

The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1091: Epilogue

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Chapter 1091: Epilogue 20 - The Heroes From Another World (10)

"Now that you're done trying to flirt with me, then I guess I should head out," I said, letting my voice drift out casually, almost like I was trying to snap her out of whatever trance she was stuck in.

But when the words actually reached Lady Asada, she didn't move. She didn't twitch. She didn't even blink. It was like she turned into a perfectly carved statue—breathing, alive, but completely hollowed out. I knew she heard me; I said it loud enough for her to catch every syllable. Yet she stayed there, stiff and unresponsive, as if the world around her had already gone silent.

So I guess polygamy really was accepted here. Not taboo. Not frowned upon. Not even enough to earn a reaction. I honestly thought she'd at least flinch, glare, or say something sarcastic, especially after that whole conversation earlier that almost felt like walking on emotional eggshells. But she just stood there like it meant nothing. Maybe I'd read too much into it. Maybe I really did guess wrong.

Or maybe... she had already given up on any chance she thought she had. Maybe she believed there was no hope for her from the very beginning, to the point where even imagining her lover messing with other women barely stung anymore. Like she'd already cried every tear she had and went past the point where emotional pain even registered.

"Why are you still standing there, Princess?" Sir Amakawa asked, glancing at me like I was intruding on something.

"Are you alright, Lady Asada?" I asked, ignoring him completely. "You look like you're already past your breaking point."

"She's fine," Sir Amakawa said before she could even open her mouth. His tone was too quick, too dismissive. "She was just... suffering from a loss."

"A loss?" I repeated, my brows lifting.

"She lost a friend," he said. "So if you'll excuse us, I want to comfort her."

Comfort, huh. Yeah, right.

I glared at him immediately. I knew that type of tone. I knew that kind of look. I knew exactly what kind of "comforting" he was planning to do. And with Lady Asada in this state, vulnerable and barely holding herself together, I wasn't going to let him drag her into something she'd regret. If I let him take her now, she'd just sink even deeper into whatever despair she was already drowning in.

And I was **not** letting that happen.

"I don't think I can allow that," I said firmly.

"Huh?" he muttered, confused.

But I wasn't waiting for him to understand. I moved behind him in one fluid motion—not graceful like a trained assassin or anything, but quick enough—and delivered a sharp chop to the back of his neck. His body instantly went limp. He collapsed forward like someone snuffed out his flame. I rushed to catch him before he slammed onto the floor and carefully laid him down, arranging his limbs to make it look like he had simply fallen asleep.

"What... what have you done?" Lady Asada asked.

Her voice was soft, almost detached. Even though she just saw me knock out his lover in a way absolutely unbecoming of a princess—especially in front of a knight who was supposed to be respected—she didn't flinch. She didn't gasp. She didn't panic. She didn't even look surprised. It was like the shock inside her was already dead.

I looked at her closely. "You're trying to go deeper into the despair, aren't you?"

The moment those words left my mouth, she flinched—just barely, like a faint tremor.

"What would you know?" she spat, but it wasn't anger—it was pain. Her voice cracked like something inside her had been scraped raw. "There's no way someone like you can understand what I'm suffering."

She wasn't wrong. I wasn't going to pretend I understood the weight she was carrying. How could I? Pain wasn't something you could just imagine accurately. I really was just meddling, inserting myself because I couldn't stand watching her sink.

"I may not know it," I said, my voice steady but not cold, "but what you're trying to turn yourself into will only destroy you more."

Her shoulders trembled.

"Y-You... you don't know anything. You can't act like you know anything. You don't know." Her voice shook harder with each word, like something inside her finally broke open. "I failed. I failed him. When he needed me the most, I failed him. When he told me

he loved me, I ignored him. When all the signs were already there, I pretended to be indifferent. I failed. I failed to realize something important. And when it finally became clear, he was already closer to someone else. And before I knew it, he slipped away from me. And then... he's gone. And I regret not telling him how I really feel."

Her voice cracked on that last part, like she was holding back a scream or a sob or both.

From the way she was speaking, it definitely didn't sound like she was talking about Sir Amakawa. This was someone else—someone who mattered much more deeply. If I had to guess, it was the friend she lost.

"I'm sorry for the loss," I said quietly. I wasn't good at comforting people. Never was. "But if you're going to wallow in your despair, then... you can't do it here. At least go back home. You can wallow in it there—since that's the world where you felt those regrets. Let that regret haunt you there. Face it there. Since the world you left is the world where all of it happened, then continue that regret and end it there."

She stared at me for a long moment. I didn't know what exactly she was thinking, but I saw something flicker in her eyes—weak, but still there. A tiny spark in the dark.

"You sounded... a little bit like him," she whispered.

"Huh?"

"My friend," she said. "My bestest friend in that world. You sounded like him just now... I feel like if he were here with me in this world, and I was drowning in despair because I might never go back home again, he would say something like that."

So she saw him in my words.

And honestly, that made sense. I only said that because I felt like that *Leon*—the version of him I imagined—would've told me the same thing if I were in her shoes.

"That's a relief then," I said softly.

She took a breath, deeper this time, and when she looked at me again, I saw the faintest glow inside her—like someone trying to relight a candle in a storm.

"I still don't think... I'll be able to stop myself from feeling despair," she admitted. "But... you're right. If I'm going to wallow in it, then I should wallow in it in the world where I left him. I have to go back."

"That's the spirit," I said.

"Princess," she whispered.

I looked at her again, and this time the flicker inside her eyes wasn't fading—it was growing, small but steady, like embers catching wind.

"Can you teach me how to fight?"

Chapter 1092: Chapter 167 - The Lamia's Tribe (1)

I was now surrounded by a group of women whose lower bodies were long, thick snake tails, their scales catching faint light as they slowly shifted around us. The strangest part wasn't how terrifying they looked—it was how *silent* they were. When they had come at us earlier, there wasn't even the slightest hint of sound. No scraping of scales against stone. No disturbed air. No warning. It was as if they simply *appeared*, slipping into existence around us without disturbing the world itself.

That alone told me these weren't normal enemies.

"Oooh... haaa... You have a very large life force for a male. I've never seen this before..." one of them said, her voice low and slow, almost savoring each word. She licked her lips with a tongue that was far too long to be human, the tip flicking out like a snake tasting the air.

Her eyes were fixed on me, not in lust exactly—but hunger.

It seemed she could see my life force, and whatever she was seeing clearly surprised her. Enough to make her openly react.

So my life force really was special.

I could feel it too now, more clearly than before. It wasn't just some vague warmth inside my body anymore. It felt dense, heavy, like something coiled tightly within me, waiting to be used. The more I focused on it, the more I understood that it wasn't just *quantity*—it was *quality*. Thick, potent, stable. Something that could last.

Something dangerous.

"It seems that we have gotten a jackpot," another one said, her voice calmer but just as predatory. "This one could store us for another hundred years. He seems really good as well."

She licked her lips too. Her eyes narrowed slightly, pupils thin and sharp, the way a predator looks at prey when it already knows the outcome—or thinks it does.

"So this person is the elven fucker, huh?"

That voice cut through the others. Cold. Controlled. When I looked toward it, I immediately knew she was the leader. Not because she was louder, but because the others subtly gave her space.

Her upper body was calm, almost relaxed, but her tail was coiled in a way that told me she could strike at any moment.

"So now, after you managed to crawl your way into the Dwarven Queen's vagina, you are going for the vaginas of Lamias, huh?" she continued. "That's cute. Do you really think a puny little cock of a human would be enough for us people?"

Her words weren't teasing. They weren't playful either. It was more like she was testing my reaction, measuring me.

I raised my hands slowly, palms open, making sure my movements didn't look aggressive. Not because I was scared—but because I didn't want to give them an opening before I understood how dangerous they really were.

"Well, I did fuck a centaur and managed to make her cum," I said calmly, letting a smirk form. "I don't think Lamias are going to be any different."

The air shifted.

Not dramatically. Just enough that I could feel it. A subtle change, like tension tightening invisibly around us.

"You are pretty confident," the leader said, her lips curling slightly. "I admire that."

Her gaze lingered on me, slow and assessing, like she was dissecting me piece by piece.

"Now then... I guess it's up to my judgment to see if you really are worth it. I am a woman who is not easily satisfied."

As soon as her voice trailed off, the air grew heavy with a cold, distinct intent to kill. It wasn't the messy rage of a berserker. It was precise and practiced, the aura of a veteran who had taken lives until it became routine.

Then, she moved.

One moment she was coiled casually before me. The next, she was already inside my guard. Her tail drove her forward with terrifying power, scales shifting in rhythm as she closed the gap. A spear appeared in her hand—drawn from thin air or perhaps just hidden—and thrust forward in a straight, lethal line aimed right at my heart.

She was fast.

She moved with a speed that eclipsed any warrior I'd ever faced. I knew that a single second of hesitation would leave me skewered.

I called for Ayuru instantly.

The blade materialized in my grip as naturally as drawing a breath, feeling solid and right. The second my fingers closed around the hilt, the weapon responded with hunger, drinking in my mana with a greedy, aggressive pull.

"You're draining me dry today," I muttered through gritted teeth. "Must be starving."

The spear arrived.

Instead of retreating, I stepped into the strike, bringing Ayuru up just in time. Metal crashed against metal with a violent ring that vibrated through the room, the shockwave jarring my arm all the way to the shoulder.

The strength behind the blow was absurd.

Even with a clean block, the impact forced me to slide backward, my boots grinding against the stone as I fought to keep my footing. My muscles screamed from the strain. She wasn't just quick—she was incredibly powerful.

She didn't let up. Immediately after the clash, she spun, whipping her massive tail in a low arc meant to shatter my legs. I managed a desperate hop, feeling the wind of the blow as her scales smashed the stone floor beneath me.

Before I could even land, a second Lamia joined the fray.

She dove in from my blind spot, dual curved blades flashing toward my ribs. I twisted in mid-air, using my sword to knock one blade aside while catching the other on my hand.

The moment my boots touched the floor, I threw myself into a roll, barely dodging a spear tip that stabbed the empty air where my head had been a heartbeat before.

They were working as a unit. They weren't just attacking. They were herding me, cutting off my escape routes.

We were evenly matched. This was going to be a grind.

I let out a long breath, forcing mana into my limbs to reinforce my muscles and sharpen my focus. The chaos slowed just enough for me to read them starting with the twitch of a tail, the tension in a shoulder, as well as the displacement of air before a strike.

The leader lunged again, feinting a high strike before sweeping low. I knocked the spear aside, rolled my wrist, and slashed at her throat. She bent backward at an impossible angle, her spine curving like rubber, and the blade missed by a hair.

Then her tail snapped forward, wrapping tight around my arm.

Pain flared as the coils crushed down. Without thinking, I drove Ayuru downward, slicing into the muscle of her tail. Dark blood sprayed out, hissing on the stone. She hissed in pain, releasing me instantly and slithering back to safety.

Chapter 1093: Chapter 167 - The Lamia's Tribe (2)

The pack reacted immediately. Two shielded their leader while another flung a volley of thin, needle-like spikes. I deflected most, but one caught my shoulder, burning like fire as it broke the skin.

Poison. Great. Well, it wasn't going to kill me. But it was still a bit painful.

I clenched my jaw and flooded the wound with mana, burning the toxin out before it could take hold.

The leader straightened up, her eyes fixed on me. There was no rage in her expression, only curiosity.

"So, you have teeth," she said softly. "Good."

Her grip tightened on her spear.

"Show me what else you can do."

Then, the entire pack descended on me at once.

There was no signal and no battle cry. One second they were waiting, and the next, the area collapsed into violence. Tails whipped, blades flashed, and the air seemed to shred under the weight of their combined assault. My senses were pushed to the absolute limit as death came for me from every direction.

I shifted my footing immediately, forcing my body to stay loose instead of rigid. If I tried to meet their strength head-on all the time, I'd get overwhelmed. Their tails alone gave them reach and power that humans weren't built to deal with.

A spear came in low from my right. I twisted, letting it skim past my hip, and brought Ayuru down hard on the shaft. The blade bit into the wood—or whatever material it was made of—splitting it halfway through. Before I could finish it, the Lamia yanked it back and recoiled smoothly, her tail propelling her out of range.

Another one lunged at me from behind, her tail slamming into my back like a battering ram. I felt the impact ripple through my body, knocking the breath out of me as I was sent skidding forward. I barely managed to roll before a blade stabbed into the ground where my neck would've been.

I pushed myself up just in time to block another strike. Ayuru rang loudly as she met metal, the vibration running straight into my arms. My muscles screamed in protest, but I held firm, teeth clenched as I forced mana through my limbs to keep them from giving out.

They were relentless.

No wasted movement. No hesitation. Every strike had intent behind it, aimed to cripple or kill. Even when I managed to land hits, they adapted immediately, shifting their formation, covering for each other without even looking.

Equal wasn't an exaggeration anymore.

If anything, they had the advantage.

I ducked under a sweeping blade and countered with a thrust toward a Lamia's torso. She twisted sideways, scales deflecting part of the blow, but Ayuru still drew blood. She hissed sharply and retaliated with a strike so fast I barely saw it coming. I raised my arm instinctively, the spearhead scraping along my gauntlet and cutting deep into the metal.

I felt the tremor in my arm.

Not fear but strain.

Ayuru pulsed in my hand, pulling more mana from me than before. Not violently, but insistently. Like she knew this wasn't the time to hold back.

"Fine," I muttered under my breath. "Take it."

Mana surged outward, coating the blade in a faint, shimmering aura. The weight in my hand changed—not heavier, but denser, more real. The next time a Lamia rushed me, I met her head-on instead of dodging.

Our weapons collided, and this time she was the one forced back.

Her eyes widened just a little as she slid away, tail digging into the ground to stop herself. The others noticed instantly. Their formation shifted again, two pressing me from the front while the others tried to flank.

The leader stayed just out of reach, watching.

Always watching.

I could feel her gaze on me, cold and calculating, like she was waiting for something specific. A mistake. A moment of weakness. Or maybe just proof that I was worth the trouble.

A Lamia to my left feinted high, forcing me to raise Ayuru. The real attack came low—her tail snapping around my legs. I reacted too slowly. It wrapped tight, scales rough and unyielding, and yanked hard.

I hit the ground hard, the impact rattling my bones. Before I could recover, another Lamia was already above me, weapon raised.

I twisted and slashed upward with Ayuru. The blade caught her across the ribs, blood spraying as she screamed and recoiled. I rolled to the side just as a spear slammed down where my head had been.

I forced myself up, breathing hard now. Sweat ran down my face, stinging my eyes. My mana reserves weren't empty, but they were being burned through fast. Fighting like this—constantly reinforcing my body, reacting at full speed—it wasn't sustainable forever.

Neither was theirs, though.

I noticed it then. Subtle, but there.

Their breathing was heavier. Their movements, while still precise, weren't as effortless as before. One of them was favoring her injured side. Another had blood dripping steadily from a cut along her tail.

We were wearing each other down.

Equal.

The leader finally moved.

She surged forward faster than before, spear spinning in her hands as she closed the distance. I met her charge, our weapons clashing again and again in rapid succession. Thrust, parry, slash, block—each movement flowed into the next, neither of us gaining ground.

Her tail struck, I dodged. I countered, she deflected. Sparks flew as metal scraped against metal, the sound sharp and constant.

She was smiling.

Not mocking. Not cruel.

Satisfied.

She twisted suddenly, letting my blade slide past her shoulder, and drove the butt of her spear into my ribs. Pain exploded through my side as I was knocked back several steps. I barely stayed on my feet, coughing as I forced air back into my lungs.

She didn't press immediately.

Instead, she straightened, spear resting lightly against the ground, eyes locked onto mine.

"You're still standing," she said quietly. "Most wouldn't be."

I wiped blood from the corner of my mouth with the back of my hand and adjusted my grip on Ayuru.

"Didn't plan on lying down just yet."

The other Lamias repositioned, not attacking, but not relaxing either. The tension in the air was thick, heavy, like a drawn bowstring.

The leader tilted her head slightly, studying me again.

"Interesting," she murmured. "Very interesting."

Her tail coiled beneath her, muscles tightening.

"This isn't over."

And then she moved again.

Chapter 1094: Chapter 167 - The Lamia's Tribe (3)

I let out a slow breath and straightened my posture.

Up until now, every movement I'd made had been reactive. Defensive. Careful. I was measuring them, reading them, and I was practically letting them believe that what they were seeing was the full extent of what I could do. That the strain in my breathing, the blood on my skin, the way I was pacing my mana meant I was already being pushed to my limit.

That was a mistake on their part.

Because the truth was simple.

I had only been playing around.

Ayuru trembled lightly in my hand, not from hunger this time, but anticipation. The mana she was drawing from me shifted in quality, becoming more focused and much more refined. It stopped being a flood and turned into a steady, crushing current.

The leader noticed immediately.

Her eyes narrowed, pupils thinning even further. Her smile faded—not into fear, but into something sharper. Recognition.

"So that's it," she said quietly. "You were holding back."

I didn't answer.

I stepped forward.

The ground beneath my foot cracked.

In the same instant, my presence changed. It wasn't dramatic in the sense of an explosion or visible aura, but the pressure in the air intensified, like the space itself had gained weight. My life force, no longer suppressed, rolled outward in controlled waves. It was dense. Heavy. Suffocating.

The Lamias reacted on instinct.

They attacked together again—but this time, they were too slow.

I vanished from where I stood.

Not literally, but fast enough that their strikes cut through empty air. I reappeared beside the nearest Lamia, Ayuru already in motion. One clean slash severed the weapon in her hands. Before she could even react, I struck again—this time with the flat of the blade, reinforced with mana.

The impact sent her flying.

She slammed into the ground hard enough to crater it, her tail twitching violently as she struggled to breathe.

Another spear came at me from behind.

I caught it.

Bare-handed.

The Lamia wielding it froze for a fraction of a second, disbelief flashing across her face as I crushed the shaft in my grip. I twisted, yanked her forward, and drove my knee into her abdomen. The sound she made as the air left her lungs was sharp and wet.

I didn't let go.

I spun and hurled her straight into two of her allies, sending all three of them tumbling across the battlefield in a tangle of limbs and scales.

The remaining Lamias hissed, their formation breaking as instinct gave way to urgency.

The leader lunged.

She was faster than the others, stronger, and more skilled. Her spear flashed toward my throat, then my heart, then my side in rapid succession. I parried each strike effortlessly now with my movements very smooth, economical, and I was almost casual.

I stepped inside her guard and struck.

She barely managed to block, but the force behind my blow sent her skidding backward, her tail carving deep trenches into the ground as she fought to regain balance.

"You're tense," I said calmly. "You shouldn't be."

She steadied herself and she looked at me with her eyes burning.

The others attacked again, desperation creeping into their movements. Blades, spears, tails. They were all converging at once.

I met them head-on.

Ayuru sang as she cut through the air, the blade moving faster than thought. I deflected a spear, sliced through a blade, ducked under a tail, and struck three times in a single breath. One Lamia cried out as her weapon shattered. Another collapsed as I knocked her legs—or rather, tail—out from under her.

Mana surged through my body, reinforcing every strike, every step, every breath. This wasn't reckless output. This was control. Precision. The true nature of my life force made manifest.

They couldn't keep up.

One tried to bind me again with her tail. I allowed it—just for a moment. When it tightened, I flexed.

The scales cracked.

Her eyes widened in shock as I tore free with the broken coils falling away uselessly. I struck her unconscious with the pommel of Ayuru before she could even scream.

The battlefield was quieting now.

Not because the fight was over, but because the rhythm had changed.

I was dictating it. I was the one on the top now. And I was doing it all alone. The dryads with me weren't even doing anything and just watching me with a smile. As if they were telling themselves 'As expected of Master.'

The leader charged again, bloodlust flaring hotter than before. She fought like someone who refused to accept the shift in power, pushing herself beyond her limits. Her attacks came faster, heavier, more aggressive.

I matched her effortlessly.

Our weapons clashed repeatedly, sparks flying with each impact. She snarled as I forced her back step by step, her movements growing sharper, more frantic.

"You're not prey," she hissed. "What are you?"

I twisted her spear aside and drove Ayuru into the ground between us, stopping just short of her body. The impact sent a shockwave outward, knocking her off balance.

"You definitely hit the right mark there," I said quietly. "I'm not the prey here. I'm the predator."

I struck her then—not to kill, but to end it.

The blow sent her crashing to the ground, her spear skidding away as she struggled to rise. She didn't get the chance. I was already there, blade resting lightly against her throat.

The remaining Lamias froze.

Their breathing was heavy. Their eyes were locked on me now—not with hunger, not with lust, but with caution. Respect.

I lifted Ayuru slightly, the pressure easing but not disappearing.

"I was only playing around earlier," I said evenly. "If this had continued, it wouldn't have ended well for any of you."

The leader stared up at me, chest rising and falling rapidly. After a long moment, she exhaled and laughed—a low, breathless sound.

"So that's what it feels like," she said. "To be the ones outmatched."

I stepped back and sheathed Ayuru, my presence settling but not vanishing entirely.

The fight was over.

Not because they were dead.

But because they understood.

And so did I.

Chapter 1095: Chapter 167 - The Lamia's Tribe (4)

"I understand the implications now. You're something of an anomaly," she said, her tone steady but edged with something sharp. "I didn't even begin to grasp what just happened earlier. At first, you made it easy for us—too easy. Then you went out of your way to pour salt into the wound by showing us exactly what you're capable of. Just as I thought... you're an anomaly in this forest, Elven Fucker."

Her words lingered in the air, heavy and deliberate, like she wanted them to sink in. The title didn't sound like an insult anymore—it felt more like a reluctant acknowledgment.

"Please, don't say it like that," I replied, letting out a slow breath. "I love all women equally, no matter where they come from or what they are."

"So you don't discriminate, huh?" she asked.

Even with a blade pressed against her right now, cold steel biting into her skin, she licked her lips instead of showing fear. The gesture was slow, deliberate, and almost playful, as if she found genuine amusement in the idea that I didn't care who I fucked, as long as they were a woman.

"So even a lamia is fine with you, then," she said, a smile curling at the edges of her lips. "That's really fortunate. I'm currently looking for a husband. Humans aren't usually my type, and I'd always imagined myself with a strong, capable lamia as a partner. But after watching you fight us like that—and defeat us so effortlessly—I'm starting to think maybe a human isn't so bad after all."

Her gaze shifted then, becoming slow and heavy, openly seductive. It wasn't subtle, and it wasn't accidental. For a brief moment, I felt a strange pull, like something tugging at the back of my mind. Lamias were known for this—the way they could charm, lure, and hypnotize their prey through sheer seduction.

Still, she had misjudged me.

I didn't waver.

When she realized that her influence wasn't working, her smile widened instead of fading. There was something almost pleased about it, as if she'd just confirmed something important.

"I see... so from the start, we never had a chance, huh?" she said.

I loosened my grip and finally stepped back, releasing her completely. Holding her down didn't matter anymore. She already understood the gap between us—how pointless it would be to resist. Keeping her restrained now would've served no purpose other than unnecessary force.

"Well then, Elven Fucker," she said calmly. "Welcome to our tribe."

The moment the words left her mouth, a strange sensation washed over me. It felt like the world itself twisted—like the ground beneath my feet shifted without actually moving. When I looked around, the scenery had completely changed.

The forest was gone.

In its place stood something entirely different.

Was this reality manipulation? That was the first thought that crossed my mind. It was possible. Or maybe it wasn't that dramatic—maybe she'd simply altered my perception, or perhaps we had already been close to the lamia settlement from the beginning.

Either way, the surroundings were unmistakably foreign.

Instead of wooden houses or stone-built structures, there were caves carved naturally into rock faces, wide openings leading into shadowed interiors. Everything felt organic, shaped by nature rather than hands. It caught me off guard. I hadn't expected this, but thinking about it now, it made sense. Lamias didn't really need houses the way other races did. Wooden walls and neatly stacked stones weren't exactly designed with serpentine bodies in mind.

"You're just going to let me in like that?" I asked, glancing around.

"Well, that's what I want," she replied simply. "And if that's the case, then of course you're welcome here. I want to talk to you about something."

So that was it. She had an agenda.

That realization made everything click. Things had gone too smoothly after the fight. Not easy—I'd still fought them—but smoother than expected. Honestly, I wasn't even sure the fighting had been necessary at all.

We continued walking deeper into the settlement, the sound of stone beneath us echoing faintly. Then we stopped.

Something ahead caught my attention.

"Eggs?" I said.

"You're surprised?" the lamia leader asked, glancing back at me. "We lamias aren't born like most other races. We're like normal snakes. We lay eggs."

"I see..." I muttered.

It made sense when I thought about it. Their upper bodies were humanoid, yes, but their lower halves were unmistakably serpentine. Expecting them to give birth like mammals would've been stranger, honestly. Eggs were natural for them.

As I looked closer, though, something felt off.

Around the nest, lamias were gathered—too many, and too quiet. Their faces were drawn tight with grief. Some were kneeling, others coiled protectively around nothing at all.

I stepped closer and saw it.

The eggs were ruined.

Not shattered, not violently destroyed—but spoiled. They hadn't been laid properly. The shells were dulled, cracked in places, and lifeless. The snowstorm must have done this. They probably couldn't lay the eggs safely when the cold hit, and bringing them into the caves wouldn't have helped either. The caves weren't insulated enough to protect something so fragile.

It was a losing situation no matter what they chose.

"As you can see, we've suffered a great loss," she said quietly. The earlier teasing tone was gone, replaced by something heavy and restrained. "One so severe that we may not recover for quite some time. Children are a blessing to our tribe. We're already dying out. There are only about seventy of us left, and our numbers have been dwindling for years due to repeated catastrophes."

She paused, letting the weight of her words sink in.

"We have no choice but to rely on an external factor if we want to survive."

Her eyes shifted to me.

There was no confusion in that look. No hesitation. I was the external factor she meant.

"Your reputation precedes you," she said. "That's why I believe you're the only one capable of helping us."

I wasn't entirely sure what reputation she was referring to. The idea that my habit of fucking every race in the forest had spread this far was... uncomfortable, to say the least. Still, whether she misunderstood me or not, the situation in front of me was real.

I could help them.

Whether I would was another matter entirely.

I didn't know what she was asking of me yet, and I wasn't about to agree blindly.

"What do you want my help with?" I asked.

"The construction of our houses," she said.

Chapter 1096: Chapter 167 - The Lamia's Tribe (5)

"The lamia tribe has been dealing with this housing problem for as long as I can remember," she said, her voice steady, though there was a strain beneath it that she clearly couldn't fully hide. "The previous leader struggled with the same issue. We all did. But with the resources in the forest being so scarce, there was never a real solution—only delays. Temporary fixes. Now, my people are finally receiving the full blunt force of those past failures."

She paused for a moment, her yellow eyes lowering slightly before lifting again, sharper this time. "I've heard stories. Rumors, really. About a human who's been doing a lot of things in the Great Forest. Things no one thought possible. Slowly, but surely, succeeding where others failed. That's why I believe there's a real chance for us to survive the next disaster—if we leave our tribe in your hands."

That... caught me off guard.

I hadn't expected her to say something like that. Not this early, at least. I wasn't even anticipating her to bring up something this serious at all. For a moment, I could only blink at her, my mind scrambling to catch up. Still, once the surprise faded, understanding followed quickly behind it.

She sounded desperate. And honestly, who wouldn't be?

If you were leading an entire people while watching their future slowly collapse in front of you—brick by brick, shelter by shelter—you'd eventually reach a point where pride didn't matter anymore. A point where survival outweighed dignity. Desperation like that

had a way of stripping everything else away, leaving only the raw need to save what little remained. Enough desperation to make someone bow their head and place their fate at another person's feet, even if they didn't fully know who that person truly was.

"So," I said at last, breaking the brief silence, "you're willing to place your cooperation in me... just to save your tribe's existence?"

When I said it out loud, it sounded heavy. Final. Like a line being crossed.

From an objective standpoint, what she was doing wasn't wrong. In fact, it was admirable. I couldn't deny that. Still, another part of me—the calculating part—was already weighing things. Was there a real benefit for me here? Her cooperation toward the unification of the forest wasn't nothing, but it wasn't some overwhelming advantage either. It was useful, sure, but not exactly something I desperately needed.

And if I was being honest with myself—truly honest—her cooperation wasn't the only reason I'd been paying attention in the first place.

As my eyes lingered on her, I felt a subtle heat coil in my stomach. The lamia leader was... lewd. There was no other way to put it. Not intentionally vulgar, but naturally seductive in a way that felt effortless, almost dangerous.

Her midriff was exposed, smooth and firm, catching the light as she shifted. Her lower body swayed ever so slightly, not exaggerated, not forced—just enough to draw the eye without trying. It was hypnotic. Add to that her exotic beauty, something far removed from the women I'd seen before, and it became hard not to stare. Her black hair cascaded down her back, framing her face, while her yellow eyes glimmered with a sharp intelligence. Her skin, a deep chocolate shade, only emphasized her features further.

"If you're willing to save us," she said softly, watching me closely, "then I'd gladly give you anything you want."

She didn't hesitate. Not even a little.

"If nothing is done," she continued, "we probably won't even last until the next decade."

That was desperation, laid bare.

"And when I say anything," she added, a small, knowing smile appearing on her lips, "I truly mean it. I haven't been taken yet. So if you want... I wouldn't mind if you were the one to take me."

Straightforward. Blunt. Almost transactional.

"Well," I replied after a moment, exhaling slowly, "that's a tempting proposition. I won't deny that. But I don't think your virginity alone is enough for me to move forward."

Her expression didn't falter, but her eyes sharpened, watching for every nuance in my reaction.

"Honestly," I continued, "I wouldn't mind if you simply offered your cooperation in the unification process. Allow your tribe to become part of the greater kingdom of the Great Forest. That alone would be enough."

As much as I wanted to fuck her—no point pretending otherwise—I didn't see the benefit of acting on that impulse right now. Jumping straight into sex felt... premature. Cheap, even. Letting something develop naturally, letting attraction turn into genuine feeling over time, seemed far more rewarding. Not just for me, but for her too.

That was why I said what I said.

"Hm?" she tilted her head slightly. "I was sure you'd want to mate with me." There was curiosity in her tone, not offense. "You don't seem like the type who discriminates about who you mate with. Or is it that you don't consider lamias?"

She shrugged lightly, though there was a faint hint of disappointment there. "That's a shame."

It felt like she was testing me. Dangling something in front of me, seeing if I'd bite now or later.

"I'm not against fucking you," I said plainly. "But are you really sure you want it to happen this fast?"

Her lips curved upward again, slower this time. "So you're the type who prefers to build a relationship from the bud." She let out a quiet chuckle. "That's a rather traditional way of thinking. Old-fashioned, even."

Then she met my gaze directly. "Still, I can't say I dislike it."

She straightened slightly. "If that's what you want, then I'll gladly follow your lead."

That settled it, I supposed.

She was willing to wait. Willing to let things progress naturally, without forcing anything. It was traditional, sure, but there was value in that. Rushing things often ruined them. And while it was entirely possible we'd end up in bed sooner than expected, this path felt... right. More grounded. More real.

"Now then," I said, shifting the conversation back to business, "I'll start calling for the necessary updates. We're going to begin the buildup."

Her eyes widened slightly. "You're moving faster than I expected."

I smirked faintly. "Nothing beats speed when it comes to stabilizing things—and strengthening cooperation. Don't you think?"

She studied me for a moment, then nodded, a genuine smile spreading across her face. "Well," she said, "I suppose you're right."

Chapter 1097: Chapter 167 - The Lamia's Tribe (6)

The construction of everything felt like it was moving at a pace that honestly caught me off guard. It wasn't just fast—it was *too* fast, like the world itself had decided to stop dragging its feet for once and actually cooperate. Structures were already taking shape, foundations being laid, paths being cleared. What should have taken weeks was somehow unfolding right in front of my eyes in what felt like mere moments.

Still, not everything could be fixed.

We were too late to save the current generation of eggs. That fact sat heavy in my chest no matter how I tried to rationalize it. Knowing that those lives were already lost—potential lamias that would never slither, never speak, never even open their eyes—hurt more than I expected. There could have been so many more of them. A whole generation that never got the chance to exist.

But even so, this wasn't meaningless.

We *could* still save the next generation. That alone made all of this worth it. Being late was bad, no matter how you framed it, and there was no excuse that could fully soften that reality. But doing something now meant preventing this same tragedy from repeating again in the future. Late was still better than never, and this time, at least, the future wouldn't be abandoned.

"I honestly didn't think you were going to go this far, Leon," Agneis said as she observed the construction site, her eyes scanning the activity with clear interest. "Building housing for the *entire* Lamia Tribe? You're working ridiculously fast."

She glanced at me sideways, a teasing smirk forming on her lips.

"And it hasn't even been days since the two of us fucked for days straight. You really are something else."

Her words were casual, almost playful, but there was still that sharp edge to them—the kind that made it hard to tell where the joke ended and the provocation began.

Agneis was here with me, right in the heart of the Lamia Tribe's territory. When I had explained the situation to her—how the tribe lacked proper shelter, how the eggs had been neglected, and how badly resources were needed—she hadn't hesitated even once. She stepped in immediately, offering support like it was the most natural thing in the world. It almost felt unreal, like she had descended at the perfect moment just to make sure everything didn't collapse.

A guardian angel, in her own way.

"Well," she continued, folding her arms, "at this rate, the lamias are definitely going to take your side. And honestly, it feels like you didn't even do anything special to earn that."

She clicked her tongue lightly.

"You haven't gained anything from this either. No obvious reward, no clear benefit. I really thought there'd be some kind of mutual exchange going on. But if this is all there is... then I guess that's a little disappointing."

That comment caught me off guard.

Why was she disappointed by that?

It wasn't like I wasn't interested in her. That much was obvious. But the fact that I didn't immediately jump back into fucking her wasn't some lack of desire—it was restraint. Going straight to sex every time felt cheap, rushed. I wanted something that actually *built up*. Letting things simmer, letting tension grow, and only picking the cherry when it was truly ripe instead of grabbing it the second it appeared.

"Well," she said after a moment, her tone softening slightly, "coming from you, I doubt you're doing this without thinking ahead."

She looked at me again, eyes glinting with amusement.

"Whatever it is you're planning, you'll probably pull it off. I'll be rooting for you."

That mischievous smile of hers made my instincts scream.

I forced myself to look away.

If I kept staring at her, I knew exactly how this would end. I'd probably grab her, carry her off somewhere secluded, and fuck her without thinking twice. She knew how to push buttons, and she was doing it on purpose. And the worst part was that it was working.

For now, I needed to keep my head clear.

"Master," Filia's calm voice cut through my thoughts. "The plans for the additional housing as well as everything the lamias needed have already been finalized. All that remains is securing the supplies and manpower."

"You don't have to worry about manpower," Agneis said confidently, waving her hand dismissively. "The dwarves will handle the construction and much more planning. You can focus on the supplies."

She glanced at me again.

"And honestly, considering it's you, I'm not worried about that either."

She was right.

Even though supplies were scarce in this region, that didn't mean they were impossible to obtain. I had options—plenty of them. The Elven Kingdom's forests were lush and overflowing with usable wood. The Centaur Kingdom had access to vast stone reserves. The Dwarven Kingdom specialized in metal, and the Beast Kingdom could provide raw strength and labor.

Each had something to offer.

And more importantly, they were willing to offer it.

This wasn't just about building houses for the lamias anymore. This was something bigger. This was the first real instance of all the kingdoms and tribes of the Great Forest working together toward a single goal. If this succeeded, cooperation would no longer feel forced. It would become natural.

One land. Many banners.

A unified Great Forest.

The idea alone sent a strange sense of anticipation through me. If the nations truly began to understand one another—if old grudges faded and collaboration became normal—then this plan would be more than just words. It would be reality, slowly but surely.

There was still one missing piece, though.

One kingdom I hadn't visited yet.

Everything else was lining up almost too perfectly, which only made the absence more noticeable. The Titan Kingdom remained unaccounted for—the only one that hadn't yet stepped into this shared future.

"Well," I finally said, exhaling slowly, "I guess we should get started."

Once I contacted the respective leaders of the Great Forest's kingdoms, their responses came faster than expected. None of them hesitated. While they didn't come personally, each sent representatives they trusted completely.

The centaurs arrived with massive stone slabs. The elves followed with carefully prepared lumber, and the beastmen helped carry everything, their strength making light work of what should have been exhausting labor.

Watching them all move together was surreal.

These were races that once clashed endlessly. Some had fought wars, others had simply ignored one another for generations. And yet here they were—working side by side, sharing tools, coordinating movements, helping not themselves, but someone else entirely.

It was... warm. Unexpectedly so.

"I still can't believe you actually pulled this off, Leon," Agneis said quietly as she stood beside me, watching the scene unfold. "You really brought all the kingdoms together."

She let out a soft breath, shaking her head slightly.

"I didn't expect this. Not like this."

Then she looked at me again, her expression unreadable for a brief moment.

"I guess... I really did find someone interesting after all."

Chapter 1098: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (1)

"Leon!"

Trill's voice rang out the moment she spotted me, clear and full of emotion. Before I could even properly react, she was already moving—no hesitation, no restraint, just pure momentum aimed straight at me. It was obvious she intended to tackle me, full force, like she always did when her emotions got the better of her.

I didn't resist. Not even a little.

I simply planted my feet and braced myself. Trill was strong—ridiculously so. Anyone else might've stumbled or been knocked flat on their back. But my body had long since been tempered and forged through training. When she crashed into me, there was impact, sure, but I didn't budge. Not even an inch. I wrapped my arms around her instinctively, catching her like it was second nature.

"I missed you!" she said, her voice muffled as she pressed her face against my stomach.

She clung to me tightly, almost desperately, her arms wrapping around my waist as if she was afraid I'd disappear if she let go. Her cheek rubbed against me, and she pressed herself closer, breathing me in like she needed to confirm I was real—that I was actually here.

I didn't complain. How could I? I just let her hold onto me however she wanted. There was no point resisting even if I wanted to—though, truthfully, I didn't want to. Letting her do this felt right.

"I missed you too, Trill," I said, smiling as I gently rubbed her head.

My fingers slid through her hair in slow, steady motions, calming and familiar. I could feel her relax just a bit under my touch, though she still refused to let go.

"Fuhahaha!"

Lionel's booming laughter cut through the moment. He was watching us with clear amusement, arms crossed as his sharp eyes took everything in.

"This is the first time I've ever seen Trill this vulnerable," he said, clearly entertained. "You really do have a way with women, Leon. It's like you turn every woman you touch into a completely different person."

I didn't bother denying it. There was no real point. If anything, that comment only cemented what was already obvious.

"Well," Trill said, lifting her head slightly but still clinging to me, "Leon *is* a very nice man. It's only natural that any woman he comes across would fall in love with him."

She said it with complete confidence, like it was an undeniable fact rather than an opinion.

"Is that so?" Lionel replied, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Then I suppose I should be concerned. If your harem keeps growing and growing, to the point where you can't possibly make time for everyone, I'd hate to see Trill get neglected."

It wasn't an unreasonable concern. If anything, it was a fair one. I understood exactly where he was coming from.

"You don't have to worry," I said, a confident smirk forming on my face. "I'm not that kind of guy."

Lionel studied me for a few seconds, his gaze sharp and assessing. Then, slowly, his expression softened, and a broad smile spread across his face.

"That's good," he said, clearly satisfied. "In that case, I'll be expecting around fifty cubs from the two of you. So make sure you get busy, alright?"

"Father...!" Trill snapped, shooting him a sharp glare.

Lionel laughed it off, raising both hands as if surrendering before turning around and walking away, leaving us behind.

As Trill and I stood there, still locked in our reunion, another familiar voice joined in.

"You're not forgetting about me too, are you, Leon?"

I turned to see Artemis approaching, her posture composed as always. Aegis stood beside her, alert and watchful, staying close to her princess like a shadow that never left her side.

"How could I forget someone I care about?" I said with an easy smile. "Didn't you hear what I told Lionel? I'm not that kind of guy."

"That sounds a little questionable," Artemis replied calmly. "The last message you sent me was... two days ago."

Two days. That alone had been enough to worry her.

"The service in the Kingdom of Dwarves is terrible," I said honestly. "The fact that I managed to send you anything at all was already a miracle. Some of my messages didn't even go through two days ago. I'll talk to Agneis about it."

She exhaled softly. "I suppose that explains it. Still... you had me worried. I thought you might've started neglecting me."

She paused for a moment before adding quietly, "I don't think I could handle that."

"That's not possible," I said firmly. "I could never forget the first elf I've ever had a relationship with."

I leaned forward and kissed her.

She didn't hesitate—not even for a second. She kissed me back smoothly, naturally, like it was something she'd done a thousand times before.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Aegis. Her face turned bright red as she quickly averted her gaze, clearly embarrassed. But despite that, her body betrayed her—she shifted her weight, squirming slightly, fingers curling at her sides.

I knew that look.

I looked directly at her. She glanced back at me, then immediately looked away again. A moment later, she peeked at me once more, conflicted, before turning her head aside yet again.

"Aegis," I called.

She stiffened and looked at me. "Y-Yes?"

"Come here," I said, opening my arms.

"W-Why?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Well," I said casually, "you want it too, don't you?"

Her eyes flickered. She looked away, then back at me. After a brief internal struggle, she finally took a step forward. Then another. Slowly, she walked into my arms.

She was tense, uncertain, like she wasn't sure she was allowed to be there. But she leaned in anyway. Rising onto her tiptoes, she closed the height difference and kissed me.

She was hesitant—clearly not as confident as Artemis—but she kissed me regardless. Her lips parted, and her tongue slipped into my mouth, intertwining with mine.

She tasted good. Sweet, warm, familiar in a different way. The heat between us built quickly as we exchanged saliva, neither of us pulling back until it became overwhelming.

When we finally separated, a thin strand of saliva stretched between our lips before snapping.

Honestly, I really wanted a fuck right then and there. Maybe later, once things settled down, I could have a foursome with the three of them. Or add one more and turn it into a fivesome.

That could wait.

For now, there were more pressing matters—like building proper housing for the lamias.

Agneis and Artemis now stood face to face.

The air between them felt tense, heavy with history. Solaris and Agneis had been at odds for centuries, and I couldn't tell whether that animosity extended to Artemis as well, given that she was Solaris's daughter.

"I appreciate you agreeing to meet with me, Queen Agneis," Artemis said respectfully.

"Well," Agneis replied evenly, "if the next queen of the elves requests an audience, it would only be natural for me to accept. Wouldn't you agree?"

The conversation had begun.

Chapter 1099: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (2)

"First of all, I've got to thank you for agreeing to meet with me," Artemis said, her voice steady but not stiff. "As someone who will soon take on the role of leader, I was hoping—no, I *wish*—that you would be willing to guide me."

She didn't look nervous, but there was something earnest in the way she stood. Her posture was straight, but not defensive. Her eyes were calm, not arrogant. She wasn't posturing. She wasn't demanding. She was asking.

And Agneis noticed that.

She didn't brush Artemis off. She didn't scoff or look away. Instead, she tilted her head slightly, as if reassessing her for the first time—not as Solaris's daughter, not as an elf princess, but as someone genuinely standing at the edge of responsibility.

That alone said a lot.

It made sense, really. Artemis was going to become the Queen of the Elves once Solaris stepped down from the throne. It was inevitable. And while Solaris had ruled for years—long, exhausting years—Artemis would be the one to inherit everything that came with it. The burdens. The expectations. The mistakes waiting to happen.

If there was anyone who could offer perspective, it was Agneis. A queen who had ruled, fought, compromised, and survived long enough to still be standing.

Still, I hadn't expected this to go anywhere.

At least, not with the Agneis I knew before.

The old Agneis would've laughed it off. Or snapped. Or outright refused. Especially considering who Artemis was related to. But the Agneis standing here now felt... different. Worn, maybe. Or wiser. Maybe both.

"Well, I don't really mind at all," Agneis said after a moment, letting out a low chuckle. "Though I'll admit, this is a bit of a surprise."

She shrugged, casual but thoughtful.

"I didn't think someone like *you* would want advice from me—a dwarf—especially when it comes to leadership. And considering how ugly the relationship between our kingdoms has been these past few years..." She trailed off briefly, then finished with a dry smile. "Yeah. Didn't think you'd even consider it."

"Well, I don't really think the same way my mother does," Artemis replied without hesitation. There was no bitterness in her tone, no resentment—just honesty. "And whatever grudge the two of you share has nothing to do with me."

She paused, choosing her words carefully.

"As for the bad blood between our kingdoms... I think it's better if we let bygones be bygones, don't you?" Artemis continued. "Dragging old conflicts forward doesn't help anyone. And besides—" she added, her gaze steady, "we're going to be under one banner soon. Wouldn't it make more sense if we actually acted like it?"

Agneis didn't answer right away.

Instead, she smiled.

Not a mocking smile. Not a bitter one. It was slow and genuine, the kind that came from being unexpectedly impressed.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you're right."

She exhaled softly, as if letting something old go.

"To be honest, most of the fighting between Solaris and me was nothing more than two stubborn old women bickering," Agneis admitted. "It never should've dragged our kingdoms into each other's throats. That was just our clashing personalities spiraling out of control."

She looked directly at Artemis then, studying her face, her expression, the quiet confidence behind her eyes.

"Seeing her heir in person, though?" Agneis continued. "I can say this much—I'm not worried about the future of the Elven Kingdom at all."

She snorted lightly.

"You'll probably make it far more prosperous than that deadbeat of a mother of yours."

That was harsh. Even I thought so.

Solaris wasn't perfect, sure, but calling her a deadbeat felt unfair. She did everything she could to keep her kingdom afloat, especially when resources were stretched thin and alliances were fragile. She carried that weight for years.

And now she was finally stepping down, handing the throne to Artemis—someone she had personally trained, molded, and prepared for this very moment.

"So," Agneis said, shifting her stance, crossing her arms loosely, "what else did you want to talk about?"

There it was.

"If you would permit..." Artemis said, then glanced at me.

Just for a moment.

"I want you to have sex with Leon."

The silence that followed was sharp.

Agneis's eyes widened—not dramatically, but enough to show genuine surprise. Her mouth parted slightly, as if the words needed an extra second to settle.

Then—

She smirked.

Wide. Slow. Knowing.

"Well," she said, voice amused, "it's not like I'd be against that."

She tilted her head again, studying Artemis carefully now.

"But that can't be the only thing you're asking, right?" Agneis continued. "Having sex with him isn't exactly a hurdle. You've got something more in mind, don't you?"

Artemis didn't hesitate.

"I want you to have sex with him," she said again, calm and clear, "together with me, Trill, and Kali."

Agneis looked at me then. Really looked at me.

Not appraising. Not judging. Just... assessing.

Then she leaned back slightly, thinking.

"Don't you think that's a bit unfair?" she asked. "All of you are princesses. And there's quite a gap between our ages. I'm basically the same age as your mother."

She raised a brow.

"And you want me joining you young'uns in that?"

"I don't think you're that old," Artemis replied evenly. "And age is subjective here. I may still look young, but I'm already decades old."

Agneis blinked, then laughed softly.

"Well... that's fair."

She nodded once.

"So what's the real reason?" Agneis asked. "What's the actual plan?"

"The true unification of our countries," Artemis answered.

Her voice didn't waver.

"Wouldn't it be fitting if the princesses of each nation—and a queen—sealed that unification through our bodies?" she continued. "With Leon as the medium. I think it would be a clear sign that we all genuinely agree to this union."

Honestly?

She wasn't wrong.

Unification through sex felt raw, honest, and direct. No treaties. No hidden clauses. Just understanding each other the most basic way possible—through our bodies.

Was I on board?

Hell yes.

If I got to fuck pussies from different races, who the hell was I to complain? It wasn't like this was going to be a difficult task.

Agneis caught my expression and chuckled.

"Well," she said, "it seems like Leon's already warming up to the idea."

She straightened slightly.

"In that case," she added, smiling, "I'm on board."

She paused.

"So—when do we start?"

Chapter 1100: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (3)

The forest had gone completely still, as if the world itself had decided to hold its breath. Not a single leaf rustled, not a bird dared to sing. We were standing at the very heart of it all, the place where the warmth gathered and lingered the longest, wrapping around the body like an invisible blanket. The air here felt heavier, denser, almost intimate, as if the forest itself was aware of what was about to happen and chose silence out of respect—or curiosity.

Right in front of me were three women.

Trill. Artemis. Aegis.

Just seeing the three of them there together stirred something deep in my chest. It would've been even more chaotic, maybe even more fun, if others had joined us, but things didn't work out that way. Kali had chosen not to come. She said she was worried she'd ruin the mood. Honestly, that wasn't true at all. It wasn't that she'd ruin anything—it was simply that she was fundamentally different from the rest. She knew it, and because of that, she decided to step back for now. Still, she'd smiled when she was invited, clearly happy just to be included.

I would've told her outright that it was fine, that there was no way she could ruin anything, but she stopped me. She admitted she was still embarrassed by the idea of having sex right in front of multiple people. That kind of vulnerability wasn't something to dismiss lightly. In the end, she told me to enjoy the moment without worrying about her. So that was exactly what I intended to do.

Trill and Artemis stepped closer, lowering themselves until their faces were right in front of my crotch. Their attention was completely fixed on my towering cock, standing there unapologetically between us. The way both of them stared at it—hungry, focused, unashamed—sent a slow shiver up my spine.

"Oh, how I missed the smell of your cock, Leon. It's really been a long time," Trill said, her lips curling into a strange, almost feral smile. A thin trail of saliva slipped from the corner of her mouth, and she didn't even bother wiping it away. She was genuinely salivating, her desire written all over her face.

It had been weeks since we'd last been intimate. Weeks of tension, distance, and restraint. With that in mind, it wasn't surprising at all that she looked this horny, like she'd been starving and finally found food again.

Artemis pressed herself close as well, her presence calm but no less intense. Her eyes traced the shape of my cock slowly, deliberately, as if committing every detail to memory. She wore a gentle smile—soft, graceful, and deceptively innocent. Yet the way she looked at me, the way her gaze lingered, was undeniably lewd. That contrast made it even worse in the best possible way.

"Leon," she said quietly, her voice smooth and composed, "it's been a while for me too. I want more of your attention from now on. I honestly don't know what I'd do if you kept neglecting me like that."

There was a faint sadness in her expression, subtle but unmistakable. I hadn't meant to neglect her. Time had just slipped through my fingers, filled with responsibilities and distractions. Still, seeing that look on her face made me feel a bit guilty. I had time now. Plenty of it. And I wasn't about to waste this chance.

"It's a little sad that Kali isn't here with us," Artemis continued, her lips curving upward again. "If she were, we could officially declare the republic of the Great Forest right here."

"The republic of the Great Forest, huh?" I said, letting out a small breath. "That actually sounds like a solid name. United Republic of the Great Forest might be even better."

"United," she repeated thoughtfully, then smiled. "Yes, I like that more. Especially since it'll be a country made up of many lands coming together as one."

Her gaze dropped again, locking onto my cock with renewed intensity. "But politics can wait. Your penis is right in front of me right now, and I can't think about anything else. All I want is to feel your cock inside me."

With that, she leaned forward. Her tongue slipped out, warm and slow, and she dragged it along the length of my shaft. The instant her tongue made contact, my entire body reacted. A sharp shiver ran through me, my breath hitching before I could stop it.

"Artemis really doesn't waste time," Trill said, a hint of amusement in her voice. "Guess I shouldn't either."

She pressed her tongue against my shaft as well, joining Artemis. Their tongues moved deliberately, sliding up and down, sometimes overlapping, sometimes teasing different spots. The sensation was overwhelming in a slow, torturous way, pleasure building steadily rather than exploding all at once.

Then Artemis wrapped her lips around the tip of my cock. She didn't hesitate. She lowered herself smoothly, taking more and more until she swallowed the entire length. There was no gagging, as well as no pause—just pure control as she pushed it deep, her throat yielding to the pressure.

With Artemis taking up all the space, Trill shifted her attention downward. She moved to my balls, sucking on them gently before rolling them around in her mouth, her tongue working them with practiced ease.

The two of them moved in perfect coordination. It was almost unsettling how natural it looked, like they'd rehearsed this exact moment together. The rhythm they created dulled my thoughts, each sensation stacking on top of the last until my mind felt heavy and hazy. Pleasure washed over me in waves, blurring the edges of everything else until there was nothing but feeling.

I reached out and rested my hands on their heads, fingers tangling slightly in their hair. They didn't stop. If anything, they leaned into my touch.

At the same time, I felt something soft beneath my head.

Aegis.

My head was resting against her thighs, which were warm, firm, and impossibly comfortable. She adjusted slightly, clearly aware of what she was doing, turning herself into a perfect thigh pillow. It felt ridiculous how good it was. Safe. Soft. Heavenly. Lying there, surrounded by them, it almost felt unreal, like I'd slipped into some absurdly perfect dream.

Two women were working my cock, slobbering over it without restraint, while I lay there with my head cradled by Aegis's thighs. Artemis eventually pulled back, still composed, not even slightly shaken. Trill immediately took her place, swallowing the tip of my cock and lowering herself until her throat yielded to its hardness. At the same time, Artemis shifted down to focus on my balls, her touch just as deliberate as before.

They alternated smoothly, switching roles without a word, without breaking rhythm. The coordination, the intimacy, the sheer familiarity of it all pushed me right to the edge.

And as their movements continued, as the forest remained silent around us, I knew it was finally time for me to move—to stop just receiving, and start taking my turn.