt meaningless, like a cruel joke.

To be honest, yes, I was excited at first. Who wouldn't be? Having powers? That's the kind of thing people dream about. But when the cost of those powers turns out to be your freedom—your home, your family—it stops being exciting. It just feels... empty.

"Please don't joke around!" Hasegawa-sensei suddenly exploded, her voice filled with anger and desperation. "In the end, all you want is for these children to participate in some kind of twisted war against your Demon King or whatever! That's completely out of the question! As their teacher, I will never allow such a thing! Send us back immediately! Their families must be worried sick! What you're doing is—this is kidnapping!"

Her voice echoed through the massive chamber. You could tell she was scared, but that fear only made her anger burn brighter.

She really was something else—our social studies teacher, Hasegawa-sensei. Everyone adored her. She was small, maybe even a little frail-looking, with short, glossy hair that framed her cute face. She looked

way too young to be a teacher, honestly—more like one of us students. But right now, that small body of hers held more fire than anyone else in the room.

"I understand how you feel," the woman said softly, shaking her head as if she really did feel bad about all of this. "Truly, I do. It's terrible that you were suddenly transported into another world and told to fight a battle that isn't yours. But please, understand this—we did this because we had no other choice. If we hadn't taken this drastic step, our continent would've been swallowed by the demons' corruption. I'm sorry... I truly am. But it's impossible for you to return right now."

The air seemed to drop in temperature. The hall, which had been buzzing with murmurs a minute ago, fell dead silent. It felt like time itself froze.

"I-Impossible...?" Hasegawa-sensei whispered, her voice cracking. "If you can summon us, then surely—you can send us back, right?" Her voice trembled, and her eyes shimmered as if she was about to cry.

Honestly, I couldn't blame her. I felt just as lost.

"As I mentioned earlier," the woman continued, her voice soft but unyielding, "we currently don't have the means to send you back. Not until the Demon Lord is defeated. The summoning spell works only one way. Unfortunately, a separate spell entirely is required to return you home."

The weight of her words hung over all of us like a curse. She sounded genuinely regretful, but that didn't make it any easier to accept.

Were we really supposed to just accept this? To stay here, in this strange world, cut off from everything and everyone we loved? I couldn't stop thinking about my family—how worried they must be, how they'd react to me just disappearing. The thought made my chest ache.

"For now," the woman said finally, breaking the heavy silence, "I suggest you all rest. In the coming days, we'll begin training you to prepare for the Demon Army. You'll be staying here in the castle, and once you've recovered, I'll explain more. For now... thank you for listening."

And with that, she turned and walked away—just like that. No further explanation, no reassurance. Just... gone.

I wanted to yell after her, to demand more answers, but the words wouldn't come out.

Instead, a group of maids appeared quietly, bowing as they motioned for us to follow them. Their faces were calm and unreadable, as if this kind of thing happened all the time. We followed, our footsteps echoing against the marble floor.

Everything felt unreal, like we were walking through someone else's dream. The laughter from earlier was gone. All that remained was silence.

We were stranded in another world. We couldn't go home. And the only way back... was through the Demon King.

Chapter 1015: Epilogue 19 - A Turning Point (4)

"This is such a damn pit, man. I can't believe we actually got isekai'd. Like, holy shit—this is insane. I mean, I've read tons of mangas and light novels about stuff like this, and now here we are, living it for real. Another world. Magic. Monsters. The whole damn fantasy package. Sure, it sucks that we've gotta fight our way home, and we don't even have the means to do that yet, but... come on! Isn't it kinda fucking dope that we can use magic here?"

"How can you act like that when we basically got spirited away?! We were literally kidnapped into another world, and you're treating this like some school trip or something!"

"Well, you can't really say we shouldn't enjoy it. This—this is literally every otaku's dream! Who wouldn't wanna live in a world where you can cast magic and shit?"

Honestly, it felt like most of my classmates were completely underestimating what was happening.

Right now, we were sitting around this insanely long dining table, covered with food that looked straight out of a royal banquet. I'm not even exaggerating—it was like something you'd see in an anime. Silver platters stacked with roasted meat, glowing fruits, and pastries that looked too perfect to be real. And the taste... was, to say the least, heavenly. I couldn't even describe it. The food here wasn't just delicious—it melted in my mouth, each bite bursting with flavors that made me want to forget everything else for a second.

"Hey, Kaori, why don't you eat your share already?"

"Yeah, come on. It's not good if you keep skipping meals. You haven't eaten properly in days, right?"

I turned toward the voice and saw Asada-san. Asada Kaori.

She looked like a ghost of herself. Her skin was pale, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes had that dull, glassy look—like she hadn't slept in forever. She just sat there staring at her untouched food, her hands trembling slightly on her lap.

Honestly, I couldn't blame her.

"Sorry," she muttered softly. "I'm going to head to my room now."

Her tone was flat, completely drained of emotion. It wasn't anger, or sadness, or even confusion—it was just... nothing. Like she'd run out of the energy to feel anything.

She didn't care about being 'isekai'd', or about the kingdom, or the magic—none of it. She just stood up, quietly left the table, and walked out of the hall, her steps slow and unsteady. The castle was massive, full of rooms that could easily swallow her whole.

"Hey, Amakawa-kun," someone said, nudging her boyfriend. "You should probably check on your girlfriend. She's gonna collapse if she keeps starving herself like that. ...Oi, Amakawa-kun, are you even listening?"

But Amakawa-kun wasn't listening. His gaze was fixed somewhere else—at one of the maids standing by the wall.

I followed his eyes and, yes, I got it. Seeing a real maid in person—especially that kind of maid—was... well, a bit overwhelming. They looked straight out of a fantasy setting with their flawless faces, slender bodies, elegant movements, and those uniforms that somehow managed to be both modest and ridiculously enticing. You'd have to be made of stone not to stare.

"Huh? Oh—uh, yeah, I heard you," he said quickly. "It's about Kaori, right? I just... don't think I can do anything. She's still hurting from Ichinose's death."

"Well, that's... yeah, that's only natural. They were close, right? Since forever ago."

"Yeah," he muttered. "You're right."

Asada-san's childhood friend, Ichinose-kun, had been one of our classmates. He died a few weeks ago. He was hit by a truck.

It was brutal. Sudden. And the worst part? No one was really there to mourn him. His parents had died years ago, and his sister passed away just months before the accident. He didn't have anyone left. There wasn't even a wake. They just buried him quietly, with his family's remains.

Ever since then, Asada-san had been falling apart. She'd lost all her light, like a candle snuffed out in the dark. It was painful to watch.

While I was thinking about all that, the chatter around the table shifted.

"Hey, did you see the Princess earlier? I heard her name's Princess Myrcella. She's absolutely beautiful, don't you think?"

"Yeah! God, I'd marry her in a heartbeat if I could!"

People were already acting like this whole situation was just some kind of game. Like getting along with the princess of a fantasy kingdom was the next big quest on their to-do list.

Honestly, I couldn't even get mad. Maybe it was their way of coping—pretending this was all normal so they didn't have to face how terrifying it really was. Maybe their brains were just trying to make sense of the impossible. I kinda got it. I was doing the same thing, pretending this was all fine just so I wouldn't lose my mind.

Hasegawa-sensei, though—she looked like she was about to break. Her hands were trembling as she held her cup, her face pale. She kept muttering things under her breath, her voice barely audible. Something like this shouldn't be real, but it was.

And that scared the hell out of all of us.

Asada Kaori's POV

"I love you..."

That voice again.

I'd heard it countless times now—echoing in my head like a broken record. And every time I did, it tore me apart a little more. My chest tightened, my heart throbbed painfully, and I could feel that sharp sting deep inside.

Three simple words. That's all they were. But they cut deeper than any knife ever could. Each one carried guilt, regret, and the unbearable ache of realizing something too late.

It felt like someone was reaching into my chest, clawing at my heart, and ripping it out with their bare hands. My world had already fallen apart, shattered beyond repair, and I couldn't piece it back together no matter how hard I tried.

You were gone. Forever gone.

And I couldn't get you back.

Tears burned in my eyes as I sat there. It had been weeks since you died, Tsubasa—but you were still everywhere in my thoughts. I couldn't escape you. Every time I closed my eyes, your smile appeared. Your voice lingered.

How the hell am I supposed to live in a place like this without you? How am I supposed to move forward when everything reminds me of you?

If I had realized it sooner—if I had told you what I really felt—could I have saved you? Could things have been different?

No. Probably not. Time doesn't rewind. The past doesn't change. Even if I had confessed, I doubt you would've believed me.

Because I ignored my feelings for so long. I ran from them.

I'm sorry, Tsubasa. I really am hopeless.

As I sat there drowning in that familiar, suffocating sadness, something caught my eye.

A faint glimmer—like the reflection of light.

Purple.

A strand of purple hair.

At first, I didn't care. I didn't want to look at anyone from this world. I didn't want to deal with them. But when I turned my head and saw that face—those eyes—something inside me froze.

Because I knew that face.

I knew that person.

Chapter 1016: Epilogue 19 - A Turning Point (5)

"Chihara?" I called out softly, my voice echoing faintly through the quiet hall.

The moment that name left my lips, the woman froze mid-step. Her back stiffened slightly, as if the word had struck something deep within her.

Her hair was different now. It was longer, a little bit darker, and the color had changed to something richer than before. She didn't look exactly like the person I once knew, but even so... I could never mistake that face. It had only been days since the last time I saw her, yet the image of that woman was burned too deeply into my memory to fade away so easily.

She was the one who had always been there for Tsubasa when no one else was. When he had no one to lean on, she was by his side, quietly supporting him. They had grown close—too close—that every time I saw them together, it felt like someone was squeezing my chest.

And then, she became the reason for his death.

The person Tsubasa saved with his own life. The one he pushed out of the way when that truck came barreling toward them. He took the full impact instead. That person... was Chihara Akane.

"Where did you hear that name?" she asked, her voice cutting through the air like a blade. "I've heard that name before... in my dreams. But I could never understand why. And you—who the hell are you?"

She turned around slowly, and the instant her eyes met mine, my heart skipped a beat. My breath caught in my throat. For a second, I thought I was looking at a ghost.

This woman... might not have been Chihara at all.

Her presence was overwhelming—different from the Chihara I remembered. It wasn't the usual coldness that made people uneasy. No, this was something else entirely. Her gaze wasn't just cold—it was empty. Deep. Like staring into an endless void that could swallow me whole if I stared too long.

"Are you going to answer me or not?" she pressed, leaning closer until her face was only inches from mine.

I could almost feel the warmth of her breath brushing against my skin, but there was no humanity in her eyes—only that dark, hollow stare.

The more I looked at her, the more confused I became. Her face, her tone, even the way she carried herself—it all reminded me of Chihara. Yet deep down, something told me that wasn't her. It couldn't be.

When we were transported into this world, she hadn't even been in the classroom. There was no trace of her anywhere. Which could only mean one thing—this wasn't Chihara at all.

"Nothing... I'm sorry. I must've mistaken you for someone else," I finally said, my voice weak.

For a brief moment, her expression softened into confusion. Then, just as quickly, it faded. Without another word, she turned away and walked off, her footsteps echoing down the corridor.

But even as she disappeared from view, something deep in my gut refused to settle.

There was something off about her. Something that screamed familiarity. She felt like Chihara—looked like her, moved like her—but everything else told me that she wasn't.

And yet, that feeling wouldn't leave me alone.

Myrcella's POV

The summoning of the heroes had gone smoothly—too smoothly, almost. The ritual circle had glowed brilliantly, and in a flash of light, a crowd of people now stood in the grand hall, all wearing expressions of disbelief, confusion, and fear. Their murmurs filled the air like an unsettling symphony of voices.

They were being told to rest, to eat, to calm down... but behind that gentle treatment was nothing but deceit.

Because Commander Lilia had lied to them.

She had never intended to tell them the truth. From the very beginning, she had planned every word, every expression, as well as every calculated move to manipulate them. She wanted their obedience, not their understanding. And now, watching how easily people followed her commands, I realized just how much power she truly held over everyone in this castle.

It was terrifying.

The Commander's presence alone was enough to silence a room. She spoke with confidence that could twist lies into truths and turn people's doubts into blind loyalty. The way she could weave deception so naturally made it seem almost beautiful—and that was the most dangerous thing about her.

She lied about their mission. Told them that they were chosen to defeat the Demon Lord. She said it so convincingly, even I almost wanted to believe her. Commander Lilia was the kind of woman who breathed lies and exhaled certainty. And people would follow her anywhere, right into the flames, without realizing they'd been deceived.

If someone like her stayed in Milham for too long, I feared what would become of our kingdom.

"Angelica," I said quietly to my knight, who walked beside me with her hand resting on the hilt of her sword. Her sharp eyes darted around, alert to every movement in the corridor. She knew better than anyone how dangerous Lilia was—after all, the woman had once tried to kill her. Yet even now, Angelica remained calm, collected, her face unreadable.

"How much do you know about the Commander?" I asked.

"Not enough to give you a concrete statement, Princess," she said softly. "But Commander Lilia... she's terrifying. I think she'd do anything—no matter how cruel—just to get what she wants."

"If you say she's terrifying, I believe you," I replied with a faint sigh.

And I truly did.

Even I could feel the darkness beneath the Commander's composed smile. The way her words wrapped around people, the way even my father—the king—listened to her without hesitation... It was frightening how much sway she had.

As we continued down the hallway, my gaze caught sight of someone standing near the end of the corridor. A girl. One of the summoned heroes.

"Oh my, heading to bed already?" I called out with a light tone.

She turned slightly, and when I saw her eyes, my chest tightened. There was no light in them. There was no spark as well as emotion. Just emptiness. Like someone who had lost everything that made them human.

My smile faltered.

She didn't reply. She just kept walking past me, her steps slow, her shoulders trembling slightly.

I watched her go, my heart sinking. "I wonder... what's her problem?" I murmured softly.

"She's probably just worried she might not get home," Angelica said. "Like the others."

"Maybe," I said, my voice low. "But... that look on her face wasn't just worry. That was despair. That was the look of someone who's already given up on everything."

Angelica turned to me, eyes narrowing slightly.

"Angelica," I said, meeting her gaze. "Please watch over her. Make sure she doesn't find anything she could use to... kill herself."

Angelica blinked, visibly taken aback, but she quickly understood. Her expression turned serious, and she nodded.

I looked down the hall again, the fading figure of the girl disappearing into the shadows.

I didn't know what the future held, but something deep inside me stirred.

It was a feeling that everything was about to change. This wasn't just the beginning of a new Chapter for our kingdom... it was the start of something much larger. Something that would shake the world itself.

It was a turning point.

Chapter 1017: Mating Season (1)

Winter had come down hard.

It was bone-deep cold that turned breath into white ribbons and made the world feel sharp-edged and honest. The trees stood bare, the air tasted like metal, and even the ground seemed to hold its breath. But in the Great Forest, and especially in the Beast Kingdom, winter wasn't just a season of frost and quiet. For reasons older than memory, it was the opening bell for mating season—a time when urges woke up like buried fires and the whole world seemed to lean toward heat.

That made a strange kind of sense. Nothing warmed you faster than sex when the air tried to steal the heat from your skin. The mating season stretched from the first hard frost until the first timid flowers poked through the snow—right into spring. And right now, in the Feliann Clan, it was loud, raw, and everywhere.

You could feel it like a vibration under your feet. People paired off in the lanes, lovers tangled on the roofs where the snow had piled, and even the King didn't hide his pleasure—he was right there, making no attempt to be discreet with a mistress beneath the castle eaves. It was a living, breathing thing that the whole village moving in rhythm to the same animal drum.

"This is probably what you'd call culture shock, huh?" I said, watching a pair copulate by a frozen fountain. I smiled, but it was half for show. "Well, it's not like they're the only ones feeling winter's full blunt."

And then the tribe became my world in degrees of heat.

I wasn't just watching—my body had become an arena. A tongue traced lazy circles around my balls and three different mouths worked along my shaft like hands with teeth and another face pressed itself into my back, a tongue testing my asshole. The cold bit everywhere else, but down below it was like someone had wrapped me in a vest of molten iron.

Trill was at the tip, slow and methodical, lapping with her tongue while she looked up at me like I was the only thing that mattered. Maya hovered at the side, neat and concentrated, her strokes tentative and precise—she watched me while she worked and seemed to measure my reaction with each sweep. Tilde, the newest addition to the harem, was shy in the way newcomers can be cruelly adorable but she slicked my shaft with greedy little licks until saliva glazed me, her bunny ears twitching like metronomes and hearts practically appearing in her eyes.

Between my thighs, Ayane had taken my balls into her mouth. She leaned up, her lips forming a perfect seal, her tongue rolling and swirling as if the weight of the world existed in that small, warm place. She sucked like she meant it—slow, deliberate, taking it like a fruit she'd plucked from a tree and was savoring. The sensation made my toes curl toward my knees.

And behind me—because of course someone had to be behind me—Latifa knelt, her dog-patterned features concentrated and eager. A Starry Knight idol and a beast-woman with a practiced tongue, she licked my asshole with a rhythm that was equal parts worship and routine. The contrast of her warm breath against the frosty air felt obscene and brilliant.

The cold air fogged around their breaths, little clouds that met my shaft in midair. Drool and spit plastered my skin to slickness, making the friction feel electric rather than abrasive. Even as the wind tried to steal heat from my shoulders, my lower body seethed with warmth—as if a private sun was burning under my belt.

"Guh... if you all keep doing that..." I gritted my teeth. It was impossible not to make sound. I mean, being surrounded and assaulted from every angle removed any pretense of composure. The pleasure came like a tidal wave. It was so sudden, huge, and impossible to hold off.

They were in heat. That explained everything. As beast-people, winter sent their libido spiking until they were almost feral and everything about them screamed need. Heat made them bolder, louder, touchier, like the whole village had turned into one long, hungry throat.

"Fufufufu, Master looks like he's feeling good..." Maya purred somewhere against my side, not pausing. Her tongue had a rough edge that made my knees tremble... it wasn't gentle, and it didn't have to be. It knew exactly how to assault nerve endings, to press and rake and make me forget simple things like breathing.

My hands found Tilde's and Maya's heads, because if I didn't anchor myself I'd float. I guided them, held them gently, and damn if their mouths didn't answer like instruments tuned to the same key. Each lick, each swirl, each damp glide stacked up until there was a pressure in my chest that had nothing to do with cold. It was an internal furnace roaring up my spine.

"Nghhh...!" The sound ripped out of me. It was short, shameless and very unplanned. In a place where everyone was openly fucking, who would even blink? The tent of privacy had been burned away. Right now, shame seemed like an old superstition and irrelevant as frost on a summer day. If I got swept along in their mating season, I thought, I wouldn't mind in the least.

The world narrowed to faces and fuzzed breaths and the wet slap of mouths. Instinct took over—muscles, nerves, and reflex. I felt a build like a drumroll, and then the release. My cum arcing hot into Maya's cheeks, splattering across Tilde's lips, marking Trill's face with white streaks. The hit of it—my seed painting them—felt primal, like signing in ink on the body of someone who'd been asking for my brand.

But they weren't done. The frenzy around me simply rearranged itself and pushed on. I found myself bent over, unaccountably submissive in a posture I'd usually reserve for making someone else feel the same. It was awkward—my usual role reversed—but I had no fight to give. Their hunger was merciless. They were determined to drain me until I had nothing left to offer.

Bent over like that—legs folded up until my thighs ached and my knees were near my ears—Trill pressed her face flat against my ass and worked her tongue slow and steady around my buttohole. The feel was ridiculous and electric. It was warm, slick skin, the tiny puckering muscles opening under her tongue, the wet, intimate press of her mouth so close to where I was about to be used. I'd never have pictured the Princess of the Beast Kingdom doing rimming, but there she was, focused and eager, and the surprise only made it hotter.

Maya had me using her thighs like a pillow and she leaned over me so I could bury my face into the soft, muscled meat of her legs and lick at the heavy, full weight of her breasts. The scent coming off her was raw. It was sweat mixed with milk, a ram-like, animal sweetness that clung to the skin. It was strangely maternal and fierce at once, and it warmed a place in my chest I didn't know needed warming. I sucked and licked until her breasts moved under my mouth, let the heat of her body guide my tongue as she moaned above me.

Latifa and Ayane were twin torches of sensation at my nipples, their tongues flicking and feathering those spots so perfectly that my toes curled and my whole back tightened. They took turns and overlapped, slow then teasingly fast, fingers and lips alternating, and the pinprick ache in my chest blossomed into something deliciously maddening. Below them, Tilde had my cock in her mouth. She was working the head with her lips, depththroating where she could, and drawing me with a rhythm that matched the chaos around me. They'd all teamed up, a synchronized assault of mouths, hands, and tails, and I couldn't honestly complain.

They wore their want like an armor with their flushed cheeks, heavy breaths, tails flicking in little pulses. The pressure built until I couldn't keep it back. I came—hard and hot—and Tilde swallowed it all without hesitation. Even though it was only my second shot, there was still enough to fill her mouth, and she closed her lips around it like a promise. Her throat worked as she gulped and she kept my seed down with a small, satisfied hum that made the hairs on my arms stand up.

"That tastes so good..." Tilde said, licking her fingers clean, eyes glazed and absolutely hungry. Lust painted her face in broad, shameless strokes. The five of them looked like predators who'd decided I was the prey. They were hungry, affectionate, and they were ready to devour me. Their pupils glinted. It was the kind of light in their eyes that made a man feel both desired and eaten.

"Now then, Leon, I think it's time for your due diligence—to have your fun with us, don't you think?" Trill said, smacking her lips with a greedy little sound, all casual command and wet heat.

"Fufufu, Master... Why don't you enjoy our bodies now?" Maya cooed, gentle and teasing, the way she said it a slow invitation and a dare.

Latifa and Ayane traded a look that said the same. They were saying fill us, please. Their hands slid lower, adjusting, fingers finding places to knead and tease as their tongues worked.

"Ladies, lucky for you, my cock can take all of you at once, even though you're all in heat," I joked, smiling despite the buzz behind my eyes. "Why don't you prepare yourselves?"

They reacted like animals and like lovers—ears twitching, tails swaying as well as their hips shifting. The little movements were adorable and filthy at the same time.

Tilde took the first reign. She climbed up, straddling my hips with the moment her weight settled, the room narrowed down to the press of her and the slick swallow of her pussy. Her legs hugged my sides, pulling me tight. I could feel her heart beating under my pelvis.

"Huuu... haaa..." she breathed, looking at me with that thirsty, half-lidded expression that said she couldn't hold back. She rubbed herself along the underside of my cock first—coating the shaft with her juices—then lined herself up. When she sank down, everything went quiet for the beat it took her to settle—then she rode me.

"Ahhh, so good...~ I never get tired of being filled like this... It's the perfect fit...~" she whispered, fingers pressing against her belly where my cock sat buried. Her voice wavered between reverence and raw need.

She started slow, hips rocking in a patient, greedy rhythm. "Ahh, fuuu, nnn...~ Hnghh, ahhh...!" Her eyes glazed heavier with each pass and the sight of her losing herself was a brutal kind of nectar.

The others didn't stop. Latifa and Ayane kept the attention on my chest, tongues and lips making each touch a spark. Maya pressed her breasts to my mouth and let me latch on, her weight and scent grounding me while my hands tangled in her hair. Trill, restless and affectionate, went down to my toes and licked each one as if she were worshipping them. All of it were small but they were electric jabs that sent shivers through me. The combination of sensations. Their tongues, breasts, thighs, licking... all of it was a layered heat that had me melting from the inside out.

"Ahhh, fuuh, nghh, ahh...~" I groaned as Tilde rose and fell over me, each bounce driving her deeper until I felt the tip of my cock tapping her cervix. She tried to lock me in with soft, squeezing muscles,

every ridge inside her pussy rubbing like tiny hands drawing me in, while I practically drowned in Maya's warm, heavy breasts.

"Nghh, ahh...~ Ahh... So bigg...~ This feels really good...! Ah, ah, ahhhnggh, ah, ahhhngghh, ah, ah, ahhhh!" Tilde moaned, her body a metronome of pleasure with her breasts bouncing, hips snapping, face melting into a look that was equal parts rapture and need.

"Ahh, oh no... I'm cumming... I don't want to cum so soon, but... ahhh, ahhh...~ It feels so good... I can't hold it...!" she gasped, teeth clenched as something inside her finally broke.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...! Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!" The way she arched her back sent a shock through me. She squirting hard, love-juice spraying in a hot blast that shook her whole body. Her orgasm was violent and beautiful. She trembled afterward, moans trailing into little whimpers. The sight of her like that—spent and lascivious—was addictive.

After her release she slipped off me, breathless and sticky, and Trill took the place with a grin that made my cock twitch back to life instantly. She settled on top with that smile that could harden anyone and then she positioned herself and, instead of guiding me toward her dripping pussy, she shifted with a wicked glint.

"I'm in the mood for this hole, Leon... So take it...~" she said, voice low and tempting. Then she sank down, and I felt the new, close heat of her flesh receiving me in an entirely different place. The flesh around her opened and yielded, offering a tight, different kind of embrace that made my breath catch.

Chapter 1019: Mating Season (3)

I felt the flesh yield around me. It was tight and unrelenting, like forcing myself into a narrow, burning tunnel that fought every inch of my advance. It wasn't just tight. It was a pressure that clenched my whole body, the kind that made me grit my teeth and focus on breathing. Every pulse of my cock was met with resistance from all sides, a squeezing that turned each movement into a white-hot shock through my nerves.

Trill, clearly inexperienced with this kind of thing, shut her eyes and, with small, cautious motions, started sinking her hips down. She inched me deeper into her ass, taking me little by careful little.

"Uhhh..." she winced, the sound half pain, half pleasure, but she kept going, determined to take it all. Her hands braced against the mattress, fingers digging in while her tail twitched behind her.

My cock was slick already, so technically it should've slipped in easier, but her whole body was trembling and her breath came in short, uneven gasps. I reached down and murmured, "Relax, Trill."

"O-Okay..." she answered in a shaky whisper, drawing in a deep breath and letting it out slow. Her muscles eased just a fraction. Her hole widened a tiny bit, and that gave me the opening I needed. I slid in slowly, inch by inch, until I bottomed out—my shaft buried to the hilt inside her ass.

"Ahhh...~" she moaned, lips parting, her face slackening as a warm, spreading wave of pleasure rolled through her. For a moment she looked like she could melt.

Then something inside her snapped. She trembled violently, a raw sound tearing out of her throat.

"Funyaa~!!!" she screamed, arching her back so hard her tail shot straight up. Her face contorted into a wild *ahgao* with her eyes rolling, mouth hanging open, like she was utterly lost.

Even though I was buried in her ass, her pussy clenched and she squirted—hard—spraying wetness in a sudden, hot burst. The sight of her coming from her pussy while I fucked her ass made a flare of heat travel straight to my groin.

She looked absolutely wrecked with her mouth agape, eyes rolled back, every line of her face turned to blissed-out debauchery. Tilde watched with wide, jealous eyes. "Ahh... That must've felt really good... I want to try that too...~" she blurted, more green than she'd meant to be.

Trill began to move, slow and careful and she didn't want one rough shift to pull me free. Each small hip-tilt let me feel the ridges of her inner walls, the tight ring of muscle that dragged along my length and set my teeth on edge. It made my head swim with the pleasure and strain braided into a dizzy, delicious pain. She gripped me so hard at times I half expected to pop out, but she kept the pressure pinned, squeezing me in waves.

"Oh, no... I'm cumming...~ I'm going... I'm going to cum again, Leon~! P-Please, cum inside me...! Fill me up in my ass!" she begged, voice thin with want, eyes pleading and soaked with lust.

I couldn't refuse her that look. Instinct took over—my body reacted—and I came hard, hot jets spilling deep inside her ass, filling her until I felt the pressure build and settle. Even after cumming so many times, the amount I shot into her stunned me. It pooled and spread, a thick, warm fill that made her arch again.

"Funyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa...~!" she cried, tail snapping straight like an antenna to the sky. Her whole body trembled as the orgasm wracked her and she looked gloriously fucked-out, utterly satisfied.

After a few ragged breaths, still dazed, she slowly rose up and pulled herself off me. My cock slid free with a wet, sticky sound with the semen left inside her began to trickle out, running down my shaft in thick, sticky lines. She exhaled—"Haaa...~"—a soft sound that carried equal parts relief and floating bliss.

Next up was Latifa. She came forward practically vibrating with eagerness—maybe because this was her birthplace, maybe because she'd been burning with heat the whole time. As a dog beast girl, she was all instinct and impulse and she moved like a coiled spring. The whole mood felt like it was bending toward something inevitable, and everything around me seemed to be falling into place—the tribes, the unification as well as the power. Even here, it all felt like it was lining up in my favor.

Latifa set her clawed hands on my chest, eyes dark with hunger. She was already grinding before she'd even taken me—pelvis rolling against my hips in slow, needy circles. Then she leaned forward and licked my face, soft wet strokes that ended with her pressing her lips to mine. Her tongue slid over mine, a messy, demanding kiss that tasted of her and left my head spinning with heat. My mind shorted out into a buzzing rush of dopamine.

"Ugh... I miss you so much...~" she whispered, voice warm and hoarse, a smile in it. "I miss this smell... I miss everything about you..."

She ground harder, and I felt her wetness smear along my shaft, sticky threads stretching as she pulled back. Then, with a heavy, satisfied inhale—"Fuuuuhhh... Haaa...~"—she positioned herself and took me. She sank down, swallowing my cock whole, and the heat hit like molten metal. Her pussy wrapped around me, hot and slick, as if I'd been plunged into molten butter.

"Nghhh, hhnaaaaa...~ Ah, ahhhh... ahngh, ah, ah, ahhhh...!" she groaned, moving with a slow, deliberate rhythm like she wanted to savor every inch of me. Her big breasts bounced with each thrust and they were soft and heavy under my hands, and I didn't resist reaching out to cup them.

"Aaaahhng, ahhh...~ Y-Yes... That feels good...~ My breasts... Do you love my breasts? Fufufufu... You don't have to worry. They're all yours...~" she teased, voice bright with mischief and need.

She looked rapturous—flushed cheeks, hazy eyes—her pussy pulsing and dripping around me. It was relentless. I mean, I tried to hold back, but the way she clenched and rode me made restraint pointless.

"Ahh, y-you're going to cum, Master? If so, cum...~! I'm going to cum too!" she cried, tail wagging in a frantic, happy rhythm. Her moans rose into a howl as she started to ride the edge. I couldn't hold it any longer—my body surrendered—and I exploded inside her, semen shooting deep into her womb until she trembled under the warmth filling her.

"Fuaaahhhhhoooooooooooooooooooooooo~!!" she screamed, throwing her head back as my cum slammed into the back of her pussy. Her body arched and the look on her face—complete surrender, pure, messy bliss—was perfect.

Chapter 1020: Mating Season (4)

The next one was Maya.

"U-Um... I want you to take me, Master," she whispered, voice small and trembling with that delicious mixture of shyness and want.

Maya was the sort who slid into submission like it fit her bones—quietly eager rather than loud and demanding—and that fit her personality to a T. She was a ram beast-woman. She was thick, curved, and built in a way that felt almost unfair. Her chest was enormous, her ribs and hips rounded in a slow, heavy arc. She carried weight like a promise. Rumor had it the cow-beast women were the ones with the biggest jugs in the Beast Kingdom, and being closely related, Maya's rack leaned into that rumor with joyful force. It made her feel fertile and full, and, not going to lie, it put her squarely at the top of my list for tonight.

"Alright then, if that's what you want," I said, watching her closely.

She made herself comfortable on the bed and lifted her legs, pressing her knees up against those massive breasts until the flesh yielded under the pressure. The position folded her in on herself in a way that showed everything with her soft belly, the curve of her hips, and the wet, glistening slit between her legs. Her pussy was practically leaking, a steady bead of moisture gathering and then surrendering to gravity, creating a small, slick pool on the sheet beneath her. The smell that rose from her—warm, dairy-sweet with an undertone of wild musk—hit me in the chest and did more than stir the blood. It made keeping a straight face almost impossible.

She stared up at me with that shy-but-hungry expression, lips parted, and cheeks flushed. I didn't need another invitation. My hand wrapped around my hard cock, stroking slowly, giving myself a rhythm to match hers. I steadied myself by clasp one of her knees, aimed, and pushed in.

"Fuuaaaaaaaaaah!" she cried, the initial penetration making her arch and spurt all at once. The sound she made was raw, surprised, and utterly exposed. Even that first shallow bury made her look fucked out with her eyes glassy and her breath hitching.

She wiggled her hips as if to pull me deeper, the movement shamelessly tempting. I grinned and grabbed those heavy legs, lifting them further until her feet neared her head and her knees flattened against her breasts, forcing the soft mounds out of the way. That posture buried my cock to the hilt. I was in to the base and she tightened around me like a living sheath. Her insides twitched and clenched, a maze of muscle squeezing in time with my strokes.

As I spread my legs wider to brace myself and press into her—mating-press style, heavy and possessive—someone slid in behind me. Latifa. She moved without a sound, eyes bright with mischief.

"Don't mind if I do, Master. Your smell is incredible... so I want to keep doing you from behind," she purred, and I didn't argue. Her hands were already at my hips. I spread my stance even wider, giving her room.

She pressed her tongue to the edge of my ass with a soft, obscene little kiss, then began circling, exploratory and precise. The sensation of her warm, wet tip tracing the rim made me clench—teeth grinding—while I kept my rhythm on Maya. Latifa's ministrations were an extra, filthy layer with her tongue moving against my skin made every thrust feel both harder and somehow sweeter. She was also massaging my balls, which was a good addition to the pleasure that I was already feeling.

Mating-pressing Maya was perfect for her since her body was thick and yielding, and the angle drove my cock right where it wanted to be. I slammed, pulled back, and slammed again, deliberately forcing contact with her cervix. The bed creaked beneath us, skin slapped, and the room filled with our breath and the wet, lewd music of fucking.

"Ahhnghh, ahh...~ Ah, ah, ahhh...! Ah, ahhh...! Ahhh...!" Maya cried out, the moans shredding into something feral. Her eyes rolled back until only the whites showed. She was being unstitched by pleasure. I leaned forward and took her mouth—kissed her hard—while Latifa worked on my other end. Our kiss was sloppy and needy. Our tongues met. Maya's lips tasted like salt and sweet musk and her body was molten under my hands.

Her face was melting into bliss, the kind that announces an approaching storm.

"Hnghhh, ahhh...! M-Master, it's cominggg...~ I'm about to...! Ahhhhhhhh! F-Flyinggggggggg~!!!" she screamed, words tumbling out raw and jagged.

I felt the pressure coiling inside her, felt her walls tighten around my cock like they were trying to eject me. I slipped out and went straight for her with my fingers, pushing, stroking, finding that spot that made her tremble. I didn't stop until the shake in her muscles turned into a shuddering convulsion. Her face contorted from pleasure into something almost holy, and then she shattered.

The squirt came like a geyser—a high arc of hot love-juice that sprayed and splattered across the sheets, wet hits that landed with a patter. Maya's scream tore out of her in a long, ragged howl.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhnnghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Her eyes rolled back, jaw slack, mouth trying and failing to choke down the sound of release. She was wrecked, perfect and spent.

I grabbed my cock and started rubbing, feeling my own release building fast. The friction, the sight of her drenched and writhing, Latifa's tongue at my ass—everything drove me over the edge. When it came it came hot and loud. I blasted, painting Maya with thick ropes of cum that streaked across her belly, the white splatter mixing with her juices and making little glossy rivers down her thighs. She panted hard, breasts rising and falling like bellows.

I glanced to the last one I hadn't yet taken—Ayane. She stood there, face flushed, her nine tails fanning out like a halo. The fan of tails said everything I needed to know that she wanted me. Her cheeks were a soft rose, and when our eyes met she looked shy and hungry all at once.

"U-Um, Master Leon... I want... I also want to be taken similarly to Maya," she murmured, voice small, a tremor in it that made her adorable and unmistakably lewd.

She wanted the mating-press too. I guess she was a submissive too... wanting to be held and driven. I nodded.

"Alright," I said. "Lie down like Maya did."

She obeyed without hesitation, folding herself in half, hands holding up her legs as she spread her pussy wide. The sight of her pale, pink flesh glistening with dribbles of juice made something low and fierce stir in me. Her slit was glossy, wet lines of juice mapping down to her thighs.

"C-Come at me, Master...~" she whispered, combining shyness and invitation in a breath.

I stepped close, aimed, and in one hard, smooth motion thrust my cock into her. The entrance took me with that hot, instant clamp, and Ayane's eyes fluttered closed, dazed on the cusp of something sweet.