

## The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1071 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (6) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1071 - 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (6)

### Chapter 1071: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (6)

The way she arched her ass was so damn sexy that it honestly stunned me for a second, like someone just smacked the wind out of my lungs. It wasn't even just the arch itself—it was the lazy confidence in the way she did it, like she had done it a thousand times and knew exactly how to tilt her hips so her curves would hit me like a punch to the face. My mouth watered before I could even stop it, saliva pooling under my tongue as if my own body betrayed how badly I wanted her.

Truthfully, the second my gaze landed on her buttohole twitching like that—small, subtle, but crazy enticing—I felt the pulse of blood rush straight to my cock. It was like my body flipped some hidden switch I didn't know I had, and the hardness returned with this almost violent force, like my cock wanted to burst out of my control. It throbbed so fiercely that even the air brushing against it made me clench my teeth.

And with her offering her butt like that—so boldly, so shamelessly—it made even me feel weak in the knees. I'm not the type to get shaky, but hell, my legs were starting to feel like someone replaced them with stale noodles. My mind immediately spiraled into questions that bounced around like an echo chamber: How tight would that ass be? How good would it feel to slide into something that looked that snug? How much pleasure would I get from it—how much would she give back?

Those thoughts kept ringing inside my head, overlapping until it felt like a throbbing heartbeat behind my ears. All while my eyes stayed glued to her buttohole, twitching like it had a heartbeat of its own.

"What? My, are you really that entranced by the sight of my dirty hole? I didn't think you were that kind of guy, Leon. But well, I've read from books that men are typically dirty creatures who would put their dicks into anything. I guess that holds true for you too," she said, almost too casually.

Her teasing tone hit me like a slap and yet, somehow, it made everything worse—in a good way. Hearing her say "dirty hole" like it was the most normal thing in the world nearly made me groan. And honestly, she wasn't wrong. That was the most accurate description she had ever dropped on me, and I didn't even have the energy to argue. She was spot-on. I couldn't deny a damn thing.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Didn't you want this?" she added, tossing the words at me like bait on a hook, waiting to see if I'd bite.

I smirked back at her—because really, what else was I supposed to do? "Now you're saying I wanted this, but in truth, you're wanting this just as much as me," I said. "But fine, I'll humor you. Though honestly, how do you think a cock this thick is gonna fit into that tiny asshole of yours?"

She shifted slightly, just enough to make her ass jiggle. "Well, we'll see. I mean, I wouldn't know how it feels if I didn't try it yet, right?" she replied.

She sounded ready—dangerously ready. And that was enough for me to stop hesitating.

I stepped behind her, the sound of my footsteps quiet but heavy in the space around us. My breathing got heavier too, not in an animalistic way, but in that way you breathe when something hypnotic is pulling you forward and it feels impossible to resist.

Then I aimed my cock at her butt.

But I knew immediately there was no way I could push into her ass dry—not unless I wanted to hurt her. No amount of desire would break that rule in my mind. So I needed lubrication, something natural, something already ready for me. Without much thought, I pressed myself into her vagina first.

"Nghhhhhhhh!!!"

Her reaction shot up the moment I entered her pussy. The sensation was smoother than earlier, her walls parting for me without the slightest hint of resistance. It was like her body recognized me instantly, welcoming me in.

"Oh my... You've entered a different hole, it seems. Are you sure that's what you're going to enter?" she asked, sounding almost amused, even though I could feel her trembling faintly beneath me.

"Nope. I'm just making it so it's wet enough that I can slide into your tight ass," I answered. I pulled out of her warm pussy, the wetness clinging to me in slick strings. Then I aimed my cock at her ass again and thrust forward.

Her buttock resisted at first, tightening like a reflex, but I didn't force it. I kept steady pressure, pushing with my hips, inch by inch. Slowly—so slowly it was almost torturous—her tight hole began to yield.

"Nnnn..."

The pressure of my advance made her grit her teeth. I could see the muscles in her back tense, the way her shoulders curled inward, her spine arching even deeper as she fought the mix of sensation hitting her. Her ass tightened even more around me, gripping me as if it didn't know whether to keep me out or drag me deeper.

"Nghh... Oh... Nnnn... Wha... Hnhghhh..." Her voice broke into small, trembling pieces. She could feel it—the slow advance of my cock inching deeper toward the very core of her ass.

Her fingers dug into the sheets so tightly that the tension traveled all the way to her wrists. Her knuckles turned stark white from how hard she held on, the sheets twisting around her grip.

And then her eyes rolled upward, not dramatically at first but slowly, gradually, until only the whites showed. Her whole body shivered in tiny waves that traveled downward from her shoulders to her toes.

"Nghh... Oh! Fuhhh..."

Finally—after what felt like minutes compressed into seconds—I pushed in deep enough that my hips pressed flush against her curves. I had gone balls deep inside her ass.

And the sensation hit me like a tidal wave. Her insides felt unreal—soft but unbelievably tight, like the walls were molding to my shape while squeezing me from all sides. It was like she was pulling me into some kind of pleasure spiral I barely had the words for.

"Fuuaah... You're so deep, Leon. Kuku... I can't believe you went ahead and entered two of my holes in one sitting," she said. Her smile was there, but it trembled at the edges, melting into something raw and overwhelmed. "'Tis quite an event, even for the centuries I've been alive."

"Well, it's not over yet. If you think just entering you means this is done, then you're wrong. Get ready for the real pounding," I growled, tightening my grip on her hips.

"Well then... come and ravish the insides of my dirty hole," she said.

That was all the permission I needed.

I pulled my cock out, scraping along her tight walls, and slammed back in. Her body clenched around me instantly.

"Nghhh... Aaahh, ah, ahhh...! Oh, aaaaahhh! Aaah, ahhhhnnn, ah, ahhh...! Nghhhh! Ahnngh, ahh...!"

Her moans spilled out uncontrollably, shaking with every thrust. She squeezed around me so tight it nearly ripped the orgasm out of me on the spot.

And I... I couldn't hold back anymore.

Holding back here would've been stupid—no, impossible.

So I came. Hard. My cum shot deep into her ass in thick pulses.

"Nghhhh! Haaaannnghhh, aaaahh... Aaaahngghhhh...!"

Her asshole tightened even harder, like she wanted to milk me dry, pulling every last bit of my semen out of me.

"Nghhhh, nghhh...! Nnn.... Aaaaahhh...!"

Her eyes rolled back even further, only the whites visible while I pumped my cum deep inside her.

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### **Chapter 1072: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (7)**

I pulled my cock out of her ass slowly, and when I did, the sensation was so intense and so strangely textured that it felt like her insides were clinging to me with everything they had. It wasn't just the warmth—it was like her walls were dragging along every inch of my cock as it slid out, scraping softly, squeezing desperately, refusing to let me go even though I was pulling out anyway. It gave me this sharp, almost electric shiver up my spine, the kind that makes you exhale without meaning to.

I had just finished filling her with my semen, and even after I thought I was done, I found myself pushing more and more out of me, unloading everything like I had been saving a reservoir for days. Her asshole kept tightening around me with these small, rhythmic pulses, almost like it was milking the last drops out of me on its own. The way she clenched made me feel every bit of my release even more vividly.

"Nghh, aaaah... Haaanghh, ah, aaahh... Nghh...!"

Her voice came out broken, her moans trembling through the air, shaky and messy and absolutely overwhelmed. Each sound she made vibrated through her whole body, her breath stuttering every time another wave of pleasure hit her. My semen was coating her insides so thoroughly that I could almost feel the heat radiating from her ass.

When I finally pulled out, the separation came with a loud, wet pop—sharp, unmistakable, and honestly a little lewd in a way that made my cock twitch. Her hole stayed gaped open, stretched so much that it looked like it didn't even remember how to close. My semen immediately began dripping out of that gaping opening, oozing in a slow, thick trail that slid down the curve of her ass before falling onto the sheets beneath

her. She was trembling hard, her back arching and relaxing with every breath like she was riding the aftershocks of everything I had just done to her.

"Sshh... Nghh, aaaa..."

She kept moaning even though her voice sounded like she was halfway lost in the clouds. Her breathing came in short, heavy bursts, almost panting.

"That really feels good...~" she finally said in a voice that sounded half-melted and half-floating. Her face was still twisted in that blissed-out expression, like the pleasure had completely dissolved her ability to make a normal expression. She genuinely looked like she had just ridden some kind of heavenly high.

Her entire face was still soft and dazed, and both of her holes were still stuffed full with my semen. It was a sight so intense and erotic that it almost felt unreal.

And even after all the fucking and all the cumming I had just done, my cock was still hard—hard enough that it almost felt angry. It throbbed, heavy and insistent, refusing to go soft even though I had just drained myself inside her. It was obvious it was going to stay like that for a while.

It made sense. I hadn't done anything sex related for six days straight, and with how high my libido normally was—wanting sex every damn day—my body clearly wasn't satisfied yet. Staying hard like this felt more frustratingly natural than anything else.

"Fufufu..." she let out a soft, devilish laugh, smirking with that dangerous charm of hers as she looked at me. "You really do still want to go, Leon." Her expression was playful, but there was something sultry laced into every curve of her smile. "I don't know if my body can take it. But since I did this to myself... I guess it's only natural to go through with it. Not like I'm being obligated. I just... really want more sex."

She licked her lips slowly, dragging her tongue across the bottom one before pulling it back in. Even though her body was petite, she used her seductiveness like a weapon. Her mischievous expression alone was enough to make my chest tighten and my cock twitch again, like she was reeling me in without lifting a single finger. I was hooked. Anyone would be.

Naturally, I didn't stand a chance against that.

"So, Leon," she asked softly, tilting her head with a teasing curiosity. "What would you like me to do?"

"Well..." I said slowly, actually needing a moment to think because the sight of her alone was enough to mess up my focus.

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Agneis held the tights in her hands like she had just discovered some strange artifact she couldn't place. Her brows furrowed in this cute, confused expression as she poked the material with one finger, stretching it lightly, watching how it bounced back. Considering she was practically always naked, it made sense she had no idea what these were.

"I'm going to put this on my legs?" she asked, sounding genuinely puzzled. "I've never seen this kind of material before, but I've gotta say, it's intriguing. I guess I'll humor you." She shrugged.

She opened up the tights and inserted one leg slowly, wriggling her toes through the thin fabric. Then the other leg followed. She rolled the tights up her legs piece by piece—first her feet, then her calves, then smoothing it up her thighs and hips, and finally adjusting the waistband around the lower part of her stomach.

The tights hugged her body almost perfectly. It was honestly strange how well they fit, like they were made specifically for her. The soft black nylon clung to the shape of her legs so cleanly that it almost enhanced the natural curve and tone they had.

"I didn't know there were these kinds of legwear. And that these were also considered a kink?" she said, sounding almost amused. "As expected of someone so used to this stuff, you really know how to find yourself more and more." Then, she took a short step back and twirled. "Now then, how do I look?"

The spin was slow and teasing, and the tights shifted smoothly over her skin with every movement. Even though she had only put on one piece of clothing, the effect was ridiculous. It changed her entire vibe—her seductiveness practically doubled.

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### **Chapter 1073: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (8)**

Her petite legs looked even more enticing wrapped in that smooth, dark material, to the point where my breath caught in my throat for a moment. There was something about the way the fabric clung to her skin, hugging every delicate curve, that made her look almost unreal—like a work of art that wasn't fully aware of its own beauty. The tights accentuated her shape, her softness, her outline—every small dip and rise that I had memorized with my hands, and yet somehow looked brand new again. That dark sheen didn't just suit her; it elevated her whole presence. It made her look like she was crafted specifically to be seen like this, like the universe had intended her to wear something exactly like that.

"You look absolutely good," I said, the words slipping out before I even had the chance to second-guess myself.

"Fufufu... You're drooling for me, I see. And I'm not talking about your mouth," she smirked, her eyes sliding downward with the slow confidence of someone who already knew what she would find. Sure enough, my cock was already leaking pre-cum again without me even noticing. Her smirk sharpened, playful and knowing. "Now then, what am I going to do with you?"

Well, considering why I had asked her to wear that outfit in the first place, it wasn't exactly a mystery.

"Massage my cock with your feet," I said plainly.

"Well, that's something I didn't expect you to say so casually," she replied, raising a teasing eyebrow. "You'd really prefer my feet over the pleasurable inside of me? But... I've heard men like these sorts of things. And knowing you, you probably do—since you enjoyed my armpit before. Well then..."

She pushed herself onto the bed, using her palms behind her to steady her weight. The motion made her body shift just enough to make the tights catch the light, highlighting the smoothness of her legs. She slowly extended them toward me, her movement both deliberate and lazy, like she was savoring the reaction she could see flickering across my face.

Her feet—silky smooth and wrapped in that thin, almost shimmering black nylon—pressed against my shaft with gentle pressure. The moment they touched me, a shock of sensation shot up through my entire body, warm and strangely soft but with just enough friction that it made my breath stutter. The glide of the material felt unreal, almost too perfect, as if someone had crafted the exact texture that would make me lose control.

She began stroking my cock with her feet, sliding them up and down my shaft at an unhurried pace, each movement precise and teasing. The sensation was so unexpectedly intense that it genuinely felt like the orgasm was already creeping at the edge of my nerves even though she had barely begun. The thin nylon made every touch feel sharper and softer at the same time, a contrast that made my mind fog over.

She pressed my cock between her soles, trapping it gently, and the feeling of her tights rubbing from both sides made my hips twitch involuntarily. The silky friction wrapped around me completely, swallowing every bit of sensation in an overwhelming wave that crawled up my spine.

"Fuuu... I just felt it twitch. You really like this, aren't you?" she said, her smirk widening. "Even if it's just my feet, it seems like you really like it. You really are a pervert, aren't you?"



Her voice had that teasing lilt that somehow made her words hit twice as hard, like she knew exactly how embarrassing and thrilling they were to hear. She pressed both soles firmly against my cock, stroking me up and down again—but slower this time, more controlled, as if testing how much pressure I could handle before I started shaking.

A groan escaped before I could swallow it. It wasn't just the physical sensation—it was her expression. She watched me intently, eyes half-lidded with amusement and a strange kind of affectionate mischief. It felt like she was guiding me inch by inch into her rhythm, marking her territory with each deliberate movement of her feet.

The silky friction crawled up my nerves, slipping deeper into my body like it was trying to settle into my bones. The contrast of warmth and softness made everything feel sharper, more electric, as if her touch was echoing inside me with every passing second.

"Fufufu, are my feet really that good, Leon? Well, I do remember you enjoying my armpit. So I guess you're even more of a pervert than I thought," she teased, her tone playful but her eyes sparkling with that same heat.

"You say that, but considering the dark stain growing on your crotch..." I said, a small grin forming despite the haze of pleasure. "Are you sure I'm the only pervert here?" I added, then lifted my own foot and pressed my big toe gently against the entrance of her vagina.

"Mmm..."

The sound she made was soft and unexpectedly vulnerable, like the air had been pushed out of her chest. Warmth spilled out instantly, soaking my toe through the thin fabric of her tights, and her hips shifted slightly as if her body was reacting to me on its own.

"Fufufu, you're certainly mischievous, Leon. But well... I guess that makes the two of us," she said, her voice slightly breathier than before. Then she tilted her head and asked, "Hey, can I try something different?"

"It's fine," I replied with a small smile. "It's both of us in this act. It's only natural we'd want things we want to do."

"Fufufu, well, I want to try giving you something very pleasurable with my mouth," she said.

So she wanted to give me a blowjob. Honestly, I wasn't surprised—but hearing her say it still sent a tight jolt through my stomach. Feeling her mouth directly, raw and warm, was something I definitely wasn't going to complain about.

"All right then," I said.



She lowered herself toward my crotch, moving slowly, almost curiously. Her face came closer until my cock was right in front of her eyes, and she stared at it with a kind of fascinated focus, like she was seeing a rare creature up close for the first time.

"I've never seen it this close before... but looking at it now, it's kind of scary, isn't it?" she murmured. Then she leaned forward and ran her tongue along the underside of my cock. "It has a strange taste. Like I've been put through some sort of procedure I can't explain. I wonder why?" she wondered aloud. "But for some reason, I can't say I dislike it. In fact... I think this might be the best taste I've ever had. It's weird, and the texture is weird, but I can taste our flavors mixing. It tastes really good."

She licked again, slower this time, and each movement made my cock twitch slightly. It wasn't sloppy yet, but the softness and warmth of her tongue alone was enough to make my whole body tighten in anticipation. It was the kind of pleasure that felt like it crawled up the spine in slow spiraling waves, the kind that made my breath shorten without me realizing it.

She kept her eyes on me the whole time, watching every twitch, every tiny shift in my expression, and there was something in her gaze—something warm, almost fond—that made everything feel even more intense, like the pleasure carried a shock of emotion behind it.

Man, I really love this woman.

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#### **Chapter 1074: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (9)**

And then, right while she was still working her magic on me, she opened her mouth just a little wider—slow and intentional—and placed the tip of my cock right at her lips. It was such a teasing gesture, like she wanted me to feel the anticipation before anything even happened. Then she pressed forward, letting the warmth of her mouth envelop the tip first, and then she swirled her tongue around the base of my cock as if she were savoring it, getting a feel for the shape and texture like it was something she wanted to memorize with her tongue alone.

The moment she did that, a sharp shiver ran all the way down my spine. It wasn't even subtle—it was the type of shiver that made my body jerk just slightly before I could even hide it. I inhaled sharply, like the air got punched out of my lungs for a second, and I felt this tight pressure inside my chest that made me want to groan on instinct. It was ridiculous how sensitive that made me. It was like her tongue unlocked nerves I didn't even know existed.

The way she was gobbling down my cock wasn't just good—no, it felt *insanely* good. Overwhelmingly good. So good that my hands, without me noticing, had already curled into claws around the bedsheets. My fingers dug in like I was trying to anchor myself to something, because my body wasn't cooperating with actually staying still. My toes curled so hard that I felt a twinge in my calves.

"Nghh...!" I couldn't hold that in. It slipped out of me before I even thought about it.

She giggled lightly, that soft "Fufufu" sound she made when she was teasing but also genuinely happy. "That's cute. It's my first time doing this, so I was afraid I might not be able to pleasure you. I'm glad I did," she said with this satisfied little smile that somehow made the whole situation even hotter.

And she was right—she was doing it stupidly well. So well that every part of my body felt like it was reacting to her. It was like she flipped on every nerve in me at once. I felt sensations racing across my skin like sparks. A heavy, warm pleasure spread through my hips, my stomach, even my chest. And then that weird bolt of stimulation hit—starting right at the base of my tailbone, jolting upward like someone lit a fuse inside me, rushing up my spine straight into my head. And that shock alone made my whole body twitch and my toes curl again, like my body was replying on its own.

And the worst—or best—part? She was doing everything in such a devilish way, like she knew exactly what would break me and she was deliberately playing with that line. She looked so driven, so focused, almost like she wanted to give me the best blowjob she could possibly give, even if she had to push herself past her limits.

She didn't rely on her tongue alone. She used everything—her lips, both sides of her mouth, even her gums and cheeks. Every part of her mouth contributed to the pleasure in different ways. And each point of contact sent another jolt through me, like I was getting electrocuted from multiple angles at once. It wasn't overwhelming in a bad way—it was overwhelming in the kind of way that made my brain shut down for a few seconds at a time.

And then, with her eyes still looking up at me—steady, fixed, mischievous—she slowly lowered her head. I felt the tip of my cock brush against the entrance of her throat. Instead of pulling back or bracing up in hesitation, she let herself sink lower, allowing the tip to gently press and kiss her throat before easing inside. And she kept going, deeper and deeper, letting her throat yield to the pressure as my cock pushed further in.

It was slow, deliberate, and honestly hypnotizing. Inch by inch, she took more of me, until my cock was fully embedded inside her throat. You could actually see it—the outline, the bulge that clearly showed where my cock was pushing through her throat. That sight alone felt unreal, almost too much. My breathing got rougher without me realizing it.

Her throat tightened around me instinctively—of course it did. She wanted to gag, I could tell. I felt that sudden squeeze, the way it clenched like her throat was trying to expel me. But she didn't let herself pull away. She forced herself lower instead, even though her body was screaming that it was too deep. I felt her throat contracting and tightening all around me in a way that made my vision blur for a second. The pressure was insane. It was so tight that I honestly felt like *I* was the one being suffocated by the sensation.

"Gllkk... nghhh, nghh... nngghh...~"

The sounds she made were messy and raw—guttural, wet, muffled by the fact that her throat was full. She looked like she was having a hard time, her breath caught, her body trembling ever so slightly. But even then, she didn't hesitate. Not once. She kept looking at me, her eyes watery but still sharp and mischievous, like she was telling me without words: *I'm going to take everything you give me.*

There was something unhinged and seductive in the look she had—like she was doing more than sucking me off, like she was trying to steal something deeper from me. My soul, my sanity, my entire will—something like that.

Then her eyes rolled back. Not halfway. All the way. Only the whites showed, and her expression turned into something downright debauched. Lusty. Uncontrolled. She looked so ruined by pleasure that it was almost unreal. And that was exactly when I grabbed the back of her head with both hands and pushed her even deeper onto me, burying myself until her nose was pressed against my skin. Her eyes rolled even farther back, veins visible around them as her throat stretched to accommodate me fully.

"Nnngghh... gnnngghhh, hnghhh..."

Her noises vibrated around me, and the vibrations made my body jolt. That was it—my control snapped. I couldn't hold it back. My orgasm surged forward so abruptly that I clenched my teeth.

I shot my semen deep inside her throat, and some of it, forced by the intensity, burst out through her nose and dripped downward. Her throat contracted in reflex, swallowing, squeezing me even tighter as more came out.

After a moment that felt like it lasted longer than it should, she finally pulled her head back. My cock slid out of her throat with a wet sound, and the sensation of it leaving her felt like part of my soul got ripped out along with it. It was such an intense pull that I honestly felt like I was about to cum a second time on the spot.

While I was still catching my breath from the orgasm, she caught the dripping semen from her chin with her hand, almost lazily. Then, without a shred of hesitation, she brought it to her mouth and licked it up clean, as if it were her favorite treat, something she couldn't afford to waste even a drop of.

"It's delicious...~" she said with a completely debauched expression, so lewd that it made my stomach tighten all over again. She looked like she just tasted something addictive, something she'd never forget. And even though she had already made me cum multiple times, I wasn't even slightly softened. I was still fully hard—harder than I should've been after an orgasm like that.

Days without sex, all that pent-up libido—it all surged back through me, and Agneis saw it instantly. Her gaze dropped to my cock, still standing tall and throbbing. She looked thrilled at the sight.

She brushed her fingers along the tip, her touch light but teasing, and then looked up at me with that wicked grin again.

"It looks like this isn't really enough for you at all. Well, what are you waiting for? Just go ahead and fuck me all you want, Leon."

And just like that, whatever restraint I had left shattered. Something inside me snapped cleanly, and I grabbed her, pulling her toward me with all the hunger and desire that had been burning through me from the start.

I ravished her fully.

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### **Chapter 1075: Chapter 165 - The Dwarven Queen Falls (10)**

The moment restraint snapped inside me, I pulled Agneis up and into my arms, the heat of her body pressing against mine. Her breath was still shaky from everything she'd just done, her chest rising and falling quickly, and her face was flushed in a way that made her look even more deliciously mischievous. She flashed me that cheeky smile—the same one that always made my heartbeat slam against my ribs—and ran a finger teasingly along my still-hard length.

"Mhm... you're still throbbing. You really weren't kidding." Her tone was playful, but there was a tremble in her voice she couldn't hide. Even while teasing me, she was feeling every bit of the moment too.

I grabbed her wrist gently but firmly and guided her toward the bed, pushing her down until she was on her side. She raised a brow at the position, lips curling upward.

"Going for something soft first, huh?" she teased, arching slightly as I moved behind her.

But her voice shuddered a little when I slid an arm under her waist and pulled her closer, spooning her from behind. Her back pressed to my chest, her hips molding perfectly against me like her body had been made to fit right into mine.

The moment the tip brushed against her, she exhaled sharply, her shoulders tensing.

"Leon..." she whispered, almost a warning, almost a plea.

I pushed slowly inside her, inch by inch, and felt her body shiver violently under my touch.

"Ahh—" she let out, her voice cracking with a raw, breathy moan that sounded like she'd been holding it back.

Her fingers clenched the sheets, curling hard as her hips pressed back against me. She looked over her shoulder with half-lidded eyes, dazed and already a little drunk off the sensation.

"That... nghh... that feels too good..." she murmured, voice trembling as she tried to keep her composure.

I started moving, slow but deep, letting the rhythm match the rise and fall of her breath. Every slow thrust made her gasp as the pressure nudged deeper inside her, and her body responded instantly—her legs tightening around mine, her hips rolling back to meet me on instinct.

Her moans were soft at first, spaced between shaky breaths.

"Nnh... mmm... ahh... Leon... slower... wait—ahh—no, don't stop..."

She kept trying to talk, but her voice cracked every time I hit the right angle. Her cheek was pressed into the pillow, her teeth gently biting down on the fabric as she tried—and failed—to muffle the sounds spilling out of her.

Her hand blindly reached back, grabbing at my thigh to steady herself.

"Y-You're... nghh... you're hitting me just right... I feel it all the way up..." she whispered, her voice melting into another shaky moan.

Her mischievousness never fully disappeared, though. Even while trembling, even while barely holding herself together, she glanced back at me with that teasing glint.

"You're... hnn... really going at it, Leon... Did I suck you that good?"

Her smug smile wavered into a whimper halfway through, her breath catching when I thrust deeper in response.

Her whole body shuddered, legs tightening again.

"O-Okay—okay, wait—ahh—! Leon—!" she cried, her voice cracking with a mixture of pleasure and breathless panic.

She wasn't asking me to stop. Not even close. She was feeling everything, and she wanted more even if it overwhelmed her.

I held her closer, burying my face into the crook of her neck. Her scent was intoxicating. Her skin was warm. Her hair tickled my cheek as she panted, each breath coming out hotter than the last.

Her hand clawed at my forearm, pulling me deeper into the spooning hold.

"Don't... don't let go..." she whispered, barely audible between moans.

So I didn't.

I held her tighter, thrusting with a slow but heavy rhythm that made her voice jump in soft, broken gasps.

"Nghh—ahh... ahh—Leon... I... I feel like I'm melting..."

The spooning position made everything more intimate with her body completely molded to mine, every moan vibrating against my chest as well as every tremble traveling through both of us like a shared current.

And as much as she tried to stay cheeky, the sound of pleasure drowning her voice out made her honesty slip through.

"I... I can't even tease you right now... nghh... this feels too damn good..."

Her breath hitched again.

"Leon—ahh—d-don't stop..."

But eventually, her legs started shaking from the strain, her body twitching with every movement. I could feel her reaching the edge, and before she collapsed entirely, I pulled out gently.

She gasped as the cool air hit her, her body trembling as she caught her breath.

"W-What—hey—why'd you stop...?" she asked, turning to me with a pout. "I was enjoying that..."

But her pout disappeared when I guided her onto her hands and knees.

She blinked, then laughed breathlessly.

"Oh. So that's how it is, huh?" she said, her tone dripping with mischief again—even while her arms shook from the sensitivity. "Going rough, are we?"

I positioned myself behind her, and she looked back at me with a grin that was equal parts cheeky and eager.

"Well, come on then. Don't make me wait."

I slid inside her again, this time from behind, and her reaction was immediate.

"A-Ahh—! Oh—!"

Her voice pitched higher and rawer. Her fingers curled tightly into the sheets, elbows trembling as her hips arched back toward me without even thinking. The change in angle made everything feel different and much deeper, sharper, and hitting nerves that spooning didn't reach.

Her hair bounced with each movement, her back arching beautifully as she let out gasps that turned into breathless moans.

"Leon—Leon—Leon—ahhh—! That's—! That's—fuck—!"

Her cheeky grin was gone. Replaced by pure pleasure twisting her expression.

But the mischievousness wasn't completely dead. Between moans, she still tried to tease.

"H-Hah... you're... you're fucking me like you've been waiting days... hah~... you really couldn't hold back, huh?"

Her voice wavered, and she moaned again when I thrust harder.

"O-Oh—! Okay—okay—wait—! N-No—keep going—don't stop—!"

Her knees buckled slightly, her arms shaking harder, but she kept pushing back into me, her voice dissolving into breathless cries.

She was feeling everything—every movement, every thrust, every rush of heat building inside her. I could see it in the way her body tightened, the way her breath turned uneven, the way her fingers trembled with each moan.

Her cheeky tone slipped again into raw need.

"Leon... please... nghh... harder—just a little—ahh—yes—right there—!"



Her voice cracked beautifully.

Her moans filled the room—sharp, breathy and desperate—and each one pushed me closer to losing control all over again.

Her back arched more, her body tightening around me as she gasped.

"I'm—hah—Leon—I'm—I'm so close—!"

Her voice broke on the last word, and she trembled violently as the wave hit her—her cries muffled into the sheets as her body seized with pleasure.

I held her hips, guiding her through the trembling until she slumped forward, panting so loudly her breaths shook the air.

"Goodness... Leon..." she whispered, breath hitching, voice half-laughing, half-moan. "You're going to ruin me at this rate..."

But even exhausted, even shaking, she still smiled back at me with that same mischievous glint.

"As if I'd complain."

## **Chapter 1076: Chapter 166 - To The Next Location (1)**

It was early morning after my intense session with Agneis, though "morning" honestly felt like a loose concept at that point. My sense of time had been chewed up, swallowed, and spat out sometime around hour thirty-something. My body felt both heavy and weirdly light—like my bones were still trying to remember how to exist properly after everything we just did.

Agneis lay sprawled on the bed like a goddess who had just descended from some wild, lust-filled heaven. She looked absolutely fucked out—no sugarcoating it. Her legs were limp and parted just enough for her pussy to steadily leak out my semen, dripping lazily down her inner thighs in this slow, almost hypnotic trail. The expression on her face said everything. Debauched. Blissed-out. Completely undone. Her mouth was half-open, like she was exhaling remnants of pleasure even in her sleep or whatever half-conscious state she was floating in.

"Uwe... he, he, heee...~" she giggled faintly, her voice airy and spaced out, like her brain was still orbiting whatever high we ended on. Her eyes rolled slightly, giving that ahgao-like expression that would've been funny if it wasn't also ridiculously hot in its own messed-up way. Just seeing her like that made me feel like I still wanted to squeeze out one more round, but my body disagreed. My legs felt like they were about two breaths away from giving up entirely. They were trembling like jelly, already turned into absolute putty.

"Well, I guess that makes sense, considering we fucked for almost two days..." I muttered, letting out a wry smile—one of those tired, soul-deep, "I can't believe I'm alive" smiles.

And that was exactly it. We were so insanely horny for each other that we threw the idea of limits out the window and pushed ourselves until we were basically hanging off the edge of whatever physical threshold exists for the human body. No breaks. No slowing down. No thinking. Just pure need. And honestly? It made those six days of waiting feel like some kind of buildup engineered by the universe itself. Every second was worth it, because what happened after... was unbelievable.

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When I finally stepped out of the room—after nearly two full days inside—I felt like someone who had just stepped out of a volcano's mouth. My entire body was slicked in dried sweat, fresh sweat, and that humid after-sex heat clinging to my skin like a second layer. The moment fresh air hit me, it felt like my lungs were drinking something impossibly refreshing. Even the corridor outside felt like an oasis.

I had no idea a normal hallway could feel like salvation.

The inside of the room was beyond humid—practically its own ecosystem at that point. The air had been thick, sticky, warm... like the walls themselves had soaked up the heat from how much we fucked. If someone else walked in there, they'd probably think two demons fought to the death in a sauna. It was honestly insane—and awesome.

As I stretched, feeling my spine crack in eight different places after all those positions Agneis and I went through, I noticed someone approaching with a towel in hand.

"Good work, Master," Anne said in her calm, perfectly measured voice.

She'd been there the whole time. Waiting. Patient. Silent. Loyal. That realization hit me in the face like a reminder that I had basically neglected her for... what, eight days at that point? Six days from not touching her, then almost two more spent in a heaven-and-hell marathon with Agneis.

Yeah. That was a long time.

She didn't show it on her face—robots didn't exactly pout or sulk—but I couldn't help but wonder if she felt something. With how she'd slowly developed emotions because of the effect of my mana, maybe she *did* feel lonely.

"Are you lonely, Anne?" I asked her, honestly curious.

She froze, just for a breath. I heard something metallic inside her shift or crackle softly, like gears rewinding to process the question. She lifted her gaze toward me, her eyes

reflecting the hallway lights, and then she slowly closed them for a second—almost like she was sorting through files she didn't even know she had.

"I have no idea how it feels. But maybe because I've been feeling weird lately, and I'm also feeling... something I don't understand... maybe I am lonely," she said. "Maybe that's why I stayed here for a while—so I could greet you the moment you got out."

It was sweet. So damn sweet it almost felt criminal after the sinful mess I'd just come from. Too bad my body was currently running on fumes. I was completely dry and basically coasting on survival instincts. No matter how much my brain said "fuck her," my body was like, "bro, try that and you're dying today."

Still, after I rested? Yeah. I'd give her all the love she'd been waiting for.

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The next day, Agneis called for me.

"It's been a while since we last saw each other, Leon," she said with a smile, sitting on her throne like she owned the world—and well, she kind of did. She looked smug and haughty and gorgeous all at once.

"It's only been a day, Your Majesty," I said, trying not to laugh.

"Well, it felt like forever. When I woke up after our passionate days together, you weren't by my side. I would've thought you abandoned me after fucking me silly," she said, teasing me with that smile that could probably start wars.

"Well, I just wanted to give you some space since you seemed like you needed it," I replied.

"You could have rested beside me, you know? I would've appreciated it if you stayed while I used your arm as a pillow. I want to experience that," she said, her tone softening into something surprisingly tender.

It did hit me a bit. Maybe I should've stayed. But—

"The reason I didn't do that is because I want you to experience it next time," I said.

"Fufufu. Next time, huh? Then I'll look forward to it," she said with a cheeky grin that made it sound like she was already planning something.

"By the way," she added, crossing one leg over the other with that effortless queenly grace, "it seems you're heading to your next location. I'm assuming you're going to the Titans next?"

"Well, I'm starting with the Lamia tribe first since it's closer than the Titan Kingdom," I explained.

Traveling straight to the Titan Kingdom would've taken seven days with no stops, but heading toward the Lamia Tribe first—just four days away—made the journey smoother. We could rest there, then take another four days to reach the Titan Kingdom.

"Lamia, huh?" she repeated, her smile turning sly. "Well, I guess it's only natural... since it's you."

## **Chapter 1077: Chapter 166 - To The Next Location (2)**

"But before you go toward your next location, I want to tell you something, Leon," Agneis said.

Her voice broke through the quiet air with a softness that I honestly wasn't expecting from her at all. For someone who acted like she always had everything under control—someone who strutted around like nothing in the world could faze her—hearing her speak like that made me stop for a moment. I actually blinked. I wasn't sure whether I even heard her correctly.

She wanted to give me parting words?

Well, that was something I never would've expected in a hundred years. Not from her. If anything, I thought she'd just wave me off with that smug grin of hers, maybe tease me a bit, then disappear and blueballed me like she always did. But... here she was, stopping me before I could go, sounding way too sincere for someone like her.

I didn't even understand what she was trying to do. And with her, that was always the most confusing thing—she could be unpredictable in a way that made me feel like I should be keeping my guard up, yet here she was, acting strangely sentimental.

"What is it?" I asked, trying to sound casual even though I was fully thrown off.

"Oh nothing. Just a piece of advice. Honestly, I don't even feel like you need this, but... I think it's only right for me to say something like this to you." She gave me a smile—not her smirk, not her teasing grin, but an actual gentle smile. "I am giving you good luck with what you are doing, and with what you're going to set out to do. You have my full support."

Her words hit me harder than I thought they would. They lingered in my chest in a way that made me feel weirdly warm and awkward at the same time. This was seriously not what I expected to hear from her mouth. If someone told me yesterday that Agneis would be the one giving me genuinely heartfelt words, I would've laughed. I didn't even think she had that mode. But here she was, proving me completely wrong.

I wasn't prepared for that. Not even close. I was caught so off guard that my mind almost went blank. I didn't know how to respond properly, because honestly... how do you respond when someone you least expect suddenly shows emotional sincerity?

"That really is an appreciative thing of you to say," I managed to say, even though my voice came out slightly stiff.

"Well, you should appreciate me more." Her smile shifted into something lighter, a bit playful. "You're not going to forget me while you're trying to conquer the rest of the world, are you?"

"I can't even do that even if I try," I replied.

And that wasn't an exaggeration. She carved a place in my mind whether she meant to or not. She had left an impression that wasn't going to disappear anytime soon. Forgetting her would be like trying to forget a slap to the face—impossible and honestly kind of stupid to even attempt.

"Well," she continued, tilting her head ever so slightly, "if you want to come back here, I'd show you something that I haven't even showed you during the two days session we've been together."

Then she gave me this flirtatious smile, the kind that always carried trouble behind it—trouble and heat. She slowly spread her legs in front of me, revealing her bare pussy, completely exposed. She wasn't even wearing panties. At all. Not even the slightest attempt at modesty.

That was bold. Even for her. And that's saying something.

While I was still trying to process what the hell she was doing...

"You seem to have gotten close to this person, Agneis."

A voice suddenly travelled through the hall, but it wasn't a normal kind of voice. It didn't sound like it came from anywhere in the room. It felt like it slipped right into my mind, crawling through my thoughts like someone was whispering inside my skull. I instinctively looked around, but nothing in the hall moved—not even the air.

"You certainly appear when it suits you," Agneis responded, completely unfazed despite the eerie nature of the voice. "You've been watching us for a while, haven't you?"

Right after she said that, something dropped from above—or maybe from nowhere at all—and landed lightly on my shoulder. I straightened up, my instincts kicking in, but when I turned my head, I found myself staring at a small black cat perched there like it owned the spot.

This cat... I've seen it before.

Not once. Not twice. Many times. Always somewhere on the edges of my vision. Sometimes sitting quietly. Sometimes staring. Sometimes disappearing the moment someone else entered the area. I always thought it was weird, but I brushed it off because, well, what was I supposed to think? That a cat was stalking me?

Apparently... yeah.

"Well, I was only observing at first because I wanted to know more about this thing you have in your kingdom," the black cat said, its tiny mouth moving like it was the most normal thing in the world.

The cat talked.

The cat just fucking talked!

My brain momentarily short-circuited. I could handle monsters, witches, curses—sure. But a random cat just casually chatting in my ear? That was an entirely new battlefield.

The cat looked directly at me, and its mouth curved upward into what I could only describe as a smug smile. A *smile*. From a cat.

"Hello there," it said. "I haven't introduced myself, have I? Even though we have met already for a lot of time already."

Right. I had met her before. Or at least... seen her. Over and over. But talking? Never. Not once. This was the first time hearing her voice, and it honestly made too much sense now. The disappearing act, the way she always stared straight at me—like she knew something no one else did.

She wasn't just a cat. Not even close.

"I am Luna Riofia," she said.

Then, without any warning whatsoever, her entire body was swallowed by a burst of light. It wasn't a gentle shimmer either—it was a bright, engulfing radiance that wrapped around her like a cocoon. She lifted off my shoulder, floating lightly in the air as the glow intensified.

Her small form stretched, expanded, reshaped. It was like watching the air fold and twist around her as her silhouette grew larger and more defined, shifting from feline to humanoid.

Within moments, the light faded—and standing there was a full-grown woman.

"I am the Dark Witch," she said.

"Dark Witch?"

My thoughts scrambled. What was the difference between her and Dorothea? Dorothea was the Black Witch, Luna was the Dark Witch... Was there some sort of witch color ranking system I wasn't aware of? Because at this point, the naming scheme felt like it needed a manual.

While I was busy mentally tripping over my own confusion, her transformation finished fully. Luna now stood there with a body that looked soft and dangerous at the same time—large breasts, curves that looked sculpted on purpose, and clothes so barely-there they looked like they were hanging on out of pure stubbornness.

"Yup. The Dark Witch," she said with a casual tone that didn't match her dramatic transformation at all. "I am the witch who roams this Great Forest. Nice to meet you, Lilith's offspring."

### **Chapter 1078: Chapter 166 - To The Next Location (3)**

She came out to me like some sort of... I don't even know, honestly. Like something that just materialized out of nowhere purely to mess with my sense of normalcy. It was the kind of unexpected appearance that makes you freeze for a second and question reality itself. I mean, sure, I'd seen a lot of weird things lately—things that should've been enough to numb me already—but apparently the world had decided that my personal threshold for "weird" wasn't high enough yet. And then *she* just appeared, as casually as someone stepping out from behind a curtain.

"It's certainly weird to see an offspring of Lilith here," she said, smiling like this whole situation was an afternoon tea conversation. "Particularly someone this manly. I've watched your passionate move together with Agneis. It was pretty hot, I couldn't really put my eyes out from watching it. Say, do you take another one?"

She winked. Actually winked. Like she was offering a snack and not whatever the hell that suggestion was.

And the worst part? I had absolutely *no* idea if she was joking or legitimately trying to climb into my rotation. Her voice had that playful lilt, but the wink... well, the wink kind of pushed the odds toward "she's dead serious."

"You don't have to pay her mind, Leon," Agneis cut in, sounding a bit irritated but mostly resigned. "Why are you here, Luna?"

Luna tilted her head with that lazy confidence only a troublemaker or a cat could have. "Can't I come and see someone I've been friends with for a long time? I mean, when



that friend finally gets herself a lover, am I not allowed to be curious about who it is? And I just found out it's one of Lilith's offspring. Isn't that surprising?"

"What's so surprising about it?" Agneis shot back. "I am a woman who got interested in someone who seems capable of being my man. Of course I'd want to get into Leon's arms. Not only is he pretty handsome, but he's also someone who is capable... and interesting, to say the least."

"Oh?" Luna looked straight at me, eyes narrowing just a little, like she was assessing me again from scratch. "That's surprising. I thought for sure you'd gotten curious with him because he's one of the fragments of Lilith. I guess I was wrong."

"Well, I would be lying if I said that I wasn't interested in him for that specific reason," Agneis admitted. But then she looked at me—really looked—with a softer expression I'd never seen her use before. No teasing smirk. No seductive grin. Just a warm, sincere smile that hit me way harder than I expected. "But that wasn't the only thing that made me interested in him. I wasn't going to give my body up to someone who is just a fragment of Lilith. That's nothing compared to what I have been seeing in him."

And just like that, the whole air shifted. Even Luna looked taken aback, her expression softening in a way that matched the moment.

"I see..." Luna said slowly, as if she was digesting something big. Maybe it was the first time she'd seen Agneis smile like that. "That's really amazing..."

And then, just as I thought the scene might settle into something peaceful, she suddenly turned back into her cat form. No dramatic effects. No light show. Just *poof*, back into a fluffy, four-legged creature with a tail flicking behind her. With that same oddly satisfied smile—yes, the cat was somehow smiling—she walked away like she had said and done everything she came here for.

Honestly? I had absolutely no idea what that whole interaction even meant. Everything felt like a riddle wrapped in nonsense and sprinkled with mild chaos.

"You sound like you are planning something really big for us, Leon," Luna said, pausing a few steps away and looking back at me, her green cat eyes narrowing. "Whatever it is, then I'd agree to it, since the person who I have known to be very stubborn agree to it. However, if I deem it something that is very dangerous, then I would not put myself to it."

Fair point. Probably the most grounded thing she'd said so far. I didn't even know what to respond with except the truth—I wasn't planning on disappointing her. So I just nodded.

She gave me another one of those tiny cat smiles, turned her head forward, and padded out of the castle like a breeze slipping through a window.

"She really is just a wind, coming and going just like that. Honestly..." Agneis muttered, shaking her head.

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A few hours later, after everything settled down, it was decided that I was going to leave for my next location. The Dryad sisters would be coming with me—our next destination wasn't exactly the safest place, and I needed people who could handle themselves.

"Come back, Leon. I'll be waiting," Agneis said.

Of course I would come back. I wasn't someone who just forgot the women in his life. And, honestly, it wasn't just obligation—I had no intention of forgetting her or the time we spent together.

"Of course." I leaned in and kissed her. When I pulled away, I looked her straight in the eye. "I wouldn't forget the fucking session we did. I mean, even for me, it was the first time I'd experienced something like that."

Her face lit with a faint blush, that warm softness appearing again just around the edges. "Well, I'll be waiting for that time again."

Yeah. Same here. And considering I was still basically in the Great Forest, it wouldn't even take that long before I circled back to her anyway.

And with that, I finally set off toward the Dwarf Kingdom—our route heading toward the Lamia Tribe.

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The journey toward the Lamia Tribe wasn't exactly a walk in the park, but it wasn't insanely difficult either. Terrain was rough, sure—enough roots, rocks, and uneven ground to make a person trip three dozen times if they weren't careful—but manageable. We *could* have taken the helicopter, but I chose not to. I figured traveling together with the Dryad sisters—Lixis, Morthea, and Lixis—would keep things simpler. Besides, flying overhead felt like announcing myself to the whole forest with fireworks.

Meanwhile, Filia, Anne, and Amon were sent back to the Milham Kingdom to inform the others about everything happening here. I trusted them to report things properly, and it kept them out of unnecessary danger.

Right now, I was having sex with the three.

And that was where we were.

**Chapter 1079: Chapter 166 - To The Next Location (4)**

Almea was right on top of me, her warm thighs framing my hips as she bounced on my cock with a rhythm that felt almost too perfect, like her body had already memorized the pace that would drive both of us insane. Every time she dropped down, her ass smacked softly against my lap with that wet, sticky sound that made my whole spine heat up. Her breasts rose and fell with each movement, swaying heavily in front of me, catching the light in a way that made them look even softer than normal.

"Hnghh, aaahngh, aaah... It feels good, Master...~ It feels so good, Master...!" Her voice trembled every time she pushed herself down. She wasn't just having sex—she was really enjoying herself, her expression melting into pleasure each time her pussy tightened around me. Her flushed cheeks and hazy eyes made it obvious she was completely into it. The way her breasts bounced with her movement was hypnotic in the worst—or best—possible way. They had this rhythm that matched perfectly with her hips, swaying up and down in a seductive loop that made my body feel like it was about to explode. Just watching them made me feel like I was about to cum way too fast.

"Ahh...! Ahh, aaaah...! Ahhnnghh, ah, ahhhngh, ah, ahhh...!" Her moans rose and fell with every bounce, her voice cracking at the peaks like she couldn't hold back any of it.

Behind her, Lixis pressed right up against her back, her hands reaching around to cup Almea's breasts. Her fingers dug lightly into the soft flesh, kneading them while Almea continued riding me.

"You look very hot, Almea. Yes, keep making that face while you ride Master. Make yourself feel good while you take Master's cock. That's right," Lixis murmured, her voice low and strangely calm, even though she was clearly enjoying the sight just as much as I was.

"Ahhhngghh, aaahhh... W-Wait, w-what are you doing with that hand of yours? What kind of thing are you doing back there...?" Almea's voice cracked mid-sentence as her body suddenly jolted, her hips shaking slightly. The reaction told me everything—Lixis had slipped a finger into her ass, pushing gently but firmly while keeping her breasts squeezed in her other hand.

"You don't have to worry. Just feel good on Master. I'll make you feel really good too," Lixis said with a confident smile that I could practically hear in her tone.

"W-Wait... Ngh....! Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa..."

Almea suddenly arched her back—violently, almost. So fast and sharp that for a moment, I honestly thought something snapped inside her. Her mouth hung open, her eyes rolling back. Her pussy tightened around me with unbelievable force, like her walls were trying to crush my cock, squeezing from every angle. Then she squirted—hard—her juices spilling out and splashing onto my hips, my stomach, everywhere.

"Fufufu, you look like you're having fun, Almea. Oh, I want to get fucked by Master next," Lixis said with a playful smile, clearly proud of herself.

"Too bad," Morthea's voice chimed in from above, her tone half-amused, half-threatening. She settled her feet on either side of my head, her thighs framing my face. "I'm going to be right up next."

Before I could even react, she lowered her hips, sitting directly on my face with her sopping wet pussy. Her warmth pressed down on me, her scent immediately filling my nose.

I didn't waste a second—I immediately licked her, my tongue sliding between her folds, tasting her dripping wetness.

"Nghhh, hhnghhh... nghh, aaahnghhh, aaaah... nghh...~ Master's tongue... Master's tongue is really amazing...~ The toughness and the rough texture... it's so good...~" Morthea moaned, her voice shaky and overwhelmed.

Her pussy juice tasted sweet and thick, almost addicting, and with her pressing her weight onto my face, the heat of her pussy fully smothered me. Her thighs were trembling slightly, and every time she shifted, warm juice smeared onto my jaw and chin. I couldn't stop licking even if I wanted to.

The smell surrounding me was insane—two aroused pussies so close, both dripping, mixed with the sound of wet friction and Lixis still fingering Almea's ass. My brain felt like the edges were burning, everything becoming hazy and too intense, like I was seconds away from cumming without even moving.

"Nghhh, aaah... aaahnghhh, ahh, ahhh... L-Lixis...~ Hnghhh, aaahnghhh, ah... ah, ahhh, no... ahnghh, ahh... D-Don't do that...~ Hnghhh, ahhh...!" Almea shook uncontrollably, her voice nearly breaking. Her pussy kept tightening around me with every movement, squeezing my cock harder and harder. It felt almost dangerous—but so good that I didn't care. It made my hips twitch without my control.

"Nghhh, aaahnghhh, ahh, aaaahh, ah...!" She was right at her limit again.

"That's right. Cum for Master, Almea. Make that cock sloppy with your juices so when I take it, it'll go inside me immediately," Lixis said, now rubbing Almea's clitoris with her free hand, circling it with fast, teasing strokes.

"Ahhh, n-noo... hhnghhhh, aaaahh... It feels good... It feels so good...~ Hnghhh, aaahnghh, ah, ah, ahaaaahnghh, aah, ah, ah, ahhh...! C-Cumming, Master... I'm going to cummm...!!!"

"That's right. Cum for Master," Lixis whispered, almost encouraging her like she was guiding her through it.

Almea's body couldn't hold it back any longer. Her pussy clamped around me like a vise, squeezing in a way that almost knocked the breath out of me.

"Nghhhh, aaahhnggh, ahh...

[illegible]

Her orgasm hit her like a wave, her entire body shaking. Her juices splattered again, coating my crotch, thighs, everything. Then she collapsed backward into Lixis's arms, her body going limp from the intensity.

"Haaa... haaa... haaaa..." she panted heavily, gasping like she'd just sprinted across an entire field.

"Now then, it's my turn to get Master's cock," Morthea said, standing up from my face and wiping her mouth slightly as if to steady herself.

But before she could approach, Lixis quickly pushed Almea aside and guided my cock toward herself. She positioned her hips, aimed carefully, and then slid my cock into her pussy, taking it fully in one smooth, greedy motion.

"Nghhh..." she moaned, her back arching immediately as her pussy tightened around me.

"Lixis, what are you doing?! It's supposed to be my turn!" Morthea snapped sharply, sounding genuinely offended.

"Nuh-uh. My turn. Master's penis is already in my vagina. You can't do anything about it now," Lixis said, giving Morthea a triumphant look, like she had just won a game she clearly planned from the start.

Morthea glared at her with the kind of fury that could probably burn down a forest. Her expression darkened instantly.

"Is that so?" she said slowly.

Then her vines activated—spreading and shaping around her crotch. The vines twisted together, thickening, merging, and forming into a long, massive cock made entirely of vines. It was huge—clearly much bigger than what Lixis had slipped into Almea earlier.

"W-What...? What is that?" Lixis said, her eyes going wide as she stared at the vine dick forming right in front of her.

"It's something like what you did to Almea earlier," Morthea replied calmly, "but much bigger."

She stepped behind Lixis, grabbed her ass firmly, and without hesitation, lined the vine cock up to Lixis's ass before pushing it inside her.

## **Chapter 1080: Chapter 166 - To The Next Location (5)**

"W-Wait, Morthea—w-what are you...?!" Lixis's voice cracked into a startled squeal, her entire body jerking as if she'd just been zapped. Her eyes flew open wide, pupils trembling in shock, her breath scraping out of her throat in a shaky gasp that made her look like she couldn't decide whether to pull away or freeze.

She had every reason to react like that.

Morthea had already pushed the makeshift strap on—crafted entirely from her living, twisting vine magic—straight into Lixis's ass without warning. The vines pulsed faintly with life, tightening and loosening like a heartbeat, the surface textured with tiny ridges that made Lixis shiver violently the moment they disappeared between her cheeks.

"Fufufu... this is your fault for being naughty," Morthea teased, leaning in with that mischievous smirk she always used when she knew she had someone cornered. Her voice dripped playfulness and warning at the same time. "If you'd just waited patiently for your turn, maybe this wouldn't be happening."

With that, she thrust deeper—slow at first, then deliberately sharper—making Lixis's breath hitch into an incoherent cry. The vine-strap moved with an unnerving, almost serpentine wiggle, sliding deeper inside until even I felt the movement, pressing faintly through her inner walls and brushing against my cock inside her.

"Aaaah—n-no...! Anghhh...! Aaaaah—ah, ah, ahhhngh—ah, ahhhh...~! I-I-It's being... being sandwiched...~ Nnghhh... ahhhh...!"

Her voice broke apart with every syllable, her body twitching like she didn't know whether to clench or melt.

Morthea kept moving, and I started moving too—drawn into the rhythm without thinking. I pushed myself inside Lixis again, matching Morthea's pace, our thrusts syncing naturally until her breath came out in a long, desperate whimper.

"Nghhh—aaahh—n-not you too, Master...!" she moaned, her body trembling as both holes were filled and stretched. "Nghhh—aaahhhnnghh—ah—ahhhngh—ah—ah—ahhh—aaaah...!"

The vines inside her ass wiggled with Morthea's thrusts, and every movement rippled through her body, making her tighten around me. I could feel the strap on pressing inside from the other side, each shift adding a strange, overwhelming friction that made her walls shake around my cock.

"Nghhh—aaahngh—ah—ahhhngh—aaaah...~ A-Ahhh... ahhhh...! N-Nggghhhh... aaahnghhhh... aaah...! Nghh... aaahnghhh... aaahhh... ah, ah, ahhhnnggh, ah, ahhh, aaahh, ahhh~ Nghhh... aaahnghhh...!"

"Do you like that, Lixis?" Morthea asked, leaning over her shoulder while squeezing her breasts with both hands, kneading them roughly, teasingly. "Do you like having two dicks stuffed inside your holes? I shaped the vines to match Master's size perfectly."

Her grasp tightened slightly, enough to make Lixis arch her back.

"T-Two big things... inside both my holes...~ Nghhh—ahnghh—ah—ahhhn—ah—aaaahnghhhh—aaahnghhhh—ah—ah—ahhhh—aaaaaaaaahhh...~ aaahh, aaahnghhh, ah, ahhhnnn, ahh, ahhh...! Anngghh, ahhh...! N-Noooo...! It feels... too good... Nghhh—ahngh—ah—ahhhhnnggh—aaah...~!"

Morthea smirked, low and satisfied.

"You're going to get completely ravished... the same way you ravished Almea with your fingers." Her lips brushed Lixis's ear. "You like this, right?"

"Aahhh—Y-Yes...! To be ravished in both holes...~ To be filled with something so thick in both holes...~ It feels so good...~!! Nghhh—aaahngh—ahhh...! Ahhh—ahhh—ahhhnghhhh—aaaaaaaaah...!"

Her voice dissolved into breathy, broken moans as her eyes started rolling backward. Her lips parted, saliva slipping from the corner of her mouth, her chest heaving as she struggled to breathe through the overwhelming wave of sensation flooding her brain.

"Ahhhn—ah—ahh—ah—ah—ahhh—ah—ahhnnggh—aaanghhh~ Hgnhhhhhhhhh...!"

Her thighs trembled violently, her toes curling, her fingers twitching as if she couldn't decide whether to grab something or just let herself fall apart.

"Nghhh—aaahhh... nghhhh aaahhhngh, ah, ahhh, ahhhngh, ah, aaahnghhh, ah aaaaahhh, nghhhh! Ah—ah—ahhhngh—ahhh...! Ahnnnnghh—ah—ah—ah—aaaah—aaaahhhnghhhh...~ Hnghhh—hnnnnn...!"

Morthea and I continued pounding her in synchronized rhythm, our thrusts making her entire body jolt forward every time. I could feel her walls squeeze and soften, then clamp again, yielding around both intrusions as we alternated angles and pressure.

Each time the vine pressed in through the back, I felt it through her, the pressure making her tighten around me like she was trying to hold onto both sensations at once.

"Ahhh—ahhngh—ahhh...~ Nghhh—nnnnghh—ahhnghhh...~ Ahhh—no... ahh—aaahh... It's so good...~ A-Almost... almost there...~"



"Yes, cum...! Cum, Lixis!" Morthea urged, her fingers closing around Lixis's nipples and pinching them sharply.

"Ahhhh—M-Morthea... Nghhhh—aaahh—ah—ah—ahhh—ahnghhhh...! Mortheaaaa...~ M-Masterrrrrrrr... Nghhhhhh~ Hnghhh—ahhh...!"

Her pussy suddenly clamped down on me—hard. The tightness was immediate and overwhelming, like her body was trying to crush my cock from the inside.

"C-Cumming—cumming—cummingggggggggggggggggggg!!!" she screamed, her back arching high, her body shuddering violently as white sparks seemed to explode across her field of vision. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahnghhhhh...!!!"

Her orgasm hit like a shockwave—sharp, powerful, explosive—her body convulsing, squirt bursting out of her in a sudden pulse as she clenched around both intrusions with everything she had.

"Haaa... hnhghhh... aaah...~" Lixis's expression slackened completely, her eyes unfocused, her cheeks flushed deep red as her body seemed to melt under her own weight. "Nghhh... aaah...~"

"Fufufu... now it's going to be my turn, right?" Morthea asked, pulling Lixis gently away from me. My cock throbbed painfully, still hard, still twitching, the pressure almost unbearable since I hadn't cum yet.

"Morthea, do you really think you're getting the easy part?" Almea said, already composed and calm again, but with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

Before Morthea could react, vines surged from all directions—smooth, whip-quick—coiling around her limbs and waist. They slid up her sides, across her chest, and then lifted her clean off the floor in one swift motion.

"W-Wait—what?!" Morthea yelped, her eyes widening as the vines spread her legs apart, exposing her pussy dripping like a waterfall, the slickness running down her thighs.

Almea clearly had her own plans.

Well—if she wanted Morthea fucked senseless, then I was more than ready to help.

I stood up, stepped closer, and lined my cock against Morthea's crotch, her soaked folds practically trembling as they dripped more and more.

"M-Master...?" Morthea's voice quivered, a mix of apprehension and unmistakable excitement. Her pussy gave away her real feelings—leaking nonstop, pulsing faintly.

I grabbed her hips, pulled her toward me, pushed my cock against her dripping folds, parted her pussy with one slow stroke, and sank into her in a single, deep motion—burying myself until I hit her cervix in one clean thrust.