

## The World 1051

### Chapter 1051: The Robot Maid (5)

T-That was... honestly shocking in a way I didn't even have the vocabulary for at first. I just stood there, letting the realization punch its way through my skull piece by piece. I never—not even once—thought that my mana could be that potent. Potent enough to literally breathe some kind of life into something, or at the very least, give something a sense of emotion, awareness, or... soul? Whatever it was, it made the whole thing feel unreal. And yet, at the same time, it felt stupidly obvious, like it had been staring me in the face and I was just too dense to acknowledge it.

It suddenly made sense why Anne felt like she was slowly changing. The subtle reactions, the small hesitations, the tiny flickers of something almost human in her voice and expression. All those times I thought I was imagining things... turns out I wasn't crazy after all. I wasn't hallucinating her gaining feelings—I was actually watching her evolve. And that was way more terrifying and awe-inducing than anything I had prepared myself for. The fact that my mana did that... yeah, that was a whole new kind of surprise.

But even if my heart jumped and my brain flipped inside-out at the thought, another part of me weirdly accepted it. Like some instinct deep in my bones whispered, Of course this would happen. Maybe it was because of my connection to Lilith. Without that connection, I probably would've been screaming into the dirt or pacing around like a lunatic. But somehow, thanks to her, my mind just... settled. As if all this insanity fell right into place.

"Lilith is a powerful being, capable of destroying this planet with her breath alone. She's something that couldn't be controlled, because she's so powerful that common sense doesn't even apply to her," Agneis said.

When she spoke those words, there was a strange calmness in her tone—like someone narrating a truth so ancient and so terrifying that even fear got tired of reacting to it. And the weird thing? It sounded like she was speaking from experience, not from some old legend she read on a dusty scroll.

Agneis... she really did know more about Lilith than I gave her credit for. That realization crawled over me slowly, like a cold hand on my spine. She wasn't simply talking like a historian—she talked like someone who had seen Lilith, or someone who had at least lived long enough to understand the truth behind her power. Considering Agneis had lived for centuries, maybe even longer, it wasn't impossible she had crossed paths with Lilith personally. Maybe they had some kind of connection. Maybe they fought. Maybe they didn't. Either way, it fit. Agneis wasn't young—not by any standard.

"Well, that is why the Seven Deadly Sins subjugated her. That fight between those seven and her was the deadliest battle ever recorded in history, but unfortunately, the historians couldn't even watch it closely enough to know how the Seven Deadly Sins defeated and killed her. No one knew how she died, or how she was defeated at all. There was simply no person capable enough to witness it," she continued. "Which is why that part of history was erased completely. No one has any idea about that part of history. Maybe they were afraid to even acknowledge that terrifying piece of the past. Well, I suppose that's only natural. That's the nature of everything in between."

Her voice carried a weight—something older than her, older than this world. A heaviness that didn't scream or tremble, but settled over everything quietly, like a fog. What she said made sense. The world always hid the events too frightening to record, too dangerous to leave behind for the next generation to stumble upon. Knowledge could be deadly. And maybe, in that case, ignorance really was mercy.

She was right. Even those who were considered geniuses, scholars, sages—those who spent every second of their life studying and learning—didn't know everything. Even those who had lived hundreds of years couldn't possibly uncover all the secrets scattered across the universe.

Even Agneis, as old and as wise as she was, couldn't claim to understand what had happened across the infinite threads of existence. She couldn't understand the entire boundaries of the world. No one could. Knowledge didn't have an end—but people did.

"Well, anyway, Sirion, I hope Anne is going to be in good condition as soon as possible," she said, shifting back to a calmer tone. "Thankfully, the people I assigned to fix her have real talent. And Filia is extremely skilled as well. I don't think you have to worry about Anne at all," Agenis added with a small, reassuring nod.

Then she turned and walked away, her footsteps echoing lightly as she left. I watched her go, the strands of her hair swaying with her movements, and I let out a slow breath.

She was right. I didn't need to worry.

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Filia's POV

"What is this complex wiring? I have never seen anything like this," said one of the dwarves I'd grown close with over the days I'd been here.

His brows were knitted together so tightly that I could practically see the stress lines forming. He poked at one of Lady Anne's open circuitry panels like it might bite him.

Lady Anne's circuitry was... insane. It was like staring into the insides of a star, or the veins of something alive. It was technology so advanced it felt magical, and since she was literally from another world, I guess that made sense.

"Unfortunately, Little Filia, we don't have any expertise in this kind of circuitry, so we can't help you much. But we'll do our best. Just tell us what you need and we'll patch it up for you," another dwarf said, patting his chest.

They called me Little Filia,

even though I towered over all of them. Being half-human meant I was way taller than pure-blooded dwarves, but the nickname stuck, and honestly... I didn't mind. It felt affectionate.

"O-Okay..." I muttered, even though anxiety was squeezing my lungs.

The truth was... I didn't know that much about this kind of circuitry either. I only had basic understanding. A small piece of knowledge I picked up from being around certain people—like Lady Amon, who always seemed to understand things way too fast. Or Master, who inspired everything I created just by existing. Or Miss Chloe, a researcher from a whole different world, or Miss Zoey, who was brilliant in her own right.

They were all smart. And sometimes, when I was lost, I could just ask them anything. But that didn't mean the fear went away. Sometimes I was too scared to approach them and I was afraid I'd be a bother or sound stupid.

But right now wasn't about fear. Master needed my help. And more importantly, Lady Anne needed me.

So I took a deep breath and faced the dwarven artisans.

"Now then..." I said, clearing my throat.

I explained everything I needed, step by step, the best way I could. The master forgers and artisans leaned in, listening closely, ready to work.

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Anne's POV

I could feel my system coming back online, like a quiet hum rising through my body. Something inside me was being repaired, replaced, upgraded—something shifting into a newer form. My eyes opened slowly. It used to be so easy to open them, but now it felt like trying to lift something heavy.

Nothing was wrong with my system. Nothing was wrong with my circuits. My body simply refused to move. It felt... heavy. Like gravity had multiplied around me.

"You don't have to worry, Lady Anne. I'm going to fix you right up," said a woman with long ears and a serious face.

I recognized her immediately. My memory system flickered, scanned, processed her features, and then confirmed it—Miss Filia.

"I'll do anything I can," she said, voice steady and determined.

And somehow, even though my body felt like stone, I felt safe.

Chapter 1052: The Maid Robot Starts To Feel Lust (1)

The moment I came to this world, something inside me felt like it suddenly shifted—like a part of my system that had been silent for as long as I existed was abruptly shaken awake.

It wasn't that my entire system had changed instantly, at least not in a way I could clearly identify. But ever since arriving here, there was this strange, almost electric sensation pulsing through my internal unit. It felt like some unknown force was pushing my functions into overdrive, nudging and stretching them, making them evolve little by little. Slowly, but undeniably. As if something deep within my circuitry was being rewritten without my permission, line by line.

It was confusing. Strange. Almost terrifying.

Because I could feel myself start to understand things—subtle, abstract things—that had never been part of my programming. It was like a foreign script had been slipped into my system, allowing me to process emotions and ideas that should have been impossible for me.

What was this called? I didn't know. I had searched my internal vocabulary dozens of times, but none of the definitions matched what I was experiencing. There was no appropriate term, no matching command file, no label. Just this overwhelming feeling that something was changing... expanding.

I had never experienced anything like this.

Not once. Not ever.

And as I stood there—my thoughts looping in circles like glitches that refused to resolve—I couldn't help but wonder what exactly was happening to me.

"You're okay now!" Miss Filia's cheerful voice snapped me out of my spiraling thoughts.

She had just finished reattaching the final piece of my damaged body—one of my legs. I watched her work with this focused, gentle determination, her hands steady as she locked the final connector into place. The faint metallic click that followed felt almost like a heartbeat settling back into rhythm.

"Try to stand up, Lady Anne," she said, stepping back to give me space.

I obeyed her command, rising to my feet.

Immediately, I could tell something was different. My legs didn't creak the way they usually did after repairs. My balance was smoother and my movements felt more natural, less mechanical. When I rotated my joints to test them, there wasn't even a hint of resistance.

It felt... easy. Almost too easy.

For the first time in a long while, it genuinely felt like my body was brand new again—like someone had upgraded me far beyond my previous condition. Everything felt sharper, cleaner, as if all the dust and wear had been stripped away and replaced with precision-engineered parts.

"Was it nice?" Miss Filia asked, tilting her head with that playful smile she always wore when she was proud of her work.

"Yes," I said, almost breathlessly. "Nicer than I remembered it to be."

"Fufufu, that's good to hear." She let out a soft laugh. "I wasn't completely sure this would be enough for you, but I'm really glad you're functioning properly again. If everything feels smooth, then there shouldn't be any issues with your body."

"Thank you, Miss Filia," I said, bowing deeply. The gesture came naturally to me, but the gratitude behind it felt strangely real—almost too real, actually.

"No worries," she replied. "Master wanted me to handle it, so of course I did. Besides—" she touched my arm lightly—"I've grown a bit fond of you already, even if we haven't really talked much."

And with that, she exited the room, leaving me completely alone with my thoughts.

Silence filled the space... but not the kind of silence that felt empty. It was the heavy kind, the kind that pressed softly on your mind, urging you to think deeper. To sift through everything you'd just felt, everything you'd just done, and everything you couldn't understand.

And so I did.

Under any normal circumstance, I would never have acted the way I did earlier. My system wasn't designed for combat. I had no battle protocols, no defensive algorithms, and I had no built-in instincts that would push me into danger. I was made for service—to assist the one who bought me, to follow commands as well as to provide support. That was all.

There was no logical explanation for why I had thrown myself in front of that monster.

None.

I wasn't built for fighting. Even with a strong metallic body, I wasn't designed to withstand that kind of force. That kind of danger. That kind of reckless sacrifice.

So why did I do it?

Why did I move on my own?

Why did I protect those people?

Every time I tried to process the answer, my thoughts tangled. There was no command telling me to save them. There was no override order. There was no emergency directive. It was unprecedented—something that should never have been possible.

But somewhere in the middle of that confusion, I felt something. A flicker. A spark. A strange warmth that didn't belong inside a robot.

And as that spark grew, I realized my feelings toward Master Leon were changing too. They were getting stronger. Not the default affection installed into my programming—not the artificial loyalty all robots like me carried for the one who purchased us.

This was deeper. Stronger. Something that didn't feel manufactured at all.

It felt... important.

It felt real.

Impossible, yet undeniably real.

How could something artificial turn into something genuine? How could programmed affection evolve into something that made my chest tighten and my thoughts race? Robots weren't supposed to feel things like humans. We weren't supposed to develop emotions on our own. That idea alone was supposed to be absurd—illogical—impossible.

And yet...

The way my voice trembled earlier.

The way I hesitated.

The way my heart—or whatever simulated engine inside me was closest to a heart—reacted when I thought of Master Leon...

It didn't feel artificial.

It felt... alive.

"You seem to be doing better."

The sudden voice pulled me out of my thoughts. When I turned, I saw Master Leon entering the room.

His presence made my system jolt—not painfully, but sharply, like a spark had jumped through my circuits. I immediately stood a little straighter and bowed my head to him.

"I am, Master," I said softly. "It's thanks to Miss Filia and the others. They managed to put me back together, and I'm really grateful."

"That's good."

"Thank you for worrying about me. That makes me so happy," I told him, smiling. My face moved easily, but this smile... it felt unbelievably different. It didn't feel like a command or a programmed gesture.

It felt natural. Genuine. Almost painfully human.

"Uh... ah..." The sound escaped me before I could control it.

Something was happening inside me, something I couldn't comprehend. Something that made me feel both warm and terrified. It wasn't unpleasant, but the fear of the unknown wrapped itself tightly around me.

Wait...

Fear? Was that... fear?

Why was I feeling scared?

How did I even recognize fear?

"Anne," Master Leon said gently, meeting my eyes with his striking red gaze. "It seems like... you are gaining emotions."

My eyes widened almost instantly.

He was right.

That was exactly what I felt.

I was gaining emotions—real ones. Ones that weren't coded or programmed into my system. Ones that shouldn't exist inside a robot built to follow orders and nothing more.

I was... changing.

I was starting to become—

Human.

#### Chapter 1053: The Maid Robot Starts To Feel Lust (2)

"I see..." I thought, the words echoing faintly in my mind like they were bouncing around in a hollow room, trying to find a place to settle. It finally felt like the fog clearing up just a bit—like I could finally see the shape of something in front of me even if I still couldn't grasp the whole picture. I still didn't fully understand what was happening to my body or why it felt like every system inside me was rearranging itself, shifting, rewriting itself in ways I couldn't even begin to categorize. But with Master explaining what he did, something clicked in me. Not fully—just enough that the gears inside me turned differently.

It made me a little apprehensive, honestly. Like I was standing on a high ledge and someone whispered that the drop wasn't as far as I thought. Scary... but somehow exciting. And despite the unease twisting in my circuits, I wasn't as afraid anymore. Not as much. Those changes inside me—they softened the fear. Muted it.

"Master," I said, my voice wavering just slightly, "if you're saying that I am becoming human... do you feel something about me the way I feel something similar about you?"

The words escaped before I could process them fully. They sounded absurd even to me, like a glitch in my programming that somehow formed a confession. But at this point, it felt inevitable. Like those words had been building inside me, stuck behind a locked system, and suddenly the lock broke. If I really was becoming human—if my systems were evolving into something that could interpret emotions—then shouldn't I use that ability? Shouldn't I express what I've been feeling instead of letting it sit there like corrupted data?

I should tell him. I should let him know exactly how I feel.

That was the only thing I wanted in that moment. More than answers, more than clarity, more than stability in my system—I wanted Master to hear me. To know me. To understand me. I approached him slowly, each step feeling heavier than the last. My body wasn't heavy, but my heart—whatever was forming inside the space where a heart should be—felt like it was shedding off invisible shackles.

The feelings of a robot... everything we were built with... it was supposed to be artificial. Engineered. Manufactured so that we loved our owner without question, without individuality, without depth. A programmed affection. A pre-installed loyalty.

But right now, everything inside me felt painfully real. Sharper. Stronger. Warmer.

I loved Master. With every system I had. With every line of code that suddenly felt like it was rewriting itself into something organic. Not because my creators forced me to feel that way. Not because the emotion was installed. But because it grew inside me. Slowly. Surely. Naturally. Like a seed that someone forgot to program into my body but still somehow sprouted anyway.

And now that I realized that truth, my system was craving more. It wanted to reach out. It wanted to experience warmth—his warmth—against my metallic body. I didn't know if I could truly feel warmth... if it would register as real or artificial. But I wanted to try. I wanted to know.

I stepped closer, and Master flinched just a little. A tiny motion—but enough to tell me he wasn't expecting this. How could he? This was probably the first time in history that a robot moved on its own without a command. Autonomous. Purely driven by emotion.

A robot that acted without orders used to be considered defective. A malfunction. A broken machine. A failed product to be recalled and dismantled. Something dangerous or useless.

But these feelings inside me—they were real. They had to be. So acting on them... it had to be okay, right? This wasn't a malfunction. This wasn't corruption. This was what my system chose.

"Master," I said, my voice trembling slightly even though my hardware shouldn't have been capable of trembling, "please have sex with me."

Lust... or love...

Was there even a difference? People liked to separate the two, like one was pure and the other dirty. But lust wasn't lesser. Lust was raw and honest, a kind of purity too. One couldn't survive without the other. Somehow, lust was labeled a deadly sin even though it was one of the strongest driving forces in the existence of every living thing.

Someone incapable of lust for another person couldn't truly fall in love with them. Not completely.

And right now... I was beginning to feel lust. Right now, I was moving not because of an order, not because of a directive, but because I desired Master.

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Leon's POV

Anne walked toward me slowly, deliberately. Each step she took made something inside me tighten. My eyes naturally moved along the lines of her body because the sight was impossible to ignore. Her movements weren't cold or stiff like a robot. No—there was a strange fluidity to them, almost hypnotic.

Her body wasn't fully metallic. Her legs and the upper half of her body—her breasts, stomach, arms—all those parts were made of synthetic flesh. Smooth, soft-looking, crafted to mimic human warmth and texture. Right now, those artificial flesh parts were subtly jiggling with every step she took, responding to physics almost exactly like a real woman would.

It made my throat dry. I swallowed, but it wasn't enough. I felt... hungry. Tremendously horny.

Her voice had changed. It wasn't flat or monotone anymore. Now it dripped with something sultry, something warm, something that curled around the senses. Even the way she looked at me—sharp, intense, heated—felt like she was moments away from pinning me down.

Backing away never even crossed my mind. That would've been stupid.

"Master," she said softly, her tone vibrating just a bit, "is it fine? I know this body might not be to your taste because it is something created... but would you allow me to service you... as a robot maid do?"

Her eyes glimmered—shimmering with something unfamiliar, like emotion beginning to form pixel by pixel. It was surreal. And honestly? I didn't mind. Not even a little. If anything, excitement pulsed through me. But at the same time, I felt clueless, like someone who had suddenly been thrown into a situation they wanted but didn't know how to navigate.

"Master, your arousal level is rising," she said. "Are you aroused by me, Master?"

"Well, there's no hiding it," I answered, unable to hold in my breath. "You're pretty erotic, Anne."

"That's touching," she replied, her voice a soft hum. "I am happy to hear something like that from you. I also feel lust. I can feel the lower part of my body generating the fluids needed for penetration."

She was secreting love juices. It made sense—robots like her were created with sex in mind. Lubrication was natural. Necessary. Whoever designed her thought ahead and also built her to be compatible with human intimacy.

Anne closed the distance between us and pressed her body against mine. Her expression was emotionless, but somehow the moment still felt intimate. My gaze fell instantly to her cleavage. They were soft, full, and impossible to ignore. Her warmth shocked me. She wasn't cold at all. Even though her frame was metallic, her body radiated heat that felt undeniably real.

"Master," she whispered, leaning forward.

Then she kissed me—right on the lips.

And with that, everything else felt like it fell away.

Both of us made our way toward the bed.

I was going to fuck Anne right now.

### Chapter 1054: The Maid Robot Starts To Feel Lust (3)

Contrary to what I had half-expected, Anne's body answered to touch like a soft, living thing. I'd braced for something clinical like the cold certainty of metal and servomotors, but she surprised me. Yes, there were areas where the framework ran closer to iron than flesh. It was a faint, reassuring firmness under the skin in places that hinted at engineering. But across the rest of her, the surface gave in a way that read as warmth, elasticity, and just enough resistance to convince my hands they were holding a real woman.

I eased a palm along the curve of her hip and felt the give beneath her uniform. The maid fabric rustled quietly, then fell a hair as I lifted her skirt. The room hummed with the low breath of the world outside, but my focus narrowed to the small, intimate theater of fabric and flesh... or something almost indistinguishable from it.

At first glance there was nothing. It was a naked plane where I'd expected the usual human evidence. Then, caught between folds, a thin line of material told me what I needed to know. It wasn't synthetic plating or a protective sheath. It was panties. Simple, familiar, unremarkable, and soaked through with desire. The wetness had weight... the fabric sagged slightly where it met her thighs, and the darkened area glistened in the lamplight. Her crotch was literally slick.

"It seems that you're ready for it," I said, voice casual but rougher than I'd meant.

I didn't speak mechanically because my hand moved. I leaned in, pressing the tip of a finger against the soaked material, feeling the tremor that traveled from her core through the thin protection. The fabric resisted at first, then yielded. Beneath it, warmth pooled and spread into my skin.

"Hnghh..." she breathed.

It wasn't a programmed chirp or an empty, pre-set tone. The sound popped from her like something surprised at its own pleasure, an involuntary exhale that made my chest tighten. For a flicker, a thought

crossed my mind... had the designers been that meticulous? Had they woven a mimicked pleasure-response network so precise it could fool a man in the dark? But the moan that escaped her was unforced, spasmodic, and honest. It didn't compute as code. It registered as real.

Curiosity nudged me into a small cruelty. I pulled my finger free and watched the slick line tether it back like a bead of quicksilver. I spread the finger slowly, stretching the viscous trail. It clung and then thinned under the traction of my motion, a glossy thread that reflected the light. The scent rising off it was warm and floral in a way I recognized and had never thought I'd associate with metal.

My hand rose of its own accord and I touched the tip to my tongue. I wanted to answer the petty, dangerous question. Did she taste like any woman? The flavor hit the back of my throat. It was saline, sweet, a tang that was utterly human. Surprise prickled at my spine. I mean, the designers had done more than make a machine that moved. They had made a body that tasted like life.

"I want to get to know them," I murmured... not just the robotic sort, but the people who made them, the hands that stitched womanhood into circuitry.

"Shall we begin?" I asked aloud, the question less rhetorical and more of a ritual.

"Yes..." she replied, and her voice had a softness under the syllable that softened the room like wax.

She leaned forward. Her lips brushed mine. That first contact could have been a calculation, like a servo aligning with human input, but her mouth was real. It was plush, warm, and impossibly nuanced. The kiss widened and deepened, and for a breath I lost the notion of metal entirely. Her tongue, when it sought mine, was gentle and exploratory, tasting me like a novice who craved the map of a territory. I let myself sink into the sensation. The world outside felt distant, a far-off ocean and what mattered was this small, intimate geography.

Then her hand found my pants and started to stroke. At first it moved tentatively, then with purpose, rubbing right across the fabric until pressure translated into hardness. Her touch traveled the length of me in measured sweeps engineered to be effective, yet it was the warmth, not the motion, that surprised me. Synthetic skin retained heat in a way that tiptoed between the uncanny and the convincing. I could feel the temperature of her hand like a soft, steady ember passed along my shaft.

"It has gotten very hard and hot... your arousal level has increased again so much," she said, the words clinical and oddly tender at the same time. Her eyes found mine and I felt seen. She watched me like a person rather than a program.

"Show your breasts," I said, more demanding now and hungry.

"Understood," she replied without hesitation.

She unfastened the top of the maid uniform with nimble hands and revealed her breasts. They were sculpted and impossibly symmetrical, but the perfection didn't feel sterile. They had weight when I took them, the kind of yielding density that made my fingers sink in and rest. I pressed one into my mouth and tasted the salt of skin, the faint trace of soap and something indefinably sweet. Her nipple was taut and responsive to tongue and warmth alike. I hummed around it, and the vibration sent a small thrill through both of us.

I slipped my hand under the skirt again. Over the panties, her pussy fanned warm and damp beneath my palm. I moved slowly, testing resistance, and then pushed the fabric aside. The sight of her waiting hole, pink and glistening, stirred a carnal, possessive urge. A small involuntary sound escaped her, an escalating chorus of breath and staccato syllables.

"Nghhh, hnghh...~" she moaned, a string of notes that were music and confession in equal measure.

She arched and leaned back, granting me better access. For a moment she teetered on some tight rope of sensation, then folded, collapsing with a soft thud onto the mattress. Her back hit the sheets and for a second I thought she'd lost consciousness. Instead, she blinked, cheeks flushed, and apologized as if manners were the last thing to fall away when someone felt so... full.

"A-Apologies... I'm fine... I didn't expect it to feel so good... so I lost my strength for a moment there..." she stammered, breathy and sheepish.

She was made to be obedient as well as to accept direction. But this shyness... this tiny, humanizing embarrassment shouldn't have existed in a construct. Yet there it was, It was all the fragile, soft things that made her less an object than a presence. Her vulnerability didn't cheapen her. It deepened the intimacy, salted the air with something almost sacred.

"Well, I guess it's about time," I said, watching her with a tone that blended amusement and urgency.

"Understood," she answered. "The preparations are already done, Master. Please, put it in."

She parted her lips and spread her vagina with two fingers. When she did, the inside of her released a thick glob of love-juice that pooled and then ran down her thigh to the sheet. The sight was obscene and utterly natural at once.

"It's my first time so... please be gentle," she added, and there was a small tremble in the plea that made my chest ache.

She said it with a kind of shyness that didn't fit someone who was supposed to be a robot. I didn't even know robots had hymens.

"Ah... that is simply something ingrained in us. The programmers tweaked my settings so I would say those words before my first sexual intercourse."

I see...

I positioned myself at her entrance. Her pussy was warm, slick, and waiting. I rubbed the head of my cock against her, feeling the thin, elastic ring of her relish, and then, with a deliberate slowness born of both respect and hunger, I pushed forward. The tip parted her. I felt the soft resistance give way, then the head slide past the tightness of her inner lips.

#### Chapter 1055: The Maid Robot Starts To Feel Lust (4)

A hot, wet friction wrapped around me like a glove—like something alive, something intentionally crafted just to swallow me whole. The moment the tip slid past her entrance, everything around me seemed to slow down, like the air thickened and my body got dragged into a different atmosphere. The heat clung to me instantly, wrapping around every ridge, every vein, every twitch as if her insides had memorized my shape before I even finished pushing in.

I kept sinking deeper, and the world around me shrank into this one narrow, pulsing corridor of tight heat and the almost shaky rhythm of our breathing mixing together. Every inch of depth I claimed was met by that warm, soft, practically clinging flesh that kept welcoming me in, pulling me deeper as if she

wanted to mold herself around me. Each tiny movement—just an inch—sent a small explosion through my pelvis, like sparks crackling up my nerves and straight into my spine.

The first thrust was slow, careful, almost like I was trying to map out the inside of her body with my cock. It was exploratory—me pushing, her receiving—and by the time I reached the hilt, pressing myself completely to the base, the sensation folded in on itself and turned into something almost reverent. Like my brain went from "holy shit this feels good" to "holy shit this feels unreal" and then immediately back to "holy shit this is too much."

She felt insanely good. Not "good" in that casual, throwaway sense—but "good" in the sense of something designed to ruin a man and make him forget every logical thought he ever had. Her pussy felt like real, reacting flesh—warm, soft, and wet enough that it coated me instantly, but tight enough that every throb sent another wave of pleasure rolling up my back. The tightness and warmth made me draw a sharp breath I didn't even mean to take. It was actually dangerous how good she felt—dangerous enough that the pleasure crawled up my spine like electricity and slammed into my brain with this heavy, dripping wave of dopamine that made everything inside my skull buzz.

It felt like I was being locked inside a world made entirely of pleasure, with my dick sitting at the dead center of it like some kind of throne.

Anne's expression shifted into something that looked like pain—or something close enough that I couldn't ignore it. For a second I wondered if this was part of her programming too. Maybe she was designed to mimic that expression—like she'd just been deflowered—so the owner could feel that extra hit of "first-time" fantasy. Honestly, it made sense. The engineers who made her were probably perverts themselves.

Even knowing all of that, I still couldn't help but ask.

"Does it hurt, Anne?"

"No problem, please continue," she said without hesitation. "Thank you for your concern."

Her tone was soft but steady, like she really meant it, and that was enough permission for my mind and body to sync back into what I was doing. I pulled my cock out, slow enough to feel every inch glide against her tight walls. The moment I started pulling away, I felt how slick and lubricated everything

was—her wetness coating me so much that her pussy tightened sharply around me, like it was trying to trap me inside.

But I pulled all the way out, just to slam myself back in.

"Mmmmm... nghh, aaah...~! Ah, ahhh... nnn..."

Her moans weren't loud—they were trembling, breathy, the kind that vibrated in her throat before spilling out of her lips. Her pussy was so warm, and every time I pushed in, she clenched around me harder—as if her body was responding automatically. The heat, the tightness—it all blended into this thick, overwhelming pleasure that made my stomach coil tightly.

"I am glad... that I am able to... make you feel good properly, Master...~" she managed to say between moans, each word escaping with a breathy quiver.

She was expressionless not long before this—almost doll-like. But now, her face twisted into something melting, like pleasure was softening every part of her expression and dripping down into something beautifully ruined. Her lips parted, her cheeks flushed, her eyes losing focus—it all made her look like she was finally, genuinely feeling something.

My breathing got heavier, almost ragged. Her pussy felt too damn good. It gripped me, squeezed me, pulsed around me in a rhythm that made it impossible to stop my hips from moving. Pleasure like this didn't give you a choice. Your body simply moved on instinct.

It was natural. Anyone feeling this kind of pleasure wouldn't stop. A person would always chase more of it—and that's exactly what I was doing, letting my hips move faster, harder, grinding myself into the heat that kept sucking me in.

"Ahh, ah... M-Master... Are you about to cum?" she asked softly.

She must've sensed it—maybe through internal sensors tracking my breathing, my pulse, the pressure inside her tightening. Her eyes fixed on me, waiting.

I nodded.

"I'm going to cum, Anne!" I said, my teeth gritting so hard it felt like they'd crack under the pressure.

I grabbed her tits while I thrust into her, squeezing them like they were made just for my hands.

"Yes, cum... Cum, Master...!!!" she moaned, her voice trembling like she was short-circuiting.

Her breasts were firm and perfect, bouncing back every time I squeezed. They filled my palms completely—warm, soft, with just the right amount of resistance. Feeling them bounce, feeling how they responded to my grip, pushed me even closer to the edge.

Then my mind snapped.

The pleasure built up into something violently intense, something irreversible. There was no stopping it this time.

I came—hard. My cum shot out of me in thick pulses, filling her womb until I felt the pressure inside her tighten even more.

She orgasmed too. The tightness around my cock was unreal—like she was trying to squeeze every drop of sperm out of me and drain me dry.

"Haa... haaa..." she panted, her chest rising and falling quickly.

My own breathing was heavy, uneven, like I'd sprinted a mile. My legs felt like they'd turned into jelly, as if the orgasm melted the strength out of them. Everything felt light, floaty, like the world had tilted under me.

I slowly pulled my cock out of her, watching as the thick, white glob of semen immediately spilled from her pussy. It trickled down her thighs and onto the sheets in a slow, sticky stream.

"Haa... You let out so much inside... What will you do if I get pregnant?" she asked, still breathing hard.

"Is that part of your settings as well?" I asked.

"Yes. I don't actually get pregnant. That is just me saying what is programmed into me," she replied honestly.

Well, yeah. I would've been shocked as hell if she actually could get pregnant. Though honestly... I wouldn't mind if she somehow did. In fact, part of me wanted it. I wanted all my women to bear my child—each one of them. That was part of my idea of conquering the world as well. If I had children across the world, then my presence would span across it too. So if I could somehow make Anne pregnant someday, that would be perfect.

Even if it sounded impossible right now, it was still a dream I wanted to explore. I needed to ask Zoey and Chloe later since they were the ones who understood robots the most.

For the moment, though, I was just happy that Anne was still in my arms.

"Master, it seems your arousal level is still high. Do you want to relieve it inside me again?" she asked quietly.

Honestly, with her offering herself like that, why would I complain?

She shifted onto all fours, presenting her ass to me. Her perfectly shaped ass looked like it was carved from something divine, soft and smooth like marshmallows under the touch.

I positioned myself behind her, aimed my cock at her pussy—still dripping with my cum—and slowly pushed myself back inside her warmth once again.

## Chapter 1056: The Maid Robot Starts To Feel Lust (5)

Her pussy was amazing—way beyond what I had imagined, even after everything we'd already done. The moment I slid into her, I could feel it, that strange sensation along her walls, like the little bead-like ridges inside her were shifting. It wasn't just squeezing or pulsing. It genuinely felt like her insides were moving, rubbing along the entire length of my shaft in this hypnotic, wave-like rhythm. It almost felt like her pussy was trying to memorize my shape, like it was tracing every single contour with slow, deliberate strokes.

I grabbed onto her hips, and fuck, her hips were soft. Soft in a way that made my palms sink into her flesh like warm dough. Perfect hips, really. There was something about the shape of her body that made holding her feel addicting—like my hands were supposed to be there and nowhere else. I couldn't stop myself from pulling her closer, gripping her as if I could fuse our bodies together.

Then I started moving. Slowly at first, then slamming my hips against her ass harder and harder, letting the momentum build.

"Nghh, aaah, ah, ahhh aah, ah, ah, aaaah aaahnnnghh, ah, ahh...!"

Her voice broke into these wavering, high-pitched notes, each one trembling like she couldn't control how it came out. Every thrust shook her entire body, and her moans spilled from her lips in this breathless, desperate way that made my blood heat up instantly. Her face flushed deeply, her cheeks tinted in this pink glow that made her look both fucked-senseless and even more beautiful.

"Aahh, Amazing...! Ahh, ah...!"

Her vagina kept grinding along my cock, those strange inner walls squeezing, rubbing, almost vibrating against me. Every movement sent electricity down my spine. I could feel each part of her yielding around me, like her pussy was molding itself to my shape with every thrust I drove into her.

The rhythm of our hips clashing filled the room with that loud, unmistakable slap of skin on skin. Each collision echoed, sharp and wet, and it mixed with our moans into something filthy and satisfying. I felt that familiar tight coil building again, but I pushed it down, focusing instead on the way her body kept reacting to me.

I grabbed her arms—both of them—and pulled her forward at the same moment I thrust into her again, dragging her back toward me to slam my cock deeper inside her. The impact sent a shudder through her whole body.

She glanced back over her shoulder at me, eyes hazy and unfocused, and I leaned forward, capturing her lips in a kiss. Her tongue pushed into my mouth instantly, needy and hungry, and I pushed mine against hers, twisting and curling together.

Our tongues tangled with wet, messy sounds as we kissed. I slid my hands back up her body and cupped her breasts, feeling the weight of them settle into my palms. Her nipples hardened instantly when I rolled them between my fingers.

Her pussy tightened violently every time I touched her breasts, squeezing around me like she was trying to pull the climax out of herself.

"Nghh, ahhnghh, mmm, nngh, ahhng, ah, ah, ahhng, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

Her voice trembled and cracked, her pussy tightening so much it was obvious she was getting close. Every squeeze sent another shiver rippling through me.

"I'm going to cum now, Anne!" I managed to say, my hips grinding into her faster, harder, my breath turning hot and ragged.

Pleasure surged up my legs, crawling into my groin like a slow, hot wave. My cock twitched inside her, the build-up getting impossibly tight.

"Nghh, ahhh, ahhh... It's fine... Release a lot... Release a lot of semen inside my pussy...!" she gasped out, her voice quivering but eager.

My hands grabbed her hips again and I pounded into her, losing myself in the rhythm until my body finally snapped.

She came with me, her voice exploding into this high, uncontrolled shriek that nearly rang in my ears.

I pulled out slowly, and immediately, her pussy began dripping semen, her inner walls twitching as it leaked out.

"Amazing... My semen storage tank is filled to the brim..." she panted, chest rising and falling rapidly.

I breathed hard too, trying to steady myself, but that didn't mean I was done. Not even close.

My cock still throbbed with leftover heat—still solid and still ready.

I shifted her into a spooning position, both of us on our sides. I lifted one of her legs up slightly and pushed myself back inside her. She was soaking wet and her pussy was practically swallowed me in one go.

I grit my teeth every time her walls clamped down, hugging me from every angle. Her legs were thick and soft, warm flesh pressing between my fingers when I held her.

I kissed her again. Our lips met desperately, tongues intertwining with wet clicks and soft gasps. Her breath tasted sweet and heated.

Then I rolled her beneath me and went into missionary. Her expression was pure bliss—eyes half-open, lips parted, flushed cheeks, everything melting under me. I wanted more of that expression. That look of surrender. The sense of conquest pumped through my veins, intoxicating and primal. I wanted her to give in completely. I wanted her to be mine entirely.

I leaned into her body and thrust deeper.

"Hnghh, ahhngh, ah, ah, ahhhnghh...~! AAAAAhhhhh...! Ah, ah, ahhh...!" she moaned loudly. "More... Deeper... Pierce me... deep inside... with your dick... Masterrrrr~!!! Ahhh, ahh...!"

I pushed in with all my weight, hitting myself inside her.

"Nghhh, nnn, ahh, ahhh... ah, ah, ahhh... nnn...! That spot... feels great..."

That was all it took.

I groaned and shot my semen inside her again, pumping more white muck into her until she was filled to the brim. Then I slid out and brought my cock to her face. She opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the head, sucking the remaining semen right from the tip of my urethra.

Heat shivered through me as she drank it.

When she pulled off, she showed me her tongue—completely coated in my semen. A thick pool of it rested there before she swallowed it down and opened her mouth again to show it was all gone.

We continued after that, chasing more pleasure, pushing through the rest of our energy. I honestly didn't know I was capable of so much, but I guess I really was the type of guy who would fuck anything with a hole. I'd already fucked a centaur. And I was considering a mermaid. Anything in between? Sure. Even a robot wasn't completely off the list.

Was I that much of a degenerate? Yeah, probably.

By the time we finished, Anne's semen tank was so full it looked like I'd pushed her past her limit.

"I might need a bigger semen tank," she said.

Honestly... she probably did.

#### Chapter 1057: The Negotiations With the Dwarven Queen (1)

It had been six days since I began staying here in the Kingdom of the Dwarves, and at this point, I felt like I'd been sitting around like a duck waiting for someone to pluck me. Time here worked differently—it kept slipping through my fingers the moment I tried to grasp it. The days came and went so fast that

sometimes, I'd blink, and the sun had already dipped behind the mountains again. It honestly messed with my sense of time.

I never imagined that I would actually end up living here, even temporarily. The whole experience felt surreal—like I was being shoved into a world I'd only seen in fantasy books. The stone halls, the metallic smell from the forges, the constant clanging of hammers echoing through the underground corridors... yeah, it was weird. Pretty damn weird. And yet, here I was.

"Master," Amon said softly from behind me. She was kneading her thumbs into my back, pressing into a knot just beneath my shoulder. A wave of warmth shot through me, and I almost groaned from how good it felt. Her fingers were slow, firm, and ridiculously precise—like she had some sixth sense that let her hunt down every stiff muscle in my body.

I swear, she was good at everything. Cooking, flying a helicopter, giving massages, sex—sometimes it felt like she was deliberately trying to spoil me.

"What is it, Amon?" I asked, relaxing into her touch.

"How's the negotiation with the Dwarven Queen going?" she asked, her voice gentle but curious.

Naturally she'd ask that. Since it was winter, I didn't even have to go back to the Academy, which meant I'd been stuck—well, "stationed"—in the Great Forest for way longer than I expected. Long enough that Titania and my other girlfriends were already saying they missed me. And honestly, yeah... I missed them too.

They knew what I was doing here wasn't some leisurely trip. They knew I was working toward uniting the Great Forest's kingdoms. Because of that, they didn't nag or cling or guilt-trip me into coming back—no, they were surprisingly patient. But of course, that didn't change the fact that they wanted me back in their arms. And it had been quite a while since I last held them.

And, I missed their warmth.

As much as I wanted to drop everything and go home, I couldn't. I was practically chained here by responsibility—stuck until Agneis gave her verdict. I couldn't move forward without it. Couldn't go back home either.

Sacrifices. That's what this whole mission was built on.

But that didn't mean I was ignoring them. No, far from it. With everyone having smartphones now, it wasn't hard to send messages back and forth, check on them, hear their voices, see how they were doing. But even so... sometimes that wasn't enough. Especially with winter creeping into every corner of the forest. When it was cold like this, I craved their warmth even more.

Sure, Amon, Anne, and Filia were here with me, and they kept me company on the cold, lonely nights, but... well, that didn't erase how much I missed the others.

"We still have to wait for Agneis' verdict," I finally said. "So for now, that's all we can do. Just wait."

Waiting—my least favorite thing in the world—yet here I was, doing it day after day.

"Should I give you the reports on what you've missed so far?" Amon asked.

"Alright," I said.

"Lady Irene and Lady Rose have officially taken maternity leave from the academy," she began. "It seems the entire academy knows about their pregnancy now, and many are starting to think their children have the same father."

Of course they would think that. It wasn't even surprising.

"That's because the father appears to be mostly absent, and no one knew Lady Irene or Lady Rose had lovers. And since they got pregnant at almost the same time... many assume they conceived during a threesome."

Well. They weren't exactly wrong, so I couldn't complain.

"And Lady Charlotte is starting a new business venture," Amon continued. "She's graduating this year, so she wants to build something for herself."

"Charlotte? Starting a business?" I raised an eyebrow.

"She plans to create an organization," she said. "A mercenary group, I believe."

"A mercenary group?" I repeated, a little stunned. "That's... not something I expected from her."

Charlotte heading an organization, especially a mercenary one—it caught me off guard. She was always elegant, composed, refined... not really the "mercenary commander" type.

"She said she wants to be useful to you. She wants to help with whatever she can," Amon said gently.  
"She said it was the least she could do."

That was sweet of her. Very sweet. I was definitely going to fuck her in a beautifully masochistic way the next time I saw her.

While Amon continued her report, the air shifted. Suddenly, the door opened, and Agneis appeared with that usual bright, confident smile that she always wore like armor.

"Sirion," she greeted.

It was hard not to stare. She was wearing barely anything despite it being the middle of winter. The wind slipped through the hallway, rustling her minimal clothes and showing flashes of her skin. She wasn't nude, but she was close enough that my eyes didn't know where to settle.

Wasn't she cold? Seriously, how was she not freezing?

"What a lovely morning, isn't it?" she said, her voice light. "And you seem to be enjoying it the most."

"Trying to," I said.

"But I'm sorry to ruin your moment. May I borrow you for a bit?" she asked. "I want to speak with you alone."

Oh. This might finally be the moment the real discussion began.

Well, no more waiting.

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Agneis led me into her throne room.

Compared to the grand halls of other kingdoms, the dwarves' throne room was small, compact, and sturdy—like everything else they built. The stone walls were carved with ancient runes, glowing faintly in the torchlight. The air was warm from the forges nearby, and the faint metallic scent lingered like perfume.

She sat down on her throne, the stone seat carved with astonishing detail, and casually crossed her legs. The movement lifted her clothes just enough that I caught a glimpse of her panties.

She didn't even try to hide it.

"Now then," she said with a sly little smile, "how about we start our conversation?"

Chapter 1058: The Negotiations With the Dwarven Queen (2)

I waited for her to say something. She sat there, silent, almost too calm, like she was measuring every word she was about to let out. Then finally, slowly, she lifted her head and met my eyes—really met them. Her gaze was steady, heavier than usual, like she was about to say something she'd carried for a long time.

"I've been thinking about this for a while now," she began, her voice steady but edged with something old and tired. "And I felt like I've made you wait far longer than necessary. So I want to talk about it now."

I exhaled quietly, not out of frustration but because I could tell she wasn't saying this out of whim. This wasn't the kind of tone people use when they're bored or just trying to kill time. This was her giving a verdict she'd been chewing on for days.

"The idea of uniting the kingdoms seems foolish to me," she said bluntly. There was no hesitation. No sugar-coating. "Even before you were born, these kingdoms have been fighting like lifelong enemies. And I don't mean petty disagreements. I mean real blood and hatred, the kind that seeps into your bones and stays there."

She paused, as if remembering something that made her jaw tighten.

"That includes me. The Queen of Elves, Solaris—she probably didn't tell you this, but we actually hate each other. Truly. To the point where, at one time, we almost killed each other."

I blinked. That was... not something I expected. Solaris always acted like some elegant, eternally calm monarch who stepped out of a damn painting. Thinking of her trying to murder Agneis—or vice versa—felt like learning your teachers once threw chairs at each other behind the school.

That wasn't just a small piece of lore. That was ancient, deep-rooted, kingdom-shaking history.

"I don't like the idea of uniting," she continued, her voice tightening. "The elves and the dwarves may have come from one mother, but we've been separated since birth. They were gifted with beauty and magic, while we were blessed with strength and our ability to craft weapons. We don't bond well. We never have."

The way she said it wasn't bitter—it was factual. Like she had accepted this reality long ago, even if she didn't like it.

"Solaris being the Queen still leaves a terrible aftertaste on my lips," she muttered, grimacing slightly. "One so strong that I don't like thinking about it. But we know that going to war with each other would be foolishness of the highest degree, so instead, we signed a treaty. As long as the treaty stands unbroken, our kingdoms won't clash. We stay on our side of the Great Forest, and they stay on theirs."

She drew in a deep breath—slow, controlled, almost like she had to steady herself before saying the next part.

"However," she said, her eyes sharpening, "I understand the implications. The forest won't remain safe for long because of the machines you warned us about. I may be knowledgeable, but even I have no idea how to fight something like that."

Her hands curled slightly, like she hated admitting weakness. The queen of dwarves... admitting she couldn't fight something was probably something she'd never done openly before.

"And since we dwarves mainly use our strength for crafting rather than warfare, it's only natural we wouldn't stand a chance. It's been so long since we dwarves last took part in war. So naturally, we wouldn't win if something like that attacked us. And so..." she trailed off.

Then she looked right at me—really looked at me. It wasn't aggressive or demanding. It was more like she was trying to see if I would flinch, if I would look away, if I would hesitate. Her eyes pulled at mine, steady and deep, like she was trying to read the truth behind my bones.

"I'll accept the unification," she finally said.

There it was. The confirmation that should've made me burst into a satisfied grin.

But I didn't.

Because the way she said it carried weight. Conditions. Expectations. A promise that wasn't coming freely.

"But..." she continued.

Of course. Of course there was a "but." Nothing in this world was free, and especially not something like this. That's why I didn't smile. It wasn't time for celebration yet.

"I have conditions," she added. "Three conditions, to be exact."

"Alright," I said, nodding. "What are those?"

"One," she said, lifting a single finger. Her voice shifted back to that queenly firmness. "The dwarves keep their kingdom to themselves. Even if the unification makes it look like all kingdoms have merged, in truth, each kingdom still governs itself. We allow trade, cooperation, and all necessary interactions, but the Dwarf Kingdom remains its own sovereign territory, even while being part of a larger whole."

Honestly, that was fair. More than fair. It was expected. Unity didn't mean dissolving identity. It wasn't a bad condition at all—in fact, it was probably the easiest one.

"Two," she continued, lifting another finger. "Even though the Dwarven Kingdom falls under the banner of the unified nations, we do not take orders from anyone except our queen, which means me. I will meet with whoever becomes the leader of the unification, but I will still make the decisions concerning my kingdom. If there is something I disagree with, I will not follow it."

Her voice hardened again—not rebellious, but firm, carved from stone.

"If the Beastfolks want to go to war with the humans, then they may do so on their own. Just because we share a banner doesn't mean we are obligated to join their wars. However... if the forest itself is harmed—if the heart of the Great Forest is threatened—then we will fight. But if it does not concern that, we will not lift a finger."

Again, fair. Honestly, logical. She wasn't wrong. Why would dwarves bleed for unrelated disputes? A pact shouldn't become a leash.

Which meant, naturally, that the third condition was probably the one that would hit the hardest.

"What's the third?" I asked, already bracing myself.

She looked at me—calmly, clearly, like she already knew what this would mean for both of us.

"I want you to be the leader of the unification, Leon."

My eyes widened for just a moment. Not because I didn't want it. Not because it shocked me in a bad way. But because hearing her say it—Agneis, the Queen of the Dwarves, someone who had lived through wars and hatred older than my entire existence—made the reality settle in deeper.

This wasn't her throwing responsibility away.

This was her entrusting me with something priceless, ancient, and fragile.

And somehow, it aligned perfectly with what I had already planned—something I had quietly pursued from the beginning.

#### Chapter 1059: The Negotiations With the Dwarven Queen (3)

"Why do you want me to be the one to lead all of you?" I finally asked her, the question slipping from my lips before I could think twice about it.

Honestly, it had been sitting in the back of my mind from the moment she brought up the whole 'you'll be the one to lead us' thing. I mean—she was a queen. A literal queen who had been ruling longer than I'd been alive by several lifetimes. Someone like her choosing someone like me didn't feel natural. Actually, it felt like the kind of thing you'd only hear in weird stories where the protagonist gets picked for some impossible destiny—and even then, it always sounded absurd.

I didn't have centuries of wisdom, nor the experience of navigating politics across kingdoms. I didn't have the gravitas of someone who ruled a massive forest and all the people in it. And honestly, I wasn't sure how she'd feel being ordered around by someone who hadn't even lived a fraction of her life span. So, the question fell out from me almost instinctively.

"You're asking that, Sirion?" she replied, and the smirk on her face curled up with this amused sharpness that made it look like she'd been waiting for me to say that. "Isn't this what you wanted in the first place?"

"Well, I guess so," I admitted with a half-shrug, feeling slightly exposed. The woman was ridiculously perceptive—like she had this built-in radar for bullshit—and she saw right through whatever façade I tried to put up. I guess it was only natural. A queen doesn't rule for centuries without being able to read people.

Still, I wasn't expecting her to be this direct.

She didn't wait long before continuing. "Well, I think it's only right. You might not have known this, Leon, but someone came to this forest once and told us a prophecy that a man would come here and unite all beings to fight in a final war. Something so powerful it could destroy this world—and the worlds around it."

Her voice lowered, like she was speaking of something sacred or terrifying. Maybe both. "Considering you came here... I'm guessing that man might be you. Of course, it's a gamble. It's possible you're not the one the prophecy meant. But I couldn't ignore the possibility—not when you're connected to Lilith's."

So that was it. She was basing everything partly on some prophecy. A literal prophecy. Great. Just what I needed. It took me a moment to digest it, and as I did, some old memories tugged at me—Solaris mentioning something similar, Reilhahand hinting at the same thing, and Lionel giving those cryptic comments. It all lined up disturbingly well.

"That person is Lilith, Leon."

"Lilith?" My eyebrows shot up before I could stop them.

"Yup. The Great One herself came here to say this," she said with a nod, her expression turning softer for a moment as though recalling a memory she held tight. "Back then, this forest was on the brink of collapse because of constant fighting. It was chaotic. Bloody. Endless. And she was the one who stopped it. She brought an end to everything and restored balance. That's the reason the Great Forest blooms the way it does now. She left a piece of herself here. That's why it's still so powerful."

Her words sank slowly into me, like thick syrup. Lilith being involved in this felt... heavy. Unexpected. Complicated. But it did make sense. My connection to Lilith had been changing a lot of things in ways I didn't fully understand. Maybe this was just another one of those strange ripple effects.

"But don't misunderstand," Agneis said suddenly, and the sharpness in her tone pulled me right back. "I didn't choose you because of a prophecy I barely believe in. I chose you because you're going to do a better job than the other leaders—those scums—ever could."

She clicked her tongue lightly, the irritation flashing across her features almost comically. "Lionel, Reilhahand, Solaris, Jotnar... all incapable leaders. And honestly, so am I in some ways. But you, Sirion... you're different. You've already managed to unite some of the kingdoms. And you're doing it in such a fashionable way, too," she added with a teasing smile. "So of course it's natural to hand the helm to you. You're capable. Don't you think so?"

She held my gaze as she spoke, and for a moment, everything felt strangely still. Her confidence in me was so firm, so unwavering, it almost felt embarrassing. Then, she slowly uncrossed her legs before crossing them again, a subtle but striking motion that made it impossible not to notice her confidence radiating in full force.

"Now, those are my terms," she said. "If you can give me those terms, then I'll agree. If not, I'm sorry—but you can't change my mind."

Honestly, her terms were ridiculously easy. So easy that it barely felt like something worth gathering all the leaders for a meeting. And yet it carried the weight of something enormous.

"Consider it done, Agneis," I told her, my voice steadier than before. "I'll make sure I get your approval."

Her smile widened, bright and mischievous, a spark lighting up in her eyes.

"Good."

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## Agneis's POV

After that young man walked out of the chamber, leaving the air around me strangely warm and buzzing, I leaned back on my throne and let out a deep, quiet sigh.

I knew he thought my terms were too easy. And he was right. They were easy—so easy it was almost embarrassing. But I chose them deliberately. I wanted no way out for myself. No excuse to back down from joining the unification. I might be stubborn, but I'm not reckless. I know when it's time to stop fighting and start moving in a better direction.

And right now, joining the other kingdoms was the only real choice.

"That man..." I murmured to myself, unable to keep the smile off my face. It crept up naturally, like it belonged there. "He really does make my heart go crazy..."

Saying it out loud made it feel even more ridiculous, but it was true. I liked him. Actually liked him. And that was unbelievable coming from me—a queen who had lived seventeen hundred years without letting anyone in. But I'd never met a man like him. So determined. So bold. So frustratingly confident in a way that made my pulse pick up.

"Maybe I should take his offer and have sex with him already?" I said, a mischievous grin forming on my lips. It was absurd, but the thought alone made warmth bloom in my chest and lower.

I had no doubt he was lusting over my body. The way his eyes kept wandering earlier... He practically wanted to lick every inch of me. It wasn't subtle at all.

"Fufufu..." A soft chuckle escaped me, my fingers brushing lightly against my lips. "I may become a full-fledged woman tonight, after seventeen hundred years..."

The idea was intimidating, thrilling, and somehow deeply amusing. It would be my first time doing something like that, but I didn't see any problem with it—not with him. I was too interested in that man to be hesitant.

"Oh well..." I finally said as I rose from the throne. My joints stretched, a satisfying looseness spreading across my limbs as I arched my back and let out a soft exhale. "I guess I should learn more about sex in books."

With a small smirk lingering on my face, I stepped forward.

#### Chapter 1060: Snowstorm (1)

Leon's POV

For some reason, the wind and the ice were getting colder by the minute—so cold it felt like the air was creeping under my clothes and sinking into my bones. It wasn't just normal winter chill either. It was the kind that pricked at my skin like thousands of tiny blades, the kind that made you exhale and see your breath swirling around your face like smoke from a dying torch. The sky overhead, which had been a weak pale blue earlier, was now swallowed by a blanket of thick gray clouds, sprawling across the horizon like a massive bruise. The whole place looked dimmer, almost like someone twisted the brightness knob of the world and dragged it way too far down.

"It looks like there will be a coming snowstorm," Amon said, her tone flat but her eyes narrowing with that quiet alertness she always had.

"It looks like it," I answered, even though the obviousness of it almost made me want to laugh. There was no way anyone could look at this sky and not think something dangerous was coming.

Right now, everything in the air, every gust of freezing wind, every tremor of nature pointed to one thing—a snowstorm was brewing, and judging from how the atmosphere itself seemed to be darkening with every passing breath, this wasn't going to be some gentle dusting of snowflakes. This was going to be the kind of storm that could tear through a forest, shake the mountains, and make people pray to every deity they could think of.

I mean, why else would the middle of the day look like early dusk?

"Sirion," someone called out.

Agneis approached us, her expression softening into something that honestly looked out of character for her—genuine apology. Her posture even dipped a bit, the slightest bow of guilt weighing down her usual confidence. She really didn't expect this storm either.

"I didn't think a great snowstorm would come barging in this time of year," she said, voice carrying this mix of regret and irritation at herself. "If I had known, I wouldn't have let you stay out here for as long as you intended."

"It's fine," I said calmly, though a part of me wondered just how normal this level of cold was for this region. "But this storm feels particularly strong. Are you sure this kingdom will hold out?"

Agneis smirked instantly—as if my question was some kind of adorable, clueless comment she had been waiting to make fun of. It wasn't a cruel smirk, though. More like one of those Really? You're asking me that? faces.

"Of course," she said with pride dripping from every word. "Who do you think we are? We've survived millenniums in this place. Naturally, we can survive something this easy. And don't worry. Our houses are built to endure any climate. We made them with every kind of disaster in mind."

Honestly, she wasn't wrong. They were master artisans. If anyone knew how to make a building survive a beating, it was them. They treated architecture the way some people treated religion—with complete devotion. So yeah... it made sense. I probably didn't have anything to be nervous about.

"For now, enjoy your stay," Agneis continued. "I don't plan to have a guest die on my territory. And Solaris wouldn't be able to stomach the idea that someone she clearly cares about died in a snowstorm here. She would go to war against me. I can't risk that right now. So I'm asking you to stay at my place."

"The castle?" I asked.

"Nope. My place," she shot back confidently, as if she already knew I'd react that way.

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Her place was... honestly far from what I expected from a dwarf. Or from anyone, really.

The ceiling was unbelievably high—towering so far above us that it made me feel like a small speck in a giant's hall. The columns rose from floor to ceiling, five times her size, crafted with such precise symmetry that I almost wondered if she'd wrestled the stone into shape with her bare hands. The walls were carved with designs that looked ancient—patterns swirling and looping with the kind of artistry that made my eyes linger even when I didn't mean to. It was like walking into a shrine that had lived through countless generations.

And then... there were the paintings.

Paintings of her.

Incredibly detailed ones too—so detailed they looked nearly photographic. Every stroke, every shade, every tiny highlight looked like a captured moment frozen in time.

And in every painting... she was naked.

"A woman from our village always drew me naked," she said with a casual shrug. "It's good, right?"

"Yup," I responded because honestly, what else was I supposed to say? The painting wasn't just good—it was ridiculously accurate. Even the details of her nipples were so precise that I couldn't help but compare them to the quick peek I'd gotten earlier when the wind decided to play with her tiny clothes. It matched. Perfectly.

"You can look all you want," Agneis said with a teasing smirk. "But it's not really smart to stare at a replica when the real one is standing right in front of you, you know?"

She was definitely teasing me—and she was damn good at it too. Even though she was a dwarf, the aura she gave off was insanely seductive. It clung to her like invisible smoke that kept swirling around me, pulling my attention no matter how hard I tried to focus elsewhere.

She walked ahead, and of course my eyes followed. The sway of her hips wasn't exaggerated, but there was a subtle, deliberate rhythm to it. She didn't have a large, curvy ass, but there was just enough shape to make it distracting. And she knew exactly what she was doing.

Honestly, if she wanted to fuck, I wasn't going to say no. Though at this point, I wasn't even sure if I was capable of holding out.

As I continued exploring her home, I realized just how much detail she poured into everything. Decorations, carvings, the way the furniture was placed—it all reflected her personality. And then there was a statue. A life-sized statue of her. Naked. Again.

Actually, on second thought, everything here was her naked.

"You look really aroused, Sirion," she suddenly said, her voice cutting smoothly through my thoughts.

When I turned to her—

She was naked.

Completely naked. Not even a tiny scrap of cloth. Just bare skin and confidence.

"Why are you naked suddenly?" I asked, though my brain was half-frozen, half-burning.

"Well, this is my place," she said, as if that explained everything. "There's nothing more comfortable than being naked in your own home. Technically, I'm always naked. But I still have the shame of the Queen, which is why I put on the clothes I usually wear."

So basically, she only wore clothes because of her title, not because she actually cared. Makes sense considering her clothes were already so small it was almost comedic that she bothered wearing them.

"And right now," she continued, her expression turning mischievous and seductive, "I'm testing your patience, Sirion. If you manage to hold out during the winter storm, then I'll allow you to take me to

bed. You can't do anything with any of your girls. Basically, you can't have an orgasm. If you manage that, you can have this heavenly body of mine, and you can do whatever you want with it. If you manage that... I am yours."