

# The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1101 - 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (4) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1101 - 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (4)

## **Chapter 1101: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (4)**

Artemis and Trill were already on top of the bed, side by side, their bodies angled just enough to make sure I had a full view. Both of them had their backs turned to me, their hips raised slightly as they slowly, deliberately wiggled their butts in my direction. It wasn't rushed or exaggerated. It was teasing. Confident. Like they already knew exactly what kind of reaction they were going to pull out of me.

Artemis's butt wasn't as big as Trill's. That difference was obvious at a glance. Trill's hips flared out more, her ass fuller and rounder, the kind that naturally drew the eye and refused to let it go. Artemis, on the other hand, leaned more toward the meaty side. Not huge, not small—just enough flesh to look firm and inviting. Different shapes, different appeals. And honestly, both of them hit me hard in completely different ways.

No matter how I looked at it, those two asses were a mouthwatering sight. The kind you couldn't possibly ignore. The kind that pulled you in without asking permission. Even if I wanted to look away, my eyes refused to cooperate.

I walked toward them, closing the distance slowly, letting the moment stretch just a bit longer. When I finally reached them, I placed my hands on each of their buns, one hand per ass, feeling the warmth of their skin under my palms. I didn't rush. I let my fingers spread naturally as I started to massage them, kneading gently at first, then with a bit more pressure.

Trill's ass felt exactly like it looked—soft, wallowy, almost marshmallow-like. Every time I squeezed, her flesh pushed back against my hands, like it was resisting just enough to make it addictive. It was the kind of softness that made you want to keep touching, keep pressing, just to feel how it moved.

Artemis was different. Much firmer. Not flat by any means, but compact. Her ass fit perfectly into my palm, like it had been shaped specifically for my hands. I could grab all of it without effort, and that alone made it oddly satisfying. There was something almost amusing about how well it fit, like a perfect grip you didn't even have to think about.

Without pulling away, without warning, I slid two fingers into each of their pussies.

The reaction was instant.

Both of their bodies shuddered sharply, like the sensation had been wired straight into their spines.

"Nghhh,"

"Ahhh...~"

Their voices slipped out before they could stop them. I could feel the way their muscles tensed around my fingers, the sudden heat, the way their bodies reacted instinctively to the intrusion.

I pressed my thumbs down onto each of their clitories, applying just enough pressure, almost like I was pushing the heat from inside them outward. It wasn't rough. It was deliberate. Controlled. The kind of touch that made their bodies respond before their minds could catch up.

The sounds they made in response were intoxicating. Soft at first, then shakier, breathier. The kind of sounds that slid straight into my ears and settled deep. Listening to them alone was enough to make my head feel light, like I was melting just from the way they reacted.

I started moving my fingers in and out, pulling slightly as I did, scraping along their insides with a steady, practiced motion. I didn't speed up. I didn't slow down. I kept the rhythm consistent, letting the sensation build naturally.

"Ahhhnghh, ahhh...! Ah, ah, ahhngh, ahhhghh...~"

"Hnghh, ahhngh, ah... ah, ah, ahhh...!"

Their voices overlapped, mixing together in broken moans and gasps. Their bodies trembled harder now, responding to the way my fingers worked them from the inside. I could feel how wet they were, how much their pussies were reacting. Juices leaked freely, trapped for a moment by my fingers before slipping past and dripping down toward the floor.

Their legs shook uncontrollably, muscles straining as they tried to hold themselves up through the sensation.

"L-Leon, please... It feels really good, but we want something thicker...~" Artemis said, her voice strained and desperate as she looked back at me over her shoulder. Her expression was lewd, open, completely honest in its need.

"Please, Leon... enough with the fingers already...~" Trill added, turning her head just enough for me to catch her eyes. The heat in her gaze matched Artemis's perfectly. No hesitation. No embarrassment. Just hunger.

Being asked like that made it impossible to resist. I straightened slightly, pulling my hands back just enough to remind them what they were waiting for.

"Now then... who should I choose, I wonder?" I said, my gaze fixed on the two asses still presented in front of me.

I only had one cock. That was the simple reality of it. Which meant I had to choose. And that was exactly why I let the moment stretch. I wanted them to feel it. To sit in that anticipation just a bit longer. Watching them leak, watching their bodies tremble, only made me hungrier.

Both of them clearly wanted it. Badly. The real question was whether they'd let the other have it—or if they wanted it for themselves.

"Anyone is fine. Just hurry up and do it," Trill said, her tone direct and impatient.

"Yes, Leon. Do it. It's fine if you choose whoever you like," Artemis added, just as calm, just as willing.

If they were offering themselves like that, then I really did have the freedom to choose.

"Well then..." I shifted my attention away from the bed and toward someone standing off to the side. Aegis was watching quietly, her posture stiff, her thighs pressed together. Her hand moved subtly, almost unconsciously, rubbing at her crotch. She clearly hadn't realized how obvious she was being.

"Aegis," I said, meeting her eyes, "why don't you come over here and offer your ass to me."

"H-Huh?"

"Come here," I repeated, my tone firm and unmistakable.

She froze for a moment, shock written plainly across her face. It was clear she hadn't expected that. Not her. Not when Artemis and Trill were already there. But right now, my focus was entirely on Aegis. Lust drowned out hesitation. My thoughts narrowed until there was nothing else but her, and that gushing pussy I couldn't stop thinking about.

## **Chapter 1102: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (5)**

Embarrassment and confusion flickered across her expression, crossing her face in a way that was impossible to hide. In her own mind, Artemis had always been my priority—someone placed firmly at the center while she remained on the sidelines, watching from a safe distance. That was how she'd always seen herself. Being chosen instead, being placed directly in front of me like this, wasn't something she had

prepared for in the slightest. It caught her completely off guard, leaving her thoughts tangled and her emotions exposed.

"It's fine, Aegis. Leon wants you, so give it to him," Artemis said smoothly. Her tone was calm, composed, almost graceful. There was no jealousy in her voice, no hesitation, not even the smallest crack that would suggest discomfort.

"U-Understood..." Aegis replied softly, her voice barely more than a breath.

She turned around slowly and positioned herself in front of me, presenting her ass while carefully avoiding my eyes. Her posture wasn't confident—it was hesitant, uncertain—but she still followed through. The way she stood there, half-exposed and vulnerable, made the moment feel heavier.

Her ass was beautiful. Different from Trill's, different from Artemis's, but just as appealing in its own way. It wasn't flat at all. There was enough flesh to make it look soft, something that would sink under pressure, yet it still held its shape nicely. It was the kind of ass that looked natural and inviting without trying too hard.

I stepped closer and placed both hands on her ass immediately, gripping her hips firmly. The way they fit into my hands felt natural, almost perfect, like this was exactly where my hands were meant to rest. I could feel her body tense the moment I touched her, a sharp intake of breath escaping her lips.

I heard her gulp.

If it had been a while since I'd last had sex with Artemis, then it had definitely been a long time for Aegis too. Her body reacted like it remembered everything all at once, even if her mind was still trying to catch up.

While savoring the feel of her hips, I leaned forward and slid my hands upward, my palms moving from her waist to her breasts. I pressed them gently, not rough, not rushed—just enough to make her aware of every movement. Then I pressed my chest against her back, closing the distance completely. The warmth of her body seeped into mine as I leaned in close, my lips brushing near her ear.

"I'm going to enter it now," I whispered quietly.

I didn't even bother guiding my cock with my hands. It was already rock hard. Naturally—instinctively—it found its way forward, lining itself up with her vagina as if it had always belonged there, moving on its own with no hesitation, ready to ravish her.

"Nghhh... hgnhhh...~"

My penis began to inch its way forward, slowly pushing into her vagina. She was incredibly tight, and her pussy yielded painfully slowly around my cock. Every fraction of

movement felt deliberate, stretched out, almost cruel in how long it took. It felt like my cock was a hot knife, inching through butter at a maddeningly slow pace.

Then, little by little, my cock reached deeper, pushing until the tip pressed against her cervix.

"Nghhh, hhghh... ah—aaah...~"

She was so tight that it felt like her body had a will of its own, tightening and clinging around my cock as if it didn't want to let go. Pulling out or restraining myself at this point would've been stupid. Everything about the situation demanded more.

So I went all out.

I pulled my cock back just enough for the head to slip free, then slammed it right back in.

"Nghhhh, aaahhngh—ahh...! Ahh, ahhhnhngh, aah...!"

I slammed into her again and again, setting a relentless rhythm. I could feel every ridge of my cock dragging along her insides, her body slowly yielding under the repeated fucking. Her vagina clenched and released, struggling and adapting, reacting to every thrust.

"Ahhnghhh, aaaagh, ahhng, ahh...! It feels so good...! Ahhngh, aaahhngh, ah, ahhh...! It feels so good...! It feels so good...!"

Her moans grew louder and louder, spilling out of her without restraint. She wasn't even trying to keep them down anymore. It sounded raw, desperate, honest—like she was pouring everything she felt straight into her voice.

I tightened my grip on her hips, my fingers digging into her ass as I slammed into her harder. Her body rocked with each thrust, her legs trembling as I continued to fuck her without slowing down.

"Nghhh, ahhng, aah...~ I'm cumming...! I'm going to cum...! I'm going to cumm...!"

Her body began to shake as the sensation overtook her, her climax rolling through her without mercy. I felt it too. The way she tightened around my cock, the way her body reacted—it pushed me right to the edge. After being pleasured earlier by the tongues of the two of them, everything had already been building. There was no stopping it now.

I rode that pleasure until I couldn't hold back anymore, then I burst inside her, filling her completely, stuffing her to the brim with my cum.

"Hnghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa...!"

The moment my cum slammed into the back of her uterus, she arched her back sharply. Her eyes rolled back until only the whites showed, her face completely overtaken by pleasure. Any sense of grace she might've had vanished entirely. She looked like someone who had just experienced something so overwhelming that nothing else mattered.

After it was over, I took a deep breath and slowly pulled my cock out of her vagina, which had grown noticeably loose after being filled with my semen. I watched as my cum spilled out of her pussy, dripping down and hitting the floor below, pooling there. Then her body gave out even further—she started peeing, a golden shower splashing against the ground before her knees finally buckled.

Once everything settled, I turned my attention to the other two who had been waiting.

"Now then, it's time for the two of you," I said with a small smile.

Their asses hadn't moved from the moment I chose Aegis. They stayed right where they were, wet, exposed, and visibly tense from anticipation alone. They looked like they'd been holding themselves back, waiting for permission to finally move.

They wouldn't have to wait any longer.

I stepped behind Trill and Artemis, bringing their asses together. Then I positioned my cock right between their hips, my fingers slipping into their hot honeypots. Using the sides of their hips, I began pleasuring myself, moving back and forth where their bodies met, feeling the heat of their skin pressed tightly against mine, letting the anticipation stretch just a little longer.

### **Chapter 1103: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (6)**

"Nghh, Leon, please..." Artemis said, her voice strained and breathy, the sound barely holding itself together. Her body betrayed her words immediately—she was practically grinding her pussy against my finger, desperate, needy, like she was trying to drag more out of me without even asking outright. Every small movement of her hips made it painfully clear what she wanted, what she was waiting for.

Trill wasn't any different.

She didn't need to say anything. The way her body shifted, the way her breathing changed, the way her legs tensed slightly—it all screamed the same thing. They both wanted it. They both needed it.

So I moved.

I pulled my cock between their hips, letting it slide through the warmth trapped between them for just a moment before aiming it properly. Slowly, deliberately, I lined myself up with Trill's vagina.

The reaction was immediate.

Her vagina responded like it had been waiting for this exact moment. The instant my tip pressed against her, her folds seemed to cling to me, sucking me in like her body had already decided this was where I belonged. It felt like her pussy was actively pulling me inside, greedy and eager, refusing to let go.

Then I pushed forward.

Her pussy yielded without resistance, opening up as naturally as breathing. It felt right—too right. My cock slid deeper, past the tight, slick heat, until I reached the deepest point. The moment my tip kissed her cervix, her body reacted sharply, like a quiet explosion rippling outward.

"Hnghh, aaahh...!"

Her voice cracked as she felt my cock twitch inside her. At the same time, I felt her entire pussy wiggle around me, contracting and relaxing in small, uncontrollable motions. The sensation hit me hard—too hard. For a split second, it felt like I was going to cum immediately, like my body was ready to give up everything right then and there.

But I forced myself to breathe. I pushed the feeling down, clinging to control by sheer will.

I stayed there just long enough to fully feel her, to memorize the way her vagina wrapped around me, before finally pulling out. The sound it made—a wet, obscene pop—echoed between us. Without wasting a second, I shifted my hips and slid my cock over, pressing it against Artemis's pussy instead.

"Ahhh...!"

The moment I entered her, she moaned loudly, her body reacting instantly. Her pussy was so wet that there was no resistance at all. My cock slid in seamlessly, like it was being guided rather than pushed. I reached her cervix almost immediately, and when I did, the tight, moist heat nearly made my vision blur.

I had to grit my teeth hard, jaw tightening as I fought the urge to burst my nut right then.

Her body trembled around me, every small movement sending fresh waves of sensation through my cock. I stayed there briefly, forcing myself to slow down, before pulling out once again. I took a deep breath, steady myself, and then pushed back into Trill.

This time, her vagina accepted me without hesitation, like there was no question anymore. I slid all the way in, reaching her cervix almost instantly, the heat and pressure wrapping around me just as tightly as before.

From there, I settled into a rhythm.

I alternated between them, pushing into one, pulling out, then sliding into the other. One pussy at a time. One reaction at a time. It was exhausting in a way, sure—but calling it "work" didn't really do it justice. Not when every movement sent pleasure ripping through my body.

"Nghhh, aahhh..."

"Nnnn... hnghhh, aaaaah...!"

Their moans overlapped, blending together into a messy, beautiful chorus every time my cock entered their crevices.

Even though the act itself was the same, their reactions couldn't have been more different.

Whenever I entered Artemis, her pussy wrapped around my cock immediately. It wasn't just tight—it was active. Slowly, deliberately, she massaged me from all sides, her walls moving in subtle waves like she was exploring every inch of me. At the same time, her pussy sucked me in deep, like it wanted me to stay there forever.

Every thrust made me grit my teeth.

She moaned with every entrance, her voice trembling, and her back shook uncontrollably each time I pushed in. The way her body reacted—open, lewd, honest—only made me harder. Every single sensation she gave me pushed me closer to the edge.

With Trill, it was a different kind of pleasure.

Her pussy felt welcoming at first, loose enough that it almost seemed like there was no resistance. But once I was fully inside, she tightened at the base, clamping down hard like she was trying to trap my cock in place. It felt possessive, greedy, like she didn't want to let me pull out again.

The sensation was overwhelming.

Every ridge inside her moved along my cock, dragging pleasure up and down my length. It sent shivers straight through me, making it difficult to think about anything else.

"Hnghhh, aaahh... ah, ah, ahhh..."

"Hnghh, aaah... hnghh, mmghh, aaahh, ahhh...! It feels good, it feels so good...~!"

Both of them were clearly lost in it.

Their hands tightened around whatever they were gripping, knuckles whitening as they held on. Their mouths were open, voices breaking as they moaned freely, shamelessly showing me just how good it felt.

"Ahhh, aaahhh...! Ahhngh, ahh...!"

"Fuuhhh, hnghhh, aaahh... nghhh, aahhnghh...!"

Even though I pulled out every time I switched, the transitions were so fast that it barely felt like I was leaving either of them. It almost felt like I was fucking one body instead of two. Their juices mixed together, coating my cock, making every movement slicker and messier than the last.

The feeling of orgasm crept up fast.

Too fast.

It felt so good that my body started to rebel against me, demanding release. Every thrust, every switch, every moan pushed me closer to the edge.

"Hngh—aaahhh, aahh... Leon, I'm going to cumm...! I'm going to... hnghhh...!!!!!!!"

"M-Me too... L-Let's cum... together...!"

That was it.

The sensation exploded all at once, overwhelming and unstoppable. There was no holding back anymore. None of us even tried.

We came together.

Their orgasms hit at the same time, their bodies tightening and shaking around me. I followed immediately after, the pressure snapping all at once. I filled Trill first, my cock pulsing as I shot the first two spurts of semen deep inside her.

Then I switched.

I pushed back into Artemis and released the rest into her, shooting the final two spurts as my body finally gave out.

When it was over, I slowly pulled my cock out, watching quietly as both vaginas began to drip semen, gravity taking over as the mess spilled out of them.

Ah...

What a lewd sight.

### **Chapter 1104: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (7)**

I found myself staring downward, my gaze fixed on the thick trails of semen slowly dripping from their well-stretched vaginas. Gravity pulled it down in lazy strands, the white mess clinging before finally letting go and splattering softly against the ground beneath us. The sight was obscene in the quiet aftermath, the kind of visual that lingered in your head longer than it should have. My breathing hadn't even settled yet, my body still humming with leftover tension, when the atmosphere inside the tent suddenly shifted.

The netting at the entrance rustled.

It wasn't loud, but in the stillness, it might as well have been a shout.

"Oh my..." a voice murmured, soft yet amused. "Looks like I was a little late."

I lifted my head.

Standing there, framed by the dim light filtering through the tent, was Agneis. She was smiling—calm, knowing, and far too composed for someone who had just walked in on a scene like this. Her eyes flicked over the mess, over me, and then back again, as if she were taking her time absorbing everything.

That was right.

Artemis had invited Agneis to join us. This wasn't just about indulgence or pleasure—it was political in its own twisted way. A deliberate act meant to unify the relationships between the current leader and the future leaders of the kingdoms within the Great Forest. With unification looming on the horizon, they had all come to the same unspoken agreement: sharing sex with me together would be their way of forging something deeper, something personal enough that it couldn't be easily broken.

Agneis had been late.

Because of that, we hadn't waited. Things had progressed naturally, one moment flowing into the next, until we were already well past the point of stopping. I honestly hadn't expected her to show up at all after that.

Yet here she was.

"You're going to join us, Agneis?" I asked, my voice still rough, my body nowhere near calm.

"Well," she replied, her smile widening just a little, "it's not easy to ignore a request from the next elven queen." Her tone carried a mix of duty and amusement. "That's why I'm here. I hope you don't mind adding one more to the fray, Leon?"

Even as she spoke, her hands were already moving, loosening her clothes with deliberate ease. No hesitation. No embarrassment. Just quiet confidence.

"Well," I said, letting my eyes roam over her without restraint, "the more the merrier."

I could feel it immediately—my arousal hadn't faded in the slightest. My cock was still hard, stubbornly so, despite how much I had already cum. If anything, it felt even more alive now, heavier, hotter, like it was mocking the idea that I might be done for the night.

Honestly, it felt like I hadn't even begun.

"You're really something else, Leon," Agneis said, her voice low but steady. "Would you mind if I do something to your penis first? I want to give it a lick before anything else."

"Alright then," I replied without hesitation.

The moment the words left my mouth, she lowered herself gracefully to her knees. There was no rush, no awkwardness. She reached up and held my cock in her hand, lifting it until it was level with her face. For a brief moment, she simply looked at it—eyes tracing its shape, its size. There was a flicker of something there: caution, maybe, mixed with unmistakable fascination.

Then her tongue slipped out.

She started slowly, licking the tip with careful, deliberate movements, tasting what was left there. After a few strokes, she opened her mouth wider and finally enveloped my cock, her warmth closing around it completely.

The sensation hit me immediately.

A sharp, overwhelming pleasure surged through my crotch, enough to make me tense on instinct. My hands moved on their own, settling against her head as I exhaled

sharply. She looked up at me then, her eyes meeting mine, filled with mischief—an unspoken challenge shining clearly in them.

She wanted more.

She worked her mouth skillfully, using the insides of her cheeks to press and glide against my cock. The tight space, the pressure, the way her cheeks subtly bulged around me—it was enough to make my head spin. Every movement felt amplified, dragging the pleasure out until it bordered on overwhelming.

Heaven wasn't even a metaphor anymore—it felt disturbingly close.

And that smile of hers never faded.

At that point, there was no chance I could hold myself back. I grabbed the back of her hair, gathering it into my fists, one in each hand, and pulled her toward me. She took my cock deeper, far deeper, her throat tightening as she adjusted.

"Mghhhhhh?!"

Her eyes widened instantly—but there was no fear there. No pain. If anything, it looked like confirmation, like she'd been waiting for this exact moment. Considering the way she'd been staring at me earlier, there was no way she hadn't expected it.

My girth clearly didn't fit easily, and it showed. Her throat bulged visibly around my cock, the shape obscene and unmistakable. Seeing it lodged there, like it belonged inside her, sent a jolt straight through me.

I pulled her back just enough to breathe.

Then I thrust her down again, slamming her head against my crotch, pushing deep into her throat once more.

She didn't resist. She didn't pull away. Her eyes stayed locked on mine, unfocused but intense, as if she were enjoying the lack of control just as much as I was enjoying taking it.

I kept going like that, the rhythm rough and unrestrained, until the pressure built beyond what I could manage.

Her throat was tight—unbelievably so. The confined space, the unavoidable suction, the way everything wrapped around me made it impossible to last any longer. Cumming like this felt inevitable, the only natural conclusion.

So I let go.

I orgasmed hard, shooting my semen straight down her throat.

"Mmmm...!"

Her eyes widened again as the load hit, some of it rushing back up and leaking out of her nose, trailing down like snot. I held her head firmly against me as I continued unloading, but she didn't gag—not even once.

Instead, she inhaled softly through her nose, pulling the semen back down, then began swallowing it all. Each gulp tightened around my cock, squeezing it rhythmically, and the sensation was so intense it made my legs tense.

Eventually, it ended.

I pulled my cock out of her mouth, breath heavy, body still buzzing. Agneis looked up at me, calm as ever, and slowly licked her lips. There was no sign of discomfort, no hint of regret—only quiet satisfaction, like she had enjoyed every second of it.

And judging by the look in her eyes, she'd do it again without hesitation.

### **Chapter 1105: Chapter 168 - The Origin Of The Republic Of The Great Forest (8)**

I was still hard even after everything that had just happened, my cock standing tall and stubborn, as if it hadn't even registered the simultaneous orgasm that had crashed through me moments ago. It pulsed faintly, twitching on its own, betraying the aftershocks still running through my body. Thick strands of semen continued to spill from the tip, slow and unhurried, refusing to stop, as though my body itself wasn't done yet and had no intention of calming down anytime soon.

"Fufufu, it looks like you're still good to go," Agneis said, her voice light and teasing, carrying that familiar amusement she always seemed to have when she knew she had the upper hand. Her eyes flicked downward for just a moment before she looked back up at me. "Well then—"

She reached down toward her crotch with deliberate slowness, as if she were making sure I didn't miss a single second of it. Her fingers spread her open, and the moment she did, a glob of clear, milky fluid slipped free from her slit. It fell toward the floor, stretching into a thin white string that stubbornly clung to her vagina, trailing down between her thighs. It held on for a moment longer than expected, trembling slightly, before snapping apart and dropping to the floor below in heavy, wet splashes.

I stepped closer to her without breaking eye contact. The heat between us was thick, almost tangible, like the air itself was charged. I lifted one of her legs, hooking it securely over my arm. With my other hand steady her, I lined myself up, my cock brushing against her soaked pussy. Without hesitation, without giving her or myself time to think twice, I pushed forward and slid inside her.

There was no resistance. No hesitation. Instead of trying to squeeze me out, her body welcomed me completely. All that wetness, all that slick heat, erased any sense of friction. My cock slid in easily, sinking deep in one smooth motion until I was buried inside her, immediately hitting the deepest part of her vagina.

"Nghhhh... ahhh...!" she moaned, her breath catching sharply. Her expression twisted, her lips parting as if she was already teetering on the edge of another orgasm. "You're contorting me into such an unfavorable position... I can't possibly move like this, can I...?"

"Well," I said, a smirk tugging at my lips as I looked at her pinned like that, "considering how much you seem to enjoy being controlled, I'd say this is a very favorable position for you. Don't you think?"

"Fufufu... it will take far more than this before you gain complete reign over me, Leon," she replied, her tone still playful, still teasing. "But since you're trying so hard, I suppose I'll allow y—!!! Nghhh, aaahhh...! Y-You... I'm not even done talking...~!!!"

She was clearly dragging it out, enjoying the sound of her own voice more than necessary. I didn't bother responding. Instead, I let my body do the talking.

I started thrusting, pulling out and driving back into her pussy with growing force. Her vagina tightened instinctively around my shaft, gripping me while flooding me with even more love juices. It was slick, hot, and perfect, acting like natural lubrication that allowed my cock to slide in and out smoothly, almost effortlessly.

"Hhaannhhg... aaah... L-Leon... you're fucking me so hard...~" she said, her voice wavering as her composure began to crack. "You really are horny for me. You really do love me, don't you?"

"Well, I do like you," I replied, my voice steady even as my movements grew more intense. "And if I want you to feel all of me, then this is only natural."

I thrust upward sharply, angling my hips just right so that the tip of my cock slammed straight into her cervix. Each time I pushed in, her body reacted visibly. A bulge formed on her lower abdomen, clear proof of just how deep I was inside her pussy.

"So you're trying to impose your dominance on me..." she said, her words coming out in uneven breaths. "You really are such a bad man, Leon. That must be why you're giving me this overwhelming sense of oppression. Kuku... nghh, hnghhh...~! Aaahh... Kukukuku... You're thrusting with so much vigor that my feet can't even touch the ground. It would be accurate to say you're burying yourself within us...~ Are you trying to fuck me to death?"

Her pussy was incredibly wet, so much so that moving inside her felt almost unreal. The lack of friction made every thrust feel deeper, more intense, like my dick was dissolving

into pleasure. She wasn't wrong—it truly felt like I was burying myself inside her, losing the boundary between us with every movement.

"Nghhh... aaahh...! Ah, ahhhh... ah, ah, ahhh... ah, ah, ahhh...!" she cried out, her voice breaking into a rhythm that matched my thrusts. "It feels so good...~ It feels so good...!!! Nghhh... ahnghhh... ah, ahhh...! Fuuaahhh... nghhhh... ahhngh... ahh...!"

Then I felt it—her pussy suddenly tightening around me. That frictionless slickness vanished as her walls clamped down hard, squeezing my cock with undeniable strength. The sensation shot straight through me, intense enough to make my breath hitch as my own orgasm surged closer, fast and uncontrollable.

"Nghhh... aahh... I'm going to cum, Leon...!" she gasped. "Please... let's do it together...! Nghhh... ahnngghh...!"

Cumming together felt inevitable, like there was no other possible ending. I tightened my grip around her legs, holding her firmly as I drove myself even deeper. The tip of my cock pressed against her cervix until it finally yielded, and that sensation was enough to push me over the edge. The pleasure rushed up my spine, overwhelming and sharp, and I couldn't hold it back any longer. I burst inside her, releasing everything in one powerful surge.

At the same time, her body gave in as well. She tightened violently around me, her pussy clenching as her orgasm tore through her entire body.

"Funyaaahh hhhh~!!!!"

Her mouth fell open, her voice ripping free from her throat as the sheer force of her orgasm overwhelmed her.

When it finally passed, her body went limp in my arms. She hung there, completely spent, an unmistakable orgasmic expression frozen on her face, her breathing shallow and unsteady.

Even then, despite the mess, despite everything that had just happened, I knew it wasn't the end. The true unification of the republic of the great Forest was still far from complete. While it felt like I was slowly beginning to approach that goal, I also knew there would be more hurdles ahead—obstacles I would have to face and overcome before everything could truly come together.

### **Chapter 1106: Chapter 169 - The Lamia Leader Was Very Clingy (1)**

I stood there, quietly observing the slow but unmistakable establishment of housing for the lamias, my eyes following the changes as if they were unfolding in real time rather than over days and weeks.

What once began as crude shelters—natural caves hollowed out by necessity, reinforced stone walls stacked by hand, and temporary structures born from desperation—were steadily transforming. The rough edges of survival were being replaced by intent. Purpose. There was planning behind it now. You could see it in the way the paths curved instead of cutting through randomly, in how the houses were spaced so closely yet never felt cramped. Before long, they weren't just building places to sleep; they were building homes that resembled modern houses, adapted carefully to fit lamia physiology.

Drainage systems were being laid beneath the ground, hidden but essential. Water channels were carved to prevent flooding during heavy rain. Waste disposal was accounted for. Measures were put in place to prevent disease, overcrowding, and tragedies that had once been unavoidable. Every structure, every decision, was aimed at ensuring that no more lives would be lost needlessly.

And it showed.

The Lamia leader stood beside me, completely frozen.

Her eyes were wide, unblinking, reflecting the sight before her as if she were afraid that blinking might make it disappear. This wasn't just shock—it was disbelief. Her village, once small and fragile, a place barely clinging to existence, was becoming something else entirely. A functioning community. A place with stability, with a future.

"I... I didn't understand your power the first time we met," she said slowly, as though choosing each word with care. "But after seeing this... and seeing how fast all of this has happened..." Her voice wavered for just a moment before she steadied herself. "Now I understand."

She turned to face me, her gaze sharp yet filled with something softer beneath it.

"You're not someone I can take lightly."

"Are you falling in love with me now?" I asked, letting a small smile curve onto my lips, half-joking, half-testing the waters.

"I would be lying if I said I wasn't," she replied without hesitation. "Even someone like me—someone who has always been indifferent toward love—couldn't help but feel this way. After everything you've done... after giving us all of this... how could I not?"

Her honesty caught me off guard more than I expected.

"Well," I said, scratching the back of my head, "I guess my efforts are working then."

"You really are an amazing man," she said, her tone sincere. "I know that what you're doing probably involves some kind of agenda. It would be naive to think otherwise. But

even if that's true, I don't believe it's something evil. No matter what your motivation is, what you've done here is undeniably good."

She smiled, and it wasn't forced. It was warm.

"Well, don't thank me just yet," I replied. "There's still a lot more to be done. You did say you'd agree to bring your tribe into this union, didn't you?"

"Well," she sighed, her shoulders dropping slightly, "it's not like I really have much of a choice, do I?"

"Oh, but you do," I said calmly. "You can refuse. I won't be angry. If you don't want your tribe to be part of something that involves mixing with the other races of the forest, that's fine. I wouldn't hold it against you."

And that wasn't a lie.

If she chose to refuse, I wouldn't resent her. I understood how heavy that decision was. Still, deep down, I knew I wouldn't give up easily. Even if it took years—decades, if necessary—I believed I could eventually convince her. Not through force, but through trust. Through proof. Through time.

"That makes it sound like you don't have an agenda at all," she said, watching me closely. "It feels like you're genuinely just trying to help us. I can't see what you'd gain from this."

"I don't think there's anything for me to gain," I answered honestly. "Seeing parents who lost their child before they even got the chance to hold them... that alone is enough reason for me."

That was the truth.

I'd seen it too many times—parents collapsing in grief, their cries echoing through silent rooms as they stared at lifeless bodies far too small to exist without warmth. Children who never got a name. Never got a chance. I didn't know how to process it at first. I didn't even know what I was supposed to feel.

If my daughter were to die before she was even born... could I endure that?

No. There was no way.

And Gabrielle... I knew she would blame herself, even if it wasn't her fault. Seeing that future—even as a possibility—was unbearable.

Witnessing those tragedies was enough to push me into action. Maybe that meant I was still human, despite all the power I'd gained. I could still feel pain. Empathy. Anger at

injustice. And honestly, I was relieved by that realization. If I ever lost that humanity as my power grew, then all of this would be meaningless. Just power for power's sake. Empty. Hollow.

I was pulled from my thoughts when I felt her presence shift.

She stepped closer. Much closer.

I could feel the warmth radiating from her body, her presence pressing into mine with an intensity that left no room for doubt. It was overwhelming—not threatening, but undeniably dominant. Before I could react, her tail moved, thick and strong, wrapping itself around me.

"What exactly are you doing?" I asked, startled.

"Oh—my..." she murmured. Her eyes widened as realization dawned on her face. "I... I didn't even notice." Her cheeks flushed a deep red. "Maybe my desire to be closer to you is making my body move on its own."

"Uh... huh?" I said, trying to keep my composure. "Because your lower body is definitely tightening around me."

"Well," she said, clearly embarrassed but refusing to look away, "lamias are very protective of those we love. We're... inherently clingy toward our partners. That's probably why my body is reacting like this."

She was blushing hard now, her composure completely gone.

And if I were being honest, I was attracted to her too. Not just a little. Far more than I wanted to admit. Her upper body was well-proportioned, her face strikingly beautiful, and her presence alone was enough to draw anyone in.

Then she looked at me, her voice quieter, edged with something vulnerable.

"Why won't you give me the same attention you gave those girls last night?"

### **Chapter 1107: Chapter 169 - The Lamia Leader Was Very Clingy (2)**

"You're really pushing it, huh?" I said, a faint smile tugging at my lips despite the situation.

Her body was coiled tightly around me, the pressure firm enough to remind me that I was very much restrained, yet strangely considerate at the same time. It wasn't crushing, wasn't painful—just close, intimate, almost deliberate. It felt like she wanted to keep me there, not trap me. The way her body flexed and relaxed around mine made it

clear she knew exactly how much strength to apply, as if she was testing boundaries without crossing them.

"Well, I don't really mind having sex with you," I continued, my tone calm, honest, "but... are you sure you actually want me to do it with you?"

She hesitated, her expression shifting into something uncertain, thoughtful. "I don't know," she admitted quietly. "I've been thinking about this since last night, and I still haven't managed to get a good grasp of my feelings." Her gaze wavered for a moment before returning to mine. "Which is why I want to experience it. To understand it. Can we?"

There was something earnest in the way she said it. Not desperate. Not demanding. Just... curious.

"Well," I sighed, letting out a small chuckle, "it looks like you're not going to free me at all if I don't agree to this." I glanced down at the way her body remained wrapped around me. "So, why not?"

She frowned slightly, her brows knitting together. "It sounds like you're just being pushed by me to have sex with me. I don't really feel good about that."

"I don't see it that way," I replied without hesitation. As if to prove my point, my cock twitched, already hard from the way she'd been acting around me this entire time. My body had made its choice long before my mouth did. I was aroused—undeniably so—and at this point, there wasn't really anyone or anything that could stop me from wanting her.

"Oh..."

Her eyes widened just a little, surprise flickering across her face. She clearly hadn't expected that reaction, hadn't anticipated how ready I already was. My cock pressed against her lower body, solid and warm, and the realization seemed to sink in all at once.

"Do you really think I'm only doing this because you're wrapping yourself around me like that?" I asked, meeting her gaze. "My cock doesn't discriminate, I tell you. Whatever you are, I will fuck you."

She stared at me for a second before letting out a soft laugh, shaking her head. "You really are something else, huh?" A smile formed on her lips, lighter now. "Well then, I guess I'll believe you. What would you like to do with me?"

At that point, there wasn't much left to think about. There really wasn't any other option besides fucking her. Still, a practical thought slipped into my mind—one that I couldn't quite ignore.

How exactly do you fuck a lamia?

With centaurs, at least it was obvious. You could clearly see where everything was. But lamias? Their bodies were a single, continuous form. You couldn't just pull something aside like clothing. And it wasn't like she could shed her tail either... right?

She must've caught the look on my face because her smile deepened, amused. Without saying a word, she straightened herself, her snake tail lifting her upper body smoothly. The skin around her lower torso shifted, parting in a way that almost looked natural, as if it had always been meant to do that. Slowly, deliberately, it opened to reveal her vagina.

I blinked.

That was a vagina. It had to be. The shape was unmistakable—the labia majora clearly visible, slightly parted, glistening faintly. Moisture gathered there, betraying her arousal. Scales lined the sides, framing it in a way that felt exotic rather than strange. If anything, it only made the sight more captivating.

"How is it?" she asked, watching my reaction closely.

The question itself was unnecessary. Just looking at it told me everything I needed to know. It looked tight. Inviting. And the fact that she was already wet made it obvious she was ready, whether she fully understood her feelings yet or not. My body certainly didn't have any doubts.

"It's a pretty tight-looking pussy," I said honestly.

"Of course," she replied calmly. "I've never touched that part before. Sex never interested me, and I wasn't interested in relationships either." Her voice was steady, matter-of-fact. "So yes, I am what you people call very pure."

Very pure.

The meaning of that settled in quickly. No masturbation. No prior experience. That meant I was the first—literally the first—to ever enter her. The realization sent a slow thrill through me. It wasn't something I took lightly, but I wasn't about to walk away from it either.

"Well then..." I said, lowering myself onto my knees in front of her. "I'd like to have a taste."

I leaned forward and extended my tongue, pressing it against her vagina.

"Hss...!"

The sound that left her was sharp, instinctive—more snake than human. She looked down at me as I slid my tongue into her slit, her juices already flowing freely. The taste hit me immediately, clean and fresh, almost refreshing. It reminded me of drinking water first thing in the morning, cool and pure, straight from the dew.

It was intoxicating. The sensation alone made my thoughts blur, my focus narrowing until there was nothing else but her.

"Hss... nghhh, aaah...~"

She tried to suppress her moans, biting down on her finger as her body trembled. It was obvious she wasn't used to this kind of sensation—every touch seemed amplified, overwhelming.

"Fuaaahhh... w-what is... this...? Nghhh...!"

Her composure finally cracked. She grabbed the back of my head as her body arched, her reaction raw and unfiltered.

"Aaahh...!"

I pulled away then, lifting my head. I wiped the juices from my face before licking them off, savoring the lingering taste. When I looked up at her, her face was flushed red, eyes unfocused, confusion written all over her expression as she tried to understand why I had stopped.

"You don't need to worry," I said calmly. "We're just getting started."

That was the truth. This was only the beginning. We hadn't really begun yet.

I lined my cock up with her vagina, and she immediately tensed, her body reacting on instinct. I rubbed her back gently, slow and reassuring, helping her relax. Gradually, I felt her loosen beneath me, her body responding to my touch.

And with that moment, I thrust inside her.

Chapter 1108: Chapter 169 - The Lamia Leader Was Very Clingy (3)

"Hnghhh... Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!"

The sound tore out of her throat the instant my cock finally managed to inch its way inside her vagina. Her teeth clenched hard enough that I could see the tension ripple through her jaw, her entire body reacting like it had been struck by a sudden jolt of electricity. Almost instinctively, she wrapped her arms around me, clinging to me with a strength that surprised me. At the same time, her tails tightened around my leg, curling there like they were afraid I might disappear if they loosened even a little.

I paused for half a heartbeat, registering what I didn't feel just as much as what I did. There was no resistance stopping me from going deeper. No sharp reaction. No sign of pain written across her face. If anything, her expression was twisted with something closer to confusion mixed with pleasure. That alone told me enough. Her hymen had already been broken long before this moment, and she wasn't suffering from that first penetration at all. The realization settled in quickly.

That meant I didn't have to hold back.

I shifted my grip, holding her closer to my side, anchoring her there before I began to move. Slowly at first, deliberately, I started moving in and out inside her. Each motion felt heavier than the last, not because of resistance, but because of how intensely aware I was of everything happening at once.

For a brief stretch of time, my thoughts completely scattered. Pleasure drowned them out, pushing everything else aside. The heat inside her was different from what I expected—thicker, deeper, almost enveloping. It felt less like entering a body and more like sinking into something that refused to let go. The closest thing I could compare it to was pushing my cock into melted butter, the heat wrapping around me instantly, swallowing every inch without protest.

Her vagina wasn't smooth the way I anticipated, either. There was texture there—rough edges lining the inside, subtle but impossible to ignore. The beads within her felt smaller, packed tightly together. There were so many of them that the roughness didn't come in sharp jolts, but in a continuous, rolling sensation. It felt like the inside of her was actively working against me, massaging the full length of my cock with every movement.

The sensation built far too fast.

It felt good—too good. My jaw tightened as I realized how close I already was. My body reacted on instinct, muscles tensing as I fought to keep myself from cumming immediately. I clenched my teeth hard, focusing on that discomfort just to keep my control from slipping completely.

"Ahhh, aahhnggh, ahh...! Ah, ah, ahnggh, ah, ah, ahhh...!"

Her voice spilled out freely now, broken moans escaping her lips without restraint. She wasn't trying to hide it, and she wasn't holding back the sound. Her body trembled against mine, and the way her breathing hitched made it obvious she was close too. Still, somehow, she managed to cling to the edge, holding herself together through sheer will.

"Nghh, ahhnggh, aaahhh...! Nnggh, ahh...! W-What is this...?! It feels good...~!"

Her words came out fractured, barely forming coherent thoughts.

"Nghhh, ahhh... O-Ohhh... Nnn...~ Ahhh, a, ahhhh...! Ahhh, aaahhhnghhh, ahhh...!  
Aaah...!"

The sloppiness of her pussy only made everything worse—in the best possible way. There was no friction left to slow me down. Each thrust slid in effortlessly, like my body knew exactly where to go without needing direction. It reached a point where I felt disconnected from the motion itself, like I was no longer consciously moving. It felt as though I was being pulled forward instead, drawn deeper by something I couldn't see or fight against.

For a moment, I genuinely couldn't tell where I ended and where she began.

Then her body reacted again.

She tightened around me suddenly, deliberately, like she wanted to remind me—no, **tell** me—just how deep I was inside her. That squeeze alone sent a sharp shiver straight up my spine. Her arms locked around me even harder, her body pressing close as though she was afraid I might pull away. It felt constricting, almost overwhelming, like she was trying to trap me there with her.

Face to face, bodies pressed together, I continued fucking her, my hands holding her firmly from behind as I drove my cock deeper with each thrust. I could feel it clearly now—her cervix yielding, responding with every deep movement. There was no mistaking it. I was hitting as deep as I possibly could, over and over, pushing myself into that limit without hesitation.

In this position, she gave up control entirely. Everything was left to me—pace, depth, rhythm. I could move freely inside her, and it made the sensation even more intoxicating. My hips moved faster, rougher, the motion turning aggressive without me even realizing it. Each thrust landed harder than the last, and I kept going like that relentlessly.

Then, without warning, her body snapped.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!!!!"

The reaction was immediate. Hot splashes hit my stomach as liquid sprayed out, catching me off guard. There was no doubt about it—she orgasmed hard.

"Haaa... haaa...~"

Her breathing turned shallow and unsteady as she looked up at me. Her eyes were unfocused, glazed with lingering pleasure. It was obvious she didn't fully understand what had just hit her, only that it was overwhelming in a way she hadn't experienced

before. Her entire body trembled, the aftershocks of her orgasm still rippling through her.

I couldn't help it—I chuckled softly.

Seeing her like that, knowing she had orgasmed on my dick so intensely she squirted, stirred a sense of raw satisfaction in me. It wasn't just arousal—it was amusement, pride, something darker beneath it.

"I'm going to be rough now," I said.

The words weren't a question. They were a statement.

Much rougher than before. More direct. More force behind every movement.

She stared at me, her expression empty and dazed, like the words didn't even reach her ears.

I pulled her close again, repositioning her carefully but firmly. I set her up in a way that let me use my hips with full strength. Once everything was in place, I didn't hesitate. I moved fiercely, slamming into the deepest part of her, driving in as if I wanted it to cave under the pressure. I fixed her in place tightly, making sure she couldn't pull away even if she wanted to.

### **Chapter 1109: Chapter 169 - The Lamia Leader Was Very Clingy (4)**

Wet sounds filled the narrow space between us, echoing obscenely with every movement. Flesh slapped against flesh in a steady, relentless rhythm, the sound raw and unfiltered, each impact louder than the last. There was no hiding what we were doing, no room for subtlety. Every thrust made its presence known, shameless and crude in the most honest way possible.

"Aaahngnghh, ah, ahhhnghh, ah, ahhh...~! Ahhh, ahhh...! I-It's so deeppp...~!"

Her voice wavered, cracking halfway through the moan, pitch climbing higher as control slipped from her grasp. The sound wasn't pretty, but it was real—strained, desperate, and trembling with pleasure she couldn't rein in.

"H-Nghhhh, nghhh, aaahhnnn...! Ah, aaaahhhnghhh, aaaahh...!"

Her moans overlapped, tangled together in a messy chorus that made it painfully clear she was being dragged right back toward the edge again. There was no doubt about it. She was losing ground fast.

And I wasn't spared from it either.

Every thrust sent a sharp, electric sensation straight through my body, shooting up my spine and pooling hot and heavy in my gut. The pressure built relentlessly, wave after wave crashing into me, threatening to tear control away completely. I clenched my teeth hard, jaw tightening until it ached, forcing myself to endure the overwhelming pleasure without giving in too soon. My breathing grew heavier, uneven, as I fought to stay grounded.

"Hiiiihhh~!!!! Hyaaaahhh...! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh~~~~~!!!!"

Her voice shot up another octave, breaking into something almost shrill. It rang in my ears, sharp and piercing, like the sound itself was vibrating through my skull. Intermittent sprays burst from her crotch again, splashing against me, warm and sudden. Her face twisted completely with pleasure—eyes unfocused, mouth slack, tongue protruding shamelessly. There was nothing restrained about her anymore. She looked utterly undone, like every coherent thought had been burned away, leaving only raw sensation behind.

But I wasn't done yet.

Not even close.

So I kept moving inside her.

Her body had me completely restrained. Her tail was wrapped tightly around me, coiled firm and unyielding, pinning me in place so I couldn't pull away even if I wanted to. My movement options were limited, but it didn't matter. I didn't need to pull back. I didn't need space.

All I had to do was thrust upward.

And I did—again and again.

Each upward motion drove the tip of my cock straight into her cervix, hammering it relentlessly, like it was being tested for how much pressure it could take before giving in. There was no hesitation in my movements, no mercy in the way I pounded into her.

"Nghhh, aaahhh...~! Ahhhnghh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!! Aaaahhnghhh...! Ahhh, aaahnghhh...!"

Her voice broke apart into fragments, barely coherent now, each sound torn from her throat as her body reacted faster than her mind could keep up with.

She was in heat.

Her cunt glistened an angry, swollen pink, slick and dripping with love juices that coated everything in a sticky sheen. Every time she pushed herself back against my cock, it

made wet, obscene noises, the sound thick and unmistakable. My hips swayed against her, grinding forward and back, pressing into her relentlessly.

And it wasn't just me moving.

She met every thrust eagerly, pushing her hips back in perfect, desperate timing, as if her body knew exactly what mine wanted before I did. The rhythm locked us together, and I found myself struggling—really struggling—to stop myself from cumming immediately.

The pleasure of fucking her dulled the edges of my thoughts. My vision blurred, eyes glazing over as heat and pressure flooded my senses. I could feel my resistance slipping, both physically and mentally, my grip on control weakening with every movement.

Her expression mirrored my own unraveling.

Her eyes glazed over completely, pupils unfocused. Her tongue hung from her mouth as her head tilted back slightly, eyes slowly rolling upward from the overwhelming pleasure. Her nails dug into my back, scratching hard enough to leave marks, but at this point, I didn't even register the pain. I was deep in the zone now, mind narrowed to a single purpose.

Fucking her.

"Nghhh, aahhngh, ahhh...~! Ahhhh... ahh, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhh, ahhngh, ahhnghh, nghhhhhghghhh...~! Ahnghhh, ahhh...! Ah, ah, ahhhnhnghh, ahhh...!"

The amount of love juices pouring from her was unreal. It coated my cock completely, making it feel like there was almost no friction inside her pussy at all. Even with the countless swollen folds that should have provided resistance, everything slid smoothly, dangerously easily.

The lotion-like slickness of her vagina wrapped around my penis, clinging to every inch. The slippery glans scraped through her countless vaginal folds, each one sending sharp bursts of pleasure straight through me. Every time my cock dragged along her walls, her vagina reacted instantly, tightening around me.

The folds clenched and wriggled around my meat stick, moving nonstop, squeezing and flexing as if they were alive, desperate to milk me for everything I had.

This pussy was high caliber.

As if that wasn't enough, her uterus had descended to the deepest part of her vagina, like it was waiting patiently for me. The mouth of her uterus latched onto the glans,

sucking greedily. The very tip of my cock was pulled into it, chuckling and suckling relentlessly, refusing to let go.

The sensation was unreal.

The intense pleasure of her uterus sucking on my glans—something that could never be experienced with anyone other than a succubus—obliterated my thoughts instantly. There was no space left for reason, no room for restraint.

There was no way I could hold onto my sanity while this high-caliber pussy moved like this.

And so, I orgasmed and ejaculated.

It hit me all at once, violent and overwhelming. Thick, heavy spurts of sperm poured straight from my penis into her womb. It was a massive ejaculation, far more than I could control, enough to fill two vaginas at once.

"Ahh...! S-So hot...~! W-What is this...!? It feels good...~!!! It feels good...! Nghhh, ahhngh, ahhh...!"

Her voice trembled with confusion and pleasure as I shook my hips, teeth clenched hard. I clutched her body tightly, fingers digging into her as I continued pumping my sperm deep inside her, unable to stop even as the aftershocks rocked through me.

Eventually, after we managed to catch our breath, I finally pulled my cock out of her pussy. As soon as I did, a copious amount of semen followed, spilling out of her entrance in thick streams and dripping down to the ground below. Some of it still clung to the tip of my cock, stretching into a thin, glossy string before finally snapping apart.

We looked at each other first.

There was a brief moment of stillness, heavy and intimate, before we were pulled into one another and kissed.

Our tongues met naturally, moving together without hesitation, tasting each other like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Even while we were still locked together like that, I kept moving inside her, bodies pressed close.

I came again and again inside her, until it felt only natural—almost inevitable—that she might be pregnant now.

By the time we were finally done, we had fucked about four times, her vagina still leaking my semen, the evidence of it impossible to ignore.

"Now that I think about it," I said, breathing heavily, "I still don't know your name."

"You mated with me without even knowing the name of who I was?" she laughed, clearly amused by it.

Of course, I already knew her. Still, hearing it directly from her felt different.

"My name is Lyra," she said. "I'll be in your care from now on, Leon."

### **Chapter 1110: Chapter 170 - To The Kingdom Of Giants (1)**

Lyra was clinging to me—no, clinging wasn't even a strong enough word for it. She was completely wrapped around me, coiled tight like I was the last solid thing anchoring her to the world. Her arms were locked around my torso, her tail wound securely around my waist and legs, and the way she pressed herself against me made it painfully clear that, to her, nothing else mattered right now but staying close. Despite how tight her hold was, it didn't hurt. Her scales didn't scrape or dig into my skin. Instead, they were smooth and warm, her body unexpectedly soft, almost cushioned, like she was made to fit against me. Every subtle shift she made was deliberate, careful, as if she was afraid that even the smallest movement might put distance between us.

She was comfortable like this. More than comfortable—she was settled. Content. And the fact that she was pressing herself against me so openly, without shame or restraint, said more than words ever could.

"So it's actually true," Artemis said, her voice carrying a mix of curiosity and disbelief as she watched the scene unfold. "Lamias really do become incredibly clingy once they find their true love. I always thought that was just a myth passed down through stories."

"I thought so too," Lyra replied, her voice calm but filled with quiet conviction. Her grip on me tightened just a little, as if instinctively reinforcing her claim. "But after finding Leon... I just couldn't stop myself. Wrapping myself around him felt natural. Like this is exactly where I'm supposed to be."

I had never heard about that particular myth before. Not once. But right now, with Lyra practically glued to me and showing no intention of letting go, it was hard to deny that there was truth to it. And judging by how comfortable—and possessive—she was being, it wasn't some exaggerated legend either. If anything, reality might've undersold it.

"I have to admit," Agneis chimed in, her lips curling into a knowing smile as her eyes lingered on me, "it's fascinating how much influence Leon has over women. It's almost frightening, really. You're a dangerous man." Her gaze was heavy, seductive, openly inviting, like she was begging to be fucked without saying the words out loud. "I don't think I've ever seen someone like you before. Don't you think it could be said that someone like Leon is destined to rule? The way you pull women in, the way you dominate their hearts so effortlessly... it's impressive. Honestly, I'm surprised you're still holding up. Are you sure you won't get swallowed whole by all of this? Keeping so many women close—it's no small thing."

It was the kind of question I expected sooner or later. Anyone would ask it after learning that I wasn't dealing with just a handful of lovers, but a full-blown harem. And not a small one either—we were already past fifty. If no one thought that was strange, if no one thought I'd eventually run out of time, patience, or even air from being smothered by affection, then maybe the world itself had warped standards.

Still, I didn't see it as something so simple. Even in a world where harems were considered normal, someone like me—someone without noble blood or a royal title—having over fifty women was far from ordinary. Royals were usually the only ones with harems of that size, sometimes even reaching into the thousands. But that was because they had the power, wealth, and infrastructure to maintain them.

Even then, most of those royals didn't truly love their women. To them, women were just that—women. Accessories. Proof of influence. Decorations meant to enhance their status.

That was where the difference lay.

I genuinely loved all of them. Every single one. I couldn't bring myself to rank them or place one above the others. They were equal to me, each in their own way irreplaceable. Royals treated women like trophies, believing the more they collected, the stronger and more impressive they appeared. That logic could technically apply to me too, but I didn't see my women as trophies. They weren't symbols or proof of anything.

They were my lovers. My companions. People I cared about deeply.

And I wouldn't have it any other way.

That was probably why Agneis was asking these questions in the first place. She understood how I felt—because she felt it herself. She knew how deeply I cared, how seriously I took every bond I formed. And knowing that my harem would only continue to grow, it was natural for her to wonder whether I could really keep this up without collapsing under the weight of it all.

"Well," I said, a faint smirk tugging at my lips, "there's nothing impossible if I put my mind to it, right?"

It was a cliché answer, sure. Almost painfully so. But it was also the most honest response I could give. Once I set my mind on something, I didn't back down. That much had always been true.

"I suppose that makes sense," Agneis replied, nodding slowly. "You really do seem like the kind of man who can accomplish anything once you've decided on it. I mean, you managed to seduce Solaris and me, and then not even a month after fucking me, you went and seduced the leader of the Lamia tribe. At this point, I don't doubt you at all."

She was giving me far too much credit, but if that was how she saw me, I wasn't going to argue.

"By the way, Leon," she added after a brief pause, "you're heading to the Titan Kingdom next, right?"

"Yeah," I answered without hesitation. "As soon as tomorrow. The housing arrangements for the Lamia tribe should be fine. Filia and the others are already taking care of it. Even if I'm gone for a bit, everything should go smoothly."

The moment those words left my mouth, Lyra's body tensed.

Her coils tightened abruptly around me, squeezing just enough that it caught me off guard. It wasn't aggressive—but it was desperate. Like she was afraid that the moment I left her sight, I'd vanish for good. The distress in her reaction was obvious, her tail wrapping more firmly around my legs as if to anchor me in place.

"You don't need to worry, Lyra," I said gently, trying to reassure her. "I mean... I'll be coming back to fuck you eventually, right?"

"Is that true?" she asked, her voice quieter now, but no less serious.

"Of course," I replied without missing a beat.

Only then did she relax, her grip loosening just enough for me to finally take a proper breath. I let out a quiet sigh of relief.

That was close.

Still, everything here had gone smoothly. It took longer than I originally expected, sure, but things had settled into place. There was only one kingdom left now—one land I still hadn't stepped foot in.

The land of the Giants.