

The World 461

Chapter 461 - Mephisto Vs. The Eclipse (4)

Leon's POV

Now that there was nothing standing between us, it was time for me to face Sesillian. His eyes darted around, wild and desperate, as he backed away.

"There's nowhere left for you to run," I said, my steps slow, deliberate as I closed the distance.

"Khhh...!" Sesillian gritted his teeth, eyes blazing with hate. "Anything and everything—you're always ruining it all. I hate you... I fucking hate you, Mephisto!"

Hate me all you want. It meant nothing to me. That was just another futile emotion. His hatred couldn't reach me, no matter how fiercely he clung to it.

"In fact, I hate you more, Sesillian," I said, my voice steady. "I don't hate just anyone, so consider this a special honor. Tonight, you're going to die here."

"You think I'm just gonna lie down and let you do as you please?!" His manic rage flickered into something frightened, but he wasn't backing down. His eyes were still alive, that burning spark of survival refusing to dim. With a quick, jerky movement, he whipped out a dagger—a cursed sword, dark energy radiating from it, the aura thick and dangerous.

I recognized the type immediately. Cursed swords had their own malevolent consciousness, steadily eroding the mind of their wielder until they lost all sanity. But somehow, Sesillian's eyes still held a glint of awareness.

"Fight all you want, it's already written in the stars that you'll die," I said, my voice cold and resolute. "Struggle all you want—it'll end the same."

My resolve was absolute. I'd come to end Sesillian, and I wouldn't hesitate.

In an instant, I moved, vanishing faster than human eyes could track. A thunderous boom echoed as I appeared next to him and delivered a devastating strike. The force launched Sesillian across the plaza, slamming him through a wall at the far end.

"Gah... cough... ngh..."

Half-buried in the rubble, he spasmed, coughing up a thick stream of blood. His chest heaved, bones cracked, shattered; I could feel the damage I'd inflicted. Yet somehow, he still clung to life.

"It hurts! It fucking hurts! It hurts! Aaaaaaaaaghhhhh!" His screams tore through the air, raw and guttural. Judging by his reaction, it was probably the first time he'd truly felt pain. Sesillian had never been a fighter; he was more comfortable manipulating from the shadows. Maybe the academy years ago had bruised him, but nothing compared to this.

"You fuck! You fuckkkkkkkkk! You—" He dropped to the ground, only to force himself up again, bones creaking, his face twisted with agony.

The pain must've been so intense it had knocked him out for a moment, only to jolt him awake again. He stumbled, groaning as he tried to catch his breath.

"You fuckkkkkkkkk!" he screamed, rage contorting his features.

He swiped his hand, and before I could blink, one of his lackeys snuck up behind me, moving faster than any of his other puppet soldiers. The man's spear shot toward my unguarded back.

"Gahahaha, shouldn't have let your guard down!" Sesillian started to gloat, but his laughter died as soon as he realized I was still standing, completely unfazed by the attack. The spear hadn't even grazed me. Had Sesillian forgotten about my Guardian? Or was he just that disoriented from the impact, maybe even driven mad by that cursed dagger?

Had he been watching closely, he would've seen a quarter-sized bundle of Guardian energy holding the spear at bay. I spun in mid-air, kicking the lackey hard enough to send him flying across the plaza before landing back on my feet. My gaze settled on Sesillian.

"G-Get him!" he shrieked, his voice trembling as he commanded the remaining minions under his control, those who hadn't yet been snared by the vines, to attack.

But they were nothing more than flies now, buzzing in my way. I swept them aside with Guardian, flicking them away like insects.

"Is that all you've got?"

"N-No...! This can't be...!" Sesillian's voice cracked as he clutched at his hair, his face a portrait of despair. His knees gave out, and he dropped, almost crumpling under his own weight. I stared down at him with cold, unwavering eyes. If he'd been any other enemy, I might have killed him swiftly and been done with it. But Sesillian wasn't just anyone.

He'd hurt countless innocent people and would have kept going if I hadn't stopped him. The crimes he'd committed were unspeakable. What he'd done was nothing short of mass genocide. Killing him quickly wouldn't satisfy justice.

No. Just killing him wasn't enough.

I wanted him to feel despair first.

Sesillian looked like he realized, too late, that he was about to face something far worse than just death. His eyes blazed with hatred, lips pressed tight until a trickle of blood ran down from where he'd bitten them in rage. Only moments before, he'd had everything in his control. everyone was supposed to follow his tune. The taste of sudden defeat must've been maddening for him. That was why, as he glared daggers at me, his hatred completely overpowered his fear.

I shot forward again, my knee slamming square into his nose, a sickening crunch echoing as he careened back, slamming hard into the wall.

"Kahak!" The air shot out of him with the impact, his breath rasping.

I grabbed a handful of his hair before he could slump to the ground, forcing his battered face to meet my eyes. Without hesitation, I punched him—again and again, my fists colliding with unrestrained fury. This wasn't nearly enough punishment, not yet. His face was unrecognizable, the nose flattened, blood pooling around his mouth and dripping from torn skin. Sesillian had always loved his face more than anything else. It felt only fitting to ruin it beyond repair.

Then, out of nowhere, a fireball blazed towards us, scorching white-hot and crackling with energy. It held force but nowhere near enough to harm me. One of his mages, stuck within the twisting vines, had desperately cast it. In return, the vines constricted tighter, and then fell limp.

Turning back to Sesillian, I found him somehow on his feet again. There was a dangerous sheen to his eyes, veins bulging with an ominous purple hue as if they were about to burst from his skin.

"Overdosing could kill me... but if I'm going to die, I'll take you with me..." he snarled, his voice almost inhuman.

Overdosing? Had he taken one of those damned pills that ramp up mana to dangerous levels, overloading the user's physical abilities? The frenzied look in his eyes confirmed it. I mean, his body mirrored the same twisted transformation I'd seen back then when I fought Norman.

"Mephishtoooooooooooooooooo!" His roar filled the air, body ragged and torn, yet he forced himself forward, charging toward me in a last, frenzied rush. Blood streamed from his mouth, his broken shoulder dangling uselessly at his side, the cursed sword still clutched in his hand, trembling but gripped tightly.

With a flick of my leg, I kicked his chin, the force lifting him a few inches off the ground. He didn't go flying, though. All the force had traveled through his body. As he staggered, dazed, I raised my leg high above and brought it down with a brutal axe kick. My heel connected with his skull, driving him into the ground, cracking the floor beneath him in a tremor that sent splinters flying. Blood spurted from his forehead like a fountain, and his eyes rolled back into his skull as consciousness finally left him.

As Sesillian's head rebounded, I drove my foot into his skull again, sending him flying into the air. His body spasmed as he fought against losing consciousness, his will forcing him to hang on. As he tumbled back down, I grabbed the collar of his tattered clothes, holding him upright. He flailed against my grip, but his weak thrashing amounted to nothing more than a pathetic struggle.

"And you didn't even get to use your sword..." I said, my voice laced with a mock pity that must've felt like salt on his wounds. It was true—he hadn't swung the cursed blade even once.

"Fuck you... You're dead... I was supposed to be victorious... but you ruined everything!" His words slurred, a mix of defiance and desperation.

"I didn't ruin shit," I replied coldly. "I stopped you, and I took revenge for every person you hurt and killed. Don't you think this is fitting for scum like you?"

"Shut up! I'll fucking kill you! I'll fucking kill you!" he spat, his eyes wild.

"Go ahead and do—" I started, taunting him further, but something felt wrong. My eyes darted to the altar, and suddenly it hit me.

"Fuck!"

I'd forgotten something crucial—Charlotte wasn't the only one outside the royal family with royal blood. Duke Merca... he was the son of a prince who'd lost his claim to the throne years ago. His daughter... she would be royal too.

"Gehehehe! You're too late... You're far too late..." Sesillian wheezed with a twisted grin.

Duke Merca, caught in a haze of hypnosis, led his daughter, equally hypnotized, onto the platform. I watched as he raised a blade and started to drive it straight into her heart. I threw Sesillian aside and lunged toward the altar, desperate to stop it. But I was too late. Duke Merca's blade had already pierced her chest, and the life drained from her in an instant. Then, as her heart stilled, something erupted outward from the altar.

Darkness.

Chapter 462 - The Battle Against The Great Darkness (1)

As soon as the darkness lifted, everything snapped back into focus. It felt like I'd only blinked, yet something was different. Was this the result of the ritual? I turned my gaze to the platform and saw Duke Merca standing there, frozen, his eyes wide.

"H-Huh?" He looked down at his hand, trembling, and saw a knife clutched tightly, its blade buried deep in his daughter's chest. Crimson streaked his hand—his own daughter's blood, spilling by his own doing. The shock shattered whatever spellbound trance he'd been under. "W-What have I done?"

The horror in his face said it all. The memories from when he was brainwashed were still intact, and it was tearing him apart. He adored his daughter, cherished her so much he even increased cake production just so she'd have her favorite treat. And now, he'd stolen her life with his own hands.

"Noooooooooooo! What have I done?! What have I doneeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

His scream filled the air, raw and piercing, echoing with a grief so powerful it practically vibrated through the atmosphere. It was heartbreak given sound. No father should ever have to suffer the agony of ending their child's life. But Duke Merca—someone who loved his daughter above all else—was living that nightmare.

"Hahaha! The climax! The climax is here!" Sesillian cackled, his voice sickeningly gleeful. "Think you've won? Oh, you're so wrong! The real climax is still to come!"

"What have you done, Sesillian?" I demanded, watching him lie sprawled on the ground, unbothered.

"The ritual is complete. Our Lord... He's going to blanket this world in eternal darkness!"

A shadow crept over me, no, over the entire plaza. Or calling it a "plaza" didn't feel right—this darkness stretched too far and wide, like it was swallowing up the whole world.

So this was the Great Darkness.

"It's too bad you thought... Charlotte was the only woman with royal blood running through her veins. You missed far too many details. That's why you failed!"

I drove my foot into Sesillian's head, snapping it back, the impact cracking the pavement beneath him. With his body sprawled limply, I looked skyward—and then I saw it.

Wings, darker than a starless night, stretched across the sky. A pair of golden eyes gleamed, embedded in a massive, ominous face. It was a dragon, but one unlike anything I'd ever imagined—its size was so monstrous, even from this distance, it loomed clear as day. This creature dwarfed anything on earth, so vast it might as well have been bigger than the world itself.

"What... the hell?"

Was this... a Great One? No. The Great Darkness doesn't exist. If this being was truly of such size and power, what unimaginable terror would the Great Ones possess?

"Who calls upon me?" The voice rumbled, dark and primal, so deep it felt like it shook the fabric of reality itself, as though it was summoning a response from another dimension entirely.

But Sesillian, the one who had called upon it, lay there, utterly still. No final laugh, no final breath. He was dead, motionless in the wake of his ritual. Yet above, the creature lingered, its vast wings spread, blocking all light from the sky. Shadows consumed everything, save for those gleaming, unearthly golden eyes staring down, piercing through the dark.

"The caster of this ritual lies dead," I declared, my voice steady. "Whoever or whatever you are, you have no reason to linger here without the one who summoned you. This planet is closed to you."

The dragon's luminous, otherworldly eyes shifted toward me, gleaming like molten gold against the void.

"And what right hath a mere mortal to dictate mine own course?" it rumbled, a thunderous voice that seemed to shake the heavens.

"Because this world is mine to claim," I shot back, unfazed. "I don't take kindly to others trying to grasp what's supposed to be mine."

A moment of silence passed as the dragon's gaze bored into me, assessing, and then, abruptly, its mouth parted. It unleashed a breath of fire, but to me, it looked like a blazing meteor, a mass of furious heat and destruction hurtling through the air. If that fell upon the earth, it would raze the entire kingdom, perhaps annihilate this world itself. Without hesitation, I leapt into its path, throwing up the Guardian to halt the fiery assault.

But the force was far greater than anticipated. The Guardian's defenses were absolute, unyielding against the dragon's searing breath, yet the pressure pushed me back, sending me hurtling down until I crashed against the earth. Dust billowed up around me, forming a massive crater where I landed. Although I activated the Guardian on my back to absorb the impact, I knew that landing could've pulverized me otherwise.

High above, the dragon peered down, silent yet formidable. It didn't strike again, only watching me as I climbed to my feet, brushing the dirt from my clothes.

"Thou, a feeble human, doth think thou can command me?" the dragon sneered, its tone dripping with disdain. "'Tis the gravest insult one of thine kind could bestow upon a being such as I. Ye pitiful creatures shouldst cower, trembling before mine presence, singing praises to the might I embody."

"Sorry, we humans aren't the kneeling sort," I replied. "You're just another Great One wannabe. What sane person would even think of worshiping you?"

The dragon huffed, its nostrils flaring with a low rumble, as if vexed. "Dost thou think the 'Great Ones' art the peak of power in this realm? Know ye, mortal, that many dragons dwell beyond these stars who art mightier by far than those 'Great Ones' thou speaketh of. By comparison, they art but dust."

Interesting. I hadn't expected to learn about the universe's lore from a dragon, but the knowledge was welcome. His words confirmed what I'd wondered—that there was far more beyond this planet. With no astronomy subjects taught at the academy, I had no way of knowing before. But this dragon's words confirmed what I'd long suspected—this world was neither in the Solar System nor the Milky Way.

And now, I knew that the Great Ones weren't the only supreme beings in the universe. There were others, ancient forces like this dragon that didn't fall under that title. That meant dragons like this resided on a plane far greater than ours, in worlds beyond this small realm.

"I could rend this world asunder with but a snap of mine fingers," the dragon's voice reverberated, low and chilling. "I could devour it whole, chew it to dust, then spit it forth to drift as ruin through the cosmos. Slaying all of ye would be child's play. Yet, thou darest stand unbowed. Why dost thou not tremble before me? What delusion leads thee to think thou might weather a force as cataclysmic as I? Could it be that folly alone gives thee such brazen courage?"

I met the creature's gaze, unwavering. "Do you think it would make a good story—a mere 'lower being' like me triumphing over a great cosmic force?"

The dragon sneered, an almost mocking fire sparking in its eyes. "Such insolence doth test my patience. This world would be better served as nothingness."

It opened its maw once more, but this time, instead of an immediate torrent, it began to draw in energy, flames gathering in the depths of its throat, burning hotter with each passing second.

"Then come, little fool. Do what thou wilt to stop this."

In a heartbeat, a cataclysmic blaze erupted from its maw, a roaring surge of fire barreling toward the earth. Faster, fiercer than before—it was a torrent I knew I couldn't intercept with a mere leap. The impact alone would propel me back, unleashing devastation on the kingdom below. So, I extended the Guardian Barrier, expanding it over the entire kingdom like a great dome, curving upward to halt the fiery wave. As the barrier surged, I felt the weight of it—a strain so fierce I could feel my energy waver, but I forced myself to endure, standing firm against the blaze.

"Nrgh...!"

What incredible power—this dragon wielded a force beyond anything I'd imagined. My arms felt like they might splinter under the pressure, bending as the heat bore down on me. This was a dragon's true might—unstoppable, monstrous.

The Guardian Barrier held, absorbing the inferno, stopping the flames from turning the land below into a wasteland. If it had struck, the kingdom would be nothing but smoldering ash. I couldn't let this beast reduce my world to cinders. Somehow, I had to end this, but the question remained—how?

"You halted my wrath once more? That barrier of yours is... vexing," the dragon growled. Then, in a flash, it vanished. No, not vanished. It was shrinking, condensing, hurtling toward the ground as a small

shape that landed with a force that shook the earth, sending shockwaves that rippled around us. "Very well. I shall engage thee in this form."

Through the cloud of dust that rose from his landing emerged a towering figure. Muscles like stone, flesh overlaid with scales as black as night. His face—somehow both human and dragon—sporting a cruel smile, eyes glinting gold, predatory and fierce. His hair, the same jet-black as his scales, framed his powerful visage.

"I shall end this world in mine own hands."

He had taken on a human form.

Chapter 463 - The Battle Against The Great Darkness (2)

A dark, menacing aura radiated from the man, so thick and potent it seeped into every corner, swallowing the surroundings. His presence was overwhelming, dangerous. He stood tall, his chest puffed with an unshakable confidence that bordered on arrogance.

"I hadst not intended to unleash this form, for razing this realm would taketh little time and less effort," the dragon's voice thundered, his eyes roaming over the women scattered around, my women. "Yet... I am inclined to sample the pleasures of this world before I reduce it to ashes."

"You'll have to go through my dead body first," I shot back.

No one could touch my women—no one, not even a creature like this dragon.

"Very well, mortal..." he intoned, his voice drenched in malice. Suddenly, he vanished, and before my next heartbeat, he reappeared directly in front of me, his arm already cocked back, ready to strike.

There was no time to dodge. I activated my Guardian, letting it take the brunt of his punch. But the force was beyond anything I'd imagined. The instant his fist collided with the Guardian, I was flung backward, soaring through the air like a ragdoll. My body crashed through one building, then another, before slamming to a stop amid the rubble.

"That certainly stings," I muttered, feeling the lingering ache of his blow. Even with my Guardian softening the impact, his punch held a ferocity that coursed through me like an aftershock. I staggered up from the debris, brushing dust off my clothes, before forming a mana blade so intense it radiated power, like it could slice through anything. With a burst of speed, I charged at him, swinging with all I had—but the blade barely glanced off his scales, not even a scratch.

"Thou yet liveth?"

I leapt back. His defenses were as formidable as his strength. The mana blade, sharpened and honed to cut through anything as if it were butter, couldn't even graze his scaly skin.

"Guess this isn't going to be easy," I murmured.

Letting him destroy this world wasn't an option. Not after everything I'd done to make something of myself here. I refused to let it all go up in smoke because of this monstrous dragon. As much as I wanted to tear him apart, his impenetrable defense and raw power made the fight a near-impossible struggle.

Then, suddenly, a faint whisper reached me.

"Hm?"

The sound seemed to come from where Sesillian lay. I half-expected him to somehow still be alive, but he was stone still, breathless. But the whisper... it came from the sword clutched in his hand. The cursed sword. It was... calling to me? Cursed swords often had wills of their own, so maybe it sought to help me. And with my mana blade proving useless, I needed every edge I could get against that dragon.

I grasped the sword, feeling a jolt as its aura surged through me, its sinister energy trying to claw its way into my mind, to consume me.

"You want me to slay that monster, right? Then fall in line," I hissed. I wouldn't let it take control—I would be the one wielding it. But the sword resisted, bucking against me. Taming it would be a struggle. I forced mana into its core, trying to force it to heel, but it resisted, stubborn as a mule. "What, not fond of having a master?" I sneered. "Well, if you won't submit, how about you at least help me take that bastard down?"

The sword and I locked in a battle of wills, each trying to control the other. But we were both obstinate, neither willing to bend. We'd just have to strike a balance—working together without one of us overpowering the other.

As I commanded, the sword stilled in my grasp, relinquishing its will and letting me wield it. I poured more mana into the blade, sharpening its edge to a deadly brilliance. The combined power between us might not be enough to end this dragon outright, but it would be enough to draw blood.

"Thou art most persistent," the dragon growled, his gaze fixed on me. "Why dost thou not simply perish?" He raised a massive palm, igniting a searing fire that roared to life, then hurled it directly at me.

I surged forward, meeting the blaze head-on and blocking it with my Guardian. The flames sizzled as they crashed against my shield, scattering into sparks that singed the ground. I pressed on, lunging toward him. He was ready, his fist cocked back, aimed straight for me. As his punch shot toward me, I twisted to the side, narrowly dodging the blow. The ground cracked like shattered glass beneath the force of his strike, sending fissures snaking outwards. Seizing my chance, I swung my blade toward his side—but before it connected, he vanished, reappearing in a flash behind me.

For his massive size, he was unbelievably fast. Keeping up with him was almost impossible, but I felt a heightened awareness, as if time had slowed. Was the sword amplifying my reflexes? Whatever the source, I would use it. I leaped out of reach just in time as his punch slammed into the ground, the impact sending tremors rippling beneath my feet.

"You scuttle about like a cockroach," he sneered, his disdain palpable. "Annoying."

"Yeah? If that fist of yours lands, I'm done for," I shot back. "I'd rather live, you know. I'm here to send you out of this world."

"Bold words for a wretched creature of low standing," the dragon rumbled, his voice a deep, mocking growl. "Dost thou truly think to contest those who stand above?"

"Guess you've never heard of anti-predator adaptations." I let a smirk slip, my eyes meeting his unflinching gaze.

Anti-predator adaptations: the mechanisms prey use to survive against stronger hunters. From camouflage to counterattack, each evolution an answer to the looming shadow of death. Survival wasn't just strength—it was resilience, cunning. Even the weak could turn the tables.

I tightened my grip, the blade humming with energy in response. "Even if you're a higher being, doesn't mean I can't win," I told him.

With that, I dashed forward, pushing my speed to the limit, moving so fast the air seemed to split around me.

"Stubbornness is thy only shield," the dragon spat, his colossal form blurring as he matched my speed, maybe even exceeding it. We closed the distance in an instant, our attacks converging with crushing force. The moment our strikes clashed, a shockwave erupted, blasting outwards in a violent burst that tore at the ground and sent debris flying in all directions.

Sandra's POV

Master was battling a creature—a monster beyond anything this world had ever known. It was... something unearthly, a beast out of another realm, defying understanding with its raw, terrifying presence.

"Leader!" Bernadette suddenly appeared beside me, urgency in her voice. "The people are breaking out of confusion. It seems the brainwashing ended the moment the one responsible for it died," she observed, watching the crowd with a wary eye.

I scanned the surroundings. People stumbled about, their faces twisted in terror, their eyes wild and panicked. Some were paralyzed by what they saw in Master's clash with the creature; others cried, clutching onto whatever they could, trying to make sense of the nightmare before them.

"Tell the others to start evacuating the civilians," I ordered. "Master wouldn't want us in this fight. And even if he allowed it, I doubt our combined power would be enough to take on that... thing."

Bernadette nodded solemnly. The beast before us wasn't something mere mortals like us could challenge; it was a force of pure destruction, a being of chaos that could end worlds.

"Do you think Master can handle it?"

Was it Bernadette's lack of connection to Master that made her doubt him? For those who hadn't been fully drawn under Master's power, this fight probably looked impossible. But for me, there was no doubt. He would triumph. He was our Master, after all.

"Don't waste your thoughts worrying about Master," I assured her. "For now, focus on saving as many as we can."

Myrcella's POV

We pushed through the crowd that thronged the road leading to the plaza, but suddenly...

"W-What am I doing here?" one person mumbled, confused.

"I... I don't remember. Why did I even come here?" someone else stammered.

It was like something had snapped in them, breaking whatever control had guided their actions.

"Is the brainwashing breaking down?" asked Captain Angelica beside me, her tone edged with suspicion.

Then, before we could arrive at an answer, the world plunged into darkness. Just as quickly, the light returned, but brighter, blindingly so.

"What... what is that?" I whispered, as if I'd only blinked, yet everything had changed.

"P-Princess!" Captain Angelica's voice wavered, and I turned to follow her gaze, her hand pointing to the sky.

And then, I saw it. Against the rapidly dimming light, a massive, ominous form emerged—a dark dragon. Its shadow stretched over the sky like a cloak of nightmares. Gasps and screams echoed as the people

recoiled in horror, some trembling, others stumbling back, unable to tear their eyes from the colossal beast. Panic erupted in waves, the terror palpable, as though they were seeing a creature pulled from the darkest pits of their worst dreams.

Moments later, the creature began to shrink, folding into itself until it became a dark blur, descending somewhere in the distance.

"Captain Angelica, the plaza..." I murmured, realizing where it was headed.

Chapter 464 - The Battle Against The Great Darkness (3)

I commanded the Royal Knights to escort the citizens to the safety of the castle, while some of them followed me toward the plaza. The streets were thick with panic, desperate cries echoing all around. I raised my voice, urging them to head to the castle. We had to get to the broadcasting center so that everyone gripped by fear and confusion could hear me, and somewhat calm the chaos. The plaza, at the heart of the city, held the only system that could reach everyone. I needed to get there quickly to announce the catastrophe and urge everyone to head for the castle without delay.

"Princess, something big is happening in the plaza," Captain Angelica said, her voice tense. "The pressure flooding out from there and the overwhelming mana in the air suggest a fierce battle."

"Someone might already be fighting the creature that appeared in the sky," I reasoned. "If that's the case, we need to hurry. There are still many people in the plaza. We need to evacuate them before they're caught in the fight."

Captain Angelica nodded, then turned to the knights that had followed us. "You heard the Princess! Let's follow her orders and save as many people as we can!" She raised her weapon—a morning star, gleaming ominously in her grip.

Though their faces were filled with uncertainty, the knights raised their weapons, ready to face whatever lay ahead.

Suddenly, Captain Angelica lowered her morning star, her gaze sharpening.

"Someone's here!" she announced. Instantly, the Royal Knights closed in around me, forming a protective barrier. "Whoever you are, show yourself! We are the knights of the castle! Don't even think about attempting anything reckless!"

Figures emerged from the shadows, faces weary and scarred from battle. Their tattered armor and rugged appearance hinted they weren't from the Capital—mercenaries, or perhaps adventurers.

"Is the Princess with you?" asked a voice from the front of the group.

"Yes," I replied. The knights, visibly protective, tried to stop me, but I reassured them with a nod and stepped forward, moving past them to face the strangers.

The adventurers knelt, bowing respectfully. "We came in response to the stream you broadcasted earlier, Princess," said the one who appeared to be their leader. "We're here to help."

"Are you certain?" I asked. "I have nothing to offer in return, and you'll be risking your lives for this. There's nothing to gain."

"Saving lives is reward enough," he replied firmly. "This is our homeland. It's only right that we fight to reclaim it."

I felt the fire of their patriotism burn, stoking the flames of my own. They were right. This kingdom was ours to protect, and if these people were willing to stand beside me, I couldn't falter.

I met their leader's gaze and said, "Then will you help me evacuate everyone back to the castle? They're free from the mind manipulation, but they're frightened and lost. Your help would mean everything."

"In that case, we're with you," the adventurer leader replied.

The adventurers spread out immediately, rallying the frightened, disoriented people and guiding them toward the castle for safety. Meanwhile, we pressed onward to the plaza, every moment ticking away as we assigned more adventurers to gather the panicking citizens.

As we neared the plaza, the pressure in the air built up, hitting my body in powerful gusts.

"What insane pressure! What's happening?!" Captain Angelica gasped, her voice barely cutting through the roaring wind.

Finally, we arrived, and the sight before us was beyond anything I could have imagined. In the center of the plaza, two beings clashed in a battle that defied belief. With each strike, shockwaves of wind tore through the air, and the very ground beneath us trembled with every blow. This wasn't a battle of

ordinary mortals. It was more like a display of power far beyond what any of us could fathom. It felt as though we were witnessing something that simply shouldn't exist in our world.

"At this rate, the entire plaza will be destroyed. Princess, what are we going to do?" Captain Angelica shouted over the rumble.

I glanced toward the broadcasting center—miraculously, it was still standing, appearing less damaged than I'd feared. If I could just get there, we could broadcast a warning to the city, instructing everyone to head to the castle.

I scanned the area and noticed a group of people guiding others out of the plaza to safety. Whoever they were, it seemed they were on our side.

"Captain, do you think we can reach the broadcasting center?" I asked, gesturing toward the building.

"If we go around the fight, we might make it," Captain Angelica replied, her tone firm.

That was all I needed to hear.

"Then let's go." I said, sparing only a quick glance at the fierce struggle in the center of the plaza. Whoever that man was, he seemed determined to fend off the monstrous force we'd seen in the sky.

"That man..." Captain Angelica murmured, her gaze fixed on the battle. "Now that I see him more clearly—he's the one who fought against the Eclipse. The man who defeated me..."

So, that was him—the owner of Leonamon? Shock washed over me. How could someone possess this much power, enough to challenge a creature that had cast darkness over our entire world? It seemed unthinkable, especially given how dragons and other powerful beings were so far beyond us. Yet here he was, fighting toe-to-toe with this dark entity.

But there wasn't time to gawk. We had lives to save. We circled around, keeping a safe distance from the battle, and sprinted toward the broadcasting center.

Titania's POV

As I'd suspected, the plaza was chaotic. People were moving frantically, faces frozen in fear and confusion. I approached several, asking what was happening, but they could only respond with wide-eyed looks and shaken heads—they didn't know any more than we did.

Earlier, the entire planet had been cast in darkness, a shadow covering everything before vanishing as quickly as it had appeared. Now, though, I felt a presence—thick waves of mana poured through the capital, each surge of energy thick and tangible.

"It looks like Leon is fighting that... thing," said Trill, who was running beside me. "I can sense his power even from here. But that aura filling the capital... it's vile."

"Is the owner of that aura the same one who just cloaked the world in darkness earlier?" I asked, keeping my gaze locked on Trill.

She nodded solemnly. "It seems like it. Whatever it is, it's beyond our control. If even Leon is taking this long to hold it off, then it's something we may not be able to conquer. Joining him would likely weigh him down, becoming more of a burden than help."

A pang of frustration washed over me. We wanted to fight alongside Leon. But charging in recklessly would only make things harder for him. The weight of helplessness pressed down on us.

"So... what should we do, then?"

As if in answer, a static crackling suddenly sounded in the air, drawing confused glances all around. The crackling grew louder before a voice emerged from it—a voice we all recognized.

"People of Milham," came Princess Myrcella's voice through the broadcasting system. "I'm reaching you to advise an immediate evacuation from your current location, especially those still within the Capital City."

The familiar voice cut through the chaos, steady and calm.

"Right now, the heart of our city is under attack by a force that can only be described as a world-ending catastrophe. Someone—someone who wields strength we can barely fathom—is currently holding it at

bay, miraculously standing toe-to-toe with this disaster. But I urge you all to remain cautious. This is no time to be lulled into confidence by hope alone; your safety is paramount. Head to the castle—the doors are open to everyone."

The crowd around us stilled, absorbing her words. Panic faded slightly, now replaced by a mixture of awe and focus. The confusion lingered, but the message seemed to anchor them.

"To those able-bodied, I implore you to assist our women, elderly, and children in reaching the castle safely. During this catastrophe, let us come together as citizens of Milham, unified against this force. By helping even in this small but vital way, you are aiding in this fight. No... you are helping the one who battles on our behalf right now to stand stronger."

The mention of "the one" surely meant Leon.

"Please, help us protect Milham."

I exchanged a glance with Trill, who gave a quick, resolute nod. Maybe we couldn't join Leon directly, but that didn't mean we were helpless. Even small acts could strengthen the tide of this battle. Despite the unease simmering inside me, I placed my faith in Leon and the immense strength he wielded.

"Everyone!" I called to those nearby, raising my voice above the distant rumbles of battle. "Leonamon is also open as a shelter! It's nearby, and we'll welcome you all!"

Chapter 465 - The Battle Against The Great Darkness (4)

Leon's POV

The battle between me and the Great Darkness had dragged on for hours, stretching my endurance further than it had ever gone before. Every muscle in my body burned, my limbs quaked from exhaustion, and my breaths came in short, ragged gasps. Meanwhile, my opponent—a colossal dragon in human form—seemed untouched, unfazed, as if this grueling fight was nothing but an idle exercise. Not a single bead of sweat marred its scales. Hell, it barely looked like it was trying.

Even though I had little hope of victory, a grin spread across my face. For the first time, I was truly feeling the thrill of combat. This world had blessed me with a cheat skill so overwhelming that I'd plowed through most enemies without breaking a sweat. But now, I was on the losing side, barely making a dent. I was fighting a battle I couldn't win. And yet, instead of fear, what I felt was exhilaration. For once, I was truly alive.

"Thou art strong... for a mortal," the dragon rumbled, his gaze cast down upon me, sizing me up with a smirk in his golden eyes. "Ne'er did I expect a mere human to endure so, to survive this long against mine own strength. But thou art spent, art thou not? Thy muscles do scream beneath mine onslaught. Thy barrier fares little better."

He was right. Guardian, my once-impenetrable shield, had been smashed repeatedly, barely holding up under his relentless attacks. It softened the blows, yes, but it had a limit I'd only now begun to understand. Guardian wouldn't make me immortal—it wouldn't save me forever.

"Why dost thou persist in this fool's struggle, mortal, when thou art so close to death's embrace?" he sneered, his voice a thunderclap laced with disdain. "What dost thou fight for? Women? This world itself? I could cast thee unto another realm, grant thee dominion there to gather more wenches, shouldst thou desire. Why dost thou cling to this world so stubbornly?"

A hundred answers buzzed in my mind, but only one mattered. That's right. The women I loved. Truthfully, I could go elsewhere. I could build another company, gather new allies. But it wasn't about

the victories I'd gained or the power I'd accumulated. It was about the women I'd come to love here, the ones who'd shared in my journey.

In this dragon's promised world, there'd be no Amon. No Gabrielle. No Titania or Trill. No Erica and the Starry Knights. No Sandra and her Shadows. No Elise. All the women who'd given me their trust and affection, who fought alongside me, who did their best for me. As much as I hated to admit it, even Shredica was irreplaceable.

In that other world, they wouldn't exist. The bonds we'd forged, the affection we'd kindled, the passion they'd shown for me, and the lengths they'd go for me—it was all irreplaceable.

"As I said," I rasped, straightening up, "this world is mine. And I won't let you take it from me."

This was the world I intended to rule. No force, neither from the heavens nor the shadows, would take it from me. This world is mine for the taking.

"You mortals art indeed stubborn," the dragon sighed, his voice carrying a deep rumble that seemed to shake the air itself. With that, he dashed toward me, moving with an impossibly swift grace that defied the massive bulk of his form. Under any ordinary laws, something so large shouldn't move that fast. Yet here he was, a blur of shadow and scales bearing down on me with deadly speed.

I moved as quickly as I could, dodging where possible, and, when I couldn't avoid him, redirecting or blocking each blow. Every strike missed me by mere inches, but each one I barely evaded left me a little slower, a little more worn. It felt like an endless, uphill battle, one I had no hope of winning. I threw everything I had at him—every skill, every creation from Spell Creation—but nothing I did left so much as a scratch on that hardened hide. I might as well have been trying to move a mountain with my bare hands.

"If this is all ye can muster, then thy defeat is assured," he mocked, his golden eyes gleaming. "If thou wouldst protect this realm from me, show me something worthy! Surprise me, mortal!"

But how could I surprise him? Even my strongest strikes couldn't pierce his scales, barely even scraping the surface. It was as if every weapon I wielded, every ounce of strength I poured into each swing, met only an unyielding wall. This was a losing battle—my sword, though it had carried me this far, couldn't endure much more of the dragon's raw power. Each impact rattled my arms, and even Guardian wasn't enough to fully counter his blows.

Then came the mistake—just one misstep, but that was all it took. My foot slipped, my balance faltered, and in that split second, my focus shattered. I couldn't brace myself in time, and the dragon's massive fist slammed into my gut. I tried to shield myself with Guardian, but it didn't even soften the blow. His scaled fist drove into me with full force, and I felt the breath explode from my lungs, the impact reverberating through every nerve and bone.

The force of his punch launched me like a ragdoll, the world spinning in a blur around me until I finally collided with a wall, the stone shattering under the impact. Guardian had mitigated the worst of it, but pain tore through my body regardless.

I struggled to breathe, tasting the metallic tang of blood rising in my throat before I doubled over and vomited it onto the ground. The punch had done real damage—my ribs screamed with every shallow breath, some likely cracked or broken. My organs felt bruised, battered, as if the dragon's fist had shaken me from the inside out.

"Pitiful," the dragon's voice thundered as he advanced, each of his steps reverberating through the earth beneath me. "I had thought thee capable, that perhaps thou couldst manage a scratch upon me! Yet thou hast naught to show for all thy bluster. How dost thou proclaim to rule this world, to claim it as thine own, when this—" he gestured contemptuously at my battered form "—is all thou canst muster?"

I tried to push myself up, but my legs wobbled, feeling weak and unsteady, like the legs of a newborn fawn struggling for its first steps. They trembled under the weight of my own battered body. Was this it? Was I really going to be defeated here, at the edge of my limits, with nothing left to give?

"Dost thou desire mine aid?" echoed a voice from deep within me, a voice layered with an ancient authority, like the one belonging to the dragon towering before me. I realized at once who it was—Lilith, the dragon who had given me this body as a vessel, binding her own fate to mine. "Thine body suffers, teetering on the brink. I have no wish to see thee perish, which is why I offer my aid. Wilt thou accept?"

"Help? If you're talking about some deal that would sell my soul to you, then no thanks," I replied, voice hoarse. I knew what Lilith wanted—she'd created this body to eventually return herself to life. This was her vessel, a means to escape her shackles.

"I require naught of the sort from thee," Lilith assured, her voice soft but unwavering. "As it stands, thou canst hardly scratch him, let alone defeat him. My strength alone would be insufficient as well, yet, combined, there may be hope. Together, we may bring this fiend low."

"So, you're saying he's stronger than you?" I asked. I had always thought of the Great Ones as being truly... great, the apex beings in existence. Yet here was Lilith, hinting that this dragon surpassed her.

"Were I in mine true form, I could crush him," she replied. "He is but a creature of lowly rank, a lesser wretch in the draconic hierarchy, whilst I hold a place higher than he ever could. Yet, bound within thee as I am, I am powerless alone."

I fell silent.

"And truth be told, his arrogance doth chafe me. Despite his lowly station, he struts as though he were ruler and god, playing tyrant across worlds unclaimed. A scavenger, a bottom-feeder at best."

Funny. Just like you once did.

The thought barely crossed my mind before I felt her bristle, having picked up on it from within my subconscious.

"This world doth owe me its life. It was on the precipice of extinction, teetering towards oblivion, and I—and others like me—brought it back from ruin, brought it to prosperity."

Then, why did you want to destroy it?

She left that question unanswered, her silence sharper than any words, before continuing, "Enough of that. Will you do this, or will you flounder alone? Without me, there's no chance you'll even land a blow upon him."

That much, at least, seemed true. But how could I trust her?

"Trust in me," she replied, her voice steady and firm. "'Tis all that I ask."

Chapter 466 - Goddess of Succubus's Heir (1)

Lilith's tone sounded genuine as she told me she wanted to help. I still didn't trust her, but since I was her vessel, and my death would surely end her existence as well, it seemed reasonable to believe that her offer was sincere.

I had no clue if I could really trust Lilith, but it looked like I had no choice but to rely on her, at least for now.

"Alright," I told Lilith. "Help me."

A soft chuckle echoed within me, faint yet clear. It didn't seem like a particularly wise decision, but it was the only option I could see.

"Verily, then. I shall help thee," Lilith responded.

Suddenly, I was back in the familiar white void where I'd seen her last time, just after conquering three women. Lilith appeared again, though this time not as her usual small-statured form; she looked more like a teenage girl. Did her appearance... change? She was seated on one of the chairs around the round table. I took the seat across from her.

"Is this... your true form?" I asked.

"This?" She smirked, as if teasing. "Nay, 'tis not," she said with a lilting, casual air. "Fufufu, what dost thou think? Doth this form please thee? Or perhaps, dost thou prefer... this?"

In an instant, her appearance shifted again, morphing back to her small, impish stature, giving her an air of mischief and wicked delight.

"Or mayhaps..." she purred, "this shall suit thee better?" With hardly a blink, her form swelled, becoming a curvaceous, seductive figure—a woman with generous curves and alluring eyes.

"I canst be any form that doth please thee. Or perhaps..." Her figure changed once more, amplifying her voluptuousness until she embodied the mature allure of an idealized MILF, her every feature provocative.

"Or, if thou wishest," she smirked wickedly, "I could multiply, that thou mayst revel in each form of me at once."

And suddenly, she did, her duplicates filling every seat around the round table. Each form was different: the petite trickster, the busty seductress, and the MILF flanking me on either side, their hands caressing me. Her fingers traced my shoulders, my arms, sending ripples of sensation wherever she touched.

"If thou dost so desire, I am thine to enjoy in any way thou wouldst wish," her voices chorused, laced with sultry promise.

"Let's just get to the point," I said. "How exactly are you planning to help me?"

"Oh, thou art a bore," she scoffed, her clones vanishing from around the table. "But well, if thou art so insistent, I suppose we shall proceed. To aid thee is simple, truly, considering who thou art. All thou must do... is to have sex with me."

Sex? That seemed like an unusual and almost absurd method to gain strength.

"Are you serious? That's really the way I can stand a chance against that enemy?" I asked, still skeptical.

"Hast thou not noticed?" she said with a sly smile. "Thy gift allows thee to grow stronger by pleasuring women. Why, pray tell, should this be any different? 'Tis no more strange than all thy other conquests, is it not?"

Now that Lilith laid it out, I realized she was right. My ability... it was basically a means of growing stronger—through sex. But maybe there was more to it than I'd understood.

"Thou dost hold a minor misconception of thine own power, Leon," Lilith said, breaking into my thoughts.

"A misconception?" I repeated, trying to grasp her meaning.

"Indeed." She nodded, voice measured and certain. "A wrong preconception, as it were. In truth, thou hast misunderstood its nature."

Had I really misunderstood it? Now that I thought about it, I'd used my power mostly to copy skills, to build strength, and, yes, to "conquer" women.

"The gift thou possesseth allows thee to mirror the abilities of the women thou hast won over," she began, voice like silk woven with steel. "Once thou hast wholly conquered them, thou may forge these abilities anew, oft making them greater, stronger than the original. Or so thou didst think."

"That's not how it works?" I asked, genuinely thrown off.

"'Tis not so simple," she replied, a faint smile gracing her lips. "Now, be plain with me. Deep within, thou dost carry guilt, thinking that thou hast bent these women's hearts, shaping their affections toward thee. That battle with the Eclipse brought thee face to face with this guilt, did it not? Hast thou not pondered how base it is to sway another's heart, and thought thyself vile for binding their devotion to thee so? Even now, thou dost wonder if thou hast barred them from finding love elsewhere."

Her words struck a nerve. I had felt guilty. In some sense, I had imprisoned these women, binding their love to me alone. A small part of me feared I'd robbed them of the right to love someone else, twisting their feelings to cling to me exclusively. And yes, the thought had gnawed at me that I'd crafted their love like some machine.

"Such guilt is unwarranted," Lilith continued, her tone firm. "Thy skill, 'Goddess of Succubus's Heir,' is naught but a power to copy abilities. It holdeth no sway over the heart, nor doth it twist love to bind them to thee. No, 'tis no tool of manipulation. But for thee to claim the finest version of their skills, aye, thou must 'conquer' them. And this 'conquest' requireth but one thing—building thy bond. The closer thou art to their hearts, the deeper thine affections entwine with theirs, the more potent the skills thou dost claim. Verily, 'tis they who doth choose to be conquered by thee, and thus thou art permitted to wield their gifts. 'Tis but their choice. 'Tis their own choice, their own will that leads them to offer themselves, body and soul. 'Tis no spell, no trickery of the mind."

"Think of it," she continued, voice softening. "The bonds thou hast formed? They are of their own volition. Thine ability doth not force; it doth only reflect what hath already bloomed. And the depth of their love for thee—'tis the reason they trust thee so, offer themselves wholly. Thy power copies the

strength they bear within. Yet their hearts? Those belong to thee by their own will. Thou hast won them with thyself, not through the power thou wieldest."

So essentially, Lilith was telling me that I hadn't twisted their feelings, not like Sesillian did with the Eclipse, brainwashing his followers to follow him blindly. My ability—Goddess of the Succubus's Heir—was simply a skill-copying power, and that was it. The women who stayed with me did so out of their own choice, their love genuine, not a manipulation. If Lilith was saying it, I could trust it to be true.

"Anyway," I said, getting back on track. "How am I supposed to power up? You said I had to have sex with you, right?"

"'Tis not entirely so," she said, her voice lilting softly. "The form I inhabit now dwelleth solely within thy subconscious, a mere image, thus, we shall not truly join. What thou call'st a 'wet dream' best describes it—where the act unfoldeth in thy mind alone."

The chair and table beneath us shimmered, transforming into a broad, inviting bed. She said "wet dream," but did that mean I'd wake up with my pants soaked in cum? I shoved the thought aside.

"'Tis not true copulation, though the sensations thou shalt experience will feel as real to thee as to me," she explained. Before I knew it, she wore something... different. That sweater—the infamous "virgin killer" type—left her back exposed, draping her in sultry elegance. "Perhaps it seems odd, but 'tis all we can accomplish, given our current state."

"How long will this take?" I asked, trying to focus on her words.

"Time here is but an illusion," she assured, her voice like a caress. "Indulge as thou wilt. In thy reality, mere moments will pass."

Alright, that didn't sound too concerning.

"Now then, shall we begin?" she asked, voice a purr.

"Yeah." I laid down on the bed, and she climbed over me, straddling my waist. I hadn't realized I was already stripped down, my clothes vanished without me noticing.

"Prepare thyself, for I shall take thee in," she murmured.

With her hand, she guided my cock to her entrance, which was hidden beneath her sweater but felt unmistakably slick and inviting. A shiver ran through me as I felt it—warm and wet, a tingling anticipation that only deepened as she pressed herself down.

Then, slowly, she began to sink her hips, guiding my cock into her warm, welcoming folds. The feeling of my length slipping past her tight flesh was beyond words, a blissful agony that set my nerves alight. Every inch of her wrapped around me as if we were bound together, her body enveloping me as real as if I were awake. I couldn't believe how intense it felt—like I might melt into her entirely. Every nerve in me pulsed with pleasure, her tightness consuming me inch by inch, and though she'd claimed this wasn't real, every feeling was as raw and electrifying as reality.

Chapter 467 - Goddess of Succubus's Heir (2)

As the slick heat of Lilith's soaked pussy surrounded my throbbing dick, Lilith, with her body appearing to match my own age, kept slowly descending, taking me fully inside her. The sensation was intoxicating—like plunging into molten heat, wrapping me in wet, pulsing warmth.

"Doth it please thee?" she murmured, her flushed face glistening with a soft sheen, breaths spilling out in misty puffs. Her eyes met mine, the slightest hint of a smirk on her parted lips. "Though 'tis merely a dream, all sensations here art as vivid as thy waking hours." Her breath hitched as she shifted her hips, her insides squeezing tighter. "And I, too, feel thy every thrust, even as I remain but a presence in thy subconscious."

The pleasure was almost too real. I found it hard to believe something this intense could be happening within a dreamscape. Every nerve felt alive, and her wet heat clung to me, her folds seeming to mold perfectly around my length.

"Ahh, such girth... 'tis truly remarkable," she moaned, arching her back. "I wrought thee without thoughts of such acts, yet thou exceedeth my expectations... thou fillest me wholly." Her eyes fluttered as she took me to her very depths, her body trembling with each inch.

It was surreal to witness Lilith, usually so composed and mischievous, unravel like this, her reactions raw and genuine. Her flushed, gasping expression only made me harder, filling her completely.

"Mmm, thou swellest further within me... dost thou find me so arousing?" She grinned, voice teasing but her tone thick with desire.

I couldn't deny it. I was so turned on I could barely hold back, the heat coiling low in my gut.

"Release thyself as thou wishest. Let loose as oft as it pleases thee," she whispered, leaning in close to breathe the words into my ear. Her slick pussy seemed to grow wetter as her hips rolled against mine. She was aroused, too, eager and trembling around me.

The urge to let go surged, and I gripped her thighs tight, driving into her deeper.

"Aaaah~! Yes... there, just like that..." she moaned, voice rising as she moved her hips to meet my thrusts. Her body clenched around me, and I could feel her womb with every plunge.

"Ohhh, it feels divine... yes, drive into me, as deeply as thou canst..." she gasped, arching her back. I held her firmly, pinning her down so she couldn't pull away. "Ahhh, thou makest me so very aroused. Mayhaps 'tis because I crafted thee myself?" Her voice was a taunting whisper, her nails biting into my shoulders as she urged me on. "Then, boy, take me as thou wilt... over and over, until thy desire is wholly sated!"

Her tight, slick walls pulsed around me, clenching with every inch as I thrust deeper, each movement drawing gasps from her parted lips. The way her face twisted in pleasure, lost to the sensations of being thoroughly fucked, was so intoxicating I could hardly breathe. And then, that unmistakable coiling tension began building in my core. I knew I was close.

"Aaaaaah~!"

I couldn't hold back any longer. With a low groan, I emptied myself inside her, filling her womb as her insides tightened even more, milking me for every last drop.

"Ahhh... thou hast released thy seed within me," she panted, a sly smile playing on her lips. "Didst it please thee?"

"...Yes." I tried to mask the hint of disappointment in my voice, but her perceptive gaze caught it.

"Fret not," she said, lifting her hips as she slowly pulled herself off me, her slick pussy releasing my cock with a wet sound. "As I hath spoken, thou may indulge thyself upon me as long as thy desires doth stir. Revel in thy lust, for I am here to sate thee." She moved to the opposite end of the bed, her body gliding into position. On all fours now, she thrust her hips upward, exposing herself fully, her creamy skin and round ass on full display, glistening with our mingled essence. "Come, dear Leon, and take me as thou wilt. I wish to be thine."

The invitation was impossible to resist.

I stood and positioned myself behind her, my cock throbbing as I aligned it with her dripping pussy, still slick with both her arousal and my cum. My fingers dug into her hips, and with a single, unyielding thrust, I buried myself inside her, sinking into her hot, welcoming flesh. There was no resistance at all. She took every inch of me easily, my cock sliding deep until I could feel her walls hugging me, drawing me in even further.

"Aaaaaah~..." Lilith arched her back, crying out as I stretched her. Her flesh pulsed around me, a constant, needy pressure that seemed to ripple with her every breath. She had cast aside all composure, the ancient mask of grace replaced with pure, unrestrained desire. Her round ass jiggled with each thrust, and I felt the heat radiating from her as I slammed into her over and over.

Driven by the need to feel her completely, I pushed harder, going deeper each time, marveling at how her body clung to me. I wanted to see how much of her I could claim, this Great One, this ancient being who had shaped the world and who had brought me into existence. Right now, she was mine.

"Ahhh, ahhh! So rough! Is it truly to thy liking to ravage me thus? Fufufu... how delightful~"

My pace quickened, each thrust pressing her deeper into the bed as I felt my cock press against her womb, driving her to moan louder with each collision. Finally, the tension swelled again, reaching its peak, and I unleashed myself inside her once more, filling her with every pulse of my release.

"NnnnnnnnnNnnnnnnn~!"

Her pussy clenched around me as she shuddered, cumming around me in waves. The thought of making this powerful, ancient being reach climax because of me only made the experience even more exhilarating.

"Fu... Fu~, ahh..." she purred, gazing back with a sly, lustful smile, her eyes still smoldering with desire. "I ne'er thought I would succumb to such pleasure. Truly, thou art special." She could feel my cock, still hard and pulsing within her, and her grin deepened. "Methinks thou hast not yet sated thy appetite, yes?" With that, she arched her back invitingly, drawing me in once again, and I eagerly began moving, the heat rising between us once more.

Her slick, hot pussy felt like heaven as I sank into her, each thrust sending shivers through us both. The overstimulation made her tremble uncontrollably as her walls tightened around my cock, milking me with each powerful stroke. Her elegance as an ancient one was utterly gone, replaced by raw, uninhibited desire, each moan and gasp drawing me in further.

"Aaaah, nnn, aaah, yes, yes...! Take me, dear Leon... Ravish me to thy heart's content. Use me as thou dost please," she cried, her voice breaking between gasps.

I shifted her onto her side, gripping one leg as I lifted it high, spreading her thighs and opening her dripping entrance even wider. My cock thrust deeper into her soaked pussy, her breasts jiggling with every impact, each one bouncing against the other as I drove myself into her.

"Aaaaah, I'm going to orgasm again...!" she gasped, her voice thick with desire. "Such a naughty boy, making me climax time and again. Dost thou intend to fuck me unto death?"

Her taunting words only drove me harder. My thrusts became relentless, each stroke a fierce claim as I pumped into her.

"I'm going to make you mine, Lilith," I growled, feeling possessive as her pussy clung to me. With her, letting go wasn't an option—I was determined to make her mine.

"Fufufu... Then by all means, claim me~" she purred, glancing back over her shoulder. Her mouth parted, tongue darting out, and I captured it with my lips, devouring her kiss as I buried myself deeper, our bodies melding as I thrust up into her with a feverish pace.

"Aaaah, yes... yess~!" she cried, her voice breaking with each thrust.

I pulled back from her mouth and dragged my tongue along her nape, savoring the taste of her soft skin. She tilted her head back, her slender neck stretched taut as her chin lifted, a line of ecstasy etched in her expression. Her hair cascaded around her shoulders, and her ears and delicate shoulders trembled, consumed by another climax.

"I'm going to cum, Lilith!" I gasped, feeling the heat coil within me again.

"Yes, nnn, give unto me thy seed, my dear Leon...!" she moaned.

With a final thrust, I released deep within her, another thick load flooding her eager womb. A surge of pleasure overtook her as my hot cum filled her, her moans vibrating against my chest as her pussy clenched tightly around me, drawing out every last drop.

"MmmmmmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnNnNNnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~"

She let out a muffled cry, her voice shaking with the intensity of her pleasure, as she threw her head back, gritting her teeth in blissful ecstasy.

"Haaah... fuuu, ahh~ thou hast made me climax again..." she murmured, panting heavily, her chest rising and falling as she looked at me with an admiring smile. "But lo, I perceive thou art far from spent..."

Her smirk grew as she met my gaze. My cock throbbed with need, leaving me desperate to keep going.

"Very well, I shall indulge thee."

Slowly, she withdrew, her wet pussy releasing my cock with a slick, sinful sound that made me groan. Then, her slender fingers wrapped around me, stroking as another sensation took hold. In an instant, another cock appeared beside the first, hard and ready.

"Fufufu... But now, dearest Leon, what say thee to partaking in both holes at once?" she purred, her eyes dark with lust.

Chapter 468 - Goddess of Succubus's Heir (3)

My cock had doubled, not side-by-side but stacked, aligned to plunge her both ways at once—vaginally and anally. I had no clue how she'd managed this, but the answer had to be connected to this place, a realm bound only by thought.

"This place is wondrous, dost thou not agree?" Lilith said with a sly grin. "Here, one's desires shape reality. Even the fantasy of increasing thy girth, or in this case, doubling it, may come true. With both, thou can ravish me in all places."

So, that was it. A place where fantasy became flesh. And with our raging desires, she envisioned my two twitching cocks, primed for the kind of pleasure I'd only dreamed of.

"Thus," she continued, casting me a smoldering look over her shoulder, "thou mayst claim both of mine entrances as thou dost see fit."

In her position, with her back arched and her ass lifted, both of her entrances lay exposed, each one softly twitching in anticipation. My double cocks throbbed hard as I aligned myself, one tip pressing to her dripping pussy, the other gliding slickly against her puckered entrance. Her wetness coated both heads as I nudged her, a lewd, sticky sound filling the air with each contact.

"I'm starting now," I declared, feeling every nerve alive with anticipation.

"Yes... ravage me," she pleaded, her lips curling into a wanton smile.

In answer, I plunged both dicks in, one claiming her wet pussy, the other breaching her tight ass. With no hesitation, I pushed myself into her depths, my twin cocks stretching her, filling her to her very core.

Instantly...

"Ya—AAAAAAAAAAAAAH~!"

Her scream echoed, a raw sound of pure ecstasy as both her ass and pussy were taken at once. Her entire body trembled, climaxing from the sudden fullness, as though her mind was unraveling beneath the double assault.

"Aaaaah~ I hath never known what 'tis to be filled thus," she gasped, her voice shaking as pleasure rolled through her. "Though this place be but a dream, the sensations are real... it feels as though I am truly being taken in both—yet doubly so."

Her expression was pure bliss, her body arching as she lay intoxicated by the intensity. Her face contorted in the throes of forbidden pleasure, Lilith's trembling form became more alluring than ever.

Meanwhile, the sensation of having both of my cocks deep inside her was beyond words. Each of my dicks was enveloped by a different tightness, her ass and her pussy squeezing me in distinct, incredible ways. The slick heat of her pussy and the snug grip of her ass sent waves of pleasure through me as both tunnels clenched around me, their trembling walls dragging me deeper, gripping me tighter.

"Ahhh, art thou to move now?" she murmured, her voice laced with eagerness.

"Yes," I answered, tightening my hold on her hips. The raw hunger surged within me, the urge to fuck her with both cocks overwhelming. I pulled her back onto me, ready to ravage every inch of her, to plunge into both of her tight entrances, and make her mine completely.

My twin cocks drove into her all the way to the base, her tight walls gripping them relentlessly. Her pussy clenched around one, while her ass swallowed the other, each sensation feeding into the other as the slick, double tightness nearly overwhelmed me. I felt as though I might melt from the pleasure alone. Lilith's eyes, clouded by bliss, sharpened just enough to meet mine. She took both cocks to their full length, sighing in satisfaction as I filled her completely.

"Aaah, yes... fuck me, my dear Leon... Ravish me wholly and utterly."

Lilith's words were pure seduction, coaxing my last shreds of restraint away. I couldn't hold back.

"Hnnngh... ahhhh... fuuu, fuuuun, aaahhh, aaaaaaaaah~!"

With every intense throb, I lost myself, bucking my hips, thrusting deeply into both her holes with abandon. Grabbing her soft, heaving breasts, I pounded her, feeling her back arch and her body press against me in rhythm.

"Yaaaah, haaaah... mmm, ahhh~ yes, Leon... aahhh, more... ahhh, ravage me more... aaaaah, ruin me... haaaaaaaah~"

With both her ass and pussy filled, my hands fondling her from behind, Lilith's pleasure reached new heights, taking in the forbidden sensations with feverish abandon. Her two entrances clenched and spasmed around me, each trembling squeeze rippling with pleasure and sending a rush directly through my dicks.

The double pleasure was intoxicating. I was seconds from my peak, feeling my limit close.

"I'm cumming!" I growled, gripping her hips.

"Aaaah... pour thy seed into me... fill me in both places... both at once... aaaaaaaaaaaaaah~"

She looked back, her eyes glazed yet pleading, her voice an intoxicating demand for release. Her words were a lewd invitation to claim her, to coat her insides with my cum. Goaded by her desperate plea, I drove into her, hips snapping faster, my need intensifying until—

"Guh—?!"

The surge began, and with a final thrust, I buried myself deep as I came. My hands gripped her slim waist, pinning her as my cocks swelled, filling her to the brim. Waves of ecstasy flooded through me as the hot pulses of cum rushed through my lengths, spurting deep inside her ass and pussy, burning pleasure radiating up my spine.

As both of my cocks throbbed, spilling my release, I climaxed harder than I ever had before. I pumped thick, hot streams of cum into her two holes, each wave spilling for what felt like an eternity, nearly a full minute of pulsing heat.

"Aaaaaaaaah... yaaaaaaaah, haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah~!"

Filled completely, Lilith came again, body spasming, her insides contracting around me as if to drink up every drop of my seed. Her pussy and ass gripped my dicks tightly, milking me dry, each sensation pushing me even deeper into pleasure. My cocks swelled further, and I realized I still had energy to keep fucking her, as if this place were built to sustain our unending desire.

Without pulling out, I started moving again, ravaging her pussy and ass in relentless strokes. The thick layer of cum now acted as a slick lubricant, letting me thrust harder and faster.

"———!"

Lilith let out a moan, her voice lost in the overwhelming pleasure as I drove into both her holes, her body yielding completely to the intense, wordless ecstasy.

As I drove into her with increasing fervor, I felt an extraordinary force building up inside me—a sensation unlike anything I'd ever felt. Our bodies began to emit an ethereal black glow, intertwining in dark light as we moved together.

"It... it seemeth to be working... but we art not yet finished..." Lilith murmured, her voice thick with pleasure as I drove into her. "Do it more unto me... grant me thy all, mine dear Leon!"

Her plea ignited something primal in me, and I took her up on the offer. A new thought crossed my mind. I envisioned her with a duplicate, just like before. As I willed it, a clone of her appeared, lying atop

the real Lilith, the two of them aligning perfectly. Their mirrored gazes met as if they were twins in this moment.

"Indeed... this arrangement is a vast improvement," the one above murmured. "If thou dost desire two holes at once, then two vaginas are far better than buttocks and cunt alone."

"I confess I hadn't thought thee capable of such ingenuity, imagining another clone for thy pleasure..." the Lilith below mused, her lips curving into a sultry smile. "Thou art more devious than I credited thee, my dear Leon."

Gripping the waist of the Lilith above, I aligned my dicks with their entrances and plunged in. The moment I filled them, both of their tight, wet walls seized around me, pulsing with each inch.

"Nnnnnnnaaaaa!"

"Nnggghhhh!"

Each Lilith reacted differently, their voices blending into a crescendo of pleasure that sent a shiver down my spine. Their pussies, though identical, responded uniquely, each clutching me in a way that made it feel as though I were penetrating two separate entities instead of a clone. I thrust my cocks into them both, riding the waves of pleasure.

"Aaah, aaah, ahhh, ahhh, aaaaaah, yes, pound us! Pound me!"

"Aaaah, aaah, aaah, ahhh, fuuuuaa, aaaah, yes, dear Leon~ Do as thou wilt with me... I am thine."

Their foreheads pressed together as they writhed, their mouths meeting in a passionate kiss, real and clone locked in intimate embrace. The sight ignited my arousal to new heights, and the two women's spasming pussies gripped my cocks with each ecstatic shiver. Every pulsing wave of their pleasure reverberated through me, feeding directly into the throbbing hardness between my legs.

Our combined glow intensified, and the energy within me surged even greater.

"Tis coming, dear Leon!" Clone Lilith cried, her voice trembling. "The power I spoke of draweth nigh! Ravage me more... make it thine own!"

"Yes! Yes! Take me so that thou mayest attain it!"

Overwhelmed by the heat, the tightness, and the relentless movement of their bodies around me, I could no longer hold back.

"I'm cumming...!"

The moment the words left my lips, both pussies tightened their hold, clenching greedily around me.

I gripped the clone Lilith's waist and pushed down, driving both of my swollen cocks to the very depths of their searing bodies.

[illegible][illegible]

Each of them came with her own ecstatic cry, their bodies shuddering against each other as they shared an intense, mutual climax. Just then, an incredible surge of power exploded within me, swirling outward in waves that filled the entire white space.

And then, in a sudden flash, that power erupted.

Chapter 469 - Goddess of Succubus's Heir (4)

Scarlet's POV

When I got to the place Gabrielle wanted me to reach, it was chaos incarnate. Violent gusts of wind tore through the air, strong enough to knock me off. The entire area looked like it had been through hell—scorched, cracked, and torn as if some massive battle had raged here. The destruction was so widespread that it felt like a war had erupted, one with giants in the fray.

In the middle of this catastrophe, I spotted a towering figure with scaly skin, standing over another figure lying on the ground. I zoomed in, activating my eye scanner to check for any signs of life. To my relief, the one on the ground was alive, still breathing. That was Leon—the person Gabrielle had wanted me to rescue.

The hulking figure loomed over him, a deep, reverberating voice rumbling from his chest like thunder from the depths of a chasm. "Is this all thou art capable of? Mortals are ever thus—fragile, pathetic. And yet thou wouldst dare to aspire to rule this world?"

His words were as mocking as they were chilling, his tone vibrating with disdain. He looked down at Leon with a sadistic grin. "I shall keep thee breathing, if only so thine eyes may witness as I lay waste to this world, and its women... broken beneath my heel."

I landed just behind him, narrowing my gaze. "Hey, you. Are you the one responsible for all this destruction?"

He turned, his reptilian eyes fixing on me with something between amusement and disgust. "Who art thou, that dares to address me thus? Have ye no reverence for those far above thine ilk?"

"I don't know what you're babbling about, and frankly, I don't care," I shot back, leveling my glare. "But from the way you're talking, it sure sounds like you're the one behind this mess."

He sighed, as if bored, a condescending smirk spreading across his scaly face. "Verily, a fool stands before me. Thy form holdeth not a spark of mana, nor a wisp of Qi. Truly, thou art but an empty vessel—nothing of strength or skill. What could one such as thee hope to accomplish?"

The way he sneered made my blood boil. It was rare for someone to underestimate me to my face like this. In my world, only one person had ever looked down on me this way. She didn't say it out loud, but the way Shredica's eyes always held that dismissive glint—it infuriated me. As her supposed captain, she'd always neglected me. When I saw her again, I'd make sure to land a solid hit on her. But first, I had to deal with this smug bastard.

"Don't waste your breath," I snarled. "I'm going to fucking show you what I can do!"

Without another thought, I activated the launch cannons installed in my back. These things were a last resort, the kind of firepower I wouldn't normally unleash unless I wanted to wipe out everything in sight. But now, in this empty wasteland, it felt like the perfect time to let loose. I'd been itching to use these since getting thrown into this world, and now, with no innocent lives around, I'd turn this smug bastard into target practice.

The cannons roared to life, and a barrage of homing missiles erupted from my back, each one streaking through the air with a burning trail. They locked onto him, honing in like predators on prey. But the man simply swatted them aside with a lazy swipe of his clawed hand, as if he were brushing off flies. Each missile veered off course, exploding far from him in fiery bursts that lit up the ruined landscape.

"What are these contraptions? Thy arsenal holds wonders indeed. Were I of mortal ilk, I might well have been pulverized." The man's tone was dripping with mockery. "But against me, they are but pitiful sparks."

"Could you speak, you know, normally?" I scoffed, launching another barrage of missiles, these ones far faster and more powerful. "I can barely understand you."

The creature raised his hand to swat them aside again, but this time, I willed the missiles to dodge, weaving around his defenses. I spotted an opening and seized the chance, commanding the missiles to strike him squarely in the chest.

"Ha! Not so tough now, are you? Think they're just homing in on you? Wrong! I can control them, and they'll hit you every damn time!" I sneered, watching the smoke swirl in chaotic patterns.

But then—movement within the smoke. I strained my eyes, but saw no sign of him slipping out. Still, an eerie sensation of danger crept up my spine, and I whipped around in time to realize he was behind me. I hadn't even seen him leave the cloud. How the hell was he so fast?

I only just managed to escape, engaging my jetpack to shoot forward just as his fist struck the ground where I'd stood. The earth shattered beneath the force, rumbling as cracks splintered out in all directions. If he'd hit me, I'd have been crushed to dust in an instant.

"Thou hast some skill, for one bereft of mana," he growled. "But this shall end here. Thy efforts are naught but futility."

He blurred, vanishing from sight, only to reappear in front of me in an instant. His speed was beyond anything I'd ever seen—it was like fighting the air itself, my reflexes barely able to register his movements.

But just as he raised his hand to strike, vines sprang up from nowhere, wrapping around me and yanking me out of his reach.

"Close one," murmured a woman's voice. I looked up, seeing a woman dressed in leaves that barely concealed her body, like someone straight out of a red-light district. She looked like she'd walked out of a fever dream.

"We've finished evacuating the civilians," another woman announced, appearing beside her, cloaked in black, her eyes fierce with determination. "Now it's time we aid Master."

"We'll assist as well," said another, stepping forward with an army of people at her back, all braced and ready for battle. Her golden hair glinted, her face regal and beautiful—she looked like she belonged in a royal court.

The enemy threw his head back, laughing. "Ha! And what wouldst a mere gathering of women accomplish against me? Futile, just as yon mortal lying defeated! Hahaha!" His laughter slowed, and his gaze darkened, a twisted smirk curling on his face. "Ah, but now I see... such beauty among thee. So this is why the mortal dared defy me—to defend such fair creatures. But no matter. Before I reduce this world to ashes, I shall delight in tasting all of you first."

I couldn't understand a word he was saying, but his sinister grin and cold gaze made it clear his intentions were far from good. The others who had appeared readied themselves. With so many of us standing together now, I wasn't alone anymore. This monster would face us all.

Together, we unleashed everything in our arsenal. Vines erupted from the ground, twisting around his limbs, only for him to burst free with a casual flick of his wrist. Women clad in black flanked him, lunging with their weapons—but not only did their attacks fail to even scratch him, their blades and weapons shattered on impact.

The warriors following the golden-haired woman charged in, striking with everything they had, but he didn't flinch. He just stood there, unbothered, as if our combined efforts were little more than an irritating breeze.

Then, he laughed. A dark, booming sound.

"What did I say?" he sneered. "All efforts are futile!"

And in an instant, everyone near him was blasted backward as if by an invisible wave of pure power. Those unlucky enough to be caught close were thrown lifelessly, bodies limp, the fight already snuffed out of them. This was no simple skirmish—this was war, and it was clear now it wouldn't be easily won.

I shot into the air, hoping for a better vantage point, both hands holding submachine guns as I targeted him from above. With so many people below, missiles were out of the question. I needed precision. But the bullets pinged off him, bouncing harmlessly with no impact.

"There is naught ye can do," he roared, eyes sweeping over us with cruel disdain. "Lowly creatures, all of thee, fit only to grovel at mine feet. Behold, for I am as a god of this realm—a being higher than ye could ever comprehend. Bow down!" His voice thundered, and with a single leap, he created a shockwave that splintered the ground, leaving a smoking crater beneath him as he shot toward me.

I kicked my jetpack to full power, trying to ascend, to stay just out of reach. But—

"It's useless!" he sneered, reaching me effortlessly. His hand wrapped around my ankle, yanking me downward with a sickening force. Before I could even react, he slammed me into the earth, the impact jarring through me like shattering glass. Something deep inside, gears or circuitry, felt like it snapped. I coughed, struggling to see through the haze as his shadow loomed above me.

"Since thou art the first to challenge me, it is thee who shall be defiled first," he sneered, crouching over me.

He pinned me down, his weight pressing on me as he loomed closer, eyes gleaming with a disturbing lust. I still couldn't comprehend his words, but I was too weak, too broken to fight back. Around me, those I'd fought beside struggled to even lift their heads against him. He was like an unstoppable force, invincible.

Then—

"Thank you for holding him up," a voice cut through the chaos, steady and clear. "I'm good to go now."

That voice. I turned my head to see him—someone I'd watched lying defeated just moments ago. But now, he was back on his feet, and he looked... different.

"I'm going to kick this motherfucker off our planet."

Chapter 470 - Goddess of Succubus's Heir (5)

Leon's POV

I felt different—an electric surge of supernatural power coiled within me, snaking through my veins. It was raw, potent, and it felt like I could crush mountains with a single fist.

Lilith looked at me, a soft smile playing on her lips as her chest rose and fell with her heavy breaths. The clone I'd conjured to join her for our threesome had now disappeared, along with my twin dicks. Hell, even my clothes were back. But as much as things around us looked normal again, both our breathing was still ragged.

"My power hath been transferred unto thee," she murmured, her cheeks flushed. "Though it be but half the might I possess, 'tis enough to strike down that miscreant who dareth wreak havoc upon this realm. He is not strong, merely hiding behind the veil of superiority over the people of this world, which he deems weak. Yet, when he tasteth the true power of a dragon, he shall rue his arrogance. I shall savor

the sight of him crumbling before those he scorns so lightly. There is naught more satisfying than seeing the mighty cower before the meek."

Her reasoning struck me as harsh, maybe even sadistic, but the gleam in her eyes told me she was dead serious.

I looked down at myself, curious to see what kind of power-up she'd given me—and then I saw it. At first, I thought it was just a trick of the light, but as I touched my skin, there was no denying the transformation.

"Did I... become like him?" I asked, glancing down at the reddish-black scales that now covered my body. They were darker than blood. I flexed, feeling the weight of new, bat-like wings sprouting from my back, their membranes a haunting shade of purplish black. Even horns had formed on my forehead, curved and lethal-looking.

Lilith shook her head, her gaze tender as she stepped closer. "Nay, beloved. This be thy power—drawn from thine own essence as one of mine own creation. I merely helped thee attain it. 'Tis a power akin to mine, yet it belongeth to thee alone."

She cupped my cheek, her hands warm against my new scales, and lifted herself on her toes to kiss me. Her lips were soft, unexpectedly warm, and I found myself sinking into the sensation, surprised yet welcoming it.

"I long to keep thy company longer," she murmured, her voice tinged with a loneliness I hadn't noticed before, "but it would serve neither thee nor the world thou protecteth."

"Aren't you going to call me back soon?" I asked.

"Speak not in jest," she replied, a soft chuckle escaping her. "To summon thee here again would drain my mana entirely, and I did so this time for but the direst of needs. However, thou mayest return of thine own will. Yet, to do so, thou must dominate another seven women, until the count of thy conquered be ten."

Seven more, huh? With the three I'd already conquered, that made the target clear.

"Also, this power thou holdest be but an incomplete form," she added. "I did coax it out of thee afore its time, thus it remaineth unfinished. It shall endure but fifteen minutes ere it fades, leaving thee as thou wast before."

So this power wasn't fully mine yet, not until I earned it through my own means. Fine by me. After all, having a power-up just from sex with her was... a little anticlimactic. I'd rather claim it on my own terms.

"Thinkest thou that thou canst wield it thus?" she asked, her gaze holding a fierce pride in my answer.

I gave her a firm nod. "Fifteen minutes is more than enough."

Her smile grew, soft yet radiant. "Then go forth, my dear Leon, and break a leg."

That smile was the last thing I saw before I was yanked back into reality.

I now stood face-to-face with the dragon. Sesillian called him the Great Darkness, but with power surging through every inch of my being, he didn't feel nearly as intimidating as he once had.

"Hm?" he rumbled, his eyes narrowing as he took in my transformed form. "Thou art... another dragon? Nay... I sense more mortal stench upon thee than dragon blood. So, thou art a construct, fashioned by one of the drakes. Let me guess? 'Twas by those pitiful creatures this world dubs the Great Ones, no? Hath it not been told unto thee that the Great Ones be little more than insects in our world? They are naught but insignificant pests."

I let a smirk spread across my face. "If they're insignificant insects, then what does that make you? The fool crawling beneath even them?"

The dragon's smirk vanished, replaced by a livid glare that could have burned stone. "What didst thou just utter?"

"You heard me," I replied coolly, voice as sharp as the scales on my skin. "You're nothing but a pathetic loser, hiding behind some twisted need for power. That's why you're here, isn't it?"

A second later, he vanished, reappearing in front of me faster than a lightning strike. But this time, I saw him. His movement wasn't a blur anymore; he was no longer untouchable. My eyes tracked him, every muscle coiling in preparation. With a surge, I launched myself upwards and twisted, landing a spinning kick directly under his jaw. The impact sent him crashing back into the stone, splitting the ground beneath him.

"You...!" he snarled, extricating himself from the rubble with rage blazing in his eyes. He vanished again, but it was pointless now. I could see him.

I dashed forward to meet him, matching his speed, and our fists collided in a bone-shaking explosion that tore through the air, sending violent gusts that shattered the nearby rock formations. He was powerful, true, but in this form, I was his equal. Yet time was not on my side—my power was finite. I had to end this, and fast.

"Thou thinkest such feeble strikes could best me?" he growled, his voice dripping with fury as he raised his fist to rain a barrage of blows. "This power shall crumble beneath my might!"

I met his punches with my own, blow for blow. The ground beneath us splintered as our fists pummeled each other, raw force echoing with each hit. But neither of us flinched—the scales cloaking our bodies were unbreakable shields, harder than any weapon we wielded.

"Fool!" he bellowed, a cruel grin breaking across his face. "Thou canst strike all thou wish, yet my scales shall remain unsullied! They are nigh indestructible!"

He might be right... but "nigh" didn't mean invincible. There had to be a weakness, a way to break through. As I grappled with him, a memory clawed its way to the surface. Sesillian's cursed sword. I knew what I needed.

It was time to wield that sword once more.

I stepped back from him, grasping the cursed sword tightly. The moment my fingers curled around its hilt, the sword lashed out, its dark essence clawing into my mind, seeking to corrupt me, to dominate me. But its power meant nothing to me now. I was beyond it, beyond him, and I was going to tame this weapon, not the other way around. I felt the sword strain, its malevolent will crashing against mine in desperate waves, but in the end, its defiance crumbled. The sword surrendered, reshaping itself in my grip, the hilt transforming with scales that pulsed and throbbed with the power now surging through me.

I leveled the blade at him, watching his golden eyes widen, a flicker of fear breaking through his rage. "F-Fool! Dost thou think such a trinket could sunder my scales?!"

I almost laughed at the shaky bravado—he was terrified, though he'd never admit it. "Do you really think you're untouchable just because you come from a higher realm?" I taunted, my voice laced with scorn. "You think you can play god here, that you're above us? If so, you're gravely mistaken. There's only one person here with that right." I raised the blade, its edge glinting, my grip steady. "And it isn't you."

"Y-you..." He fell silent, golden eyes darting as if searching for some answer he didn't possess.

Still standing there, huh? Thought you'd be running by now, tucking that tail like the coward you are. You really thought you'd conquer this world? You're nothing but a stepping stone on my path.

His face contorted with fury. "Thou art naught but an arrogant mortal, blind to thy place! I am thy God! Thou shalt bow before me and lick my feet!"

"I don't bow to those weaker than." My voice dripped with disdain, as cold and sharp as the sword in my grip. "You're not a god. You're a coward who picks on the weak to feel powerful. Pathetic."

His jaw clenched, teeth grinding audibly, his rage a palpable thing. Then, with a feral roar, he launched himself toward me, his scaled form streaking through the air.

"Bow to me, mortal!"

But this was already over. He just didn't know it yet.