

## The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1063 - 164 - Snowstorm (4) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1063 - 164 - Snowstorm (4)

### Chapter 1063: Chapter 164 - Snowstorm (4)

She kept moving her armpit back and forth around my cock, creating this intoxicating rhythm that sent small shockwaves shooting through my entire body. The friction was warm and tight, almost too perfect, and the way her skin slid against mine had me clenching every muscle I had just to keep myself from losing control. Each glide felt like it was teasing out a little more of my sanity, and honestly, at the rate she was going, I genuinely thought I might just cum right there like some helpless guy who couldn't handle it for more than a few seconds.

"Fufufu... are you going to orgasm?" she asked, in that playful yet sly tone only she could pull off. "Well, no one's going to stop you, Sirion." She leaned slightly, pointing at her crotch with her chin in this lazy, confident way that was so her it made my head spin. "But are you sure? You'll lose the chance to enter it here, you know?"

The way she said it—calm, teasing, like she already knew exactly what I wanted—made it hit harder. And she wasn't wrong. I *did* want to enter myself there. Everything inside me screamed for that. I wanted to orgasm inside her pussy, not from her armpit, not accidentally, not like this. I wanted it the proper way, the way both of us knew we craved but were holding back from because of the damn snowstorm.

So I forced myself to hold it in. I gritted my teeth, breathing slow, trying to steady the growing pressure inside me. It felt like trying to stop a boulder rolling downhill with my bare hands. But I did it. Barely.

And while she kept squeezing and sliding against my cock like she was determined to sabotage my restraint, I decided I wasn't just going to sit there defenseless. So I reached up again and played with her nipples, giving them attention like earlier.

I started pinching them lightly first, watching her expression shift, then pulling on them just a bit before massaging them with slow, controlled movements.

"Hngh... ahngh... aaah..."

Her moans came out shaky, drifting into the steamy air around us. Her eyes had that hazy, cloudy look—half-fogged with heat, half-lost in pleasure. She looked like someone whose thoughts were melting away.

At one point I felt her armpit loosen slightly, her motions slowing for just a breath. It was subtle, but I caught it. She caught herself quickly though, tightening her hold again and

pushing back into that same rhythm as if refusing to give me an inch of relief. She really wasn't the type of woman who liked losing. If anything, she doubled down whenever she felt like she was slipping. She was putting all her concentration into keeping her pace steady, almost matching my effort with her own stubborn pride. Neither of us wanted to be the first to crumble.

"Hngh... ahh... ahh... my voice is leaking... fufufu... it feels good...~" she murmured, half-teasing, half-breathless.

But while all of this was happening, I realized something. And that I was definitely at a disadvantage. Completely and undeniably. She was attacking the most sensitive part of me directly, and that was obviously far easier to make cum than any other spot. Sure, playing with her nipples could make *her* orgasm too, but it wasn't the same kind of stimulation as what she was giving me. It wasn't a fair trade at all.

"I think it's right for me to touch it directly," I said, forcing the words out while she kept grinding on me. "Since you're touching mine directly, no?"

She paused just long enough to look at me, her smile stretching slowly across her face again—calm, wicked, amused, like she knew exactly where this was going.

"Fufufu... I guess so..." she said.

She stood up from the tub, water rolling down her skin in little streams, and stepped out before sitting on the floor. Her naked body glistened in the dim light, and the way she sat—casual yet inviting—felt like some kind of cruel temptation crafted specifically to destroy whatever restraint I had left. She was beautiful and seductive in a way that made it honestly painful to hold back.

"Come here, Sirion," she said, extending her hand like she was pulling me into her world.

So I joined her, sitting beside her, our bodies close enough that I could feel the warmth radiating off her. She scooted closer immediately—closer and closer until her bare butt pressed directly against my crotch, making my cock twitch almost embarrassingly hard.

"Let's touch each other then," she whispered.

She reached out and wrapped her small fingers and hand around my cock. Her hand felt soft, delicate, and because she'd just stepped out of the tub, a little cool—which actually made the sensation even sharper and even better. The contrast between my heat and her coolness sent a shiver up my spine.

My arm slid around her body, and my hand traveled downward until it reached the spot where her smooth skin transitioned into the warmth between her legs.

Then I touched her small pussy directly.

"Fuuu... nnn..."

Her reaction was immediate. Small, quiet sounds dripped from her lips, soft but impossible to mistake for anything other than moans. They were sweet and warm and somehow calming, even though everything else felt so intense.

She kept stroking my cock, slow and gentle, almost too gentle—like she was handling something precious and dangerous at the same time. She was very clearly being careful. She didn't want me to cum yet. She wanted this moment just as much as I did. She wanted sex, and she wanted us to actually fuck. But she wasn't going to allow herself to do it right now. Not with the snowstorm raging and her kingdom in trouble. She was a Queen before anything else, even though her body clearly didn't want to wait.

But after the snowstorm? We both knew what was waiting. I wouldn't hold back then. I'd fuck this Queen until she couldn't think straight.

While she kept moving her hand like that, I kept rubbing her folds, feeling how smooth she was and how wet she'd gotten. Her pussy was leaking so much that it coated my fingers.

"Ngh... ahhnghh... nnn... nghh... nn...~! Hnghhhhhhhh...!"

Suddenly, her whole body trembled, her hips twitching as a rush of liquid spilled out of her pussy.

"See? You came," I said with a smirk. "Seems like you can't handle it. If just a finger does this, then I guess you can't handle my cock either."

"Fufufu... you're sounding bold. I don't appreciate it. I don't like it," she said, though her smile never faded. She turned toward me and kissed me, catching my lips richly and smoothly.

Her tongue slid against mine, slow and warm. Her lips pressed gently but with intention, soft and yielding in a way that made everything feel even hotter somehow.

"Nn... hngh... nnnnghh... hnghh... ahngh... ahhh... mnnnghh...~"

I kept rubbing her folds while she kept stroking my cock, both of us pushing our limits but refusing to cross that final line.

I held on for what felt like a long, slow, torturous moment until finally everything settled.

"Fufufu, I had fun, Sirion," she said softly. "And like you said, I don't think I can wait until the end of the snowstorm for us to have sex. Alas... duty is keeping me tied to it. But if we manage to brave this through, it'll be worth it, don't you think?"

Yeah. It would definitely be worth it for both of us. While I thought that, she leaned forward, tiptoeing slightly as she pressed her lips into a soft kissing pout. I leaned in, meeting her halfway.

After that, she slipped on a robe, paused at the doorway, and gave me one last seductive smile.

"See ya, Leon."

That was the first time Agneis called me Leon, not Sirion.

### **Chapter 1064: Chapter 164 - Snowstorm (5)**

Three days after that.

The snowstorm was still raging outside—loud, violent, relentless—and it wasn't just "cold" anymore. It felt like the whole world had been swallowed by winter. The way the wind howled made it seem like some angry god was trying to peel the roofs off the houses. It was so strong that every time a gust hit, the wooden panels of my room hummed, like the entire building was holding its breath. When I looked outside earlier, everything past a few meters was just white, like the world decided to erase itself. It wasn't snowing—it was *drowning* in snow.

Honestly, it felt like I was staring at some kind of ground zero.

Right now the snowstorm was making its full, chaotic rounds across the Kingdom of the Dwarves' territory. But somehow, despite the sheer force of the wind and the blinding waves of snow, the Dwarves were holding out. More than holding out—they were managing this whole disaster with the same attitude they used when lifting heavy objects: stubbornly and with a straight face.

Surprisingly enough, their homes were doing an incredible job of resisting the storm. And thinking back to what Agneis had told me, I guess this was exactly what she meant. Their houses looked small, compact, and a bit cute from the outside, but the moment a storm tried to batter them, the houses tanked it like it was nothing. The roofs barely even shook. The walls didn't creak. The snow piled thick on top of them, but they didn't sag, didn't bend. It was ridiculous how tough everything here was.

I was honestly amazed. Like, genuinely amazed. I kept staring at the window earlier like some tourist who'd never seen a house before.

And well, I wasn't going to lie: if someone suddenly asked me if I wanted a dwarven harem, I would've said "yes" without blinking. If I could get a dwarven harem similar to how I already had an elven harem, then my power level—socially, magically, politically, *and sexually*—would skyrocket. I'd probably be the strongest, most spoiled man alive at that point, and honestly, I wouldn't complain.

And the more I thought about it, the less far-fetched it sounded.

Especially after seeing that beautiful lady dwarf earlier. She definitely looked like she could already be a mother of two, but she still had that small, compact, and honestly adorable figure that made me look twice. Despite her petite size, she carried herself with a kind of quiet confidence, like she knew her worth. And apparently, she was incredibly talented with her craft. I'd heard she was the one who painted Agneis and sculpted a statue of her. That alone told me enough—her hands weren't just skilled, they were gifted.

Her art style was so refined and expressive that I could easily imagine why Agneis trusted her with something as personal as a statue. And honestly... opportunities like that didn't come often. I wouldn't put it past myself to eventually try adding her to my harem.

But for tonight, I was alone in my room. Amon, Filia, and Anne were nowhere in sight. The silence in the room made their absence even more glaring. If they were here, not even two minutes would pass before I reached out to grab one of their asses—or hell, maybe all three. I wasn't picky when it came to their bodies. They were too tempting not to touch.

And normally, touching them—kissing them, fucking them—was part of my "strategy."

Well... calling it a "strategy" made it sound like I was some kind of mastermind planning battles and political moves. But all I was doing was keeping myself from getting too dangerously horny. Not the most sophisticated plan in the world.

And to make things worse, even with that so-called plan, I was already insanely horny right now. To the point I could probably burn a hole in the wall with just the intensity of my thoughts.

It had been three days since the officiate of the challenge. And honestly, if I could hold out even longer than that, I didn't think it counted as punishment anymore. Part of me wanted to try pushing it—to see how long I could go without getting any ass. I'd been having sex almost every day for years. Plural. Years. And maybe... maybe taking a break like this was actually something I needed. For sanity. For clarity. For the ability to look people in the eye without imagining bending them over the nearest table.

I felt like some monk in training. Or like I was being reborn.

Was this the feeling of enlightenment? Maybe. Maybe abstaining from sex for a few days really could lead to some kind of spiritual awakening.

But honestly? Having sex *also*

felt like enlightenment. Cumming inside a pussy definitely counted as enlightenment. If monks got even half as much bliss as I did when I fucked, no wonder they shaved their heads—they were probably overheating.

Anyway, that was more than enough rambling. But truthfully, taking a break like this... wasn't the worst thing in the world. It felt refreshing in a weird, uncomfortable, slightly torturous way.

But of course, at the same time, I missed the feeling of touching someone. I missed the warmth of having someone pressed against me when I slept. I missed the skin-to-skin contact, the soft breaths, the pressure, the closeness.

But well... it couldn't be helped.

While I was stuck in that loop of stupid thoughts, the door to my room suddenly opened with a soft creak that cut through the heavy silence.

"Leon."

The voice belonged to Agneis.

She stepped inside, the faint glow of moonlight behind her outlining her figure in a pale halo. Her long hair swayed with the cold draft that followed her in.

"It seems that you are having quite a bit of a pinch there," she said.

"A pinch? What pinch exactly?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I don't know," she replied, tilting her head slightly as if studying me. "Your aura right now is so dangerous that I'm afraid I might get gobbled up."

I couldn't help but stare at her for a second.

Was she seriously picking up on my horniness like it was some kind of battle aura? The idea was ridiculous... but also kind of believable. If someone with my libido—someone who fucked daily—suddenly got cut off for days, maybe something like a dangerous aura really would start leaking out. And of course Agneis, of all people, would be the first to sense it.

"What are you doing here?" I asked her.

"It seems that your maids and Filia won't be in your bed for the next few days," she said calmly. "So I want to join you instead. Do you mind if I sleep next to you, Leon?"

## **Chapter 1065: Chapter 164 - Snowstorm (6)**

Her lips curved into that mischievous grin—one that always meant trouble was coming.

That smile alone told me what she was thinking. She definitely came here planning to tempt me. She was absolutely ready to pull every cheap trick in the book.

The challenge was technically void already anyway. If we wanted to have sex, nothing could really stop us. But she wanted to wait until the snowstorm passed. She didn't want to enjoy herself while her people were out there getting battered by the storm. I understood that. And she understood that I understood. That's why we were both humoring each other.

"I don't really mind," I said.

"Fufufu. I'm glad," she said softly.

She approached me slowly, her steps light and almost floating. As she came closer, her figure became even clearer. The moonlight streaming through the window wrapped around her petite frame, highlighting her curves and soft skin. Even though she was small, there was absolutely nothing childish about her. Her body was flawless—smooth, firm, and alluring enough to make anyone stare.

She looked sexy as hell. Too sexy for my current weakened, horny condition.

"Oh my... You seem rather curious, Leon."

Her eyes drifted downward.

She definitely noticed the tent in my pants. My dick wasn't even trying to hide how desperately it wanted her.

"You really are an interesting fellow, Leon," she said with that familiar, mischievous smirk curling on her lips, the kind of smirk that made it look like she knew more than she should, and enjoyed every second of holding that advantage. Her eyes lingered on me with that same amused glimmer she always wore—half playful, half curious, and fully confident—as if she were watching some rare creature perform tricks purely for her entertainment. "I have never met any man like you... or a person, in general. I think you are one of a kind."

Her words carried this strange mix of teasing and sincerity, like she was throwing a compliment at me but trying really hard not to sound like she cared too much. And somehow, that just made it even more obvious that she *did* care.



"You seem rather kind of smitten with the words you just said," I replied with my own smirk, mirroring her energy. "Are those really okay for the Queen to say?"

"It's fine," she answered without missing a beat. "I mean, I am the Queen after all. I can do anything that I want."

She said it casually, like she was stating her favorite color and not the authority of an entire race. But then again, that was part of her charm. The confidence she had wasn't loud or overbearing—it was just naturally there, the same way a mountain didn't need to announce that it was tall.

Well, I guess that was only natural. A queen held power—real, tangible power—and with that came the freedom to do whatever she pleased. Even going tyrannical was an option if she really wanted to, though obviously that was one of those incredibly stupid ideas you'd never want to try unless you were actively hunting for a rebellion. But still, the point stood: a queen could do anything she wanted, including teasing me in bed like this.

I shifted a bit, scooting over to give her some space. Not that there was much space to give. The bed wasn't exactly built for two adults who weren't trying to keep their bodies apart. In fact, the gap between us was laughably small—so small that if she scooted even an inch closer, we'd practically be glued together. And then at that point, hugging her would be the only logical move. Not that I'd complain.

"Fufufufu, this is kind of fun," she giggled—a soft, feminine sound that made her seem far more innocent than her words indicated. "I've never been with anyone together in bed. You are the first, Leon."

She said it with this adorable expression, like she was trying to sound sophisticated but was ultimately failing because excitement was bubbling beneath her voice. Her face softened, her cheeks slightly flushed in a way that made her look surprisingly gentle for a queen. And while she said that, she slid fully beside me, her naked body effortlessly slipping under the blanket and settling right into the warmth beside me.

My stiff hard-on, already awake and alert, pressed into the wedge of her ass cheeks, the soft roundness enveloping me even with that thin layer still separating skin from skin. I could feel her softness molding against me, warm and dangerously inviting. Even without direct contact, the pressure alone made it way too easy to imagine how it would feel if there were no barrier at all—if my cock was pressed entirely, completely bare against her.

"Why are you calling me Leon now?" I asked, the question slipping out partly because I was curious, and partly because I needed something to ground me before I lost control.

"You want to know something that mundane?" she teased immediately, that smirk returning like a reflex. "Here I thought you were going to ask something along the lines



of 'Are you ready?' while you are touching my breasts directly with your hands." Her lips curved up more. "I think you are that crude, after all."

"Well, I wouldn't really call that crude," I said. "I think it's only natural for a man to get horny in a situation like this. Crudeness has nothing to do with it." I paused for a moment, then shrugged lightly. "Honestly? It feels like second nature."

"Second nature, huh?" she repeated, her smile widening with subtle amusement. "Well, I think it's more like a second nature *to you* than anyone else."

Then she shifted slightly beneath the blanket, making my cock press deeper between her cheeks. She looked at me over her shoulder, playful curiosity dancing in her eyes. "Now then, you want to know why I am calling you Leon, right? Well, that's because I'm pretty interested in you, and you are someone worth remembering. Although... I think the name Sirion fits you better, and it just feels good to roll it on my tongue."

I guess she really was that type of person—someone who just said whatever she meant, even if it sounded overly bold or embarrassingly honest. Either way, hearing her say that made something inside me settle. I'd basically managed to completely enamor the dwarf queen herself—a detail that was very, very important to my larger goals. With her support, I could take on the advancement of the republic and the overwhelming force of the empire. She wasn't just a queen; she was a key piece in the bigger game I was playing.

While I was thinking all of that, she kept rubbing her ass against my cock. And she wasn't even trying to hide it—she was doing it slowly, rhythmically, like she wasn't sure if she wanted something but was definitely fishing for a reaction... or maybe testing what kind of reaction she could pull out of me. And honestly, even if she was overdoing it, I didn't think she was breaking any rules of whatever game we were tangled in right now.

I slid my arm around her body, the movement natural, instinctive, and pulled her just slightly closer as my hand cupped her breast directly. She was warm, soft, and fit perfectly in my hand—too perfect, almost. It felt almost unfair that her body matched mine this well.

"Oh? Are you only going to touch there?" she asked, her voice dripping with suggestion.

"You really are trying to gauge me out, huh?" I said with a grin. Then, keeping the same slow pace, I let my hand trail downward, gliding along her stomach until I reached her crotch. And once I did, I started playing with her pussy directly.

Her breath hitched, but she didn't stop me. Instead, she let me pull my fingers back slightly, showing her the wetness that coated them.

"Look at this," I said, spreading my fingers so the thin strings of her love juice stretched between them. "You're already wet."

"I guess it's only natural for a female to secrete these kind of juices so that a penetration by the male would be much less of a hassle and much more in ease for us," she explained calmly, almost academically. "Secreting this is normal, no?"

"Well, yes," I said. "It's very normal. What's not normal, though, is the fact that you are leaking so much. It's actually quite embarrassing."

I pressed my hand back on her crotch and continued to play with her pussy again.

## [The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1066 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(1\) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1066 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(1\)](#)

### **Chapter 1066: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (1)**

The snowstorm was finally beginning to die down, its rage fading into a tired sigh as the last sharp gusts of wind dragged themselves across the village. What had once been a furious whiteout — a wall of snow and howling wind that felt like it could swallow the world whole — was now reduced to lazy flakes drifting down from the clouds. The hours stretched slowly, each minute peeling away another layer of the storm's fury until only a gentle, half-hearted breeze remained, pushing around the leftover powder like it was done throwing its tantrum.

With the storm easing, the dwarves finally started stepping outside again. Or—well, "stepping outside" was generous. Most of them had to force their doors open first, because the snow piled up against their houses reached so high it practically barricaded them in. You could hear them groaning through the effort as they shoved and kicked the frozen wall. Then came the scraping of shovels—loud, metallic, rhythmic—echoing through the village as they tried to carve a path out of their homes. The storm had smothered everything in its way, pressing snow against every doorstep like it wanted to trap everyone inside for good.

"It's finally over, huh?" I exhaled, my breath curling like smoke in the cold air.

And with the storm ending came something else ending too — my challenge with Agneis. Meaning the long, torturous wait was finally over. Meaning that after six damn days, I could finally fuck her.

If anyone asked me whether I was excited and I pretended otherwise, I'd be the worst liar alive. Hell, my body wasn't even trying to hide it. My pants were already pitching a full-on tent — not a little bump or a shy bulge, but the kind of tent that made me look like I was smuggling a whole medieval weapon under my clothes.

Six days. Six days without sex, without release, without even an ounce of relief. That was basically a miracle of restraint, considering how things normally went between us. Honestly, it was the longest dry spell I'd had in a very, very long time. So yeah, being this worked up was natural—expected, even. My whole body felt tense, sensitive, on edge, like someone had wrapped a rubber band around my brain and stretched it too tight.

Sure, Agneis and I had touched each other, teased each other, played around just enough to drive each other crazy. We'd edged ourselves stupid. But we never crossed the line into actually fucking, and she never let me cum. It was torture — pure, sweet, frustrating torture.

So right now? I was horny. Like, extremely horny. Comically horny. There was no point trying to pretend otherwise. I wasn't sugarcoating anything because there was nothing to sugarcoat. My thoughts were basically one continuous loop of: *I want to fuck Agneis. I need to fuck Agneis. I'm going to fuck Agneis.*

Meanwhile, the woman in question had already gone back to work, as if she wasn't also the cause of my slow mental breakdown. Agneis didn't even take a breath after the storm weakened — she immediately returned to her duties as queen. Straight back to her castle, straight to work, straight to checking through every little thing that the blizzard might've damaged.

Surprisingly, the village hadn't suffered much. A few trees toppled over, the roads were buried, and plenty of people were snowed in behind mountains of powder, but the real infrastructure was mostly fine. Some roofs had minor dents or cracks, but nothing catastrophic. Honestly, it was impressive. Agneis had mentioned before that the houses were built specifically to endure disasters like this, and seeing the results, I believed her. If every building was this sturdy, then yeah, their disaster-preparedness system was top-tier.

After being stuck inside for nearly a week, I finally decided to walk out and take a look at everything myself.

The village was alive with movement. Dwarves of all shapes and builds were scattered everywhere, shoveling snow, clearing pathways, and freeing neighbors trapped behind heavy drifts. There was this warm, almost glowing energy in the way they worked—nobody complaining, nobody asking for payment or reward, just everyone helping because that's what they did. And honestly, the sight hit me harder than I expected. Watching people support each other so easily, with nothing but goodwill pushing them along—it made something inside me feel strangely warm.

If the whole world acted like this, maybe things would look a hell of a lot better than they do right now.

As I scanned the village, I spotted Filia. She was enthusiastically helping, wielding what looked like a brand-new invention of hers. Something mechanical and oddly shaped, spitting steam as she experimented with it.

Hmm. She'd told me she'd been stuck, unable to come up with any new designs. Yet here she was, clearly having broken through whatever creative wall had blocked her. Seeing that spark back in her—seeing her using something she'd made—it was kind of amazing. She'd grown so much in just a few days, right here in this snow-covered village.

Amon and Anne were helping too. Amon used her magic to lift massive sheets of snow like they weighed nothing, tossing them aside with smooth hand motions. Anne, on the other hand, relied on her robotic strength—lifting shovels full of snow effortlessly, doing the work of three dwarves in half the time.

Meanwhile, there was me. Honestly, nothing special. Part of me wanted to help, but another part knew I'd probably just get in the way. Compared to what the others could do, my contribution would've been like tossing a cup of water into the ocean.

While wandering around, I suddenly heard this soft little crouching sound behind me—like paws pressing into snow. When I turned around, I saw a cat.

A black cat. Pure black. Its fur was silky and dark, almost shining against the snow. And its eyes—god, its eyes were this deep, mesmerizing blue that made me feel like I was being pulled into another dimension. It was honestly such a stunning sight that for a moment I genuinely questioned whether the cat was real or some kind of illusion created by the cold.

"Meow."

And on top of that, it was ridiculously cute.

So cute that something in me instantly wanted to pick it up and claim it as mine.

"Meow."

But... what the hell was a cat doing out here? In this freezing weather? And right after a massive snowstorm?

Still, I reached out and tried to pick it up.

But just as my fingers were about to touch its fur, a hand grabbed my wrist.

"It's rude to touch somebody else's cat, Leon."

Agneis.

I had been literally an inch away from touching the cat, but the moment she spoke, the little creature bolted away, darting off like it was terrified of her.

"Oh, you seem done with your duties, Queen," I said, smirking.

"Yes. And you look rather energetic today. I wonder why that is?" she said with that familiar teasing tone.

"Well, it's only natural for someone excited to be energetic, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," she replied with a knowing smile. "You seem so excited that you're already going after someone else's cat. I feel like I should be jealous. I wonder who's supposed to touch *my* cat now?"

Her lips curled with that playful confidence.

She always knew exactly how to play with me — shamelessly referring to her pussy as a "cat" like it was the most normal thing in the world.

## [The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1067 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(2\) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1067 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(2\)](#)

### **Chapter 1067: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (2)**

Agneis and I made our way back to her home, and the moment we stepped through the snowy path leading to her mansion, I felt a shift in the air—like both of us were stepping into something we had been edging toward for days. She was practically bouncing ahead of me, her footsteps light and quick, leaving tiny prints in the fresh snow. I couldn't miss how her shoulders trembled a little each time she skipped, as if her excitement was so overwhelming that it was physically leaking out of her body.

It was almost adorable, watching her small frame practically radiate heat despite the cold weather biting at our skin. She wasn't just excited—she looked like she was seconds away from bursting from how wired she was. It wasn't subtle at all. If someone else saw her, they'd probably think she just got the best news of her life.

And honestly... I wasn't far behind her. My own excitement was practically clawing at the inside of my chest. At this point, I was probably just as excited, maybe even more, but I was just better at pretending I wasn't about to lose my mind from anticipation.

"I feel like both of us are going to do something incredibly naughty, and it's making me more excited," she said, her voice ringing with this breathy vibrance that matched her movements.

She was definitely right. What we were planning to do wasn't just naughty—what we were about to do was the definition of naughty. We were going to have sex, plain and simple. And there's nothing wholesome about that. If we were walking in here planning to, I don't know, drink tea or play a board game, *that* would've been the real bizarre part after everything that already happened.

At this point, I wasn't even trying to hide it. I was pretty damn excited too. My cock had already sprung a solid boner inside my pants, practically aching against the fabric with every step.

"Why don't you wait for a bit while I freshen up, Leon?" she asked once we reached the door. She looked over her shoulder with this playful little smirk on her lips. "I want to be in completely peak condition so I'll be able to satisfy you enough to your liking."

To be honest, what I actually wanted was to just get started already—to grab her, pull her close, and fuck her until every piece of tension from the last six days evaporated. But... I guess waiting a minute or two wouldn't kill me. Even though it felt like it would.

She slipped away with light steps, disappearing down the hallway, and I was left alone in the large entrance of her mansion. While she was gone, I let my eyes wander around the place yet again.

Even after six whole days of staying here, I still couldn't get used to how massive the mansion felt—like each hall was meant for someone ten times her size. Everything was tall, open, overwhelmingly spacious. It was almost comical how huge the place was compared to her tiny figure. She was petite, almost delicate-looking, and this mansion felt like it belonged to someone who ruled over a small nation.

I let out a breath as I scanned the interior again. The warm light flickering across the walls felt comforting after the storm outside, but there was still something uneasy eating at the back of my neck. It was that weird feeling—they call it the sense of being watched. Like someone's eyes were following every movement I made.

And of course, when I turned my head, I found the culprit.

The cat. That same damn cat.

"Meow."

"You again," I muttered. I narrowed my eyes at it because seriously... I didn't get this creature at all. There was a huge storm earlier—gusts strong enough to whip someone's hair around violently. No normal animal should've been casually wandering around in that mess. Yet this cat seemed to appear whenever it wanted, completely unfazed.

It stared at me with that same calm expression, like it was sizing me up instead of the other way around. I had no idea where it came from, and that alone was starting to get on my nerves.

Still, before I could stare at it long enough to figure anything out, I heard Agneis call from deeper inside the house.

"Leon, come here," she said, her voice soft but clear.

I assumed she was in her room now, finished freshening up. That was fast—almost too fast—but I guess that made sense. We'd both been so wound up these past few days that a quick prep probably felt necessary instead of optional. At this point, neither of us needed anything fancy. We just needed release.

I turned back toward the cat, but—just like before—it was gone. Vanished. Not a single trace of where it went. Great. One more mystery I couldn't solve at the moment.

Still, I figured it would pop up again eventually. It always did. As strange as it felt, I pushed the thought aside and headed to where Agneis waited.

When I entered her room, the sight hit me instantly.

She was already on the bed, lying on her back, elbows propped slightly behind her to lift her upper body just enough for her gaze to lock onto mine. The warm glow from the lanterns washed over her skin, giving her this almost ethereal sheen.

"You aim to make the Great Forest into one singular place," she said, her voice calmer now, carrying this strange mix of pride and disappointment. "And that's because you want to make it withstand the force of nature and the greed of humans. Although I think what you are aiming for is foolish, you have nonetheless done well exhausting yourself for the sake of all the people living in the Great Forest, Leon."

She was wearing almost nothing. A tiny string served as her panties, barely enough to cover her crotch. And across her chest, the only thing hiding her nipples was a small ribbon—thin enough that I could see the faint outline beneath. Even calling those clothes felt like a stretch. She was practically naked, her body exposed in a way that made my throat grow tight.

"You also managed to hold back," she continued, her gaze softening. "Even though there were moments when we were truly close to acting on it, you still restrained yourself. You have done so very well. With that, we shall reward you for your diligent efforts. You may use our body as you please."

This was the moment. The crossroads. The point where all the waiting, tension, and self-control finally ended. After everything—after every touch, every close call, every shared breath—this was where the line got crossed.



And there was no universe where I'd hold back now. Holding back would've been the stupidest thing I could possibly do.

I climbed onto the bed, feeling the frame creak beneath my weight. My cock was already hard in my hand, throbbing with every heartbeat. I honestly had no idea when my pants came off, but that didn't matter. Not now.

All my focus was right on her.

I pressed the tip of my cock right against that point.

She smirked, slow and knowing.

"The main course right from the start..." she said. "You must have been truly yearning for me. Kuku."

She was right. I wasn't in the mood for foreplay. Everything that happened before this moment already counted as foreplay. We had been building up to this for days, and this—this was the final threshold.

I pushed my hips forward.

## [The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1068 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(3\) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1068 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(3\)](#)

### **Chapter 1068: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (3)**

I thrust my hips forward, slowly at first, like my body was trying to ease into the moment even though my heartbeat was already thundering in my ears. The heat between us felt almost unreal, like the air around our bodies thickened into something warm and heavy, wrapping itself around my skin.

Her vagina was really wet—so wet that the warmth of her slickness spread along my shaft inch by inch, coating me with a heat that felt like it could melt through my nerves. The sensation of her walls trying to slowly yield against the pressure of my cock made everything feel ten times more intense. It wasn't just pleasure—it was that slow, overwhelming kind of pleasure that crawls up your spine and makes your breath shake before it even leaves your mouth. Her tight hole resisted me just enough to make every bit of forward movement feel like a small victory, like her body was acknowledging mine and letting me in by degrees.

Agnei's expression didn't help with my sanity either. She looked at me with that same cheeky expression—playful, lewd, seductive, and somehow still carrying that weird

spark that made her look like she knew exactly what she was doing to me. It was the kind of look that said she was enjoying every little reaction I made. The kind of look that made my body tense because I knew she was waiting to see me crumble.

"Hnn..."

She let out a soft moan, almost airy, like the sound slipped out of her before she meant to let me hear it. That tiny noise alone made my grip on her hips tighten a bit. I could feel the warmth of her skin under my hands, soft but firm, her body pressing back against me as I kept easing myself inside her.

Her insides were slowly yielding, bit by bit, like a tight ring of heat stretching around me. Every time her walls adjusted, the pressure pulsed along my cock, and it was honestly turning my brain into mush. My body kept wanting to burst forward, to shove myself in all the way, but I forced myself to keep it slow. Even then, the rising sensation of climax crawled up through me like a wave I was barely able to push back down.

I hadn't even entered her fully, yet I was already right at the edge of wanting to cum. It was embarrassing and overwhelming and crazy all at once. But with how tight she was? It made sense. It genuinely felt like every single ridge inside her was wrapping around me individually, squeezing, guiding, teasing me.

What the hell... her pussy really was top notch. It had this perfect mix of tightness and wetness—tight enough to make my cock throb, but wet enough to let me push through that tightness without pain. And those ridges inside her, those little grooves of heat hugging my shaft—they were incredible. They made my head feel light, made my back arch involuntarily, made my brain feel like it was melting into pure pleasure.

I tightened my hold on her hips, trying to ground myself. Trying to stay calm. Trying not to lose it immediately. I took a deep breath, hoping the air would stabilize me even a little.

"Ahhh, fuuu... kukuku, your penis is way too big... I feel like it wouldn't even fit," she said with that mischievous grin still plastered on her face. "I can see it bulging through my crotch."

Her voice carried that teasing tone, the kind that poked right at where my control was weakest. And when she pointed out the bulge—my bulge—pressing up beneath her skin, I followed her gaze.

Holy shit.

There it was. As my cock kept inching forward, her lower stomach lifted slightly from the inside, forming a very real, very lewd bump. Seeing it from that angle made something inside me snap. It was too erotic, too raw, too much for my brain to process fully, and my composure slipped right through my fingers.

And with how her walls moved, how those ridges dragged along the sides of my shaft, it felt like every nerve inside me was being stimulated at once. My body trembled a little. I couldn't help it. It was too damn good.

"I feel like I'm about to cum just from sticking it in," I said, my voice already sounding strained.

And I wasn't exaggerating. Not even slightly. With how insanely good she felt, holding back was already turning into a losing battle.

"Mhmm, I would say you did well holding it in," she said. "I don't think I would be able to hold it in from this. I feel the sensation of orgasm coming on me. So this is how it feels, huh?" She let out a smirk that made everything inside me twist.

"Kuh..."

Seeing that expression—that ridiculously lewd smirk again—destroyed whatever thin line of control I still had. My body acted before my mind could stop itself. My hips jerked forward, my hands dug into her hips, and I came inside her with a force I couldn't stop.

I felt the burst of semen rushing out of me, filling her up in thick, heavy pulses. But since I wasn't even fully inside her yet, it overflowed almost immediately, spilling out from the tight seal of her lower lips around my cock. The sight of it leaking, thick and warm, through the tiny gaps that barely existed, made the entire scene even more obscene.

"Fufufu," she giggled lightly, smiling at me like she had expected that exact reaction.

I was almost sure she'd orgasmed when I did—her body had tightened around me in a way that didn't feel like coincidence—but she still kept that teasing, composed expression.

"It looks like you couldn't really hold back. Well, I mean, my body is really heavenly, and you are the first one to have the taste of it as well. It would only be natural that you will feel pleasure. I would be quite disappointed if you didn't feel anything that is very good," she said, her tone mixing playful pride with a hint of something smug.

Well... she wasn't wrong. Not at all. It really was the first time in my life where I orgasmed before even getting halfway inside someone. That alone said enough.

"Now then, why don't you get on moving, Leon? And feel pleasure with this heavenly body of mine."

## The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1069 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (4) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1069 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (4)

### Chapter 1069: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (4)

She reached her hand toward where my cock was still buried halfway inside her, her fingers tracing over the bulge on her crotch. The moment she touched it, I felt it like she was touching my shaft directly—her touch sending sparks through my nerves.

Then she leg-locked me, her thighs tightening around my hips with surprising strength. She pulled me closer, forcing my cock deeper into her. The sensation was immediate—her pussy tightening around me, sucking me in as if her body wanted more.

I grunted. Couldn't help it. She was tight—unbelievably tight—and the pull of her body made me want to cum again right then and there.

"You don't have to worry. I mean, we have been saying to each other that we are going to fuck with no holds barred, right? So why don't you swing that hips, and then orgasm as much as you like. You can have your way on me and do it without holding back. I mean, that's a no-hold barred fucking, right?"

Well, if she was saying it like that—basically inviting me with full confidence—then of course I wasn't going to hesitate.

I grabbed her hips again, repositioned myself so I could angle deeper, and then pushed myself in as far as my cock would go. I buried myself to the hilt inside her. I felt the solid push against her cervix as my dickhead pressed right up to it.

"Fufufu. Ahhh, that feels good. I am filled to the brim," she said. "Now then, why don't you start and..." She leaned close, her breath brushing my ear, and whispered, "Fuck me with all you've got, and mess my pussy up until I am literally wrecked."

Hearing something that lewd whispered right into my ear... there was no way I was resisting that. No universe where I'd hold myself back after something like that.

She really knew how to play her cards. And the casual, almost playful way she referred to her pussy—like it was the most natural thing in the world—just showed how much she had the upper hand here.

And honestly? I didn't mind one bit.

And so, I started moving inside her again, easing my hips forward the way you push into heat that's already molding to your shape, and I could feel her pussy yielding around

me—even if only slightly—every single time I thrust in. It wasn't the kind of easy, careless yield that came from someone being used to this. It was the kind that felt like her body was reacting to *me*, specifically me, shaping itself around every inch I pushed inside. The pressure wrapped along my cock like warm, slick fingers trying to memorize me.

"Nghh, hgnhh, hnhhhg...~ Hnngghh, hnghh, ahhh...~ Fuaaah, nnggh, ahhngh, ahh...!"

Her voice came out in broken waves, her breath catching like she couldn't fully decide whether to scream or gasp or moan. It wasn't the sound of someone just feeling "slight pleasure." No, it was way past that point. She looked like she was being overwhelmed from all sides—her insides tightening and loosening, the soft friction along her ridges, the deeper pulses around her cervix, all of it hitting her with so much intensity that her whole body trembled with every push I made.

"You really are trying to engrave yourself into my being by fucking me this rough," she managed to say, the words shaky but oddly clear. "Ahhh, ahh... Does my body really feel that good to you?"

"Yes, it feels fucking good," I answered, my voice instinctively dropping into something rougher. "It feels so fucking good that I want to cum inside you immediately." I didn't even try to hide the growl in my tone because it just spilled out naturally.

And it was true. Completely true. She felt so fucking good around me that holding back felt like trying to stop a storm with a blanket. Impossible. Unrealistic. Stupid. Her body had this unreal way of squeezing and pulling, like she was made to coax a man into losing control inside her. Cumming inside her felt less like a desire and more like a biological inevitability.

And then, as if she sensed exactly what I was struggling with—or maybe she just wanted to push me further—she tightened her leg lock around my waist, pulling me closer with that desperate need to keep me inside. At the same time, her pussy clamped down harder around my cock, her insides gripping me like she wanted to wring everything out of me again.

"Nghh, ahhngh, ahh... ahn, ahhh...~ Ahh, ahhh...~! Yes, that's it. Gauge my insides out! Ravish it until you are satisfied! You don't have to stop! Make me feel more!!!"

Her voice shifted with every word—more crazed, more breathless, more unhinged. It didn't sound like someone just enjoying sex anymore; it sounded like someone surrendering to it entirely, letting the pleasure peel away layer after layer of control until what remained was raw desire, messy and honest.

The bulge in her crotch moved every time I thrust in. I could see it clearly—pressing outward when I pushed forward, flattening a bit when I pulled back, then swelling again as I drove deeper. It made this surreal image like my cock really was pushing so deep it

was almost reaching her stomach. Her pussy felt impossibly deep, like it opened itself more for me each time I slid inside.

"Nghh, aaah...~ Ahh, ahhh...!"

Her eyes rolled up slowly, her expression shifting into something almost obscene in how erotic it looked. Her lips parted, her tongue lightly brushing her teeth, and her cheeks flushed with a heat that practically radiated off her skin. She was going past "turned on"—she was crossing into something feral, consumed entirely by how good it felt. She looked debauched, messy, undone in the best way possible.

And honestly, seeing her like that? It made something in me pulse harder, made me push forward with more intent, more hunger.

"Ahh, ahh...~! Ahh, ahhngh, ahh...! Nghh, nn...! Ahh, yes... It feels good...~! It feels so much good...!"

Her voice shook on every phrase, and little heart shapes started appearing in her eyes—like her pupils were melting into lust. Her mouth slackened, hanging open slightly as she breathed hard, her lips glistening.

Meanwhile, my cock started trembling from the overwhelming pleasure. I could feel every twitch, every pulse, like the pleasure was expanding outward through my entire lower body. The buildup of my semen started rising, starting from the backs of my legs, traveling up toward my crotch like a heat wave. A rush of dopamine hit me so hard my vision almost flickered at the edges.

That thick, coiling energy swirled low in my pelvis, tightening and winding itself around my nerves before it surged through my urethra, pushing toward the inevitable release—

And then I came inside her.

"Ngh...!"

[illegible]

Her moan tore out of her, raw and loud, like she wasn't just reacting—she was *howling* with pleasure. It crashed into my ears so intensely that it felt like she was shaking my bones with her voice. Her arms and legs snapped around me even tighter, like she didn't want even a millimeter of me escaping while I filled her up again.

Warmth spilled out from between us, thick and heavy, and I could feel it pooling inside her with every pulse.

Eventually, her grip loosened. Her arms fell weakly to her sides, and her legs relaxed just enough for me to breathe properly. She lay beneath me panting, chest rising and falling in quick, shaky patterns, looking absolutely wrecked in the most beautiful way.

"That really feels good...~! I feel like I've seen an incredibly good light, and it was so good that I almost went flying," she said, her voice drifting between soft and breathless.

I smirked at that, unable to help it. It was satisfying knowing I gave her that kind of experience.

"But that's not enough for you, is it?" she asked, narrowing her eyes slightly but with a smirk that mirrored mine.

"Of course," I replied.

"Well then... why don't you go to it with a different access this time?" she said, shifting slowly.

She moved onto all fours—or, well, something close to it. Her upper body lowered until her chest was pressed into the bed, her shoulders barely holding her up, while her ass jutted high into the air, swaying slightly as she adjusted her knees.

## [The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1070 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(5\) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1070 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls \(5\)](#)

### **Chapter 1070: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (5)**

The way she arched her back right then honestly made my breath hitch. Calling it "amazing" almost felt like insulting it, because the moment had this strange mix of elegance and rawness—like she wasn't even trying yet still pulling off something so damn sensual. Her whole spine curved up with this almost animalistic grace, like a cat stretching itself after waking from a warm nap. It wasn't exaggerated or forced; it was natural, fluid, as if her body already knew exactly how to tempt, how to provoke, how to make someone like me lose all composure.

And with her ass lifted high like that, her petite backside was completely exposed. She didn't have thick curves or anything like that—her frame was on the slimmer side—but that actually made it look even sexier. The way the light hit her skin, the way her hips angled just right, it all gave her this unique charm. You couldn't call her ass big, but you couldn't deny that it had this subtle, perfectly tight shape that just pulled your eyes in whether you wanted to or not.



Her pussy, freshly opened for the first time earlier, was still leaking the semen I had pumped deep inside her. Trails of it clung to her folds, catching the light slightly, dripping down in slow, warm lines. And there was her other entrance—her asshole—this tiny, pinkish, puckered little thing that twitched every now and then as if reacting to the cool air touching it. It looked soft, delicate, almost like a sakura petal folded inward. A small, dangerous temptation.

Seriously—how could she be this lewd without even trying? The sight was so damn obscene that it felt like some forbidden piece of art. A body like that, a pose like that—it was enough to make anyone feel like they were doing something they shouldn't, yet not want to stop.

My hands closed around her hips, and even though she didn't look like she carried much flesh, the way my palms fit perfectly over her sides surprised me. There was more softness there than I expected. A slight give. A subtle thickness hidden under that slim appearance. Some of her flesh even puffed out between my fingers as I gripped her—proof she wasn't as frail as she first seemed.

I lined my cock up with her soaked pussy, aiming carefully, feeling the warmth radiating from her. And then I thrust in, hips slamming forward, hitting her ass with that sharp, wet plopping sound that echoed louder than I thought it would.

"Fuaaaaah!!! Nghh... ahhh... Going to the hilt immediately... You really have no mercy, do you, Leon?" she gasped, but she wore this half-smile—part teasing, part pained pleasure, part honest amusement.

"You're so lewd I can't help myself. Makes me want to conquer you immediately," I said, trying to sound confident even though her voice alone was already making my cock twitch.

She shot me a look over her shoulder, one eye half-lidded, the corner of her lips curling up mischievously. "I'm not someone who gets conquered easily," she said, breathy but still defiant. "If you want to conquer me, you'll have to do better than that."

"I'll show you then."

I tightened my grip on her hips, pulling her back as I thrust again, harder, deeper, hitting her cervix with the tip of my cock. The impact shot a tremor through my spine, like an electric shock crawling up my nerves. Every time I pushed into the deepest part of her, she clenched around me so tight that it felt like her body was actively trying to milk me.

"Nghh, ahh... aghng, aaah, ahhh...! Nghhh~...!"

Her moans weren't gentle little sounds—they were loud, messy, shaky, each one vibrating through the room and straight into my ears. It was the kind of sound that made

you feel wanted. Needed. The kind of moaning that made you want to lose control, just to hear her do it again.

And it kept going.

"Nnnn, ahnngh, ah, ahh...! Ahnngh, ah, ahh, ah, ah, ahnngh, ah, ahhhh, ahnnn, ah...!"

Each breathy cry made heat pool low in my stomach. My pace faltered for a second because of how good it sounded. I could feel myself getting dangerously close again, my cock throbbing inside her with each thrust.

"Oh? Are you going to cum, Leon?" she asked suddenly, her voice trembling but playful. "If you're going to cum, then cum deeper... Otherwise you'll scrape it back out."

Hearing that wiped out every other thought in my head. It was like someone pressed a button that shut down rationality.

I kept thrusting, chasing that rising peak until—

"Guh...!"

That was all I could get out. A strained grunt. My hips slammed forward, burying myself as deep as possible as I shot my semen inside her again, hot and thick, flooding her completely.

"Nghhaa... NNNHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhh...~!!!"

Her entire body spasmed as she screamed into the sheets, her fingers clutching them like she was afraid of being swept away by the intensity. Her eyes rolled up, her ass pushed back hard against my hips as she came with me.

I held her hips firmly, almost possessively, as if anchoring her in place while I kept pumping my cum inside her. I could feel her trembling under my hands, her muscles tightening and relaxing like waves.

"Haaa... haaa..."

Her breaths were uneven, shaky, her expression completely fucked-out. She looked like she had just been pulled through an orgasm so strong it left her brain half-melted.

"Kukuh... That was splendid," she said after a moment, voice still unsteady. "I never thought sex would feel this good. I feel like I've been... vindicated. Like something finally clicked inside me. It's so exciting... ridiculously exciting. I never would've thought...~"

"You sound really amused," I said with a smirk I couldn't suppress. "Are you sure you're not getting conquered by my cock?"

"You're confident. Very confident," she replied. "And while that's admirable, it might also be your downfall someday. Someone like me isn't conquered so easily. It would take you years to even dream of conquering me... Although, I won't say it's impossible."

She wasn't dismissing me—she was challenging me. Mocking me, but also acknowledging I had a chance. A small one. A distant one. But a chance.

"Well," she continued, her tone dropping into something sly and playful, "this isn't the end of your so-called conquering attempt, is it? I remember you wanted to do me somewhere... unconventional. I'm not exactly ready for that yet, and I would've liked to prepare myself, but I think it's only fair that you have it, considering you waited patiently."

Then she turned away from me, shifting her body with slow, deliberate movements. She reached back with both hands, grabbing her ass cheeks.

And she spread them open.

"I saw you looking at it earlier," she said softly. "So I figured you wanted a taste of this too. Go on. It's yours to take."