

# The World 1041

## Chapter 1041: The Dwarf Kingdom (1)

I had already told the Dwarven King that I would come to their kingdom, and thankfully, they seemed more than willing to let me pay a visit. Just a day after I sent them the letter, another one came back to me and it was a very neat handwriting, heavy paper, that earthy dwarven smell—and it politely confirmed that I could come anytime.

"It looks like we're here," I said, still keeping Filia close to me. She looked absolutely gone with her expression still fucked-out and dazed, like her soul hadn't caught up with her body yet.

I leaned forward and looked down at the kingdom itself.

There wasn't anything resembling a castle. No towering spires, no massive fortress, no royal-looking structure dominating the skyline. Instead, the whole place looked like a giant cluster of houses and structures carved directly out of enormous slabs of rock. Some were stacked, some were shaped oddly, but all of them looked like they could survive a meteor falling straight into them.

Well, if a kingdom of dwarves didn't look like this, I'd honestly be disappointed.

"Alright then," I said, "let's look for a place to land."

"I see an open area, Lady Amon. It seems very viable for us to land," Anne said.

Her eyes were scanning the terrain nonstop, her gaze slicing through the clouds and rooftops like a machine-calibrated radar. I could practically feel her calculating the helicopter's weight, the angles, the clearance, everything that would make a safe landing spot. If she said it worked, it definitely worked.

But as soon as we descended lower, the dwarves immediately noticed the massive machine coming down from the sky. Their heads tilted up in unison, their eyes widening like they were witnessing a legendary beast emerging from the heavens.

Dwarves were naturally curious and they were the type to poke glowing crystals, dismantle ancient relics, and take apart anything they didn't understand just to figure out why it moved. They lived long,

longer than humans by a landslide, maybe even thousands of years like elves—but that didn't make them omniscient. Even if they probably had knowledge that could rewrite textbooks, there would always be something new that could make them scratch their heads.

And as people who prided themselves on knowing everything, being confronted with the unknown? Of course they'd chase answers.

Which was perfect for me.

I was an opportunist. My company specialized in inventions that flipped the world upside down and rebuilt it in a new direction. If I could use that as leverage, then I absolutely would. Showing them something their centuries-old eyes couldn't comprehend was the fastest way to get them interested in talking to me.

And it worked. The moment they received my letter with me sending a smartphone that was included in it, looping Starry Knights' songs—they caved. Not even a few days later, a letter came back saying they wanted to talk.

And now here I was—showing up in a helicopter, making their curiosity explode.

When we finally landed, I realized the dwarves weren't exactly as tiny as I had imagined. Sure, they were small, but not that small. A lot of them were around the height of a young teen. Some were shorter, yeah, but honestly, plenty of them could pass off as middle schoolers if someone didn't know any better. I mean, they definitely looked like Lolis and Shotas. Filia, despite being small herself, actually stood taller than quite a few of them. Well, she was a half-dwarf, half-human, after all.

Anne opened the helicopter door for me, and as I stepped out, the dwarves stared at me with a mix of worry, awe, and that unmistakable look of "What the hell is this creature?" No. They were only looking at the helicopter behind me.

Totally natural. From their perspective, I was a tall stranger who just descended from the sky in a metal beast.

As they watched, the group suddenly parted like a river being pushed aside by an unseen force. A single man walked down the middle—an old dwarf with a beard so long it swept the ground with every step. His garb was simple, but there was something regal about the way he carried himself, like he didn't need a crown to show authority.

Naturally, I assumed he was the Dwarven King.

"The Queen wants to meet you, Human," he said.

Well, guess he wasn't the King after all. And apparently, the Dwarven Kingdom had a Queen. That was new information—I didn't even know they were ruled by a woman. But considering the last ruler who appeared outside their kingdom did so thousands of years ago, it made sense that things had changed since then.

He gestured for me to follow him.

Honestly, walking among people so much shorter than me felt surreal in a weirdly amusing way. But their reactions made it clear they weren't used to seeing someone like me either.

As I walked, we arrived at what looked like a settlement centered around a huge rock structure. The building stood right in the middle, carved so meticulously that every line and curve looked intentional.

That was definitely the Dwarven Queen's castle—or their version of their own castle.

I followed the bearded man up to the entrance while dwarves stared at me, whispering to each other. They were suspicious, of course, but underneath that suspicion was a burning intrigue they couldn't hide.

Most of their eyes were locked on Anne.

Well, yeah. This was probably the first time they had ever seen a woman made of metal. They couldn't understand her at all, and that only made them more fascinated.

The man stopped in front of the stone door and knocked firmly.

"Come on in," a woman's voice called from inside.

Her tone had a playful, almost cheeky lilt to it that seemed like the voice belonged to a child, but it was unmistakably the voice of an adult woman.

The man pushed the door open for me, and I stepped inside—only to be greeted by the sight of a woman waiting there.

"Welcome, Human," she said. "To the kingdom of the Dwarves."

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I had to admit—she was wearing, uh... almost nothing at all.

I mean, she technically had clothes on, but they were the type of clothes that barely counted. They hid the important bits, sure, but the rest? Completely exposed like she didn't give a damn about modesty or the concept of "coverage." Honestly, the outfit was hanging onto her body like it was fighting for its life.

Sometimes I really don't understand why people wear clothes like that. At that point, why not just go all the way and be naked altogether? Her clothes were basically decoration—thin strips here, a flimsy piece of fabric there. You could almost see the breeze slipping through them.

She had this bright, fiery orange hair that immediately caught my eye, glowing even under the dim light of the room. Her purple eyes were piercing—sharp, intense, the kind that made you feel like she wasn't just looking at you, she was dissecting you. And when those eyes locked onto mine from above, I swear it felt like she could see straight through flesh, bones, and whatever remained of my dignity.

Despite her small body—hell, she was tiny—her presence hit like a wave. Overpowering. Heavy. Almost regal. It was like staring at a pocket-sized Solaris who decided to condense all her intimidating presence into a compact, overly confident version.

So this was a queen's presence, huh? Damn.

She kept that smirk on her face the entire time, as if she already knew exactly how I was looking at her—like she was waiting for me to trip up or get flustered. And honestly, she wasn't wrong. Everything about her screamed "pride," from the tilt of her chin to the way she stood like the world belonged to her.

For one, she didn't care at all that I was staring at her almost bare chest. She didn't even flinch or try to cover herself. Her chest was pretty flat, but she didn't give a single shit about it—if anything, she was presenting it proudly, like it was some kind of royal artifact.

And, well... not gonna lie. It did have its own appeal. Even though her breasts were covered, the outfit itself was... yeah, lewd as hell, and it was honestly pretty arousing. There was something weirdly enticing about her being partially hidden instead of fully exposed. That mystery, that teasing glimpse—it messed with my brain more than if she just showed everything outright.

"You are staring quite a lot, Human," she said, flashing a smug smile. "Well, I suppose it's only natural. With beauty like this, even someone like you—someone who enjoys breeding with Elves—couldn't resist. Why don't you start by introducing yourself? It's rude to make the Queen wait and waste her time, you know. Or is that something you failed to learn from wherever you came from?"

Her attitude was sky-high, but honestly, for a queen, I guess that was expected.

"I apologize for that. On behalf of my companions, my name is Leon," I said. "I came here because I received a message from you, stating that you wished to have a conversation with me."

"You're not fooling anyone," she said sharply. "You sent that letter to lure me in. Naturally, as someone starving for knowledge, it was the perfect bait. You are the one who orchestrated this meeting, Human. Do you take me for a fool?"

"As expected of someone like Her Majesty," I replied, bowing my head slightly. "You saw through my intention."

"Well, of course. I am the Queen of the Dwarves, after all."

Yeah. Pride. So much pride crammed into such a small body. She could probably float if she inflated it any further. But as long as she was entertained and cooperative, that was fine by me.

"It seems you're someone worth forming a connection with," she continued. "Someone whose presence might not be completely pointless. So I suppose I shall remember your name. It's nice to have your acquaintance, Sirion."

Sirion? Who the hell was Sirion?

"I believe my name is Leon, Your Majesty."

"Hm? That's what I said, didn't I? Sirion!"

Yep. She was definitely that

type of person. She proudly claimed she'd remember my name and then immediately butchered it. And the worst part? She looked like she fully intended to stick with that wrong version.

"And since I now know your name, it is only proper to introduce myself," she declared dramatically.

"Listen well, Human. It is I—Agneis Quarta, the legendary Queen of the Dwarves, the one who brought them prosperity! You will remember that name until the day you die, Sirion!"

Agneis Quarta. Unlike her, who absolutely sucked at remembering names, I engraved it in my mind instantly so I wouldn't forget.

"Well then, Human," she continued, "I believe we have things to discuss. Mainly... this thing. That thing. And the thing outside."

She pointed in three different directions with three very sharp, very impatient gestures.

Originally, she only wanted to talk about the smartphone. But the moment she saw other things that made absolutely zero sense to her, her curiosity exploded. The two new "things" she added to the list were Anne—who stood quietly beside me—and the helicopter parked outside.

"Let's start with this device, shall we?" she said, lifting the phone. "Now, tell me how this thing actually works."

"It's fairly simple. If you understand the components, I'm certain even Her Majesty could build something similar," I said. "It's a compact device that contains a lot of extremely useful functions. To start with, it has internet connection. Through the internet, you can access all kinds of information you'd never find anywhere else. With a single tap, you can know what's happening far away—even across the world."

"That... does sound interesting," she murmured, eyes narrowing with excitement.

"And not just that," I continued. "As you saw earlier, it can play music. It can take photos—immortalizing someone's image instantly, like a painting created in a split second. It makes everything faster, easier, and far more convenient."

Agneis's eyes practically sparkled as she studied the phone like it was some forbidden treasure. She poked every part of it, examining it from all angles like a curious cat sniffing a new toy. Yeah... she was hooked.

"It's... impressive. Efficient. Almost too efficient," she admitted. "Alright then—let's move on to the next one."

Then she stared directly at Anne.

Anne didn't even blink. She stood like a statue, calm, motionless, and unbothered.

I smirked. "Now why should I tell you anything about her? I only came here to discuss the phone, didn't I?"

After feeding her enough information to get her hooked—enough to make her basically drool with curiosity—I pulled the metaphorical plate away right before she could grab another bite. And I held it firmly. I wasn't handing her the next piece unless she put something of value on the table first.

## Chapter 1043: The Dwarf Kingdom (3)

"Oh?" Agneis smirked, her lips curling with that sharp, almost playful edge she always carried. It was the kind of smirk that made you wonder if she'd just stumbled onto the best entertainment she'd had in decades. Her eyes narrowed slightly, gleaming with amusement—as if something I said had struck a string in her mind more than any explanation about smartphones or anything else I'd brought up earlier. She leaned in just a bit, her posture relaxed but her curiosity obviously piqued.

"It's certainly quite intriguing that someone like you is talking to me in a way that's almost infuriating," she said, her voice dripping with a mix of annoyance and interest. "But don't misunderstand—I don't dislike it. Now then, what terms do you want to set for this? Information isn't cheap. If you want my cooperation, then I expect a real cost. But let me be clear with you. I won't agree if the price involves my body."

There was a tiny flash in her eyes when she said that—like she was waiting to see if I'd be the type of guy who'd take that route.

"Well, as much as I wouldn't put it past myself to make that kind of offer," I said, shrugging lightly, "that's not what I'm aiming for." I paused, letting the air settle between us. "What I actually want is cooperation with the reformation of all the Kingdoms—uniting them as one."

She stared at me for a long second, and then let out a soft laugh, almost like she thought I was joking.

"You're making bold terms," she said. "Honestly, asking for my body might've been the simpler choice between the two." She flicked her hair back over her shoulder, eyes narrowing in a sharper, colder edge. "You're asking for the impossible. Our kind doesn't tolerate outsiders interfering with our affairs. You should have just asked for my body—ridiculous, yes, but still more likely than what you're suggesting. Unification is absolutely out of the question."

Well... strike one.

"Even at the cost of every piece of knowledge you don't yet have?" I asked, pushing just a bit more.



"My knowledge is already vast," she said without hesitation. "With what I know, I can understand things without stumbling or second-guessing myself. I don't think what you're offering is necessary. Extra knowledge is something I pursue for fun—something to pass time. But my knowledge is already immense. I don't have a real need to expand it any further."

Yeah, that was fair. Someone who already felt like she had the world by the throat wouldn't be hungry for more. And risking her kingdom? No way she'd do that.

"Well then, if that's all you wanted to offer, please leave," she said. Her eyes shifted away, dismissive. "I have no use for your time any longer."

I let out a small smirk. Of course it wasn't going to be easy. Nothing worthwhile ever was. Fine, then—time to drop something bigger.

"I came from another world," I said casually.

"...Huh?"

She froze. Literally froze. Her expression went blank for half a heartbeat, and then it cracked open into pure shock. It was the first time I'd seen her look like that—eyes wide, pupils dilated, like the world had just rearranged itself in front of her.

"Another world?" she repeated. "You?" She leaned forward, disbelief and fascination mixing on her face. "How can you prove that? What evidence do you have?"

A natural question. When someone drops something impossible at your feet, the first instinct is to doubt it, tear it apart, and also look for the seams. Without proof, it's nothing but bullshit from someone trying to sound impressive.

But I wasn't lying.

And the funny thing? Agneis could feel that. That was why she didn't immediately dismiss me as a fraud. She simply demanded something solid enough to back my claim.

"I don't have any proof," I said honestly. "I mean, I got reincarnated into this world. I wasn't exactly transported here. Everything I introduced—from the smartphone to the helicopter—those things came from my old world. But I'm guessing that's not enough for you, right?"

"It's possible you're just saying all that to worm your way into my trust," she replied. "So no, that isn't enough. I want real proof—solid proof. Otherwise, I can't accept your claim."

And just like that, I had her full attention.

If I told her the truth, the real underlying truth, she'd be pulled in even deeper.

"Lilith," I said.

Her reaction was immediate—her eyes widened again, but this time there was no shock, only recognition.

"I see..." she murmured, and then the corner of her lips pulled into a slow, knowing smile.

The name alone was enough. Lilith—an omniscient being, one of the Great Dragons, a presence that had existed in this world for thousands of years. If anyone could drag a soul from another world and drop it into a new body in this one, it would be her. And that was exactly what had happened to me.

Agneis instantly understood the implication.

"Certainly, if it is Lilith, she could do something like that," she said, her voice carrying a new layer of intrigue. She looked at me again, studying me more carefully, her gaze tracing over me like she was trying to sense something deeper. "I am intrigued. But I still doubt you truly have any connection to Lilith."

"Really? I think you already knew the moment you laid eyes on me," I said, meeting her gaze without flinching.

"Certainly... I do feel traces of Lilith's presence within you," she admitted. "Very well. Then I'll say this—you've passed. You have my attention again."

Her tone shifted—still regal, still confident, but now edged with interest, curiosity, and maybe even a hint of excitement.

She believed me now.

"Now then," she said slowly, "what is it you're planning to tell me, now that I believe you came from another world?"

"Everything," I told her.

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After a while of talking with her—our conversation drifting smoothly, her tone warm and steady—Agneis suddenly shifted gears and asked something unexpected, something softer.

"By the way, what is your name?"

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She didn't look at me when she said it. Instead, her gaze drifted aside, settling right on Filia. The moment Filia realized she was being addressed, she flinched so visibly it looked like someone had poked her with a hot needle.

"F-Filia..." she whispered, shy and trembling, her voice barely coming out. It was like her words were fighting through layers of fear just to escape her lips.

For the first time since we arrived, Agneis stepped down from her throne with quiet, dignified steps echoing lightly in the hall as she approached Filia.

Up close, she was exactly how I expected. She was tiny, almost unbelievably so. I could probably wrap one hand around her whole torso and lift her like she weighed less than a feather.

But despite that tiny frame, her presence wasn't small at all. It was the exact opposite—huge, radiating, almost overwhelming. It felt like something impossibly vast was compressed into that little body, leaking out in waves that filled every corner of the room. Even I felt it press against me. Filia, who wasn't used to anyone's attention, let alone a Queen's, looked like she might pass out from the intensity.

"Filia, huh?" Agneis murmured, her eyes softening. "Do you remember who your mother was?"

"I—..." Filia hesitated, her voice catching. Her eyes dropped, lashes trembling. "Mm... I remember her... but I don't... I don't know her name anymore..."

The silence that followed felt heavy.

I knew her story. Filia had told me where she came from. On a brothel, born to a dwarven mother and some human customer who probably didn't even remember her face the next day.

Human—dwarf children were so rare they were basically legends. It was dangerous—almost impossible—for a female dwarf to survive carrying a half-human child. The babies grew too large. Too heavy. Too much for a dwarf's body to handle.

Most of the time, the mother died. The baby died. Both lives lost before they even had a chance.

But sometimes—just sometimes—miracles happened. And Filia? She was one of those miracles. Someone who somehow pushed through the odds and lived even though her very birth was something nature itself tried to prevent.

"I see..." Agneis whispered.

Then she stepped closer and wrapped her arms around Filia.

The sight hit harder than I expected. Agneis hugged her with the gentleness of a mother meeting her daughter for the first time—arms small but full of sincerity. Even though she was tiny enough that Filia had to slightly bend down and it looked like she was the mother between the two of them, the moment didn't lose its warmth. If anything, the contrast made it even more touching.

"You've come so far," Agneis said softly. "I'm so proud of you."

Filia froze at first, confused, unsure why she was being embraced or praised. But hearing those words—words she probably never heard from anyone—broke something open inside her. Her shoulders trembled, her breath shook, and tears spilled down her cheeks without her even noticing. The expression on her face twisted into something fragile and overwhelmed.

It was beautiful in a raw, painful way.

So even though Filia was only half-dwarf, Agneis still accepted her without hesitation, like family. Like one of her own.

This... this was what a true Queen looked like.

"Sirion," Agneis said, turning to me again. "Why don't you stay the night here? I want you to tell me more about your world. And also, tell me more about that woman."

It seemed my earlier explanations weren't nearly enough to satisfy her curiosity. Well, that was fine. If entertaining her helped push the unification forward, then I'd talk all night if I had to.

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The dwarven houses were incredibly tight—almost comically so. The moment I stepped inside, I had to duck down, shoulders turned slightly inward just to avoid bumping into something. It felt like the house itself was pushing back, as if it was telling me I didn't belong here.

Amon and I took one house, while Anne and Filia went to another.

Sure, I could've pitched a tent outside... but rejecting a warm place when it was offered would've been rude as hell.

"Fufufu~ It's the first time I've seen you trying this hard to fit somewhere, Master. It's actually kind of cute," Amon said, giggling as she watched me contort myself to avoid hitting the ceiling beams.

Amon fit more easily height-wise, but her body... well, that was a different problem. She was too curvy for her own damn good. Every time she tried to squeeze through one of the narrow walkways, her hips scraped against the walls like she was trying to shove a melon through a mail slot. It was honestly hilarious.

And then a... very different thought slid into my head.

What if she got stuck in the doorway? What if she couldn't pull herself out? And what if my horny-ass brain decided to fuck her right there?

She definitely wouldn't complain. Actually, she'd probably enjoy the hell out of it. But I could think of an even better scenario—one that involved both of us losing control completely.

"Ooh... Master, I'm stuck..." she said, her ass literally wedged in the doorway, her hips refusing to slide through.

I swallowed. Hard.

That ass... holy shit. I wanted to bury my entire face in it. Amon kept getting more and more busty, her curves expanding little by little like her body was slowly shifting into Mammon's.

I grabbed her butt.

She didn't resist.

Of course she didn't.

This was a trap from the start.

She must've noticed my hungry stare and deliberately wedged herself there just so I'd take the bait.

"You're pretty naughty, aren't you, Amon?" I murmured, pulling her close and pressing my fully hardened cock right against her huge ass.

"Fufufu~ You're naughty too, Master," she breathed. "You know... I wouldn't complain if you just pushed me down and fucked me right here. Whenever and wherever, I'm yours."

I grabbed her big breasts, kneading them slowly. She was massive—so massive my hands couldn't contain her. Her tits spilled between my fingers, soft, warm, and they were perfect.

"Ahh...~"

Her moan vibrated through her body. I tugged down the boob part of her maid uniform, and her bare breasts bounced free with a heavy, tempting weight.

"Stay like this, Amon," I whispered.

I unbuttoned my pants, freeing my cock. I lifted her skirt, pressing myself between the warm, soft ridges of her ass, rubbing along the curves slowly, letting the friction shoot sparks up my spine.

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Her ass was so big and plush that my penis slid between those thick cheeks like it was meant to live there, like my cock had finally found its natural home.

I could feel the soft, warm give of her flesh the instant my hardened cock pressed into the cushion of her butt, her skin molding around me in a way that made my brain spark. The softness practically wrapped around me. It was honestly a heaven's feeling — the kind of sensation that hits you so suddenly that your entire body reacts before your mind can even catch up.

It was like stepping into a completely different world of sensation.

Pressing into her ass felt like sinking my cock into the softest pillow imaginable — except the pillow was alive, warm, and reacting to me. That was how unbelievably soft her butt was. It had that thickness and bounce that made it feel like a damn luxury item made just for sex.

I grinded myself between her ass cheeks first, letting the warmth and softness swallow me in slow motions.

She wasn't complaining, not even close.

Her breathing grew heavier, deeper, shaky even, like just the pressure of my cock moving between her cheeks was already lighting fires in her mind. She sounded like she was imagining every inch pressing into her, even though I hadn't even gone inside yet.

While my hips rubbed against her ass, my hands moved up to her massive breasts. They were so full and heavy that they overflowed from my grasp, tumbling through the spaces between my fingers like liquid flesh. I could feel how alive they were. They were bouncing, resisting, and pushing back with that perfect mix of softness and firmness. Every time I squeezed, they pushed upward like they were refusing to yield, like they had a mind of their own. It was insane how her body felt like a cheat code and everything was too perfect, too firm, too soft, all at once.

"Amon," I said quietly, my voice rough. "I'm going to take you on the butt. Do you mind?"

"Fufufufu, like I said, wherever and whenever, I am yours. That includes however you like it. So you don't have to ask. All of me is yours," she replied, her voice lilting and confident.

She reached down, slid her panties down her thighs, and the fabric peeled away from her wetness. A thin, shimmering string of her love juice stretched from the crotch of her panties to her vagina — long and sticky — stretching and stretching until it finally snapped apart with a tiny, wet sound.



Then she bent herself over, arching beautifully, her back curving like she was offering herself to me. She reached behind her, placed her hands on her own ass, and spread her cheeks apart, revealing the tight hole I was about to enter.

"Please, pleasure all you like," she breathed.

I couldn't hold back anymore. I mean, there was nothing left to restrain. My focus narrowed completely on her ass, hypnotized by it, guided only by desire.

I pressed the tip of my cock to her asshole and pushed forward slowly.

"Fuuuuhh..."

Her breath trembled as I sank in deeper. I felt her entrance gradually yield to me, the tight ring stretching around my length, swallowing me inch by inch. The sensation was unreal. It was addictive. A deep and enveloping pressure that made heat rush straight up my spine. Fucking her in the ass felt incredible. This wasn't our first time using this hole, and it showed. I mean, it wasn't as tight as that first time, but it still gripped me with a snugness that sent sparks through my nerves.

The feeling of conquering her body again, with me knowing her holes were molded by me, pumped through my veins. It was a high all on its own. The sense of possession ran so deep into me that I felt like I had just seized something monumental. Life felt too good, almost too easy to get addicted to.

After sinking deeper, I thrust forward again and fully sheathed myself inside her.

"Ngh, hngghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

She arched her back violently the moment I filled her completely. Her whole body jolted. I didn't stop. I mean, stopping would've been pointless anyway. Without hesitation, I pulled out and slammed myself back in, gripping her hips and driving myself upward into her in a steady, relentless rhythm.

"Nghh, ah, ahh, ahhh... ah, ah, ah, ahhhngghh, ahh...~!"

Even though it was her ass, she felt wet inside, making every thrust smooth, almost like I was fucking a second pussy. Her body reacted like it believed I was inside her pussy, too. It was trembling, clenching, sparking with pleasure. She gritted her teeth, trying so hard not to let everything pour out of her mouth.

I kept thrusting, her asshole tightening around me in pulses that squeezed from every direction. It was tight, yes, but naturally so, it was her butt, after all.

"Ahh, ahh...~ Y-Your penis feels... really good...~ Master...~!"

Her face shifted into something completely depraved. It was lewd and desperate, like each thrust was sending small orgasms through her nervous system and frying her thoughts.

"Nghh, ahhngh, ahh... ah, ah, ahhh...~ It feels good...~ Ahh, ahh...!"

Her voice as well as her expression... everything about her melted in pleasure, even though I was inside her butt.

She tightened around me even more, and the added pressure made my mind flash white for a moment.

But I wasn't going to leave her pussy empty.

I reached down to her crotch and slid my hand down until my fingers found her soaked entrance — and then I pushed four fingers into her at once.

"Nghhh, ahh...~!"

She shuddered so violently her whole body trembled, her eyes rolling up instantly as the added pleasure shot through her like electricity.

She was so wet that her pussy didn't resist at all and my four fingers sank into her easily, swallowed by her heat.

"Nghh, ahh, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhhnggh, ah, ah, M-Master...~ Ahngh, ahh... ah, ah, ahhhnggh, ahh...!"

Her voice climbed higher and higher, her tone breaking into shaky moans as her body heated up like she was about to break apart. Her ass clenched around my cock so tightly it felt like she might suffocate it, and at the same time her vagina clamped around my fingers like it didn't want to let go.

"Nghh, ahh... cumming, cumming, cumminggggggggggggggggggggggg~!!!"

Her voice cracked as she finally lost control, and she came hard with her squirting out fluid from her vagina in a sudden, intense burst.

#### Chapter 1046: The Dwarf Kingdom (6)

I pulled my cock out of her asshole, a loud, wet pop snapping through the room the moment it slipped free.

Her ass was still gaping wide open. It was perfectly stretched, twitching like it was trying to remember the shape I'd carved into it.

Pre cum was slowly leaking out of the loosened hole, glistening and stringy.

It was steaming hot too. The heat rising from her ass felt like the leftover burn of friction from how hard I'd been fucking her earlier—like the warmth alone had gathered enough intensity to almost spark tiny flames if it wanted to.

I stood there panting, letting my breath settle while she tried to gather herself from that orgasm I'd just wrung out of her.

Judging by how much she'd squirted, she didn't just climax—she exploded. It was obvious from the way her whole body was trembling, her legs shaking under her like she was some newborn fawn barely learning how to stand. Honestly, it looked ridiculously lewd, seeing her quiver like that, her mouth hanging open with saliva sliding from the corner as if her jaw had given up on her.

"Haa... haa...~" she breathed, each exhale shaky and desperate.

She turned her head back toward me, eyes hazy but her expression still drenched with mischief.

"Master, I don't believe it's over, isn't it?"

"Well, I haven't cum yet," I replied, my voice low with hunger. "Naturally, this is just the beginning."

I scooped her up, lifting her clean off the floor in a princess carry. Her body felt warm, soft, and limp from the pleasure, but she curled into me instinctively.

I carried her over to the bed and placed her down gently.

She looked unbelievably lewd sprawled there—like a perfect mess made for me. My hunger for her spiked, clawing at my insides until it was almost unbearable.

"Master, I think my two holes crave you. Fill them up, please," she whispered breathlessly.

"Well, you don't have to tell me twice," I said.

I lined my cock up with her pussy and slid myself inside, sinking in inch by inch until she was completely stuffed with my length. All the juices inside her got pushed out the second I filled her, spilling down her thighs.

"Nghhh, ahhnnn...~ Ah, ahh..." she moaned, her fingers clawing into the sheets. Her voice trembled like she was teetering on the edge of another orgasm already, her teeth grinding from the intensity.

"Ahh, ahh...~"

She sounded like she was running out of breath, and while she moaned like that, I gripped her hips and started pounding her.

"Nghh, ahn, ah, ah, ahhhnggh, ah, ah, ahhh...~!"

Her moans spiked higher and higher, jumping octaves like she couldn't control the sounds leaving her throat. She looked completely fucked silly with her expression twisted with overwhelming pleasure, like her brain was being drowned in dopamine with every thrust.

I pulled out and aimed at her ass before sliding myself back inside her there.

With all her juices coating my cock, the insertion was unbelievably easy. It was nothing like the first time earlier when she wasn't as lubricated. This time there was no resistance, no hesitation, just smooth, hot, hungry acceptance.

"Nghh, ahhh...! Ah, ahhh...!"

Her eyes flew wide for a moment before melting into a full debauched expression and her brows pinched together, teeth lightly grinding and her face twisting like she was about to tumble into another wave of euphoria.

I ground my hips against her ass, pushing deeper, feeling the tight pressure sucking at me and squeezing my cock. The heat, the tightness, the way she clenched—it all surged up my spine in unbearable waves of pleasure.

I was reaching my limit.

"Ah, ahh... c-cumming, Master...~! I'm cumming...!"

"I'm about to cum too...!" I growled.

Hearing her say that pushed a spark straight into my nerves. I tightened my hold around her hips and fucked her ass harder, reaching down with one hand to rub her swollen clit. The moment my fingers touched it, obscene wet sounds started echoing all over the room, like water splashing wildly between us.

"Nghh, ahhngh, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ahhhhhhhh!"

Her eyes glassed over completely, rolling just slightly as her body tightened like a bowstring. I could feel it—her orgasm was right at the edge, ready to burst.

And I couldn't hold back either. My climax surged up, thick and fierce, and I came inside her with force—shooting my semen deep, filling her until her womb stretched from the sheer amount.

At the exact same moment—

[illegible]

Her orgasm slammed into her so violently that my cock slipped out of her pussy the instant she squirted. Then she squirted again—harder—arching her back off the bed with a full-blown ahgao on her face. Her legs trembled uncontrollably as she lifted herself off the bed for a second before collapsing back down in a shaking heap.

"Haa... haa...~"

Her huge breasts rose and fell with every breath, her chest heaving as she tried to get air back into her lungs. The expression on her face was nothing but pure bliss.

It was honestly an incredibly arousing sight.

After that, I filled Amon three more times before we finally called it a day.

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"Sirion." The next day, Agneis addressed me with that same almost-omniscient tone she always used. She looked straight at me, eyes sharp with curiosity—far more intrigued than she ever looked toward anything else.

"I heard you last night," she said. "I've lived my whole life without such a thing, but even I couldn't help but be intrigued. I always believed I had no need for that... but after seeing that demon servant woman turned into putty, melted away like she was in bliss in your arms, I've grown curious about how it feels."

"Which is why... I want to know if what you and she had was really as good as it looked," she said. "I want to experience it."

That was... not what I expected, but knowing dwarves, it wasn't impossible either. They were curious by nature—so of course they'd be curious about this too.

"Well, if you really want to, I guess I will," I said.

#### Chapter 1047: The Robot Maid (1)

Agneis seemed curious about sex, and honestly, from the way she looked at me—with those bright, inquisitive eyes and that sly smile curling up her lips—I knew exactly where things were headed. So of course, when she hinted she wanted to try it, I agreed without the slightest hesitation. It wasn't even a debate in my head. The moment she showed that spark of curiosity, my body reacted faster than my brain could think, and the answer was already out of my mouth.

She really did look intrigued. Not just intrigued—she looked like she was studying the very concept of sex itself, as if she was examining something sacred, forbidden, and fun all at once.

"Fufufu, I guess even someone like me is enough for a man known for breeding with elves. As expected," she teased, her sly grin deepening. She had this air around her—confident, graceful, but with a playful streak that kept slipping through whenever she talked. "However," she continued, cocking her head slightly, "I still can't allow myself to be touched by a man I've only known for a day. Well... I don't even really count our first meeting as us knowing each other. So I want to make it a little exciting. Something that feels like a wonderful experience... for me."

She said it lightly, but the meaning behind it was clear. She wasn't rejecting me. Far from it, really. I mean, she was... setting the stage. Making things deliberate. Making it something meaningful. And honestly, she had a point. It would've been pretty wild if we'd just jumped immediately into fucking even though we barely knew each other. It wasn't like we had some deep history or emotional connection yet. Just the attraction. Just the curiosity.

Still... it didn't stop the disappointment from hitting me. And it wasn't subtle either. She immediately saw the shift in my expression like she was reading my thoughts in real time.

"You look rather disappointed, Sirion," she said, flashing that sly little smile again. "Is it because you couldn't have a taste of my heavenly body yet? You don't need to worry. I only need to prepare myself. After a few days... I'll be ready."

The way she said "heavenly body" wasn't even bragging. It was just the truth. Her tone, her confidence—it fit perfectly, like she was simply acknowledging a fact everyone else already knew. And honestly? I couldn't deny it. A body of a loli. A legal loli. Just like Marie. But she was much more seductive. Just looking at her, at the way she carried herself, at her curves and her presence... it wasn't hard to imagine that touching her would feel like something out of a dream.

While we talked, I kept noticing little details about her—how her eyes flicked around, how she observed every reaction, how she was trying to learn about everything beyond her world. It made me think about how just a few years ago, I had been like her—completely unaware that other universes even existed. Then, little by little, I learned the truth. And only about a year ago did I come to understand the existence of countless worlds and countless beings, including Zoey, Chloe, Zes, and Anne.

And even now, even with the knowledge I'd gathered, I still felt like an ant staring at an ocean. There was so much unknown, so much bigger than me.

"Anne is a sex robot doll?" Agneis suddenly asked.

She had shifted onto my lap somewhere during our conversation, settling in so naturally it felt like she had always belonged there. She lay back against my chest, relaxed, warm, soft, and honestly... adorable. Seeing someone as composed and mysterious as her sitting on me like that made her feel more human. More real.

"Well, to be specific, she's a maid robot programmed for pleasure and service," I explained. "She's the kind of robot that works in brothels."

Robot Maids—like Anne—were common. They weren't some rare, unique model. They were built for a purpose: sex and service. That was it. That was their entire design. And among all the robots manufactured in that world, they were the ones intentionally given different faces and appearances.



It made sense. Men were lustful creatures. Anyone would get tired of fucking the same face over and over again. People craved variety, stimulation, and change. And if they were going to mass-produce sex robots, of course they'd make them all different.

"Interesting," Agneis murmured. Her voice was full of fascination, like a child looking into a new world. "So that world is really futuristic... to the point where anything seems possible with mechanics. I wonder if I'll get the chance to explore such a world."

The thought of her roaming through neon streets, staring at skyscrapers and hover rails and robots—it actually made me laugh a little.

"Well, if I manage to find another portal to go there," I told her, "then it's not just a possibility. It'll be a certainty. You'd get to see everything."

"Hmmm... I guess so," she said, though her tone was more thoughtful than doubtful. Then she turned toward me—slowly, deliberately. Her eyes locked onto mine, and there was something sharp and knowing in them. Like she could peel apart my mind layer by layer if she wanted to.

For a moment, I felt pulled in—like her gaze was dragging me under, like magic or gravity or something just as powerful.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Have you had sex with her yet?" she asked directly.

It was such a blunt question that for a moment, it almost knocked the air out of me. But no—I hadn't. Not once. I hadn't fucked Anne yet.

I bought her because I needed help. Chloe and Zoey weren't the type to clean, and I'd been so focused on gathering information about that world that my apartment on that world ended up looking like a storm had swept through it. Laundry everywhere. Dishes piled up. Dust settling on everything. I didn't have time for chores, and the logical solution was getting a mechanical helper from that world.

That's how Anne came into my life.

I didn't buy her specifically for sex. Well... okay, maybe a tiny part of my brain had considered the possibility, because any man would. She was beautiful—robot or not. And she was designed to want sex with her owner. It was literally in her programming.

And it wasn't like most people in that world didn't use them exactly for that.

#### Chapter 1048: The Robot Maid (2)

But for me... I don't know. Maybe I didn't want to treat her like a machine. Maybe I wanted her to understand the difference between what she was programmed to feel and what she could choose to feel.

Because as strange as it sounded—even for me—Anne was starting to show signs of emotion. Tiny ones, subtle ones, little sparks of something human inside her mechanical core.

And I didn't want her love to be artificial, just a command in her system. I wanted her to love me for real.

Even if she was a robot.

Even if that made no logical sense.

There was something about her—something more than gears and circuitry—that made me think she was beginning to understand what it meant to feel. And maybe... maybe I wanted to give her the space to figure that out without jumping straight into sex.

"Why don't you try having sex with her?" Agneis suddenly asked, her voice carrying that weird mix of innocence and mischief she always had.

I seriously had no idea why she was asking something like that out of nowhere. It didn't even feel like she wanted to know because of me—no, it felt like she was asking just to scratch her own growing curiosity. And god, her curiosity was massive. Honestly, even Artemis, who was usually the one poking her nose into things, wasn't this damn interested in everything. But now? Yeah, Agneis was clearly stealing that spot without even trying.

"Well, I think it'd be dope to have sex with her, you know... just to try out the waters," I answered, shrugging a little because I honestly couldn't believe this was an actual conversation we were having.

I never thought I'd reach a point in my life where I'd even consider

having sex with a robot maid. Sure, there were concepts of sex dolls back where I came from, but I never used one. They looked interesting from afar, but I just... didn't get the appeal. Like, how was fucking something mechanical supposed to be better than fucking an actual woman? People online said it felt similar, but I didn't buy it. Maybe I was too old-school or something—I didn't understand what made it appealing.

But Anne... she was different. She wasn't just an object you place on a shelf. She had a mind—even if it functioned differently from a human one. She moved by her own decisions, reacted by herself. Sure, a single command from me could change whatever she was doing, but she still thought enough to choose her actions. But even then, it felt natural for me to assume that fucking a real woman would feel better than fucking her.

Still, all of that was just my speculation. No experience. I hadn't tried it yet. For all I knew, it might actually blow my expectations and end up being way better than I ever assumed. Hell, it might even surpass fucking a real woman entirely. No idea. I just hadn't tested it.

"Fufufu, I think it'd be really entertaining to watch you have sex with her," Agneis said, almost too eagerly. "So if you ever have the time, please consider letting me join in to watch. I want to see how it transfolks right before my eyes."

Yeah, curiosity was definitely killing the cat for her. She looked so damn thrilled—like she was ready to bring a notebook and take notes while watching. It didn't seem like she had any plans of stopping herself, either.

"Well, I will," I replied. What else could I say at that point?

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I let my eyes absorb the entire scenery of the Dwarven Kingdom.

Agneis had told me she wanted me to stay for five days. By the end of that, she'd give her final answer about joining the unification. But honestly, with how smoothly our relationship had been going, I felt like she was leaning toward accepting the terms. It was just a matter of time.

I really couldn't imagine what reason she'd have to reject them at this point, especially since everything I explained pretty much screamed "your kingdom will be wiped out if you don't join." Yes, they lived high up on a mountain, safe from land attacks—but they were sitting ducks if the Empire or the Republic ever attacked from the sky.

When I told her that, she said the dwarves could try dispelling the attackers with magic. But I had to tell her straight that it wouldn't matter. The Republic's weapons ignored magic entirely, and their strongest barriers would crumble within seconds. There was absolutely nothing they could do against that kind of attack.

But even after hearing all that, Agneis didn't fully shut the idea down. She still said they wouldn't blindly agree to anything, but she didn't outright refuse anymore either. She was clearly weighing it, thinking it through—even if she didn't want to admit she was leaning toward my side.

Now, all that was left was for her to finally give in.

"You seem like you're having a good time here, Master," Amon said beside me.

"Well, yeah. The food here is ridiculously good. And Filia's learning a lot from everyone," I replied.

Filia had been absorbing so much knowledge like a sponge. She was constantly talking with people, especially Agneis. With everything Agneis knew—materials, smithing techniques, battle strategies—Filia was basically in heaven. It was perfect for her since she told me she'd hit a bottleneck recently. Being here was probably the best thing that could've happened to her.

While those thoughts drifted through my mind, suddenly—

"H-Human!" a dwarf shouted. She was rushing toward me, clutching something in both hands—heavy and metallic.

The moment I saw what it was, my eyes widened into full saucers.

An arm. A metallic arm. And there was only one person in this entire kingdom who had one of those.

Anne.

I immediately broke into a run, charging straight toward the where the dwarf had pointed to.

And that was when the full sight hit me.

Anne wasn't just damaged—she was shattered. Torn apart. Pieces of her scattered so violently that I almost didn't recognize her at first. Her arm and legs were strewn across the ground like discarded scraps. Her face... it was mauled, crushed, beaten into something unrecognizable. My mind just blanked. Completely froze.

Then I saw it.

Right there, with its massive jaws clamped around her broken, limbless body—

A demon wolf. Teeth buried deep into what was left of her.

My entire body locked up as the scene burned itself into my eyes.

Chapter 1049: The Robot Maid (3)

"A-A demon wolf suddenly came here, and then... we were about to get attacked, but this woman saved us..." the dwarf stammered, her voice shaking like it was about to fall apart. "W-We don't know what to do. We are not warriors. We don't stand a chance against a demon wolf." She hugged herself as she spoke, trembling so hard her knees were knocking together.

Her small hands were still wrapped around Anne's detached mechanical arm like it was some kind of divine relic. It rested against her chest, cold and metallic, but she held onto it like it was warm—like it could still protect her. The way her fingers clung to it made it seem like she was holding onto the last piece of hope she had left.

Honestly, seeing her like that made something heavy settle in my chest. I couldn't even blame her. Being cornered by a demon wolf would terrify anyone—much less someone who wasn't meant to fight. And for them, Anne must've appeared like some miracle descending straight from the heavens, only to be torn apart in front of their eyes.

"I'm sorry, Master," Anne said, her tone steady even though half of her body was wrecked. "I don't know anything about fighting, as I am not designed for combat."

Even now—literally in the jaws of death—she apologized. The demon wolf had been chewing on her like she was scrap metal it wanted to grind down into dust. If she were human, she would've been torn apart instantly. Even though she couldn't feel pain like a living person could, the sight of her mechanical frame dented and crushed still made my stomach twist.

She wasn't human, yeah. She was a robot. But that didn't change anything for me. Anne was mine. I had bought her, yes, but she had become more than some machine or tool. She was a woman who stood close to me. Someone who followed me. Someone who, right now, looked like she had been willing to throw herself between death and a bunch of dwarves who couldn't defend themselves.

Mechanical or not, she was mine. Mine alone.

And there was no chance in hell I was letting anything take her from me.

That thought—raw, instinctive, and possessive—boiled over inside me like molten metal. Before I even realized it, my bloodlust exploded outward like a physical force. It surged from me in waves, thick and suffocating, rolling outward until the entire forest around us seemed to tremble under it.

I felt the ground beneath my feet crack just slightly from the pressure of what I was releasing.

The dwarf beside me let out a strangled gasp as the intense aura washed over her. She fell backward onto her butt, her face flushed, breath hitching—not from fear, but from the strange overwhelming feeling that came from being near raw bloodlust.

Amon, who stood close to me, instinctively stepped back. Even she had trouble steadying herself.

The demon wolf felt it too, its fur bristling, its eyes narrowing. For a moment, it hesitated—but only for a moment. Despite sensing the danger, it still clamped its teeth harder around Anne's mangled body, chewing with stubborn aggression.

That pissed me off even more.

Without thinking twice, without hesitation, I bolted forward. The world around me blurred as I charged, air whipping violently past my ears.

As if some instinct screamed inside the wolf's skull that I wasn't an opponent it wanted to take head-on, it suddenly jerked its head and tossed Anne aside like she was nothing more than spare parts. Her metallic body clanged against the dirt with a dull, heavy thud.

The wolf lunged toward me next, jaws open wide, saliva dripping from its massive fangs. It snapped its teeth toward my head, but I moved just in time, twisting sharply to the side. Its bite closed on empty air with a sickening crunch that made even the earth seem to flinch.

I planted my foot into the ground, turned sharply, and slammed my fist directly into the wolf's face.

The blow landed with a solid, cracking impact. The wolf's head snapped back violently, its massive frame staggering. But it didn't drop. Not even close.

Demon wolves weren't weak creatures. They weren't even average monsters. They were absolute nightmares—beasts wrapped in some kind of unpenetrable aura that made magic useless against them.

The more mana you poured into your attacks, the more their barrier strengthened. It absorbed mana like a sponge and reinforced itself instantly.

If you used magic, you basically just polished its armor for it.

Honestly, it was bullshit. Like some dumb cheat code that someone forgot to patch.

And even without the barrier, demon wolves were absurdly strong, their physical strength alone enough to tear a grown man in half. Putting a demon wolf down was never easy.

The wolf growled low and deep, the sound vibrating through the air. Its eyes glimmered with fury—and something else. Frustration, maybe.

"Well yeah, bud. I'm as angry as you," I muttered under my breath.

Because this thing came too close—way too close—to killing one of the women in my life.

There was absolutely no forgiving that.

My bloodlust flared again, hotter and heavier. I narrowed my eyes, glaring so sharply it felt like my vision cut through the space between us. Even the demon wolf, proud and battle-crazed as it was, flinched for a moment when our gazes locked.

I summoned Ayuru into my hand.

The blade manifested with a familiar shimmer, solid and reassuring in my grip. Ayuru specialized in dealing physical damage, but to reach her full power, she needed mana. Usually, that wasn't a problem. But against a demon wolf, feeding Ayuru mana was risky. Too much mana, and the wolf's barrier would just keep strengthening.

But I knew there had to be a limit. Everything had a limit.



If I poured every drop of mana I had—the full, raw flood of it—into Ayuru, maybe the sheer volume would overwhelm the barrier completely. It was a gamble, sure. A stupid one, maybe. But after what this wolf did to Anne?

I was more than willing to push myself to my limits.

I held Ayuru tighter and began channeling mana into her. She reacted immediately, like she had been starving and I was offering her her long-awaited feast. She drank my mana eagerly, greedily, savoring it. I felt the pull deep inside me, mana flowing from the center of my chest—my solar plexus—up through my shoulders, down my arm, and pouring into the blade.

The sensation was intense. Almost like Ayuru was sucking the mana straight out of my veins.

The blade began to glow. First softly, then violently. The air around it shimmered, rippling like heat waves off scorching metal. Ayuru pulsed and throbbed with power, buzzing in my grip, almost like she was alive and trembling from excitement.

Soon she was filled to the brim. So much mana condensed inside her that she felt like she was going to explode in my hand.

That was enough.

I dashed.

Time seemed to slow at that exact moment. I could see the demon wolf's expression shift from rage... into panic. Its eyes widened, instincts screaming danger so loudly that even a beast like this couldn't ignore it.

And then—

Light.

A blinding, consuming burst of pure, overwhelming light swallowed the entire area. No sound. No impact. No explosion. Just raw radiance that drowned everything else out.

When it finally faded, the wolf was gone.

Not dead. Not broken.

Gone.

Erased from existence.

#### Chapter 1050: The Robot Maid (4)

After that whole ordeal settled down—if you could even call something like that "settled"—it became clear that Anne, despite being torn apart in the most literal way possible, was functioning just fine in terms of her core systems. Seeing her in that condition had been... well, not exactly pleasant. Her limbs scattered, segments of metal twisted or dented, some wiring exposed and sparking faintly like little blue fireflies dying out. But even then, Anne herself acted as if none of that mattered.

"If worst comes to worst, I can just store my memory, and I'd be completely fine being placed into another body unit," she said. Her voice was calm, steady—like she was just talking about switching clothes or something equally mundane, instead of the existential horror of abandoning a body.

Hearing that... I don't know. Logically I understood her point. If she could preserve her memory and just transfer into another body, then there technically shouldn't have been any reason to be afraid. But my chest tightened anyway. Something about that idea scared me more than I wanted to admit. The thought of losing her—the Anne I had right now, the one I had talked to—that idea made something in me dreadfully uneasy.

I could replace a robot maid, sure. That wasn't the point. You can replace metal and parts and systems. But Anne wasn't just a collection of parts anymore. At least, she wasn't to me. Even if she claimed she could be transferred into another unit, it didn't change the feeling that if I lost this version of her, something important would disappear with it.

"Even if that's the case," I said slowly, forcing my voice to stay steady, "I want you to be careful next time. The moment you realize you're in danger, don't run in to fight first. Call for me."

"Understood," she replied.

Her tone was still mechanical—flat, monotone, the type of voice that you'd expect from someone built instead of born. But even then, in that cold, artificial tone, there was this strange warmth creeping in. Something soft. Something real. Something she shouldn't even be capable of having. It made me wonder if she was actually feeling something, or if I was just imagining it, forcing humanity onto a machine.

But no. There was something. A hint. A shift. A small tremble. It really did seem like Anne was beginning to experience something far beyond what she was designed for. Something no robot should've been capable of.

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The dwarves—Filia and a group of exceptionally skilled artisans—would be working on fixing Anne. Seeing them gather around her scattered parts with tools and glowing metal rods was strangely reassuring. They moved like surgeons, precise and focused, muttering to each other in their rough, gravelly voices. They said it would take less than a day before she was running normally again.

Less than a day. That was lucky. Almost too lucky, considering what had happened.

As I walked out of the workshop-like building in the Dwarf Kingdom's village, Agneis approached me. Her footsteps were light, and her expression carried this mixture of concern and apology that didn't quite fit with her usual composed demeanor.

"I am profusely sorry that it came to that," she said immediately. "We wouldn't have expected that some kind of stray beast would wander into these parts of the forest. I mean... no matter how near the Great Forest is to the Demon Continent, those things shouldn't be coming in."

The cold mountain breeze blew past us, carrying her words softly into the open air.

"Well, I guess that's why you call them strays," I replied, trying to lighten the mood even just a bit.

She gave a small smile—gentle, but tired. "You showed an incredible display of power back there. Truly impressive. I was pleasantly surprised... to the point where it feels like meeting you might have been fate, after all."

"Is that so?" I asked, though honestly, I wasn't sure how to respond to something like that.

"You seem a little agitated," she said, narrowing her eyes just slightly as she studied me. "But I do understand. Even though I haven't taken a lover myself, I can imagine how it feels when someone dear to you is put in that kind of danger. I'm actually surprised you're not completely breaking down."

"I don't really like getting mad," I said, shrugging lightly. "It's tiring."

She let out a small hum. "It must be tiring to be lovers with so many women. And to think that one day, I might be counted among them... isn't it quite intriguing? Life seems to enjoy playing around, even when it's clearly trying to mess with you. Fate seems to be having a bit too much fun, if you ask me."

There was something playful in her voice, but also something genuine—like she was speaking half in jest and half in truth.

Then she looked at me again, more seriously this time.

"That woman... Anne, wasn't that her name? I think she's beginning to evolve."

"Evolve?" The word felt foreign coming out of my mouth. "You mean... like, evolve how?"

"I don't think you quite understand her potential," she said. "You see her as someone who exists solely to serve, but the ability to serve someone—truly, deeply—is far more complex than you think. Something about it shapes identity. Shapes purpose."

She turned toward the workshop where Anne's parts were scattered around, the dim orange glow of dwarf forges flickering inside like fireflies trapped in a cave.

"Perhaps the mana of this world is affecting her," she continued. "Changing her. The mana here is different. It's alive. It's potent. It has a will of its own sometimes. And she has been exposed to that mana long enough that it's beginning to influence her mind—her cognitive processes. She's becoming... something closer to human."

"So... you're saying Anne is turning into a person?" I asked, disbelief slipping into my tone without me meaning to.

"Not a person, Sirion," she corrected with a playful smirk. "But something close. She's gaining emotions that she shouldn't be able to feel at all under normal conditions."

Then her eyes shifted back to me.

"But meeting you is not a normal circumstance at all, Sirion. Not even close."

She stepped closer and placed a hand lightly on my chest. Her palm was warm, radiating a subtle heat even through my clothes.

"Your mana is bursting with life," she said softly. "So much that it practically overflows from you."

Honestly, that didn't surprise me. I already knew I carried an absurd amount of life force—enough to wake someone from eternal sleep, enough to give me stamina levels that honestly bordered on ridiculous. Hearing her say it just confirmed it again.

"I suppose your mana is what affected Anne," Agneis said. "Made her able to understand emotions. Mana overflowing with life can shape places. That's why the Great Forest became what it is. A land overflowing with mana so dense that it created an entire ecosystem—plants, animals, everything flourishing wildly. Anything exposed to that kind of mana will eventually awaken. Become something more."

Her gaze lingered on the workshop again.

"And with you being so close to Anne... it's only natural that part of that humanity would take root in her."