

The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1111 - 170 - To The Kingdom Of Giants (2) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1111 - 170 - To The Kingdom Of Giants (2)

Chapter 1111: Chapter 170 - To The Kingdom Of Giants (2)

I continued on toward my next destination—the Titan Kingdom.

A land whispered about with equal parts fear and awe.

It was a kingdom known for housing one of the largest creatures in existence, beings so massive that their silhouettes alone could blot out the sky. Legends said the titans were among the most powerful beings alive, creatures whose overwhelming size and monstrous strength could make even an ogre look small and fragile in comparison. Whether those stories were exaggerated or not didn't really matter. Power like that always left a mark on history.

At present, I wasn't traveling alone. This time, another set of women accompanied me. The Dryad Sisters had stayed behind with the Lamia tribe, exactly as I instructed. Their role there was far from insignificant. They were helping nurture and sustain the surrounding woods, strengthening the trees themselves so they could withstand disasters—natural or otherwise. The forests under their care would grow denser, tougher, and more resilient, perfect for long-term use by the workers and craftsmen.

Dryads were honestly impressive in that regard. They didn't just tend to plants; they seemed to understand them on a deeper level. Trees, crops, vines—everything flourished around them. Once I realized the extent of their abilities, it was obvious that placing them as supervisors over the farms and agricultural projects our company had been developing was the smartest move. Productivity and quality would both skyrocket under their watch.

As for me, I was currently traveling with Tilde and Meria.

Tilde was a rabbit woman, a veteran warrior from her tribe. Despite her slender build and soft appearance, she carried herself with the confidence of someone who had survived countless battles. Meria, on the other hand, was an ogre—towering, muscular, and overflowing with raw power. She followed me with unwavering loyalty, her presence alone enough to make most people think twice before approaching.

The reason I brought both of them to the Titan Kingdom was simple. They were capable—dangerously so.

Tilde, despite being a rabbit woman, possessed assassination skills that bordered on absurd. Her movements were precise, her instincts razor-sharp. She could slip in and

out of combat before most enemies even realized what was happening. While she hadn't yet surpassed Bernadette's level, I could see the potential clearly. With proper guidance and experience, she might someday stand on the same level—or even exceed her.

Meria was the complete opposite in fighting style.

Where Tilde relied on speed and finesse, Meria was pure destruction. Being an ogre, her physical strength was on an entirely different tier. Every movement she made carried explosive force. If someone like her was fighting on my side, worrying about titans felt unnecessary. Not that I was particularly worried in the first place.

"Husband," Meria suddenly said.

Her voice cut through the air, deep and firm.

"What is it, Meria?" I replied, glancing at her.

"When will you mate with me?"

The question came out of nowhere—straightforward, blunt, and impossible to misunderstand.

I paused for a moment. I honestly didn't expect her to bring that up so casually, but thinking about it, it wasn't completely unreasonable. She was the only one I still hadn't fuck. Well, Zes was technically in the same position, but our schedules never lined up properly. Timing always worked against us. With Meria, though, there had been chances. We weren't always together, but there were moments where it could've happened. Circumstances just kept getting in the way.

Before I could even respond, Tilde let out a soft laugh.

"Fufufu, this is the first time I've seen an ogre this hopeless," she said, clearly amused. She looked at Meria with a teasing grin, making no effort to hide her mockery.

"Shut up, rabbit woman," Meria snapped, turning sharply toward her. Her eyes burned with irritation. "You used your body to charm Husband! Typical of rabbit women. I charmed Husband with my strength! That's why Husband doesn't love you as much as you think."

That statement landed like a spark on dry grass.

I could visibly see a vein pop on Tilde's forehead.

"Oh? Is that really how you see it?" Tilde replied, her voice calm but edged with venom. "Then let me say this. Just looking at you, it's no wonder Leon doesn't see you as

breedable. Compared to my body, yours is too muscly and completely unappealing. My body is very breedable, and Leon actually enjoys mating with me."

She tilted her head slightly, eyes locked onto Meria.

"Meanwhile, you haven't even been mated with him yet. Maybe it's because he finds you unappealing. You're just forcing yourself on him because he happened to beat you in battle."

She didn't sugarcoat anything. Every word was sharp, deliberate, and meant to hurt.

Meria froze.

Then her pride shattered.

Her teeth clenched so hard it looked like they might crack. Thick veins bulged across her arms and neck as a terrifying aura poured out of her body. The air itself felt heavier, vibrating under the pressure of her rage.

"You...!" she growled.

In the next instant, Meria launched herself forward, her massive fist swinging with deadly intent.

If that blow had landed, Tilde would've been dead on the spot.

But Tilde was faster.

Her body vanished in a blur, leaving behind nothing but an afterimage. Meria's fist smashed into empty air, the force of the strike sending a shockwave rippling outward. For a brief moment, Meria looked confused.

Then she looked up.

Tilde was already standing atop a thick tree branch, balanced effortlessly as if gravity meant nothing to her.

"As expected of an ogre," Tilde said coolly, brushing imaginary dust from her clothes. "You immediately resort to your fists. This is exactly why people see your kind as uncivilized."

Meria didn't reply.

She lowered her head, bent her knees, and crouched low. The ground beneath her feet cracked as she gathered power into her legs. The tension built for a split second—

Then she exploded upward.

The earth shattered where she stood, leaving behind a massive crater. In the blink of an eye, Meria shot into the air, her body moving so fast it almost seemed like she vanished. Wind roared around her as she closed the distance between them, reaching Tilde's position with shocking speed.

Tilde's eyes widened, genuine surprise flashing across her face.

Even so, her instincts kicked in.

She twisted her body midair, narrowly dodging the attack as Meria came within striking distance. The branch they'd been near snapped violently from the pressure alone, splintering as Meria's momentum tore through the space Tilde had occupied just moments before.

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Tilde recoiled, her eyes wide as she stared at Meria, genuine shock written all over her face. "You beast...! What if you actually hit me?!" she yelled, her voice sharp and panicked. It wasn't an exaggeration either—if that attack had landed, her life would have ended right there. There wouldn't have been a second chance, no dramatic recovery, just instant death. Thankfully, Tilde's reflexes kicked in before Meria's blow could connect, her body already moving away on pure instinct.

The atmosphere between them was thick and suffocating. It honestly felt like the next step would be bloodshed. Not shouting, not insults—actual killing intent. Seeing that, I stepped in immediately, placing myself between them before either could do something they couldn't take back.

"Relax, girls," I said, my voice firm but controlled. "Both of you matter to me. You're both precious." I paused, making sure they were actually listening. "I don't rank you or separate you like that. I don't care about just physical traits. What matters to me is who you are. Your character. Your heart. No matter how you look, it doesn't change anything. You're all charming in my eyes."

That wasn't something I said just to calm them down. It was the truth, plain and simple. At that moment, I needed them to understand that clearly, without misunderstandings or half-baked interpretations.

Meria's tense posture slowly loosened. The anger that had been ready to explode from her seemed to settle, her breathing evening out. Tilde, on the other hand, crossed her arms and pouted, clearly dissatisfied. Her lips puffed out slightly, and she looked away as if she'd just lost a round she fully expected to win. Her teasing had clearly backfired, and she wasn't happy about it.

I still couldn't fully grasp why she had such a deep issue with ogres. It wasn't just casual teasing anymore—it felt personal. She wasn't attacking Meria for no reason. There was intent behind her words, something sharper than simple jealousy or playful rivalry. It felt like she was holding onto something old, something unresolved.

I was honestly caught off guard by how emotionally aggressive she'd become so suddenly. Part of me thought it was resentment, something that had been simmering for a long time. But another part of me felt like it wasn't pure hatred. If anything, it felt closer to envy.

Meria had been born strong. Her physical power was overwhelming, something she never had to earn. Tilde wasn't like that. Sure, her agility made her deadly in her own way, but she wasn't born to fight head-on. Rabbitmen were weak by nature. They survived not by standing their ground, but by running. That was why they were blessed with absurd speed and flexibility—to escape danger, not confront it.

Ogres were the opposite. They were born powerful, feared by others. They didn't need to worry about being hunted because they were the hunters.

That difference alone could plant resentment in anyone's heart. And when I thought about it that way, Tilde's behavior made a lot more sense. Still, there was nothing wrong with either of them. Strength came in many forms. Being different was what made each of them unique.

In Tilde's case, she was already exceptional. A rabbitwoman who could fight like she did wasn't normal at all. If anything, that alone made her special.

"Oh...?" I muttered suddenly, my attention snapping downward.

Something vibrated beneath my foot. It was faint, but unmistakable—a steady tremor running through the ground. At first, I thought it might be people approaching, maybe a group traveling nearby. But that didn't fit. If it were multiple people, the vibrations would be scattered, uneven. This was concentrated. Singular. Heavy.

It felt like the earth itself was reacting to one presence.

"We're probably already close," I said quietly. "The Kingdom of the Titans."

That was it. Beings so massive that even their footsteps sent tremors through the ground. They weren't far anymore.

After pushing forward a bit longer, we finally decided to stop and rest. We had been traveling nonstop for an entire day, and even if we could technically continue, it would've been reckless. Rest wasn't optional—it was necessary.

Personally, I didn't feel tired at all. Not even a little. My body felt steady, full, like I could keep going for days. It was probably because of my life force. There was something different about it—denser, more potent than normal. Still, just because I could push on didn't mean the others should.

"Foooooh..." Tilde let out a long, exaggerated breath as she dropped onto a fallen log. She crossed her legs slowly, deliberately. From that angle, her thighs looked especially thick, muscle packed tightly beneath smooth skin. Her entire lower body was clearly built for explosive movement—sprinting, jumping, or even twisting mid-air. That kind of physique didn't come from sitting around.

Given her race, it made sense.

"Hm?"

She must have noticed my gaze. I wasn't even trying to hide it. She turned her head toward me, eyes glinting with amusement, and a mischievous smile spread across her face. The kind of smile that said she already knew the answer.

"Leon, I caught you staring," she said, her tone playful and teasing. "What, is my body really that enticing?"

She didn't wait for an answer. Her hand slid over her own body, deliberately slow, before cupping her breast. The motion was exaggerated on purpose, like she was daring someone to call her out.

"I mean, that's only natural," she continued, her smile turning openly seductive. "A rabbitwoman's body is pretty great, after all."

"You're trying to seduce Husband again," Meria said flatly, her eyes narrowing as she glared at Tilde like she'd just committed a serious offense.

"It's not like I can help it, right?" Tilde replied, closing one eye as if it were all an innocent mistake. "I mean, my body is just that seductive. Leon clearly can't keep his eyes off me." She tilted her head slightly, her smile sharp. "Too bad you don't really have anything to show, aside from that greenish, orcish body of yours."

The air changed instantly.

I could practically see the vein bulging on Meria's forehead as her composure snapped, the tension surging back into the air in an instant.

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Suddenly, she turned her head and looked straight at me. The shift was subtle at first—just a glance—but there was intent behind it. Then, without hesitation, she reached up and pulled aside the clothing that had been covering her chest.

My eyes widened instantly.

There was no preparation for it, no warning. One second she was standing there, and the next, her bare breasts were fully exposed to me, unapologetic and bold. It wasn't just the sight that stunned me, but the confidence behind the act. She didn't look embarrassed. If anything, she looked like she was daring me to react.

Her breasts could only really be described one way: pretty big. Big enough that gravity naturally tugged at them, giving them a slight sag, yet not in a way that suggested softness or weakness. I knew—without even touching them—that they were firm. That gentle droop wasn't from age or lack of strength; it was simply because they were heavy. Gravity was doing what gravity always did.

Her body, overall, was muscular, but not bulky. It was the kind of physique that didn't scream power, yet quietly demanded respect. Her muscles were there, clearly defined, but tamed—like they were being held back beneath her skin. You wouldn't notice them immediately unless you knew what to look for. It was only when she moved or flexed slightly that her strength became obvious.

My gaze wandered, and I didn't even bother pretending otherwise. It drifted shamelessly across her body before inevitably settling back on those massive jugs. Her figure followed the perfect curve of an hourglass, her waist narrowing just enough before flaring out again, each curve flowing naturally into the next. It felt intentional, like her body had been sculpted rather than born.

Honestly, standing there and looking at her like this, I couldn't help but feel like I was missing out. Not still fucking her at this point felt like a crime against common sense.

Tilde, standing nearby, was clearly caught off guard by the sudden move. Her eyes widened for just a split second before she caught herself. Whatever surprise she felt, she buried it quickly, straightening her posture as if refusing to be outdone.

"Two can play that game," she said.

She stood up, her movements deliberate, and strode toward me with confidence. Just like Meria, she grabbed both sides of her clothing and pulled them apart, revealing her bare breasts without hesitation. And it was immediately clear—hers weren't about to lose to Meria's.

They were just as big, heavy with fullness. Gravity pulled at them too, giving them that same illusion of sagging. But again, it was obvious that beneath that weight was

firmness. They held their shape, proud and solid, the illusion existing only because of their size.

Meria and Tilde turned toward each other, their eyes locking in an unspoken challenge. Neither of them moved to cover themselves. Instead, they stood there, openly displaying their breasts to me like trophies.

"Look at them, Husband," Meria said, her voice confident and just a little smug. "Mine are better, right?"

Tilde scoffed lightly. "Your tits are way too big. Obviously, mine are better because they have better consistency," she said, then glanced at me. "Right, Leon?"

I froze.

This wasn't a situation I had prepared for, mentally or emotionally. Two pairs of eyes were on me, both demanding an answer I genuinely didn't have. Choosing one felt like a death sentence.

Then, before I could say anything, both of them moved at the same time.

Each of them grabbed one of my hands and pulled them forward, guiding them straight onto their breasts.

The contact was immediate—and shocking.

I nearly let out a stupid, comedic *kyuun* sound as my palms sank into the softness and bounced slightly from the impact. I barely managed to hold it in, clenching my jaw like my dignity depended on it.

Seriously... these pairs felt like two different heavens.

Meria's breasts were soft, but not weak. They yielded easily under my touch, melting into my hands in a way that felt dangerously addictive. It was the kind of softness that made you want to keep squeezing, just to feel it again. Yet beneath that softness was firmness, enough to push back, enough to bounce right back into shape when I released them.

Tilde's were different, but no less impressive. They were also soft and firm, but the sensation wasn't the same. Hers didn't bounce as much, but there was a noticeable elasticity to them. When I squeezed, they resisted just slightly before returning to their original form, like they had a quiet resilience to them.

"Well, Leon?" Tilde asked. "Who do you think is better?"

"Mine, right? Husband..." Meria added, her tone softer but no less demanding.

Both of them stared at me, their expressions filled with expectation. They weren't just asking a question—they were seeking validation, wanting to hear that they were the best.

And honestly?

I had no idea what they actually wanted from me.

Still, an idea started forming in my head. A dangerous one. If they were already this far, then maybe... just maybe, I could turn this situation to my advantage.

"I don't really know," I said slowly. "I can't really feel the difference properly like this."

I smirked as their brows furrowed.

"Why don't the two of you do me between your breasts?" I continued. "That way, I'd be able to tell the difference. There'd only be one point of contact."

A double paizuri. There was no way I was letting an opportunity like this slip by.

They both looked at each other, clearly confused. It was obvious they hadn't expected that suggestion, let alone understood it immediately. So I spelled it out for them, still smirking.

"Press your breasts against me and use them to pleasure me."

They exchanged another look, surprise flashing across their faces. It wasn't something they expected to hear from me—but after a moment, they complied.

I laid down on the ground. The snow beneath me was cold, biting even through my clothes, so I quickly layered some fabric beneath my back to make it bearable. Thankfully, we had enough on hand. Not that it really mattered in the moment.

Both of them looked down at my towering cock, already leaking plenty of pre-cum. They swallowed hard. The sight alone seemed intimidating—especially for Meria, who still hadn't had sex with me yet.

Then they moved closer.

Their breasts pressed together around my cock, and instantly, I was enveloped in warmth and softness. It felt unreal, like my cock had been swallowed whole by some massive marshmallow monster.

They drooled onto their breasts to reduce the friction, letting them slide smoothly along my length.

And the moment they started moving, my mind went blank.

I felt like I was going to melt.

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The moment their breasts pressed in from both sides of my shaft, my thoughts nearly dissolved on the spot. It wasn't just pressure—it was warmth, softness, and weight coming together all at once, wrapping around me like I was being swallowed by something impossibly gentle. I felt like my body was slowly melting from the inside out, nerves firing nonstop as sensation stacked upon sensation. Both of them were staring at me, watching my reaction closely as they moved, their chests gyrating slowly and deliberately against my cock, like they were savoring every second of it.

The feeling was dangerously close to being suffocated, pressed in from all directions, yet it was soft—too soft to resist. It wasn't overwhelming in a painful way, but in a way that made my mind go blank, like I could sink into it and disappear. Every movement they made caused another ripple of pleasure to surge through me, and I could already tell my body wasn't going to last long if this continued.

"So, Leon?" Tilde asked, her voice carrying a teasing edge. "How do you like that? My breasts are much more comfortable, right?"

As she spoke, she deliberately rubbed her chest up and down along my cock, making sure to grind it against Meria's breasts as well. The movement was slow, controlled, and intentional—like she was trying to stake a claim while pretending it was nothing more than a casual question.

"Mine are better, right, Husband?" Meria followed, her tone gentler but just as confident.

Her green tits were noticeably bigger, heavy and soft, yielding easily as they pressed in. I could feel how much they gave way around my shaft, wrapping it up even as they pushed against Tilde's breasts. The contrast between them only made the sensation more intense, like I was trapped between two different kinds of softness, both competing for my attention.

Tilde clicked her tongue. "Your breasts are disgusting, pressing themselves against mine like that. What do you think you're doing, doing something like this?"

Meria didn't back down. "You're the one pressing yours into mine. You should pull them away and let me do it alone. I'm sure Husband wouldn't feel any difference. Mine are big enough."

Honestly, it wouldn't have made much difference even if Tilde had pulled back. Meria's breasts were large enough that they could probably cover my entire cock on their own.

The thought crossed my mind briefly, but it was hard to focus on logic when my body was being overwhelmed like this.

"Fuaa... nghhh..."

The sound slipped out suddenly.

Tilde froze for half a second, clearly surprised by her own voice.

That moan wasn't intentional. It was instinctive—raw. Whatever she had been feeling from the friction of her breasts rubbing against Meria's had crossed some invisible threshold, enough to force a sound out of her throat before she could stop herself.

"Oh?" I said, unable to stop the smirk forming on my face. "Seems like you're feeling it just from rubbing against Meria's breasts, Tilde."

"H-Huh? Feeling it?" she stammered, eyes darting away for a moment. "T-There's no way I'd feel anything from this... especially with this stupid girl right here..."

She tried to sound annoyed, tried to push the words out with conviction—but her face betrayed her completely. Her cheeks were flushed, heat spreading across her skin as her entire face turned red. She was already feeling it, whether she wanted to admit it or not, and it showed in every tense breath she took.

"Well," I added calmly, my gaze shifting, "it's not just you."

I looked over at Meria.

She was blushing just as badly, her expression barely holding together as their breasts continued to rub. The constant contact meant their nipples were brushing against each other too, sending strange, unfamiliar sparks of stimulation through both of them. Neither of them had planned for that, and their bodies were reacting before their minds could catch up.

"Nnn... haa..."

Their expressions softened, eyes half-lidded as pleasure slowly melted whatever resistance they had left.

"Yes," I said quietly, my voice low but steady. "That's it. Both of you. You don't need to fight anymore. Just feel it. Ignore everything else."

And it worked.

As the pleasure built, their petty arguments and hostility started to crumble. Their inhibitions loosened, tension draining away as their focus narrowed to a single shared

sensation. In that moment, nothing else mattered. Their hearts aligned around the same thing—pleasure—pulling them into the same rhythm without either of them realizing it.

They looked at each other, faces flushed, breathing shallow.

I didn't know if it was instinct, curiosity, or something deeper—but suddenly, Tilde leaned in.

Their lips met.

My eyes widened.

Yet it didn't feel forced. Meria closed her eyes naturally, accepting the kiss as if it made sense. Even as they kissed, their bodies didn't stop moving. Their breasts continued to slide together, still working my cock between them, the motion steady and unbroken.

The sensation intensified. The stickiness, the lack of friction, the soft pressure pressing in from all sides—it all blended together into something overwhelming. It felt like everything was boiling down to a single point, heat and sensation spiraling upward, making my head spin.

I started moving my hips as well, pushing forward slightly, unable to stay still anymore. I wanted more of that pressure, more of that suffocating softness pressing in on me. The feeling was so good that I nearly lost control right there, my jaw tightening as I grit my teeth and forced myself to hold on just a bit longer.

They eventually pulled back from the kiss, lips slightly parted, breath uneven. Then, without hesitation, they lowered their heads together. Their tongues pressed against the tip of my cock as it slid in and out between their breasts, licking it as it appeared between them, like some obscene jack-in-the-box popping free.

"Nn... fuuunnn... nghhh..."

"Nnnchu... nnnghh, aahnnghh...~"

Their voices were lewd, unfiltered, and completely genuine. Hearing them alone was enough to make my thoughts unravel. Experiencing something like this—being in the middle of it—made it feel like I was truly alive in that moment.

As the thought crossed my mind, my dick trembled hard between their tits.

I groaned, the pressure finally reaching its peak. Resisting at that point would have been pointless, so I didn't. I let go.

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Hot spurts of cum shot out in quick, heated bursts, flying only a short distance before splashing messily across their large breasts. Thick white streaks stood out vividly against their skin, stark and impossible to miss, slowly sliding downward as gravity claimed them. Some trails dragged lazily over the curves of their chests, while others smeared higher, brushing against their necks and even touching their faces. The contrast between the warmth of the cum and the cool night air made their bodies shudder.

They panted heavily, chests rising and falling as they felt the lingering heat spread across their skin. Their breathing was uneven, shaky, as if they were still riding the aftershock. Slowly, almost instinctively, they turned toward each other. Their eyes were heavy with pleasure, half-lidded and glazed, their expressions loose and unguarded. No words were needed. They leaned closer, faces inches apart, and began licking each other's cheeks and lips, tongues sweeping deliberately as they collected my semen from one another's skin. They didn't hesitate, didn't look embarrassed. They shared it naturally, like it was the most obvious thing to do, trading soft breaths and quiet sounds as they tasted me together.

"Both of you," I said, my voice low and firm, cutting through the moment with authority. "Put your hands on that tree over there and show me your asses. I'm going to fuck you both right now."

The reaction was instant, almost electric.

Tilde's rabbit ears snapped straight up, stiff with excitement, the sudden movement betraying just how badly she'd been waiting to hear those words. It was like a switch had flipped in her. Meria, on the other hand, looked openly ecstatic. Her expression practically glowed with anticipation, eyes bright and focused, clearly thrilled at the thought of finally having her first time with me. There was no fear on her face, only eagerness and a sense of resolve.

Without wasting even a second, both of them obeyed.

Meria and Tilde walked over to the tree, pressing their palms against the rough bark. The texture scraped lightly against their skin as they leaned forward. Slowly, deliberately, they lowered themselves, bending at the waist until their backs arched and their asses pushed outward toward me. The posture wasn't awkward or forced; it felt intentional, offered.

They had very different-looking asses, and the contrast only made the sight better.

Meria's ass was exactly what I expected from someone her size—big, heavy, and solid. Her glutes were well-formed, clearly muscular beneath the flesh, giving her ass a powerful shape that looked almost regal in its own way. The way it arched naturally made it look perfect, like it had been made to be taken from behind. And seeing an ass of that color up close—something completely new to me—sent a sharp rush of heat

straight through my body. It made my blood boil with lust, fast and intense. At that point, it felt inevitable. Entering her felt like the most natural conclusion to the moment.

But Tilde's ass wasn't about to be overshadowed.

Hers was huge too, just in a different way. For a bunny girl like her, thickness came naturally. Even calling it thick felt like an understatement. Her ass looked incredibly soft, plush enough that it almost tempted the hands to sink into it. Her thighs were very thick as well, framing her ass and making it look even fuller. Just above it all, her small rabbit tail twitched nervously, flicking back and forth like it was alive with anticipation, as if it were waiting for me to choose her first.

In the end, it didn't really matter who I would take first. They were both mine. Both of them were my women, and it only felt right to savor the sight of both of their asses before making a decision.

Still, I chose Meria first.

"Meria, this is your first time, right?" I asked, my tone steady but not unkind.

"Yes, Husband," she replied without hesitation. Her voice was deep and calm, yet there was an undercurrent of emotion beneath it. "I was waiting for a man strong enough and worthy to send seed into my womb and have me carry his child. I have chosen you." She paused briefly, then continued, sincerity clear in every word. "Please, make sure to send all of your seed into my womb and make me carry your child, Husband."

"As you wish," I said.

I stepped closer and pressed my cock right up against her pussy.

She was already very wet. The heat and slickness pressed against my cock immediately, and just feeling that alone sent a jolt through me. It felt incredible, almost overwhelming, like entering her right then would make my legs give out. The sensation made my thoughts blur for a moment.

But I didn't waste time.

Keeping her waiting any longer would have been cruel. I thrust my hips forward. The two green petals of the ogre's pussy slowly yielded to the pressure of my cock, parting little by little. There was no resistance, no fight. It was as if her body had already accepted the intrusion before it even happened.

"Mmm...~" she moaned softly as my cock slid deeper, the sound drawn out and shaky.

When the tip finally slipped inside her, I didn't hesitate. I grabbed both sides of her huge hips, fingers digging into her flesh, and slammed my cock fully into her in one hard motion.

"Uhiii?!" she cried out, the sound sharp and surprised, like she hadn't expected me to push in so suddenly.

"Fufufufu," Tilde chuckled from the side, clearly amused by the noise Meria made during penetration. "Looks like even someone as big as you still fits Leon's penis, huh?"

She wasn't wrong. Despite the size difference between us, despite Meria being much larger than me and her vagina likely being bigger as well, my cock was huge enough to fill her perfectly. It felt right, like everything lined up exactly as it should.

Well, I suppose that was the same reason I managed to pleasure Kali, who was a centaur.

"Aaah... so this is mating...?" Meria murmured, her voice trembling. "It feels very strange... but at the same time, I feel like I'm going to melt..."

She reached down and touched the area where my cock was buried inside her, almost like she was trying to confirm that it was real.

"I'm going to move now, Meria," I said.

I tightened my grip on her hips and began pounding her ass.

Each thrust made her body jolt forward slightly, her flesh rippling under my hands. Her pussy gripped me tightly, squeezing all around my dick as if it didn't want to let go. Every fold of her vagina pressed against me, and I could feel the beads along her inner walls undulating with each movement. The sensation was intense, overwhelming, lighting up every nerve at once.

"Nghhh, aahhnggh, ah, ah, ahhhnggh, aahhh...!"

Meria moaned loudly, her voice breaking as pleasure washed over her again and again. Even though this was her first time, her body reacted instinctively, surrendering to the sensation without hesitation. The way she responded made it dangerously easy to lose control. The urge to cum inside her rose quickly, sharp and insistent.

Still, I forced myself to stay steady, continuing to pound her, driving my cock deep and hitting right up against her womb with every thrust.

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My hips kept moving against her in a relentless rhythm, the impact echoing sharply as flesh met flesh, the sound of my hips slapping into her ass cutting through the otherwise quiet forest. Each thrust landed solidly, unapologetically, my body moving on instinct as I drove myself deeper into her green buttocks, never once letting up.

She leaned harder into the rough bark of the tree, the coarse surface scraping against her skin as she pressed herself forward, bracing for every forceful motion. The tree held her upright as her body reacted honestly, betraying everything she felt. She looked overwhelmed, like she was being swallowed whole by the pleasure of being fucked without restraint. Her pussy was soaked beyond reason, slick heat coating me completely, and it wasn't even trying to hold back anymore. Wetness leaked freely, shamelessly, as if her body had already given up any attempt at control.

I kept pounding her like that, hips snapping forward again and again, my breath heavy and uneven. With every thrust, the obscene sound of liquid filled the air. The wet, lascivious noise of her vagina squelching around my cock grew louder, more desperate, mixing with the rhythm of my movements.

"Nghhh... hhnghh... aahnghh... ah, ahhh... ahn... ahhh...! Aaahh... fuaaaahhhh... nngghhh... aaahnghhh...~!!!"

Her voice cracked and rose, her moans ringing out far too loudly for a place like this. They reverberated through the forest, bouncing off trees and disappearing into the distance, as if the woods themselves were forced to listen. Her pussy tightened greedily around my cock, clenching down with every broken cry, and it felt unbelievably good. She was large, built differently, and the inside of her vagina wasn't smooth. Large beads lined her walls, undulating around my shaft as I moved, squeezing and shifting in a way that sent unfamiliar sensations straight up my spine. Fucking her felt different, raw and intense, like my body had to relearn how to react to every movement.

I held her hips tightly, fingers digging into her flesh as if to anchor myself as much as her. I didn't slow down. I didn't soften my grip. I just kept moving like that, driven by the way her body responded so eagerly to me.

"Nnnhha... aaahhh... H-Husband...! Husband...! It feels good...! It feels goodddd...~!!!"

Her voice was loud, almost desperate, each word tumbling out between moans. There was no pretense left in her tone, no restraint. She sounded honest, overwhelmed, and completely consumed by what she was feeling.

"Fufufu... her face is completely sloppy right now. I really didn't expect she could look like that."

Tilde's voice cut in, amused and sharp, her eyes fixed on Meria's expression as it twisted into something utterly debauched.

"I've never seen an ogre wear an expression like hers before."

"Nghhh... aahhnggh... aaahhh...! Ah, ahhhnggh... ahhh...~! Ah... aaah... ahhh...~!!!"

She wasn't wrong. Meria's face was something else entirely now. Normally, she barely showed emotion, always carrying herself with that hard, intimidating glare, like nothing ever truly reached her. But now, that was gone. Completely gone. Her face looked just like any woman who'd been driven past her limits by pleasure. Her eyes were unfocused, her mouth slack, drool threatening to spill as her expression collapsed into a full ahgao. She looked like she was experiencing sensations she'd never even imagined before, every nerve screaming as everything flooded in through my penis.

"Aahh... ahh...! Ahhh, it feels good...~ My husbanddd...~ It feels good...! It feels good~~~~~!! AAaaahhnggh... aaaahh... s-something is... something weird is comingggggggg...~!"

Her body shuddered as she spoke, the warning clear in both her voice and the way her pussy clenched around me. It was obvious she was close. I could feel it. At the same time, a familiar pressure coiled tight inside me, my own orgasm building fast, feeding off hers.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhngghhhh...~! Aaahhhhhhhhhnggh... ah... ah... ah... ah... ahhh... ah... ahhhngghhhh...~! Nghhhh... nnnn...~!!!"

Her expression shifted again, eyes trembling, jaw slackening further as her face betrayed exactly how close she was to cumming.

"Mmmmgghhh... ahhhnnhghhhhh... ah... ah... ah... ahnggh... ah... ahhhnnnnnn...~!!!!"

And then—

"Kuh...!"

The sound tore out of me before I could stop it. I gritted my teeth, my whole body locking up as I orgasmed hard, pumping my semen deep inside her vagina.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnhgggggggggggggggggggggggaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaa~!!!!!!!!!"

Her reaction was instant and overwhelming. Her eyes rolled back completely, whites showing as her body convulsed violently. My semen filled her to the brim, and her toes curled as she rose onto their tips, her back arching sharply from the force of it all. She looked utterly debauched, wrecked in the most honest way possible. I held her hips tightly, refusing to let her slip away, anchoring her in place so she couldn't escape the pleasure crashing through her body.

A sharp, stinging sensation shot through my ejaculation duct as I finished, the intensity bordering on pain, but it was drowned out by the pleasure riding alongside it.

"Hhkk... aahhh... nnn...~ Heee... feeehh...~"

Her face went slack, serene in a way that made it look like she'd reached some kind of nirvana. Slowly, I pulled my cock out of her pussy, the sound of it leaving her thick and wet, a sickening pop echoing as I withdrew. I watched as the semen I'd filled her with began to slowly spill out, trailing down without resistance.

Her body went limp almost immediately after. She sagged forward, barely holding herself up, looking like she'd felt pleasure beyond anything she'd ever known. And honestly, that made sense. This was the first time she'd ever experienced something like this.

"Haaa... haaa..."

She panted heavily, chest rising and falling fast. Her legs trembled, barely able to support her weight, and it was clear she wouldn't be standing properly for a while after all that pleasure she'd taken.

"Fufufu... it seems no matter how big someone's legs are, if they get pushed full by a huge cock inside their vagina, their lower body still gives out," Tilde said with a smug smile, clearly enjoying the sight of Meria barely able to stand. "Well, I suppose that's only natural when it's someone like Leon doing the fucking. Now then, why don't you come here and fuck my pussy? I'm sure you've had enough of that ogre's pussy and want to cleanse yourself with mine. A rabbit woman's pussy is much tighter than a large ogre's, after all."

Her gaze locked onto mine, seductive and confident, her smile slow and deliberate.

With her looking at me like that, clearly wanting sex right now, there was no way I was going to think otherwise. My body was already responding before my mind could catch up.

I walked over to her, each step deliberate, and lined my cock up against her pussy.

"Fufufu... now it's my turn. It's been a while since we last had sex, Leon, so I'm quite excited," she said, her hips swaying slightly, teasing me without a shred of shame.

I grabbed her hips firmly, feeling the difference immediately, and pulled her toward me. Without hesitation, I thrust forward and entered her in one clean, decisive motion.

"Nghhhhhh...~! Hnghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!
Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhonghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

The moment I was inside her, her body reacted violently. She orgasmed instantly, her eyes rolling back as her entire body convulsed, pleasure hitting her all at once with no warning at all.

Chapter 1117: Chapter 170 - To The Kingdom Of Giants (8)

Her vagina immediately undulated all around me, reacting on instinct, as if this was the only natural thing it knew how to do. The moment I was fully inside, it felt like her body recognized me and answered on its own. Tilde's vagina was lined with countless soft creases along the walls of her flesh, pleats that pressed, dragged, and wrapped around me every time I pushed forward or pulled back. Each motion created friction that felt deliberate, intimate, and overwhelmingly good, as if her body had been made to remember this sensation.

"Ahhh, your cock... it's been a while...~! The feeling of being stuffed, it's so good...~!!!"

Her voice trembled as she spoke, breathy and weak, the sound breaking apart between moans. I focused on the sensation of those folds of flesh rubbing against me, memorizing it, indulging in it. As my hips moved back and forth in a steady rhythm, her voice softened further, becoming feeble, almost fragile. If someone had been watching her stomach while I thrust, they would've seen it rise and push outward, a subtle but unmistakable bulge that traced the shape of my cock moving inside her.

I could see it clearly. I could feel it even more.

It was amazing. The way her insides clung to me, the warmth, the pressure—it all felt incredibly nice, almost addicting.

I rubbed her from the inside, deliberately dragging my cock along her walls, and almost instantly, she turned into a flood.

It flowed freely, spilling out without restraint. It wasn't subtle, and it wasn't shy. Her body reacted as if it had been waiting for this, as if it had been holding everything back until now. The way it kept coming made it obvious she was enjoying this far more than she probably should have.

"You seem rather very horny, Tilde," I said with a smile, my tone light but amused. "Do you really want to get fucked by my cock that badly?"

"Yes. I want to get fucked. I want to feel your cock inside me. I want you to give me your seeds and impregnate me," she answered without hesitation.

She looked back at me over her shoulder, her tongue slightly out, her lips parted. Her eyes were unfocused, hearts clearly visible in her pupils. There was something dark and hungry in her expression as she spoke, something honest and unfiltered. At the same time, I felt her hole relax just a little more, welcoming me deeper. Wanting to push

myself toward climax, I sought more stimulation, gripping her hips tightly, grounding myself as I prepared to fuck her properly.

At that point, there was really only one thing left to do.

Fuck her senseless.

No longer able to hold back, I thrust my hips forward with intent. I pushed deeper, my cock slamming straight into her cervix. The impact sent a shudder through her body. I didn't stop there. I started moving inside her in earnest, setting a rhythm that made her react immediately.

"Aaaahhhh, ah, ahhhngghhh, ahh, ahhh...~ Ah, aaahhh...! Aaahhh...!"

Her voice rang out, broken and sweet at the same time. Listening to her while moving my hips only made the sensation stronger. I indulged in the feel of her insides, in the way her body reacted to every movement I made. Her hole was naturally secreting its own lubricant, coating me completely. Everything was slick, warm, and almost too good, making every thrust smoother than the last.

She didn't just squeeze me either. Her body worked with mine. She pulled and pushed at the same time, clenching at regular intervals, timing it in a way that felt intentional. Each contraction added another layer of pleasure, stacking sensation on top of sensation. These weren't random reactions. They were movements that clearly came from a woman who knew how to please a man.

"Aaaaah, it's too thickkk...~!! Ngggggggghhhhhhhh...!!!!!! Hnghhhh, aahhhghhhhh...~!!! It's reaching all the way to my wombbbb...~!! And its thickness, more than anything, makes it feel like my insides are being spread apart!!!"

Her words tumbled out between cries, desperate and honest. I rocked my hips again, changing the angle, and used the tip of my cock to rub against her weak point near the entrance of her vagina. The reaction was immediate. Her love juices overflowed, warmth spreading over my dick, soaking it completely.

"S-Something like this... rubbing me with your dick...~!!! It feels gooddddddddddd!!!!"

I kept rubbing around her entrance, watching her body tense and shake as she grew even more turned on. When I felt her reaching that point, I thrust deeper again, burying myself inside her. Her face twisted, caught between agony and pleasure, and she screamed openly. She looked more aroused than anything I had ever seen before, like her body had gone past restraint entirely.

Her small rabbit tail wagged uncontrollably from side to side every time my cock pressed against her womb. I could feel her entire vagina slowly trying to squeeze me down, gripping tighter with every movement, as if it didn't want to let go.

"Aaaaaah!! G-Gonna cum!!! Hiiiiiih hhhh!!!! Aaaaaaaahhh, I'm cumminggggggggg...~!"

At that point, resisting would have been pointless. We were both already standing at the edge. I kept moving, thrust after thrust, never slowing. She genuinely seemed to climax multiple times, her juices spraying as her entire body convulsed beneath me. Even then, I didn't stop. Not even once. I kept fucking her fiercely, deep, again and again.

I quickened my hips repeatedly, the rhythm growing rougher as sensation built higher. Soon, I could feel myself reaching my limit. My semen rose from my balls, coiling tighter and tighter, until it honestly felt like I was about to orgasm right there.

Still, I kept moving.

The pleasure stretched on for several long minutes before—

"Hiaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa... aaaaaaaaauuuu... nghhh, aahhhiiiiiii...~~~!!"

I couldn't hold it anymore. Neither could she.

With one final, deep thrust, my cock dug fully into her vagina and released my semen. We orgasmed almost at the exact same time. Her body arched as she threw her head back, her eyes rolling into the back of her head, tongue slipping out as her mouth fell open.

"Aaaaaaaah, you're cumming so much...~! It feels good...~ It feelsss good...~!!!"

My groans mixed with her moans, layered over the rhythmic sound of my ejaculation. As I rocked my hips slightly while cumming, I felt a sudden warmth spreading around my crotch. For a moment, I thought she had squirted, but it was far too much. There was a strange smell, and it was steaming. It ran down her legs, dripping steadily before pooling on the ground beneath us.

A second later, her knees finally gave out, and she collapsed, her body spent, trembling in the aftermath of everything that had just happened.

Chapter 1118: Chapter 170 - To The Kingdom Of Giants (9)

Of course, this wasn't going to be the end of it.

That much was obvious the moment I looked at them again, bodies already heated, breath uneven, eyes clouded with want. Stopping here would have felt unnatural—

almost insulting—after everything that had already happened. The air itself felt tense, heavy with anticipation, like it was waiting for the next move.

So I adjusted them.

I lined them up properly, side by side, making sure their positions were just right—close enough that I could move between them easily, close enough that I wouldn't have to hesitate. The idea was simple: put my cock inside one, feel everything she had to offer, then switch to the other without breaking the rhythm. No wasted motion. No pause long enough for the heat to die down.

My hands went to Meria's hips first.

I grabbed her firmly, fingers digging in just enough to let her know what was coming, and in a single breath, I thrust my cock straight into her.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...!"

Her reaction was immediate. Her eyes flew open, shock and pleasure colliding at once as her hole was filled deeply. Her back arched hard, almost violently, and the scream that tore out of her wasn't restrained in the slightest. There was no holding back now.

She was soaked—so excited that her flesh hole was slick and warm, coated in heat. Even though it was a female hole I already knew well, one I'd memorized the shape of the very first time we did this earlier, it felt different now. Tighter. Hungrier. Her excitement made her soft flesh cling harder, squeezing around me with an intensity that demanded attention.

"Nnn... ahhhnhghhh, ahhh...! Ah, ahh, ah, ah, ahhhnhghhh...~!! Ahnghh, ah...!"

Her voice sounded fuller this time, more desperate, like she wasn't just reacting but actively giving herself over to the feeling. I didn't slow down. I slammed my hips down hard, gouging her narrow hole without hesitation, and the way her breath collapsed into a broken gasp made my grip tighten instinctively.

"Aaaah, yaaaannn, ahn, aaaaaah, yes, yessss...~!!! Aaaaaaaaah, aaaaaaaaah~!!!"

Her hands clawed at the bark of the tree in front of her, fingers scraping as if she needed something solid to anchor herself. She took every thrust greedily, body pushing back even as I drove into her. When I gave her a particularly powerful thrust, it felt like the entire space around us trembled from the force of it.

"Hiaaaaaaa, Husbandddd...~ So intense...! It feels good...~ It's even more intense than usual, aaah, aah, aaaahhhh!!!"

Her legs started to shake, muscles quivering as she struggled just to stay upright. Her posture wavered, but she refused to collapse, small, cherry-red lips parting as a lusty, animal-like moan leaked out again and again.

"Aahhnghhh, ahh...~ Ahhh, it's so good...~ It's so good to be fucked...~ Haaaaanghhh, ahhhh... ahh, ah, ah, ahhnghh, ahhh...!"

While I was pounding her like this, I felt another presence shift nearby.

Tilde was watching.

She met my gaze with an affectionate, almost impatient look, her body already moving even before she spoke. Her hips rolled slowly, deliberately, swinging toward me in a clear invitation.

"Hey... I can't wait for you to put your cock in me, Leon. Please, give me some attention too."

At that point, with her offering herself so openly, there was no real decision to make. This was simply how things were supposed to go.

"Nnn... nnn..."

Meria let out a small, disappointed sound when she felt my attention shift, but I didn't waste time. I moved behind Tilde quickly and penetrated her all at once. She screamed the moment I entered, voice loud and unrestrained, not even trying to hide her reaction.

"Leon's cock—it's coming in!!!"

The erotic rabbit woman arched her smooth back beautifully, every line of her body responding in pure delight. I'd tasted her flesh many times before, and yet it never stopped feeling good. Every entry was satisfying in its own way. The pleats of her vagina undulated around me, gripping from all sides, reacting eagerly to my presence.

"Hhnnghhh, aaahh, aaahh, ah, ah, ahhnghhh, ah, ahhh...!"

Her voice was genuinely pleasant to hear, each sound layered with need. Maybe it was because I'd been teasing her earlier, or maybe it was just how badly she wanted this, but her vagina clung to me harder than usual. The sensation was different—comforting and overwhelming at the same time.

I grabbed her hips, thick and solid in my hands, appreciating the way they curved so perfectly under my grip. Then, without warning, I started using my hips violently, setting a rough, relentless pace.

"Haaaa, aaahhngghh, ah, ah, ahhhngghh...~!! Ah, ah, ahhhngghh, ah, ah, ahhhnn, ah, ah...! It feels good...~! More, Leon...! More...! Fuck me more...! Spread my pussy more, and make sure it molds itself to your shape! Hnghhhhhhhhhhhh, aaaahhh, aahhh...!"

Her squeals grew louder, breaking apart in the depths of her throat. She braced herself by pressing her hands against the tree, stomping her legs just to keep standing as I ravished her. Each time my hips slammed into her ass, the flesh rippled visibly, waves of movement traveling across it again and again.

"Aaaaahhh, ahhh...~! Ahh, ah, ahhhngghh, ahh...! Ahhh, aaahhngghh, ahhhnnnn, ah, ah, ahhhngghh...~!"

I pressed myself against her back, covering her completely, and reached forward to grab her breasts. They felt incredible—firm yet soft, yielding perfectly as my fingers squeezed and kneaded them.

"Aaahh, you're squeezing my breastsss...~ Hnghhh, aahhngghh, aah, ah, ah, ahhhnn, ah, ahhh, ahhh...!"

She turned her head, and we kissed. I claimed her lips while my hand continued working her breasts, rubbing and squeezing without mercy. I never stopped moving my hips. After pushing her from three points at once—mouth, breasts, and vagina—I shifted my movement again.

I stopped thrusting with my cock buried deep inside her and began rotating my hips slowly, grinding in deliberate circles, rubbing against her cervix. Her reaction was instant. She came again, her pussy tightening violently around me, and it was obvious this wasn't just a single orgasm.

"I'm going to cum... if you do that to me... Aaahhh, my nipples... nghhh, ahhh...! Aahhngghh... I just... I just came...~ but I'm going to cum againnnnnnnnn~!!!"

I pulled my cock out of her vagina, and the moment I did, her knees gave out. She collapsed downward, landing on the ground in a sitting position, chest heaving, completely breathless.

Without pausing, I turned back to Meria.

I inserted myself into her again and shook her hips with the force of a raging wave, driving into her with renewed intensity.

"Ahnnn, welcome back, ahnnn, ah, ahhh, ah, ahh, ahhh...~!!!"

She squeezed down on me hard, tighter than before, her body reacting eagerly to my return. Just like I had done with Tilde, I moved in close and covered her from behind, pressing myself against her.

Chapter 1119: Chapter 170 - To The Kingdom Of Giants (10)

"Husband, I want to kiss you too...~!" Meria said, her voice trembling just a little, like she was afraid I might deny her.

The way she looked at me made that impossible. I responded in a soft, almost teasing tone, pressing myself closer while my mouth moved lower. My tongue squeezed against her breasts as my hips slammed forward, the rhythm rough and unapologetic.

"Nnnnghhh, nngghhh, mmnghhh, mmm...~~~"

The sounds escaped her naturally, unfiltered. As I moved, a thought crossed my mind—an unflattering one, maybe—but it stayed anyway. I found myself comparing them. It felt a little scummy, sure, but it was also painfully honest. Given the ability, given the opportunity, any man would do the same. Pretending otherwise would just be lying to myself.

The forest around us felt different now. The air had changed, thick and heavy, filled with a strange mix of sweetness and something sharper underneath. A sour edge clung to the atmosphere, mixing with the warmth of bodies and breath. Even the sounds carried differently here, their voices echoing in ways that made everything feel more intense, more real. It was the kind of sound you didn't just hear—you felt it sink into your bones.

"Puhaaa, nnnaaahhh! Aah, aah, aah, aah, aah, aah, aahhh!!!"

The moment our lips parted, her voice rang out, loud and unrestrained. I didn't give her time to recover. My fingers rolled over her left and right nipples, slow at first, then firmer, deliberate. Her body reacted instantly, jerking and shivering as if every nerve had been lit on fire.

"Nnnn, aaahhngghhh, ahhh...! Ah, aaahhh, ahhh...! Aaahhnnghhh, aahh, ahhhhngghhh, annnhghhh, nnnnghh, nnnn...~!! Ahnngghhh, ahhh...~!!! I'm going... to fly again... nnn, nnn...~ I'm going to fly againnnnnnnnn...~! Nghhhh, ahhngghhh...!!!"

She was close. Anyone could tell. Her breathing had turned loud and ragged, each inhale cutting short as if her lungs couldn't keep up. Her hips wriggled wildly, no rhythm left, just instinct taking over.

"Aaaaahhh... ahhnggh, ahhh...~"

I wasn't doing much better myself. My body burned, pressure building fast, and the thought of stopping crossed my mind only to be crushed immediately. Stopping now would've been stupid. So instead, I pushed harder, letting instinct take control.

Meria's climax hovered right at the edge. Her skin flushed, turning a warm peach color, sweat rolling down her body and dripping onto the forest floor beneath us. The sight alone was enough to make my breath hitch.

Then she arched her back sharply, a cry tearing from her throat.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, I'm flyinggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggg...~!!!"

I slammed my cock into her one final time, perfectly timed with her orgasm. It felt like something breaking loose inside me. Like a dam giving way, white muck poured into her womb, unstoppable.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah, it's coming out...~ It's so hot, it's filling my stomach...~ Oh, i-it's spewing... aaah, ahhh...~ Husband's seedss...~"

Her legs wobbled, barely able to support her anymore. The pleasure twisted her expression into something shameless and raw. I emptied myself into her as deeply as I could, my body shuddering as everything spilled out.

Before I could even catch my breath, Tilde moved.

She had already recovered from her orgasm, her eyes sharp and focused as she grabbed my still eager cock. There was no hesitation. In one clean motion, I entered her, my cock sinking into her vagina all at once, hitting her cervix directly.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah...~! L-Leon's cock is back...~ It feelsssss gooooooooooooooooooooooooooddddddddddd~!!!"

Her reaction was instant, violent even. It looked like she'd orgasmed the very moment I pushed inside.

I locked my hands around her hips and began to move. Her walls throbbed around me, tight and responsive, almost alive. Every strong thrust was met with an equally strong reaction, like she was pulling me in just as much as I was pushing forward.

"Eup... eehh, umpphhh... nghhhh aahnghhhh, aaahhh...~ Aahhh, nghhhhhaaaaaa...~!!!"

I lifted her hips, adjusting the angle just slightly, enough to let me sink deeper. Then I drove forward again, harder. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed openly, shamelessly, through the forest.

"Hnghhhh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaah...~! Ahhh, nghhhh... nnn, aah, ah, ahhhnghhhh...~ Ah, aaaaaaahnghhhh, aaaaaaahhhh...~!!!"

My entire body burned now. Pleasure flooded every nerve as I intensified my thrusts. Liquid splashed, heat building rapidly. I squeezed her breasts, kneading them firmly while pressing my body closer, using everything I had.

She turned toward me, and we kissed. There was no thought behind it—just instinct. She opened her mouth immediately, accepting my tongue. Our tongues intertwined, messy and desperate, saliva slipping from the corner of her lips. I pulled back just enough to look at her face.

She was completely soaked in pleasure, eyes unfocused, mouth open, capable of nothing but moans.

"Nghhhh, aaaahh...~ It feels... good...~!!!"

That was enough.

I pounded faster, chasing the inevitable release. My thoughts dissolved, my vision whitening at the edges.

"Kuh...!"

The sperm I poured into her pussy swirled inside, heat spreading as it seeped deep into her womb.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Her body arched sharply, shaking as her mind went blank. Her eyes rolled upward as she screamed, clutching the tree just to stay upright.

When it finally ended, I pulled out and glanced down at her vagina. Her knees buckled, and she collapsed onto the ground, peeing again as steaming liquid spread across the earth.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...~ Ahhh..."

She looked utterly spent, like she'd just experienced something far beyond what she ever expected her body to handle.

I looked at both of them lying there, their pussies leaking my cum.

The sight was deeply, undeniably satisfying.

Time passed.

Eventually, we arrived at the Kingdom of the Giants.

The moment we crossed into their land, a massive figure stood before us. She towered over everything, nearly ten meters tall. One look was enough to tell she could crush me with her hands alone if she wanted.

"Are you... the one they call the Elven Breeder?" she asked.

So even here, that reputation had reached. The elven fucker. I couldn't really blame anyone. If there was fault to be found, it rested squarely on my shoulders.

"Well... I guess so," I replied honestly.

"Can you help us?!" she said. Despite her size, her voice was surprisingly soft, almost timid. It didn't match her appearance at all, but I understood her clearly.

Help us.

"With what?" I asked.

"Our crisis," she said.

Chapter 1120: Chapter 171 - The Kingdom of Titans And Its Crisis (1)

She called it a crisis, but at the time, that word felt strangely hollow to me. Vague. Weighty, sure—but unclear. I didn't really understand what was happening, not truly. All I knew was that something was wrong, and whatever it was, it had driven her to seek me out.

When I pressed her for answers—asking what kind of crisis she meant—she didn't explain. Instead, she told me to come with her. That she would show me with her own eyes. There was something in her voice then, something heavy and restrained, as if words alone weren't enough to convey what was going on.

And so, without much choice in the matter, we entered the Kingdom of the Titans.

The moment we crossed the threshold, an odd silence wrapped around us. It wasn't the peaceful kind. It was the kind that made your skin prickle, the kind that told you something was wrong long before your mind could put it into words.

For a kingdom ruled by titans, there were none to be seen.

Not one.

No towering figures walking the paths. No booming footsteps shaking the ground. No voices echoing through the air. Nothing. Just stillness. The absence felt unnatural, almost oppressive, like a breath being held for far too long.

The houses themselves were massive, carved directly into the stone like enormous caves. In that way, they reminded me of the Lamias' dwellings. But unlike the Lamia tribe, these structures were clearly reinforced. Thick doors sealed the entrances, heavy and solid, likely crafted to withstand brutal weather. Snow wouldn't have any chance of sneaking inside. Everything about the architecture screamed durability. Strength. Survival.

Compared to the Lamias' homes, these places looked far less vulnerable.

As we walked, my gaze drifted to the woman beside me.

She was a giant. There was no mistaking that fact. Standing at around ten meters tall, she completely dwarfed me. Her presence alone was overwhelming—not threatening, but impossible to ignore.

And yet... she didn't look like what I had imagined a giant would look like.

Her proportions were shockingly refined. Her body flowed naturally, curves forming and tapering exactly where they should. Nothing was exaggerated or distorted. She looked like a normal woman—beautiful, even—just scaled up to an impossible size. If she were human-sized, she wouldn't stand out as monstrous or strange at all. She would simply be... attractive.

And from where I was walking, my eyes couldn't help but catch a very particular detail.

Her bare ass was right there in my line of sight.

Tilde leaned down toward me, her massive form shifting slightly as she brought her mouth close to my ear. Her breath was warm.

"Leon," she whispered, her voice low and teasing, "if you want to fuck a titan, you're gonna need a big dick."

I smiled without hesitation. "Do you really think it's impossible for me to fuck a titan?" I asked, my tone relaxed, almost amused.

She stopped walking for a moment and looked at me. There was surprise in her eyes, like she hadn't expected that answer at all. Then, slowly, her lips curled into a knowing smile—one that suggested she had already anticipated this part of me.

"Well," she said after a beat, "coming from you, I suppose I can believe that."

We resumed walking, and before long, we arrived at what appeared to be the largest structure in the area. A massive cabin stood before us, constructed from wood that was far bigger than any tree I'd seen in the forest so far. The beams alone were absurdly thick. It must have been harvested from deeper within the woods—someplace untouched and ancient.

I'd explore that area eventually.

Still, it made sense. Giants needed giant materials. There was no way normal-sized resources would suffice for people of this scale. They built with what fit them, and this cabin was proof of that.

She opened the door effortlessly and gestured for us to enter. Inside, she guided us through the space until we reached another door. She paused briefly before opening it, her hand lingering on the handle for just a second too long.

Then she opened it.

The moment I stepped inside, my eyes widened.

All my attention snapped instantly to the figure lying on the bed.

It was a man. Massive, even by titan standards. One of his arms hung limply over the side of the bed, fingers relaxed, unmoving. His chest rose and fell slowly, steadily. He looked peaceful. Too peaceful.

Like someone who had fallen into a sleep far deeper than normal.

"Is he...?" I began, my voice trailing off.

"My father," she said quietly. "He is the King of the Titans."

That explained everything. The way she looked at him—the worry she tried so hard to suppress—it all made sense. If he wasn't her father, I would've assumed he was her husband. The concern was that deep.

"Can you tell me what's happening?" I asked.

She nodded slowly. "You probably noticed already that there aren't any people outside. They aren't gone. They're just... sleeping. Most of them are in their homes. Some of our people are assigned to watch over them."

Her gaze drifted back to the man on the bed.

"Like my father," she continued. "Many of us were afflicted by something. We don't know what it is. It causes a deep sleep. No matter what we do, we can't wake them up."

Eternal Sleep.

I recognized it immediately. An affliction that forced its victims into an endless slumber—one they would never wake from on their own. Without constant care, something akin to life support, they would eventually die.

"When did this start?" I asked.

"At least three months ago."

Three months.

That alone told me a lot. Even without proper life support, they were still alive. Titans clearly possessed an absurd amount of life force. But that didn't mean they were immortal. This couldn't go on forever. Eventually, even they would die.

So that was it.

The Titans had been struck by Eternal Sleep.

And now, she was asking for my help.

"Our kingdom is slowly dying," she said, her voice tightening. "I don't want that to happen. Please... if it's within your heart to help us, then help us. I will do anything in my power to repay you."

I exhaled slowly.

If she was willing to ask like that, there was no real reason to refuse. Besides, cooperation would be far easier this way. Honestly, this felt like an opportunity—one I'd be stupid to ignore.

And who knows?

Maybe I'd even get to fuck this titan's pussy.