

The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1121 - 171 - The Kingdom of Titans And Its Crisis (2) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1121 - 171 - The Kingdom of Titans And Its Crisis (2)

Chapter 1121: Chapter 171 - The Kingdom of Titans And Its Crisis (2)

"Leon," Tilde said.

Just hearing my name like that, spoken softly in the dark, made me open my eyes a little wider. By then, night had completely taken over the sky. Whatever faint light the day had left behind was long gone, replaced by a quiet, heavy stillness that wrapped around everything like a thick blanket.

We were resting on a bed so massive it almost felt unreal. Calling it "big" didn't do it justice. This thing could probably hold twenty people—comfortably—and even then, nobody would be pressed up against anyone else unless they wanted to be. Everyone would still have space to stretch, roll around, and breathe freely. It was the kind of bed that made you question whether you were still dealing with furniture or if it was closer to a small platform.

Even with Meria here—someone far larger than any normal human—I didn't feel even the slightest bit uncomfortable. No stiffness, no awkwardness, no sense of being cramped. If anything, it felt... natural. Comfortable. Almost relaxing in a way that surprised me.

Well, considering the owner of this bed, that made sense.

This was a bed made for a titan.

We were currently staying in the room of a giant woman named Layla—the second child of the King of the Titans. She'd been kind enough to offer us a place to rest, and while I appreciated the hospitality, it was hard not to think that this was a bit much. Actually, calling it "a bit much" was generous. Overkill would've been closer to the truth. Still, I wasn't about to complain. A warm bed was a warm bed, no matter the scale.

As I lay there on my back, staring up at the high ceiling that felt miles away, Tilde shifted closer and gently rested her head against my chest. Her movements were careful, almost hesitant, as if she didn't want to disturb me. On my other side, Meria was already asleep. Her breathing was slow and steady, deep enough that I could tell she was completely out.

I turned my head slightly toward Tilde.

"What is it?" I asked.

She didn't answer right away. For a few seconds, she just stayed there, listening to my heartbeat beneath her ear. Then she spoke.

"Nothing," she said quietly. After that, there was a pause—long enough that I knew there was more. "It's just that... you really seem willing to take this on."

Her voice was calm, but there was something heavy underneath it, like she was carrying memories she didn't like revisiting.

"I've known about this curse for a long time," she continued. "Many of my people suffered from it too. I've seen it happen more times than I'd like to admit."

She shifted slightly, her fingers curling against the fabric of my clothes.

"Up until now," she went on, "it always felt impossible to even think about curing them. We couldn't do anything. No matter what we tried, it never worked. And in the end..." Her voice softened. "They just died like that."

I exhaled slowly.

Eternal Sleep really was a terrifying disease. It wasn't dramatic or violent. It didn't give you a chance to fight back. Once it took hold, that was it. Even giants—beings with overwhelming strength and vitality—weren't spared. It didn't matter what race you were, how strong your body was, or how powerful your magic might be. Eternal Sleep treated everyone the same.

Strong or weak, king or commoner—it claimed them all.

It was dangerous, cruel, and absolutely unforgiving. Something that demanded attention whether people wanted to acknowledge it or not. In theory, even I wasn't immune to it. Though, given certain... unusual circumstances, I doubted it could really take me. After all, it turned out that my semen alone was enough to wake someone from it. Not exactly something I ever expected to learn about myself, but here we were.

"Well," I said at last, breaking the silence, "we've already developed a medicine for it."

Tilde immediately lifted her head from my chest, her eyes widening.

"Really?" she said. The shock on her face was obvious, completely unfiltered.

I couldn't blame her. I hadn't told her about this before. As far as she knew, Eternal Sleep was still a death sentence.

"Yeah," I replied.

It was true. We had already created a treatment. Not a theory, not a hopeful experiment—a real, working cure. We'd tested it on someone who had already fallen into Eternal Sleep, and it worked. She woke up. She recovered. She went back to her family and started living her life again like nothing had ever happened.

That said, there was a catch.

She was a normal person.

I had no idea if the same treatment would work the same way on titans. Their bodies were different—bigger, stronger, more complex. I didn't know if the dosage would scale the same way, or if I'd need something completely different. And honestly, I didn't even want to think about how much semen I'd need to produce if curing titans required more of it.

"I don't know if it'll work the same way for them," I said honestly. "That part's still uncertain."

Tilde's expression softened, but she listened carefully.

"But," I added, "it's not like I can just sit back and let this happen."

That part, at least, I was sure about.

The titans weren't just victims—they were potential allies. Powerful ones. Their raw physical strength alone was terrifying, and on top of that, they were capable of using magic. If they wanted to, they could wipe out entire kingdoms without breaking a sweat. Anyone with even half a brain would recognize their value.

I reached over to the side and grabbed my phone.

Thankfully, there was a signal here. That alone felt strange, considering where we were, but I wasn't about to question it.

There were two people I needed to contact—people who had already proven themselves capable. They'd helped make the cure possible the first time. I trusted them. This situation was bigger, more complicated, and riskier than before, but if anyone could handle it, it was them.

I pressed the call button.

Chapter 1122: Chapter 171 - The Kingdom of Titans And Its Crisis (3)

The phone rang once.

Then twice.

Then three times.

Each ring felt louder than it should've been, sharp and intrusive in the otherwise still room. The sound didn't fade immediately after each buzz—it lingered, echoing faintly against the walls, as if the silence itself was reluctant to swallow it whole. The call didn't connect right away. Instead, the ringing dragged on, long enough that I briefly wondered if she'd just let it ring out of spite.

After about six rings, someone finally picked up.

"Hello?" came a groggy, half-dead voice on the other end.

"Hello, Natalia?" I said calmly. "Where are you right now?"

"I'm sleeping," she replied instantly, without even pretending to think about it. "Can you not call me while I'm resting?"

I almost laughed.

The fact that she could say something like that so bluntly—especially when I was technically her boss—was impressive in its own way. Most people at least tried to sound apologetic or respectful. Natalia didn't bother. She never had. Titles, ranks, hierarchy... none of that mattered to her when she was tired. And right now, she was very clearly tired.

"Are you working tomorrow?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she said. There was a short pause, followed by a faint rustling sound, like she was shifting under her blanket. "What is this about? You don't usually call me in the middle of the night."

"It's not exactly the middle of the night," I muttered under my breath, though I didn't bother correcting her out loud. Arguing semantics with her at this hour would be pointless.

"I'm going to need your help tomorrow," I said instead, keeping my tone even.

"Help? With what?"

"That's not something I can properly explain over the phone," I replied. "If you can come here, I'd appreciate it. I'm calling Trisha too."

The line went quiet.

Not disconnected—just silent.

I could practically hear her brain working through that sentence, replaying it, trying to figure out what kind of mess I was dragging her into this time. When Natalia went silent like this, it usually meant she was suspicious.

"...Alright," she finally said, her voice heavy with a tired sigh. "I'll come tomorrow. Where are you, exactly?"

"You don't know?" I asked.

"It's not like I care enough to keep track," she shot back without hesitation.

Fair point.

"Amon will come pick you up," I said. "And bring your toiletries."

"What? What do you—"

I ended the call before she could finish the sentence.

The screen went dark as I lowered the phone, and I let out a small breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

"Fufufu," Tilde laughed softly beside me, her shoulders trembling just a little. "You're really cruel sometimes, Leon."

I glanced down at her and smirked.

"Maybe," I said. "But it works."

The next day arrived faster than expected.

By morning, the distant thrum of rotor blades began to cut through the air, growing louder by the second. The sound rolled across the land like a warning bell, unmistakable and heavy.

A helicopter.

Which meant Amon was about to arrive.

I had already informed Layla that someone from my side would be coming to help with the current situation. She hadn't questioned it much. In fact, she sounded almost relieved, as if she was happy to leave things in our hands. There wasn't even a hint of suspicion in her voice.

If she really thought about it, she might've realized how strange the situation was—people of unknown origin, complete outsiders, being allowed into her kingdom with little resistance. Strangers arriving unannounced, backed only by my word.

If she didn't know any better, she might've thought I was planning some sort of internal invasion.

Well... not that I didn't have the means.

But I wasn't that kind of person. Using someone's vulnerability as leverage to pull something underhanded wasn't something I wanted to do—especially not to someone who was clearly struggling. There were lines I didn't cross, even if I technically could.

The helicopter descended steadily and landed without issue, the wind kicked up by the blades rattling clothes and hair alike. The door slid open, and the first person to step out was Amon.

Graceful as ever.

Even with the noise and chaos around her, she moved with the same composed elegance she always had. After everything that happened in the Dwarf Kingdom, I had asked her to return to Leonamon so she could resume her duties there. I already felt bad about that.

Calling her again, only days later, made it worse.

"I'm sorry for calling you even though you're busy with the company," I said honestly.

Amon smiled, warm and unbothered, as if the thought hadn't even crossed her mind. "I don't mind at all. In fact, you can use me whenever and for whatever you want. I am yours, after all."

I leaned in and kissed her, and she immediately returned it without hesitation. The world seemed to narrow for a moment—just us, familiar and comforting.

Then the helicopter door opened again.

Someone stepped out... or at least tried to.

Her legs were shaking violently, barely supporting her weight. She clung to the frame for a second longer than necessary, eyes wide as she stared down at the ground like it was about to swallow her whole.

"Thank goodness, finally..." Natasha muttered as her feet touched solid ground. "I thought I was going to die from that..."

She looked like she'd just gone through hell and barely survived. Pale, tense, and visibly relieved to be anywhere that wasn't hovering in the air.

"I told you Madam Amon wouldn't let us fall," Trisha said calmly as she stepped out beside her. Unlike Natasha, she looked completely fine—no shaking, no panic, not even mild discomfort. The trip clearly hadn't bothered her in the slightest.

Natasha straightened up, took a breath... and then noticed me.

The moment our eyes met, her expression darkened.

She stomped toward me, each step sharp and deliberate, and stopped just short of getting in my face.

"You really know how to put people exactly where you can use them best, don't you?" she snapped. "You seriously don't hold back at all."

"Well," I replied smoothly, a small smile tugging at my lips, "since you're available, it's only fair that I use that availability when I have problems, right?"

Her glare intensified.

"The way you're talking is really pissing me off," she said. "You act like you're above everyone else in the world. If you were going to make me do something like this, you should've said so earlier. Maybe even begged a little."

"Well," I said evenly, "you're here now, aren't you?"

She scratched the back of her head, clearly still irritated, her frustration written all over her face. That reaction was only natural. Anyone dragged out like this would be pissed.

I just smirked as she continued glaring at me.

Chapter 1123: Chapter 171 - The Kingdom of Titans And Its Crisis (4)

"So? What do you want me to do...?"

Her words lingered in the air for a second longer than they should have, hanging there like a challenge rather than a simple question. Her tone wasn't aggressive, but it wasn't exactly cooperative either. More like she was bracing herself for something annoying—something she didn't want to hear.

That was when she finally noticed it.

No—*her*.

The sheer size of the presence beside us.

"Eh? A Titan!?"

The reaction was instant. Her eyes widened so fast it almost looked painful, like they were about to pop straight out of their sockets. Her entire posture stiffened, shoulders locking up as if her body reacted before her mind could catch up. She turned her head slowly, then snapped her gaze fully onto Layla, her breath hitching in her throat.

"Well, that reaction's only natural," I said, my voice calm, almost bored compared to her panic. "You *are* in the Titan Kingdom."

"T-Titan Kingdom?!"

The words barely came out right. They cracked halfway through, shaky and uneven, like her brain couldn't process them fast enough. It looked like her entire world had just collapsed inward. Color drained from her face, her legs trembling visibly as the weight of the realization slammed into her all at once. For a moment, I honestly thought she was going to drop right there.

Her knees buckled.

Trisha reacted instantly, stepping in and grabbing her arm before she could hit the ground. "Hey—steady," she said, pulling her back upright with surprising strength. "Careful."

"You didn't know?" Trisha asked, genuinely surprised now. Her brows furrowed as she looked between us, clearly confused. "No one told you?"

"H-How was I supposed to know?!" she snapped back, her voice sharp with panic and frustration. "No one told me *anything!*" She turned on me immediately, her glare sharp enough to cut. "How could you *not* tell me something that important?!"

"I didn't tell you?" I said, tilting my head slightly, putting on my most innocent expression. "Huh. I must've forgotten."

She stared at me.

Hard.

Of course, she knew I was lying. There was no way I'd forget something like *that*. Not a chance. The way her jaw tightened made it obvious she saw right through me. Still, watching her squirm like this—watching her struggle to keep her composure—was oddly satisfying.

Natasha was always like this. Stern. Sharp. Distant. Especially with me.

She always looked at me like I was trash. Not in a dramatic way—just that quiet, constant judgment in her eyes. I'd never felt even the faintest hint of affection from her. Not once. If anything, she seemed colder toward me than anyone else.

And, honestly, I couldn't even blame her.

Our first meeting hadn't exactly helped my image. I'd dragged her into checking on a lineup of deflowered women I'd fucked, one after another. Since I'd had sex with a lot of virgin women back then, I needed to make sure there were no complications during the defloration process. From a medical standpoint, it made sense. From her perspective?

Yeah. I probably looked like absolute scum.

She must've thought I was some kind of walking disaster, a guy who treated sex like routine maintenance. And judging by the way she was looking at me now, I had a strong feeling that opinion hadn't changed one bit.

Well, whatever.

I doubted I could change her mind no matter what I did. So I'd long since stopped trying. If she wanted to hate me, fine. I could live with that.

"E-Even so..." Natasha said, her voice quieter now, the panic settling into something more controlled. "The Titan Kingdom..." She swallowed. "Are you sure it's really okay to just... barge in like this? I've heard Titans don't exactly show kindness to outsiders..."

Her concern made sense.

Titans were infamous for their strength and unity—and just as infamous for their brutality toward other races. They loved their own fiercely and crushed everyone else without hesitation. That was exactly why they lived deep within the densest part of the Great Forest, far away from anyone who might provoke them.

Natasha being worried wasn't strange at all. It was the most natural reaction in the world.

That was when Layla spoke.

"You don't need to worry."

Her voice came from behind me, soft and calm. So gentle it almost sounded like a whisper, yet somehow clear enough that everyone heard it without straining. It was strange—quiet, but powerful in its own way.

"I already told Sir Leon that it would be fine for him and his companions to stay here," Layla continued. "As the one currently handling the affairs of the kingdom, I can assure

you that no Titan will harm you. Our people know that you are here to help us through a crisis."

Natasha flinched slightly when Layla spoke, clearly startled. She hadn't expected the Titan to address her directly. Still, as Layla continued speaking, Natasha slowly relaxed. There was something disarming about Layla's voice—soft, almost soothing, completely different from the intimidating presence her size suggested.

"A... crisis?" Natasha asked.

"Eternal Sleep," I answered.

"Eternal Sleep?" She looked at me, confused but attentive.

"So that's why there weren't many people around," Amon said, nodding slowly as things clicked into place. "About half of the kingdom's population is affected, right?"

"That's correct," Layla replied.

Her expression changed then. The calm remained, but there was weight behind her eyes now. Something heavy. Something tired.

"Our people suddenly collapsed and entered a state of Eternal Sleep," she said. "We have no idea how to cure it. No matter what we try, they do not awaken." She paused briefly before continuing. "That is why I decided to seek help from the one known as the Elven Fu—"

She stopped herself mid-word.

"I mean," she corrected quickly, "the gentleman Sir Leon here."

She totally almost said *Elven Fucker*.

Yeah. That was definitely my reputation here.

Natasha turned to look at me again, her expression shifting into something between disbelief and renewed disdain. "Did she just call you a...?"

Chapter 1124: Chapter 171 - The Kingdom of Titans And Its Crisis (5)

"Let's not get stuck on that," I cut in before she could finish whatever she was about to say. There was no point letting the conversation spiral into unnecessary territory. "What matters is this."

I straightened up slightly, shifting my posture as my tone hardened. The room felt heavier somehow, like the air itself understood what was coming next.

"The Titans are dealing with something they can't handle on their own," I said. "A crisis. And it's getting worse with every single day that passes."

I let my gaze settle firmly on Natasha and Trisha, making sure neither of them could look away.

"That's why I need all the help I can get."

They weren't just any doctors. They were the doctors—the ones who had been directly involved in creating the medicine that could cure Eternal Sleep. The only people who truly understood how it worked, how fragile the balance was. If anyone could make a difference here, it was them. That was the entire reason I'd brought them into this mess.

"If nothing is done," I continued, my voice lower now, steadier, "we might already be too late to save them." I paused, holding their attention. "So... can you do it?"

Natasha didn't answer right away.

She stared at me, eyes sharp, expression unreadable. For a few long seconds, it felt like time slowed to a crawl. The tension in the room thickened, pressing against my chest.

Then—finally—she stopped glaring.

Something shifted behind her eyes. Not trust, not warmth, but understanding. She saw it clearly now. This wasn't about me. This wasn't about her personal opinion, or whatever impression she had formed before. This was bigger than that.

Lives were on the line.

And she was a doctor.

Saving lives wasn't just something she did for work. It was the core of who she was.

"We'll do what we can," Natasha said at last.

Beside her, Trisha nodded without hesitation. "Yeah. We'll help."

They spoke almost at the same time, their voices steady, grounded, and unwavering.

And just like that, the decision was made.

They wasted no time.

The moment access was granted, they began examining the Titans, moving with practiced efficiency. Hours passed as they ran tests, checked vitals, reviewed conditions far beyond anything meant for human patients. The sheer scale of the Titans made everything more complicated—dosage calculations, biological responses, reaction timing.

When they finally returned, exhaustion showed on their faces, but so did certainty.

"A larger dose is needed for them to be cured of Eternal Sleep," Trisha said.

Her conclusion made immediate sense. After analyzing the Titans' massive bodies and abnormal physiology, it was obvious. They weren't human. Not even close. Expecting a standard pill to work on something that large was borderline wishful thinking.

A normal pill probably wouldn't even register inside them.

"So... should we just feed them multiple pills?" I asked.

"Well, that could help," Trisha replied thoughtfully. "But I don't think it would be very effective. It's inefficient. What we really need is something more refined—something significantly stronger."

She paused, then added, "But there's also a better way."

She looked like she was pushing herself to the limit, trying to squeeze every possible solution out of her own knowledge. There was something genuinely admirable about that.

"Now then, Master..." she said, suddenly standing up.

Before I could react, she reached for her lab coat and began pulling it down.

"U-uhhh? What are you doing?" I blurted out.

Sure, I wanted to fuck her—no denying that—but right now? Out of nowhere? I wasn't exactly complaining, but the timing felt... questionable, to say the least.

"At this point, we need to ensure the pill contains the full essence of your life force, Master," she explained calmly, as if this were the most logical thing in the world. "The current pill is diluted. The essence inside each one has been significantly reduced. It's still effective—but only for humans."

She continued speaking as she worked, unbothered, methodical.

"After analyzing the Titans, I believe it would work if we placed the entire essence of your life force into a single pill. That would be far more effective than simply increasing the size of the pill itself."

Her voice remained steady, professional, even as she continued removing her clothes.

"Creating a physically larger pill would take too much time," she added. "And I don't think the Titans afflicted with Eternal Sleep have that much time left."

One piece of clothing after another fell away, hitting the floor softly. Soon enough, she was reduced to her underwear, standing there without a hint of embarrassment.

"Do you want me to take off my underwear as well?" she asked casually. "Or should I keep it on? I know you prefer it when we still have our underwear."

I couldn't help but stare.

Her body had changed a lot over the years. The first time we had sex, she didn't look like this—not even close. It wasn't just physical growth, it was confidence. Experience. She knew exactly how to carry herself now, how to let her presence speak without saying a word.

She wore a black brassiere that framed her chest perfectly, along with a garter belt snug against her lower belly. The straps ran down her thighs, connecting to her black underwear, accentuating every curve.

"Now then," she said, holding up a small sachet, "let's start with this. And please, use this."

A condom.

Right. That was a thing now.

I almost forgot we even had those, probably because I never used them. But in this situation, it made sense. We weren't doing this for sex. We were doing it to collect semen—to create a pill powerful enough to cure the Titans of Eternal Sleep.

Just like she said, this might be our only chance.

"And so, Master," she said softly as she knelt in front of me, her movements smooth and deliberate, "please, release your cock right now."

She brought the tip of the condom to her mouth and waited.

Chapter 1125: Chapter 172 - Natasha's Effort (1)

I released my cock from my pants, and the moment it was free, it sprang out as if it had been waiting for permission this entire time.

It was hard—solid, almost painfully so—and there was no mistaking it. This wasn't something that was going to calm down with a few deep breaths or wishful thinking. There was a tension coiled into it, a heat that refused to settle, and it was obvious that it wanted attention. No, needed it.

It needed to be pleasured.

As soon as my cock was fully exposed, she didn't hesitate. Her lips moved in right away, sealing themselves around the tip, carefully pressing against the condom already positioned there. The contact alone sent a sharp jolt through me. Without using her hands, she began rolling the condom down with her mouth, inch by inch, her lips stretching just enough to guide it along my length.

She was slow about it. Intentionally so.

Every movement was controlled, deliberate, as if she wanted me to feel every second, every drag, every subtle shift. She continued lowering herself, taking more of me in, her lips sliding further down as the condom followed. Gradually, steadily, she went deeper, until she managed to seat it completely by continuing her descent—until my cock was lodged deep inside her throat.

I looked down at her while she did it, watching the way her body adjusted, the way she had to concentrate just to keep going. Her eyes slowly rolled upward, lashes fluttering, and for a brief moment, it really did look like she was about to gag. But she didn't. Instead, she held herself there, forcing herself to endure it, entirely determined to pleasure me no matter what.

That expression—her eyes half-rolled, her face strained just enough, my cock filling her throat—was dangerous. Too good. My cock twitched hard inside her, reacting before I could stop it. In response, her throat tightened around me, the muscles contracting instinctively, and the sensation was overwhelming. It felt so good that my breath hitched, a sharp warning flaring in my head that I might not be able to hold back if this continued.

Eventually, after she had fully lodged the condom into place, she pulled her head away. The withdrawal was slow, almost torturous. I could feel her throat gradually yielding, returning to its original state as she pulled off, the pleats dragging along my cock as she went. The friction, rough and intimate, sent another wave of sensation through me, and I had to clench my jaw to keep myself grounded.

When she finally pulled free completely, she didn't say anything. She simply stood up, calm and composed, as if she hadn't just taken all of that. Turning slightly, she placed both hands on the table in front of her and leaned forward, deliberately offering herself.

Her ass was right there. Perfectly presented. The kind that drew the eye instantly and refused to let go. I could already imagine burying myself in it, the thought alone tightening something in my chest.

She reached down and shifted her panties aside, exposing her bare pussy. It was already wet, glistening, her love juices soaking through the fabric and spilling onto her thighs. The dampness clung to her skin, pooling slightly along the curve of her legs.

I swallowed.

And yet, for some reason, my focus drifted. There was something else pulling at my attention.

The hole between her cheeks.

"What are you waiting for, Master?" she asked, her voice light, almost teasing. "Are you perhaps... more interested in this hole?"

She grabbed one of her ass cheeks and spread them apart, deliberately exposing her asshole. It twitched faintly, just enough to be noticeable.

"Fufufu, it's fine, Master. Whatever you desire, you may do it," she continued, her tone relaxed, almost reassuring. "I am yours, after all. And besides, it doesn't matter what method we use. We have to collect the semen as much as we can."

I moved closer to her, closing the distance. Since she was fine with it—more than fine—there was no reason to hesitate. Doing her ass was just another way for me to reach orgasm, like she said. A method. Anal sex was simply one of those methods.

Once I was close enough, I guided my cock toward her pussy first, rubbing the tip there, letting it get slick and coated before lifting it and lining it up with her asshole. I placed one hand firmly on her hips, grounding myself, steadying both of us as I positioned it properly.

"Mmm..."

She let out a soft moan as she felt my cock press against her.

Slowly, I pushed forward. Her ass yielded little by little, her hole stretching as my cock began to enter. Thanks to the wetness I'd used, the intrusion was smoother than expected, her body accepting me gradually.

And then—

"Nnnghhh, aahhh... nn...~!!"

Trisha gripped the edge of the table tightly, her fingers digging into it as my cock continued to slide into her ass. Inch by inch, I sank deeper until my hips finally met the curve of her butt.

"Nghhh... ahhh...~ Ahhh, nnn...!" she moaned, releasing a wild, shaky breath.

"Are you okay?" I asked, my voice steady despite everything.

"Y-Yes, Master..." she replied, glancing back at me with a dirty, unfiltered expression. "It's just that... the girth of your cock is so much that I'm afraid my ability to waste might be compromised..."

She didn't look worried. Not even close. If anything, her expression told me she was enjoying it far more than she should have been, and that was all the confirmation I needed.

"Alright then," I said. "You don't have to worry about that. I'll just seal it with my cock forever."

With that, I started pounding her ass.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhh~!! Ah, ahhhnghh, ahhh...! Ahhhh, ah, ahhh, ahhhnnnnn~!!"

Her voice rose higher with every thrust, breaking and trembling as her body reacted. It looked like she was experiencing small, repeated orgasms, her body shuddering, her reactions spilling out of her without restraint. I could feel the pleats of her anal walls undulating around my cock, tightening and releasing as her body convulsed beneath me.

Watching someone like her—a doctor who had been composed, graceful, and controlled—being reduced to this, being this dirty with my cock buried in her asshole, stirred something dark and intoxicating inside me. That sense of conquest surged through my veins, spreading through my body, fueling every movement.

A dark smile settled on my face as I continued giving her relentless backshots, driving my cock deep into her ass, not holding back in the slightest.

Chapter 1126: Chapter 172 - Natasha's Effort (2)

The tight ring of muscles kept clamping down around me, tightening and releasing in a way that sent a continuous rush of sensation straight up my spine. Every movement felt amplified, like my body was hyper-aware of every single point of contact. The pressure alone was enough to make my breath hitch, and I could feel how completely she was wrapped around me.

A low, involuntary sucking sound escaped me as I kept pounding her, my hips moving on instinct more than conscious thought. It was messy, raw, almost embarrassing, but there was no stopping it. My cock felt like it was being grabbed from all sides, squeezed and held as if her body didn't want to let go.

"You seem to like being fucked in the ass, Trisha," I said, my voice carrying a hint of amusement despite how strained it sounded. I smiled as I continued fucking her ass, not slowing down, not pulling back. "Don't tell me you actually like getting fucked in the ass?"

"Ahhhh...~ I-I don't know...! I don't know, but... Nhghhh, aaahhnghhh...!" Her words came out broken, tangled between gasps and moans, like she couldn't keep her thoughts together anymore. "It feels really good...~! It feels really gooodddddd...~!!"

Her breathing was completely wrecked now. She was moaning so hard she barely had time to inhale, her body trembling under me. She looked like someone who had been pushed past any sense of restraint, like she was drowning in the pleasure and didn't even care anymore. Her asshole was stretched tight around the girth of my cock, and the sensation was overwhelming. Every ridge, every pleat inside her ass dragged against me as I moved, and each push sent flashes of white bursting through my vision.

Every time I tried to sink deeper, my body reacted before my mind could catch up. My thoughts scattered, replaced by pure sensation, by the way her body responded to me.

"Hnghhh, aaahnghhh, ah, ahhh...~ M-Master's cock... it's so good...~ Nghhh, aaahhn, ahhhn, aaah...~ My ass... I think I'm cumming on my ass...~ Ahhnghhh, aaaahhh...!"

Her voice cracked completely at the end, dissolving into desperate noise. Below us, her vagina was leaking juices, the evidence of how far gone she was. I could feel her anal muscles clenching tighter and tighter, like they were trying to crush my cock entirely. The pressure was insane, almost suffocating, but in the best way possible. It felt like her body was actively pulling me in, refusing to let me go.

I knew I was close. There was no stopping it anymore.

It was only a matter of time before I orgasmed.

And then it happened.

The sound tore out of me as I ejaculated, my whole body locking up for a moment. I could feel the condom ballooning inside her as it filled, the sensation dulled just enough to keep it contained, but still intense enough to make my knees feel weak. I grabbed onto her ass without thinking, my fingers digging in as I emptied my balls, every pulse of cum trapped inside the latex.

For a few seconds, there was nothing else. No thoughts. Just heavy breathing and the fading aftershocks running through my body.

When I finally pulled my cock out of her ass, there was a soft, unmistakable popping sound. I rested my cock against her ass afterward, the condom still swollen, hanging there heavily with the semen caught inside.

"Haaa... haaa... haaa...~" Trisha panted, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She sounded exhausted, completely spent. "Fufufu, I guess the round one is completed," she said, managing a small smile despite how wrecked she looked.

"I guess this isn't enough, huh?"

From the way she said it, it was clear this was far from over. Whatever they were doing, whatever goal they were chasing, this wasn't enough to fully create a cure for the eternal sleep. There was still more required—more fucking, more effort, more of everything—if they were going to make enough pills to wake the titans from their endless slumber.

I pulled the condom off my cock carefully, taking a moment to tighten the tip so none of the semen would spill out. Once it was secured, I hung it on Trisha's panties, leaving it there like some strange, deliberate marker of what had just happened.

"Now then, Master," she said softly, still catching her breath, "what would you like to use next?"

This really wasn't over at all. Not even close. There was going to be a lot more fucking before this was done.

I pressed my cock against her vagina, the contact alone making her shudder. I grabbed her ass, firm and unyielding, and pried her open again with my cock.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnhhhh...!!!" she cried out loudly, her voice echoing as she tried to grit her teeth and hold it back.

She failed almost immediately.

Her back arched suddenly, sharply, like her body had been pulled by invisible strings. Her neck followed, her head tipping back as her eyes rolled upward until almost nothing but white was visible.

I grabbed both of her hips and started moving again, harder this time, putting all my strength into my piston-like thrusts. I fucked her relentlessly, my movements rough and unrestrained. Her vagina yielded to every push, the pleats inside her clamping down on my cock as if trying to milk it.

"Nghhh, ahhhnghhh, aahhng, ah, ah, ahhhnn, ah, ahhhnnnghhh, ahhh...~! Ahngnhhh, ahh...!"

Her eyes kept rolling back, completely unfocused. Every time my hips slammed into her butt, her flesh rippled outward, the impact visible and undeniable. Her ass was slick, almost absurdly so, moving in a way that made it feel unreal, like some strange physics-defying phenomenon.

And all the while, none of them realized they weren't alone.

Someone outside the room was watching through the door, which had been left slightly ajar.

Natasha's POV

What am I doing? No, seriously. What the hell am I doing?

I had been heading back to the space I'd set up as our office, my mind already occupied with formulas, notes, and the diagnosis I needed to run. The medicine we had created wasn't complete yet, and I needed to focus. I needed to work.

But then I heard it.

The sound coming from Trisha's room stopped me in my tracks.

Chapter 1127: Chapter 172 - Natasha's Effort (3)

I should have ignored it. I really, truly should have. From the very first moment that sound reached my ears, I knew I should have turned around, walked away, dropped my things somewhere safe, and pretended that I hadn't heard a single thing. That would have been the sensible choice. The professional choice. The choice that aligned with the person I believed myself to be.

But her voice reached me anyway—clear, unmistakable, impossible to misinterpret—and before logic could catch up to me, curiosity slipped in through the cracks. It didn't rush. It didn't force its way in. It crept, slow and subtle, settling into my chest like a weight I couldn't shake.

I don't know why I looked. Even now, thinking back on it, I wish I hadn't.

But I did.

And when I did, this was what greeted me.

Considering that it was him—*that* man—I suppose scenes like this were normal. He was always like this. Always surrounded by women, always with someone hanging off his arm, gazing at him like he was the center of their universe. It was honestly absurd how many women seemed willing—no, eager—to throw themselves at him without hesitation, without restraint, without dignity.

It made my stomach churn.

And yet, there I was.

"Nnnn... ahhngh, ahhh...~ M-Master, it feels good...~! More...~! Moreeeeeee...~!!!"

That voice.

I recognized it instantly.

It belonged to Trisha.

Trisha—the same woman who had always been composed to a fault. Calm, collected, and meticulous. A doctor who took her work seriously, who carried herself with grace and authority, who never let her emotions slip through the cracks while on duty. That Trisha was gone.

In her place was someone else entirely.

She was bent forward, offering her butt without shame, letting herself be taken so easily that it felt unreal. From where I stood, I couldn't see her face clearly, but I didn't need to. My mind filled in the blanks on its own, painting an image of her expression—eyes unfocused, mouth open, features twisted with pleasure. Debauched. Ruined. Nothing like the professional woman I thought I knew.

The contrast was jarring.

And yet, for some reason, I couldn't look away.

My eyes stayed locked on the scene as if glued in place. My body felt stiff, frozen, like if I moved even an inch, something terrible would happen. It felt as though an invisible force had wrapped itself around me, holding me there, even as my thoughts screamed at me to leave. To turn around. To run.

But I didn't move.

I just kept watching.

And then, something else made itself known.

A strange tension began to build between my legs, subtle at first, like a warning I chose to ignore. But it didn't fade. It grew, tightening, coiling, until it felt like it was about to snap. It started to feel sticky down there, and a hot, stinging sensation pooled around my crotch. The feeling was distracting, overwhelming, and honestly terrifying in how fast it escalated.

I hated it.

I hated that my body was reacting like this.

It was hard not to get swept up in the sensation, hard not to focus on it. My thoughts became scattered, my breathing uneven. A part of me wanted—no, begged—to touch myself, just to ease that maddening itch.

I didn't want to feel this way. What I was feeling right now was disgusting. That was the only word that fit. Disgusting.

Especially because it was *him*.

A man who clearly didn't respect women. A man who treated them like disposable objects, trophies to be collected and used. He didn't even bother to hide it. And yet, there he was, proving it all over again.

I had never believed that a man with multiple women was acceptable. Never. I believed in monogamy—firmly, stubbornly. I couldn't imagine myself falling in love with someone who already had a line of women waiting for him. A man who didn't truly love any of them, who only wanted their bodies for his own satisfaction.

I refused to believe that a man with a harem could love all his women equally. The idea felt absurd. Impossible. I didn't care how charming he was, how influential, how powerful—someone like that couldn't possibly be capable of genuine love.

And yet.

Right now, the man I had hated since the day I was hired—the man whose company built the hospital I worked in, the man I collaborated with on medical research meant to save lives—was having sex with a woman I respected deeply.

And somehow, impossibly, I felt myself being dragged into the moment.

My hand moved before I could stop it.

I reached down, touching the spot that itched so badly it felt unbearable. The instant my fingers made contact, a sharp jolt shot up my spine, like electricity ripping through my nerves. My breath hitched, and for a brief second, I almost lost myself completely.

But it wasn't enough.

The sensation lingered, unsatisfied, still demanding more. Maybe it was because I was only touching myself through my pants. Maybe that thin barrier was dulling everything.

Maybe if I touched it directly, it would feel better.

That thought alone should have scared me.

Instead, I acted on it.

My hand slipped inside my pants, then past my underwear, and finally found what it was looking for. I started rubbing myself properly, cautiously at first, then with more intent. I hadn't noticed it earlier, but I was wet. Unmistakably so.

Why was I wet?

The answer came immediately, whether I wanted it or not. My body was reacting on its own, secreting the juices meant to ease penetration. Biology, plain and cruel. This was happening because I wanted sex—right here, right now—even if I despised the reason.

My breathing grew heavier as I struggled to keep quiet. I swallowed my voice, pressing my lips together, terrified they might hear me. But the sensations kept building, climbing higher, making it harder to stay silent.

It felt too good.

Far too good.

I brought my other hand up and bit down on a finger, using the pain to anchor myself, to keep my voice trapped in my throat. All the while, my eyes never left the scene unfolding in front of me.

"Nnghhh, aaahh....~ Y-Yes, Master...! Yesss, yeessssssssssssssss...~ I'm going to cummm...~!!!"

Trisha's voice was nothing like I'd ever heard before. Raw. Unrestrained. She arched her back as she screamed, her composure completely shattered. And at the same time, something inside me reached its breaking point. My legs clamped together instinctively, my body trembling.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

That was when it happened.

Something came out of Trisha—and at the exact same moment, a blinding wave crashed over me. My vision went white, my thoughts scattering as the sensation overwhelmed every part of me.

"Mmffff...~!!!"

I barely managed to keep my voice down. But what followed was something else entirely. My body gave in completely. I peed in my pants, unable to stop it, unable to control myself. My legs shook violently as I tried to stay upright, but they failed me.

I collapsed onto the floor, still peeing, my body trembling, and my mind completely blank.

Chapter 1128: Chapter 172 - Natasha's Effort (4)

I was trembling on the floor, my body shaking so badly it almost felt like I didn't belong to myself anymore. The closest comparison I could think of was a newborn deer—weak, unstable, legs refusing to obey, collapsing under their own weight before even taking a single step. That was exactly how I felt. Pathetic. Helpless. My legs were there, I could see them, I could feel them, but it was as if the connection between my mind and my body had been severed.

All the strength that once lived in my lower body had vanished. Not slowly, not gradually—just gone. As if someone had reached inside me and flipped a switch, draining everything out through my thighs and knees until there was nothing left but numbness and an uncomfortable, lingering warmth that only made things worse. That pleasure... it hadn't faded. It clung to me like a curse, heavy and suffocating, making my muscles useless.

I wanted to stand up. Desperately.

I wanted to get away from here, to put distance between myself and this room, this moment, this situation. My mind screamed at me to move, to crawl if I had to, to do anything other than stay there on the floor like this. But no matter how hard I tried, my legs wouldn't respond. They didn't twitch. They didn't tense. They didn't even pretend to cooperate.

Why? What was happening to me? Why couldn't I move?

Panic crept in slowly at first, then all at once. I could hear him already. Footsteps. The sound of someone approaching without urgency, without fear. He was coming closer. He was walking toward me, and each step felt louder than the last, echoing inside my head.

What should I do?

The answer should have been obvious. Run. Hide. Get out. Anything. But I couldn't.

I was going to get caught. There was no "maybe" anymore. No chance, no escape route. I would be caught—caught watching them like some shameless voyeur, frozen in place, exposed in the worst possible way.

And yet... even knowing that, my body still wouldn't move.

Trying to stand felt like asking the impossible. Just shifting my weight was already exhausting, like I had reached the absolute limit of what my body could endure. It felt like I was standing at the edge of something with no strength left to fight against gravity, already falling before I even realized it.

I stopped trying.

The thought came quietly, almost naturally.

Just give up.

Give up on standing. Give up on moving. Give up on pretending I could still control this situation.

And then another thought followed, sharper, more unsettling.

Why was I giving up so easily?

Didn't I want him to not catch me? Didn't I want to avoid this? Why did surrender feel so... immediate? So natural? The realization made my chest tighten.

Was it because I wanted him to catch me?

The question sent a chill through me.

Why would I want that?

What did that even mean?

I didn't know. I truly didn't. And more than that—I didn't want to know. I didn't want answers. I didn't want clarity. I didn't want to dig into that part of myself at all. The thought alone made me uncomfortable in a way I couldn't explain.

Before I could think any further, the door opened.

The sound was quiet, but it felt deafening.

"Oh, Natasha."

His voice was calm, almost casual, and that somehow made it worse. He looked at me the way someone looks when they've caught something they shouldn't have—something guilty, something clearly in the wrong.

"You're really in quite the situation, huh?"

My body reacted before my mind could. I tried to get away from him, dragging myself backward with my hands, palms pressing desperately against the floor as if friction alone could save me.

"W-What are you doing?! D-Don't come any closer!" I shouted, my voice louder than I intended, cracking at the edges.

"It's not like I'm approaching you specifically," he replied, unbothered. "And honestly, I don't know why you're acting like the victim here. You're the one who got caught with your hands inside your pants."

The words hit harder than I expected.

And he was right.

Even now—right now—my hands were still there. Inside my pants. As if my body hadn't received the memo that I'd been discovered. As if I hadn't even tried to hide what I was doing.

Not that it would've mattered.

Pulling my hands away now wouldn't erase anything. It wouldn't undo the mess I'd already made. I had squirted far too much for that. There was no pretending this hadn't happened. No covering it up. No graceful exit.

He crouched down in front of me, lowering himself to my level.

And then he looked at me.

It wasn't the smirk I had grown used to. Not that irritating, knowing expression that always felt like it was mocking me. This was different. Subtle. Quiet. Almost... sincere.

For a moment, I didn't recognize him.

It felt like I was seeing a version of him I had never been allowed to see before. Or maybe one I had simply never been meant to see. The thought crossed my mind that this expression wasn't new at all—that he'd always worn it, just not around me.

Maybe this was the face he showed his women.

That realization unsettled me more than I expected.

"You don't have to be scared of me, you know?" I said, the words slipping out before I could stop them. "Even if you act like it doesn't matter, the way you look down on me still hurts. I'm not made of stone. So please... don't bully me too much."

"B-Bully... you...?"

His reaction caught me off guard.

I hadn't expected confusion. I hadn't expected hesitation. I had certainly never imagined he'd repeat that word like it didn't belong in his mouth. Hearing it from him felt strange, almost surreal.

My mind went blank for a moment, unable to process his response.

Chapter 1129: Chapter 172 - Natasha's Effort (5)

"Ah... Natasha..."

Another voice slipped in before I could fully process what was happening.

Trisha.

She had recovered enough to speak at last, her breathing steadier now as her gaze slowly settled on me. There was a softness in her eyes, something gentle and composed, but beneath that calm surface lingered something else—something sharper, heavier, and far more difficult to read.

"It seems you've seen me in a rather embarrassing state," she said, her voice smooth but faintly unsteady. "I apologize for that. We're in the middle of preparing several things so we can proceed with the creation of the medicine. So if you would be so kind, please allow Master and me to continue, and you may return to whatever it was you were doing."

Her words were polite, almost refined, but they didn't fully match the way she sounded. There was a subtle slur there, just enough to give her away. Pleasure still clung to her voice, lingering stubbornly in each syllable. It was impossible not to notice how it carried over into her posture as well—the way she held herself, relaxed yet charged, like her body hadn't quite cooled down yet.

Just how intense had it been for her to end up like this?

The thought crept into my mind uninvited, unwelcome, and yet impossible to ignore. For reasons I didn't fully understand, that curiosity refused to leave. It lingered, pulsing

faintly at the back of my thoughts, tugging at my awareness no matter how much I tried to push it away.

Then, as if sensing that hesitation, Trisha's lips curved upward.

She smirked.

It wasn't the soft, graceful smile she usually wore—the one that always made her seem calm and dependable. This one was different. Sharp. Almost dangerous. There was something wicked about it, something bold and unapologetic that made my breath catch.

I had never seen her look like that before.

"Or," she added lightly, her tone suddenly casual, almost teasing, "if you'd like... you could join us as well."

Everything stopped.

My thoughts didn't scatter or race. They didn't even try to argue.

They just vanished.

My head went completely silent, as though my mind had finally shut itself down in self-defense, unable to keep up with what was happening right in front of me.

"W-What do you mean?" I stammered, my voice coming out weaker than I intended. "I-I... I don't plan on doing something like that. I-I mean, I'm not even part of his harem..."

"It doesn't really matter," she replied without hesitation. Her tone was calm, almost reassuring. "Master doesn't care whether you're his lover or not. In fact, I think it would be best for the two of you to get to know each other properly, so that you'd be able to enjoy yourself together with Master."

My mind froze again.

I didn't know what to say anymore. Words refused to form, thoughts refusing to align into anything coherent. For a brief moment, it felt like time itself had stalled. Then, all at once, my body reacted before my mind could catch up.

Strength surged into my limbs, sudden and desperate. I pushed myself off the floor, my movements clumsy but urgent, and turned away without another word. I ran.

I didn't look back.

Somewhere deep down, I knew that if I stayed—if I accepted her offer—I wouldn't be able to walk away afterward. Crossing that line felt irreversible, and I wasn't ready to face whatever waited on the other side.

Leon's POV

I watched Natasha disappear as she ran off, her figure shrinking in the distance. Her clothes were soaked, visibly damp from the fact that she had pissed herself earlier, clinging uncomfortably to her body as she fled.

Even now, it was hard to fully believe what I had just witnessed.

The way she had stared at us. The way she had hesitated... and then started touching herself.

It was honestly shocking.

That image refused to leave my head, looping over and over as I tried to make sense of it. I never would have expected something like that from her. Still, maybe I shouldn't have been so surprised. At the end of the day, no matter how she acted or what she believed in, she was still a woman.

At this point, it didn't seem like she was interested in me—not directly, at least. What she was discovering instead was an interest in sex itself, something raw and unfamiliar that she clearly didn't know how to handle yet.

I didn't want to rush her.

Given how conservative she seemed, pushing her too hard would only backfire. If I acted recklessly now, she might end up pulling away even more than she already had, building walls that would be far harder to tear down later.

For now, my focus needed to stay elsewhere.

Specifically, on creating the medicine with Trisha, who somehow still looked absolutely hot and sexy as hell even after getting fucked. Her presence alone carried a heat that hadn't faded yet, and it reminded me that we still had work to do.

We'd only gone through two rounds.

There was more ahead.

The creation of the drug began shortly after.

Naturally, we couldn't continue the process here in the Titan Kingdom. The environment simply wasn't suitable. So the decision was made to send Trisha and Natasha back to the Leonamon, where they could begin working on it immediately.

Natasha remained quiet the entire way.

She looked like she was sulking, her expression stiff and withdrawn, but unlike usual, she didn't press the matter. She didn't argue. She didn't lash out. That alone told me more than words ever could.

It would take some time before they returned.

Hopefully, they wouldn't be too late.

Still, judging by the confidence Trisha carried, I doubted she would have chosen to leave if she believed time was truly against us.

As I stood there, my eyes drifting toward the distant horizon, Layla approached and sat down beside me.

She had been assisting Trisha and the others earlier, helping collect vitality rates and running diagnoses on the titans. Even knowing that, sitting beside her felt... strange.

Unsettling, even.

She was massive.

Chapter 1130: Chapter 173 - The Titan Kingdom's Future (1)

Being next to a titan made me acutely, painfully aware of my own size.

It wasn't just a casual realization, the kind you shrug off after a second. It hit me all at once, like my body instinctively understood the difference before my mind could catch up. The gap between us was overwhelming in a way I had never experienced before. I had stood next to tall women before—Meria, Zes, and others who were well above average—but even then, I had never felt this small. With Layla, it wasn't just height. It was presence. Her sheer scale made the air around her feel denser, heavier, as if the world itself had adjusted to accommodate her existence.

It was strange.

Uncomfortable.

And a little disorienting, if I was being honest with myself.

Still, I kept those thoughts firmly to myself. Letting them slip, even by accident, felt like a bad idea.

Despite her size—despite the fact that she was a literal titan—I knew women could be sensitive about things like height. Pride, perception, insecurity... those things didn't magically disappear just because someone was larger than life. I didn't know if those same feelings applied to titans, but I wasn't about to test that theory the wrong way. Some questions were better left unasked.

She stood there in silence for a moment, her presence heavy but not oppressive. It wasn't threatening, but it was undeniable, like standing near a massive cliff or an ancient tree that had been rooted there for centuries. You didn't feel endangered, but you felt small. Insignificant, even.

Then she finally spoke.

"Sir Leon, if I may speak with you for a bit," she said.

Her voice was calm, steady, and surprisingly gentle considering her size. There was no urgency in it, no sharp edge. I wasn't sure what she wanted to talk about, but nothing in her tone suggested danger or a crisis. I gave a small nod, a simple gesture, silently telling her to go on.

She took that as permission.

"Although I know you are trying very hard to cure the people of the Titans," she began, "I think that, given the time frame, I wouldn't be surprised if you were to fail."

There it was. Straight to the point.

"To be honest," she continued, her words measured but heavy, "this was our last resort. The people of the Titan Kingdom want nothing to do with those outside our country. When we heard about you trying to unite all of the forest at once, we thought it was foolish. Many of our people laughed at the idea."

I didn't interrupt. I just listened.

"That is why, if you had come here and asked us to allow this unification of all the kingdoms within the Great Forest," she said, "we would have rejected you firmly. We might have even done whatever it took to make sure you never considered the idea again. That is also why we initially refused to seek your help when our people began collapsing, one after another."

Her words didn't feel accusatory. They felt tired. Honest.

Well... that was only natural.

From their perspective, I was an outsider. Worse than that, I was someone with ambitions that directly challenged their way of life. Even after everything I was doing now, I didn't expect them to suddenly see me in a new light. Trust wasn't something that could be forced, especially not in a situation like this. For all they knew, I could have been smiling to their faces while secretly praying for the downfall of their kingdom.

And honestly, if I were in their place, I might have thought the same.

But Layla seemed to understand something beyond that. She could see that I was genuinely trying to help them. Even if she knew—probably knew—that I was acting with my own agenda in mind, she still chose to trust my actions. Agenda or not, I was here. I was trying. And that mattered.

"I'm sorry that you came all this way just to meet a disappointment," she said softly.

Disappointment?

The word caught me off guard. I frowned slightly, wondering what she meant by that.

"You came here to ask us to join this unification," she continued, "to help create a country made up of all the nations and tribes within the Great Forest, correct?"

I didn't deny it.

"But unfortunately," she said, her voice lowering just a little, "we have fallen into this state. This crisis will likely erase us from existence. As much as I want to accept what you are trying to achieve, I don't believe we are even needed anymore. We probably don't count as a nation at this point."

There was no anger in her words. No bitterness. Just resignation.

"Still," she went on, "if you want us to join, even after everyone in our kingdom has died from the disease, I am willing to accept. Whether you succeed or fail, you were the one who helped us through this crisis. That alone is something I will not forget."

She sounded like she had already given up on the idea of her people waking from the Eternal Sleep. Like she had already prepared herself for the worst and decided it was easier to accept it than to fight against despair. And honestly, I couldn't completely blame her. The Titans were losing their vitality right before our eyes. Watching your people fade away one by one would break anyone.

But I couldn't accept that outcome.

"You don't have to worry about your people dying, Layla," I said firmly. "I'll make sure all of them survive. I promise you that."

I didn't dress it up. I didn't soften it. I meant every word.

For a moment, she simply stared at me. Her expression froze, as if she didn't quite know how to process what I had just said. Then, slowly, something changed. Her lips curved upward into a smile—one that wasn't forced, wasn't polite, and wasn't meant for appearances.

It was genuine.

It came from deep within her, raw and unfiltered.

"Thank you," she said. "I truly appreciate that."

She paused, as if choosing her next words carefully.

"I don't know how to repay you for everything you have done for us," she continued. "If you would allow it, I wish to repay you with my loyalty."

My eyes widened before I could stop myself.

"Loyalty?" I repeated.

The word echoed in my mind, sharp and unexpected. It was like someone had dumped cold water over my head. I hadn't anticipated anything like that—not from her, and not in this situation.

"Yes, Sir Leon," she said without hesitation. "I will pledge my loyalty to you, and I promise to uphold it until the end of my life."