

## The World 961

### Chapter 961: Battle On The Slave Market (3)

The Fifth Level.

It had a reputation among those who dealt with the slave market. They said it was the most secured area as well as the place where the market stored its worst secrets and its most dangerous locks, guarded by a being so powerful that people who spoke of it did so in half-phrases and lowered voices. I didn't know the truth of what it was, only that Han walked tight behind me, shoulders practically pressing into my back as if I were her shield. That small, protective closeness said more about the thing we were about to face than any rumor could.

"You know, Leon, I think what you're doing is admirable." Han's voice cut through the stale air—quiet, casual, but with a weight to it that made me look over my shoulder.

"What is?" I asked, keeping my steps slow so as not to draw attention.

"What you're doing. Specifically, what you're trying to do." Her words were simple, but they carried this odd, assessing tone—as if she were trying to fit my actions into a shape she could understand.

For a second I had no idea what she meant. My head was full of angles and plans and the cold metal of doors we still had to get through.

"Although I won't go as far as to call what you're doing morally right or just," she continued, "I still think it's admirable. I mean, you're helping these slaves escape their fates of being locked here, right? Because in the long run, that could actually make a difference."

It wasn't a speech—just an observation. Still, it landed somewhere inside me. She wasn't wrong. I'd agreed to this because Artemis had asked, sure, and because it was her final requirement for domination. And yes—because there was the practical, unmistakable benefit of gaining women. That last part made my stomach tighten with something that wasn't strictly noble.

It really wasn't a clean, heroic motive. I knew that. But when you're already knee-deep in mud, you stop worrying about how pretty the path looks; you worry about whether it gets you out. Momentum

mattered more than labels. Han seemed to sense that, and after a beat she added, "But still—even if it's not exactly a moral thing to do, I find it admirable in its own way."

We moved on, the corridor narrowing as we went. The deeper levels always felt like they took the daylight's memory and ground it down—on the third and fourth floors the light had been thin; here, on the fifth, it was darker still, but not so black that you couldn't see. The gloom hung like cloth. Every footstep echoed with a hollow, metallic ring, and the smell—metal, old sweat, oil—pressed against us like a visible thing.

"So, this is it, huh?" I muttered when we reached the heart of the level.

The cells here were different. Where the first floors had used cages—bars that you could almost think about squeezing through—these were fortified doors, cold and unyielding. Metal met metal with a finality that sent a little chill through my hands. These weren't cages; they were vaults.

"Yes." Han pointed. "That one."

She indicated a single door among the row. Up close it looked worse: thick, scarred metal with a slot of darkness for a window—if a window it could be called. My gut tightened.

"But uh, what the hell is that?" I asked, nodding toward the bulk pressed against the floor in front of the doorway.

"An ogre," she said, like she was naming a breed of dog.

"Ogre? That's the first I've ever seen one." The words came out flat, partly arrogance, partly discomfort.

Han's expression tilted into something like amusement and warning at once. "This one's pretty ferocious. If you're a woman, she'd tear you apart—literally—by the legs. If you're a man and she happens to fancy you, well... say goodbye to your hips. She'd crush them."

The image was grotesque and immediate. Not the kind of thing you wanted to picture while standing still. So she'd forcefully have sex with me? And fuck me to death? My confidence in my own body was

solid—until I compared it to that. Even the strongest woman I could think of seemed puny beside whatever mass lay there.

"Hehehe, Leon, are you scared?" Han teased, voice low. "Oh, and by the way, rumor has it she's still a virgin. Every time she gets a male for herself, the poor guy dies before anything even happens. So maybe she's saving herself for you."

"There's no way," I muttered, half a denial and half a prayer. I'd had more than my fill of overly muscular women; this thing didn't even feel like the same category. Calling it a woman at all felt wrong.

We stood there for a long breath, just the two of us and the ogre's heavy, uneven breathing. It was sleeping now, a deep, thunderous slumber that made the floor reverberate. It would have been easy—too easy—to murder it in its sleep. But there was a problem: the ogre's bulk blocked the door. Killing it where it lay would leave a carcass across our path. To pass, I'd have to wake it.

"Be careful, Leon," Han warned. "Her body's like steel. If you underestimate her, you'll get crushed, and I'll end up ripped apart right after since I'm a woman."

Her voice was flat but the warning tugged at the back of my neck. The thing's presence felt like pressure—solid and cold—making air feel thicker around it. You don't fight that sort of thing without paying for the cost.

"Well then..." I exhaled, letting the breath fog out in the dim light. "Can you cast a spell on her, Han?"

"Why? You can just kill her while she's sleeping, you know," she said, eyebrows lifting like she couldn't believe I was hesitating.

"I know scum deserve to die without knowing how they died," I replied, surprising myself with the half-joke, "but I'm gentleman enough to give a lady a proper death. Even if she doesn't look much like one."

Han rolled her eyes like she'd heard stranger excuses, but she didn't argue. "You've got a weird sense of honor," she said. "Whatever. Here I come."

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She drew mana like a smoking scent—dark, concentrated magic coiling at her fingertips until it looked like shadows wrapped in glass. Han released it in a single, jagged burst aimed straight at the ogre. The blast hit the creature's bulk with enough force to have split a lesser thing in two. Yet the ogre barely stirred—the skin took the blow as if it were a light breeze. No mark, no smoke, nothing. I felt Han's power recoil against something implacable.

"Grr..." The sound crawled up from the beast's throat as it rolled, shifting its massive weight. Its eyes opened—pale and slow at first, then suddenly sharp, focusing on Han before moving to rest on me.

The air changed. It was like walking into a room that had suddenly lost half its oxygen; breathing felt slightly harder, as if her presence compressed the space around us.

"Graaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!" The creature's roar exploded, a raw, animal sound that rattled the metal and set dust motes spinning in the shaft of light.

"Uh oh, I think she's pissed that we woke her up," Han said, the humor gone from her voice now replaced by a new edge.

"Yeah, no kidding," I replied.

She looked at me—those monstrous, yellowish eyes glimmering with a faint feral glow—and then, without hesitation, she dashed forward.

The ground cracked beneath her feet, stone fragments scattering with every thunderous step. The air rippled from the pressure of her movement alone. I could feel it—the killing intent. It wasn't subtle or restrained. It was pure, unfiltered instinct. She wanted to crush me. To feel my bones shatter under her fists.

And for someone her size, she was fast. Unnaturally fast.

Still, I was faster.

When she swung her massive fist toward me, the wind it carried sliced across my cheek like a blade. The punch missed me by a hair's breadth, but even the shockwave alone sent my hair flying back and made my chest tighten. I twisted my body to use that momentum, feet skidding across the dusty floor, and with one swift motion, I pulled Ayuru across her arm, aiming to carve straight through.

Sparks burst in my face.

"What the—?"

The blade stopped. Dead.

She didn't dodge. She didn't block with a weapon. She simply flexed—her muscles hardening like steel—and Ayuru met resistance so dense it vibrated down to my wrist.

What the hell was she made of? Metal? No... not even metal could stop Ayuru when it was reinforced with mana. My grip trembled slightly as I pulled back. The edge hadn't even made a mark.

I didn't use much mana that time since I thought I was cutting flesh, but even then... flesh wasn't supposed to feel like a goddamn wall.

Her head tilted down toward me, a growl rolling through her chest.

I stepped back right as her fist came down again. The floor exploded beneath the impact, fragments of rock flying up as if a bomb had gone off. I shielded my face with my arm, coughing through the dust.

"She's not just strong..." I muttered. "She's built like a fortress."

I darted left, circling her. The ogre tracked my every step, her eyes locked on me, filled with that same furious hunger. She slammed her fists down again, each strike echoing like thunder, each one missing by inches as I kept weaving between them.

Han, standing by the corner of the hall, watched with her arms crossed. "Leon, what the hell are you doing? You're just dodging her attacks."

"Yeah, I know." I said between dodges. "I'm testing something."

The ogre roared again and charged. I barely managed to sidestep before her massive shoulder smashed into the wall, crushing the stone as if it were made of clay. Dust fell like rain, and I used that moment to jump back, keeping distance.

My lungs burned a little, but I was fine. I wasn't fighting seriously yet—I was watching, studying, and calculating.

Her fighting style was pure aggression. There was no technique, no form, just destructive instinct. But the terrifying part was that her sheer physical power made that instinct effective. Every swing had enough force to turn a man into a puddle.

She turned, glaring at me, veins pulsing across her arms like molten iron beneath her skin. The magic inside her body was insane.

"Grrraahhhh!"

She lunged again. This time, she grabbed a chunk of broken stone the size of a horse and threw it at me. I ducked low, the rock crashing behind me and scattering debris like shrapnel. The wind from the impact almost lifted me off the ground.

"Han," I said with a smile. "Stay back, no matter what."

"As if I need you to tell me that," she said.

The ogre's next blow came faster than I expected. I twisted to block it with Ayuru, channeling mana this time—black blue light coursed through the blade, humming with sharp intensity.

Her fist collided with the flat of the blade, and the resulting shockwave sent both of us sliding backward. My boots scraped against the floor, leaving trails of dust behind, and my arm felt like it had been slammed by a hammer.

"She's ridiculous..." I muttered, flexing my wrist. "Even the mana reinforcement barely softened the impact."

The ogre grinned—actually grinned—as if enjoying herself. The corners of her lips curled upward, sharp fangs glinting under the dim light. She even licked her lips. It looked like she saw me as a potential mate.

She lunged again.

I ducked, letting her fist graze past me, and then kicked off the ground to leap onto her arm. For a split second, I stood on her forearm, staring right at her wild eyes.

"Sorry, big girl," I whispered. "I'm not losing to someone like you."

I swung Ayuru straight down toward her neck—this time coated with enough mana to slice through a boulder.

The blade hit.

Another explosion of sparks.

The steel-like skin held.

"What the hell..." I smiled wryly as I jumped back before she could swat me like a fly.

The impact of her missed strike shook the floor again, the echo of it running up my legs like a tremor. Her body was trembling slightly now, her rage building with every failed attempt to hit me. The mana around her was becoming unstable, flaring up like red flames that licked her skin.

So she was enhancing herself too. That explained the steel-like defense. Her entire body was reinforced with mana, constantly circulating through her muscles, strengthening her flesh beyond its limits.

"Guess I can't hold back much longer," I muttered.

But still... I wanted to see more.

I wanted to know her limits.

Because the way she moved—it wasn't wild anymore. She was starting to adapt, reading my rhythm. The beast had instinct, and instinct could evolve quickly when pushed. That was dangerous. And I liked it. I want her. Not as a potential harem member. But as someone who could be useful to me.

She came again, faster, her fist slamming toward my chest. I twisted my body sideways, letting it brush past my ribs, and countered with a kick to her jaw. It barely made her flinch, but the impact gave me a moment to breathe.

"Damn, you're durable," I said, shaking my leg. "And here I thought I'd fought enough monsters to know what tough means."

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The ogre slammed her massive fists against her chest, each thud echoing like thunder, shaking dust loose from the ceiling. Then, with a primal roar that vibrated through my bones, she bent her knees and launched herself upward in a sudden burst of monstrous strength.

The ceiling cracked, chunks of debris raining down as if the whole place was about to collapse.

My eyes widened. "She can jump!?"

Before I could even blink, her gigantic frame came crashing down from above like a boulder hurled by a god. I rolled to the side just in time as the ground exploded beneath her, the impact rattling the walls. The shockwave alone nearly threw me off balance, and when the dust cleared, a massive crater spread beneath her feet. If anyone normal had been caught in that, they'd be nothing but paste right now.



I exhaled slowly, brushing my hair out of my face and raising Ayuru once again. "Alright... I think I've seen enough."

From behind, Han's voice rang out, playful but steady. "Leon! Don't tell me you were just toying with her this whole time?" Her tone wasn't surprised—more like she had already expected it from me.

I let out a smirk, tapping the dust off my coat as if nothing happened. "Well, I had to see what she was capable of first. Would've been rude to end it too fast, don't you think?"

The ogre let out a guttural snarl, her breath coming out in deep, furious bursts. Her crimson eyes blazed like molten iron, locking onto me with animalistic rage.

"Now then..." I whispered, tightening my grip around Ayuru's hilt. Mana surged violently through the blade, lighting it up with a radiant, flickering glow. The air shimmered and cracked with energy, the ground beneath my feet humming like it was alive. "Let's see if that thick skin of yours can handle the real thing."

Her roar this time was deafening—raw fury unleashed. The entire hall quaked as she charged straight toward me, the ground splintering under her monstrous feet.

But this time, I didn't step back.

I moved forward.

I let my mana explode, pouring everything I had into Ayuru. The weapon pulsed like it was breathing, responding to my will. The world slowed down around me for a split second—her motion, her expression, everything blurred. Then I moved, faster than she could even comprehend.

The ogre's head darted side to side, confusion written all over her face. Her eyes widened, realizing too late that I was no longer in front of her.

And then she saw something—my knee—filling her vision.

Before she could react, my knee collided with her face with bone-crunching force.

"Guaaaahhhh!"

Her roar turned into a pained scream as her body jerked back. She clutched her nose, groaning. There wasn't any blood, but the pain alone was enough to make her stumble.

When she lifted her head again, I could see it—the anger in her eyes, burning hotter than before.

"Come now, big girl," I said with a smirk. "If you want to fuck me, then come and get me."

If she really wanted to fuck me, she'd have to work for it. No freebies.

"RAGHHHHHHHHH!" she screamed, her whole body trembling with rage as she lunged forward again. She was fast, surprisingly fast for her size—like a mountain moving on legs.

But I was faster.

I leapt to the side, feeling the wind of her punch graze my coat. Her massive fist slammed into the ground, creating another crater where I had just stood. Dust exploded into the air, but when it cleared, I was already gone.

"Hrhhh?" she grunted, her eyes darting around in confusion.

I was behind her.

Her head twisted slowly as she realized it, and the look she gave me was priceless—a mix of disbelief and fear. It was like she had never faced someone who could actually outmatch her strength.

"Rggghhhhhhhh!"

She roared again and threw another punch, but I had already sidestepped, driving my fist hard into her ribs.

"Grrhhh..."

That one made her grunt in pain. Her body flinched, just slightly, but it was enough.

She swung back, her massive hand cutting through the air, but I dodged again, slipped behind her, and hit her once more—another clean punch to her side.

"Graaaa...!"

Her knees buckled. I could see the pain twisting her expression as she dropped to one knee.

I didn't hesitate. Twisting my hips, I spun around and delivered a solid kick straight to the side of her head.

The impact was heavy—a dull thud followed by the sound of concrete shattering. She flew sideways, crashing headfirst into the floor. Cracks spiderwebbed beneath her as dust and debris filled the air.

When it finally settled, she wasn't moving. Her mouth hung open, and her eyes were rolled completely white. She wasn't dead—her body was too tough for that—but she was out cold.

Han let out a low whistle. "I wouldn't have expected that to be easy. As expected, you're pretty strong, Leon." Her lips curved into a teasing smile. "So... is she your type? You keeping her alive for a reason?"

I gave her a look. "Nah. And by the way, what makes you think I've got the gal to fuck her?"

Though, honestly... from this angle, I couldn't help but notice—she did have a shape. Especially that ass. But still, she was way too big for me.

Han chuckled softly. "I don't know. She's cute too, though. Just... big."

I sighed, brushing a bit of dust from my shoulder. "Well, if you say so. But I'll pass."

Turning toward the steel door at the far end of the room, I nodded. "Now then, we should move on to our target."

That was the door leading to the mermaid Han had mentioned. Time to see if she was telling the truth.

I raised Ayuru and swung it downward. The blade sliced through the metal door like it was butter, the sound sharp and clean. A heartbeat later, the heavy door collapsed in two, slamming onto the ground.

Water reflected dim light from inside the room.

And there she was.

"Well," I said, glancing at Han with a faint grin, "I guess you really were telling the truth."

Inside the large glass tub, surrounded by rippling water, was a mermaid and she was real and breathing.

#### Chapter 964: Battle On The Slave Market (6)

The mermaid looked at me with eyes that trembled between fear and confusion. Her delicate wrists were tightly bound with coarse rope, the fibers digging faintly into her pale blue skin. A metallic collar clung around her neck, chained to the wall behind the marble tub where she was half-submerged. Her tail — shimmering with a spectrum of deep ocean blues and soft silver — flicked faintly beneath the water, stirring small ripples that glistened in the dim light. The faint echo of dripping water made the whole room feel eerily silent.

"Hello," Han greeted softly, her voice gentle, almost like she was talking to a frightened child. "Are you doing well?" she asked, smiling faintly.

The mermaid's eyes darted toward her. For a split second, the tension in her expression melted away — the fear retreating, replaced by something calmer, almost familiar.

"Did the two of you know each other?" I asked, glancing at Han curiously.

Han tilted her head a bit and smiled. "Well, we saw each other for a bit before we were locked in our rooms. But that was pretty much it," she said with a casual shrug.

I turned my attention back to the mermaid. Her body tensed slightly, and she flinched the moment our eyes met. There was still that wariness in her gaze, as though she expected me to harm her at any second.

"I'm Leon," I said, keeping my tone calm and steady. "I don't think your kingdom knows about this yet, but I'm the owner of Leonamon. May I ask what your name is?"

The mermaid blinked, as though processing my words. Her breathing steadied a little, though uncertainty still lingered in her eyes. The fear, however, began to fade.

"L-Leonamon...?" she asked softly. She said it that I couldn't even hear her voice properly. She must have been quite hoarse for not having to talk to anyone after such a long time.

"Yes," I replied with a small nod. "I'm the owner of that company."

For a moment, she just stared at me in silence. Then, without saying anything, she turned her head toward something at her side. Following her gaze, I noticed a small pouch resting near the edge of the tub.

"Do you want me to get that for you?" I asked.

The mermaid hesitated, then nodded slowly.

I reached for the pouch and started walking toward her — but the closer I got, the more she began to panic. Her tail flinched under the water, sending droplets splashing lightly onto the floor.

"Huh?" I muttered, freezing for a moment. She wanted me to grab it, didn't she? Then why was she reacting like that?

"Here, let me handle it, Leon," Han said quickly, stepping in. "You're more comfortable that way, right?" she asked the mermaid gently.

The mermaid's lips parted slightly, but she didn't speak — she just nodded again, eyes trembling.

Han slowly approached her, careful not to make any sudden moves. Unlike me, the mermaid didn't freak out this time. Han picked up the pouch and handed it over, earning a faint sigh of relief from her.

The mermaid carefully opened it and reached inside. When she finally pulled something out, I blinked in surprise. My eyes widened. It was a smartphone... a Leonamon smartphone, unmistakably one of mine.

"I..." she started to say, but that single syllable hit me harder than I expected.

Her voice which was soft, fluid, and melodic sent a strange chill through my body. It was dangerously enchanting, like the gentle hum of waves mixed with something unearthly sweet. Just from hearing her speak, I felt... seduced. My mind wavered for a moment before I caught myself.

So it was true — mermaids could seduce men with their voices. I'd heard that their songs could draw even the bravest sailors to their deaths, pulling them under the sea. Their voice wasn't just beautiful. It was a weapon as they were very deadly and irresistible.

The mermaid leaned closer to Han, whispering something into her ear, her lips barely moving. Han nodded quietly and turned to me.

"I don't think you should talk to her directly," Han said seriously. "If you don't want to get hypnotized by her voice, it's better that I act as your translator for now."

"Ah... alright," I said, letting out a breath. That made sense. One wrong word from her could probably scramble my head.

Han held up the smartphone and continued, "She told me that the reason she was captured by the slavers was because of this. She got curious about it — wanted to know what it was. She admits her ignorance and curiosity were what led her into this situation."

I crossed my arms, glancing at the device. Curiosity, huh? That made sense. When you're stuck in one world for so long, and something new falls into your hands... it's only natural to want to know more. Still, it was a dangerous kind of curiosity.

Han listened again as the mermaid spoke in hushed tones, then relayed her words to me. "Apparently, she found this strange piece of technology among the belongings of a human victim — one who'd been attacked by mermaids. She wanted to understand it, so she left her kingdom to find answers. Unfortunately, that's when she was captured."

"I see," I said quietly. "Curiosity really can be dangerous sometimes."

Still, it was kind of strange, almost amusing, that all this happened because of something my company made. The world really was small.

Han smiled faintly and looked at me. "Oh, and it turns out I was right, Leon," she said. "She's royalty. The second princess of the Mermaid Kingdom — Serune Kalriss."

A princess, huh? That was... unexpected. A mermaid of royal blood — that meant she might be important enough to shake things up. This trip to the Empire was turning out to be more rewarding than I'd thought. Not only did I get a mermaid, but one with real influence. Han herself was proving to be quite interesting, too. And judging by the women locked up in the cages nearby, each of them seemed to have some kind of special skill worth keeping an eye on.

Honestly, I didn't expect to gain this much potential power here. Maybe my luck really was turning around. After all the chaos I'd been through, it finally felt like things were stacking in my favor.

And now... after what felt like ages, I'd finally conquered Artemis.

A glowing blue screen appeared before my eyes, displaying a list of completed requirements. Every bar was filled. Artemis was fully conquered. Her abilities could now be enhanced with it upgraded into something stronger.

All the missions across this country had gone smoothly. Not a single failure. Everything had gone exactly as planned, maybe even better than I'd hoped.

With this, I'd hit another milestone — the domination of ten women in total.

I exhaled slowly, leaning back as a faint smirk crept across my face. "Guess it's about time for another visit from Lilith," I muttered to myself.

But that... would have to wait for another day.

#### Chapter 965: Epilogue 18 - Country Of Elves (1)

The news spread like wildfire across the lands—Rodonia, the mighty empire, had been struck in silence. There was no warning as well as no trace of the attackers. Just devastation left in the wake of their mysterious raid. A group had moved through the shadows of the capital, freeing countless souls who had spent years in chains. The slaves were released, the prostitutes unshackled from their misery, and for the first time in decades, the cries heard in the streets were not of pain, but of freedom.

No one could explain how it happened. The empire had just finished celebrating one of its grandest festivals—a night filled with lights, music, and drunken laughter. Yet, by dawn, the laughter turned into disbelief. The biggest slave market in the empire, along with numerous prostitution dens, had been attacked and destroyed. Chains lay scattered on the ground, cages left wide open, and the city guards found dead or missing. The streets that once smelled of perfume and blood now reeked of smoke and chaos.



Lord Cross, the noble infamous for his cruelty, was found dead in his own manor. The sight was grotesque—he was tied to the roof of his mansion with his pants down, his limp body dangling with his dick exposed for everyone to see. The servants and guards had vanished; not even a single soul was left behind. The man who once believed himself untouchable had died like an animal, humiliated before the entire capital.

At the slave market, the owner—once arrogant and smug—was now on his knees, trembling as he stared at the ruins of his life's "work." Every single one of his slaves had been set free. His prized guard, a beastly man captured from the Demonic Forest who once tore through gladiators like paper, had vanished too. His bodyguards lay lifeless, their blood soaking the dirt. The man could only cry, screaming in disbelief, his tears mixing with the dust.

No one knew who did it. The attack had been too perfect, too silent, too calculated. Not even the imperial knights could find a lead. Whoever orchestrated it knew Rodonia's system inside out—their movements, patrol routes, the timing of the festival—all of it. It was flawless. By the time the empire realized something had happened, it was already far too late.

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Days later, we finally completed the relocation of all the freed slaves to the Kingdom of Elves. The once broken elves—those who had been beaten, used, and stripped of their dignity—were beginning to walk again under the open sky. Some still flinched at loud noises, others stared blankly at the horizon, as if unsure whether freedom was even real. But little by little, they were starting to live again.

"Well, it's only natural they're like this," Artemis said quietly beside me, her gaze fixed on the elves. "After years of being enslaved, you don't just heal overnight. These aren't wounds you can see. They're the kind that stick inside, eating away at you. It might take weeks, months... maybe even forever before they recover."

I nodded slightly, squeezing her hand. "Yeah. The only thing we can do now is give them time... and hope they find their way again."

We stood together on a small hill overlooking the newly built settlement. The air smelled of fresh wood and grass, the sound of hammers echoing as the elves built their homes. Some were planting crops, others were helping the children laugh again. It was peaceful—fragile, but real.

"I think we've finally done it," I said quietly. "The thing we've been trying to achieve for so long."

Artemis smiled, her golden hair brushing against my shoulder as the wind blew. "Now the Elven Kingdom can finally rise again. It'll become what it once was—beautiful, proud, and free."

"Yeah," I said. "The country of elves will finally return to what it was meant to be."

She turned to me, her eyes soft but full of emotion. "It's all because of you, Leon. If it weren't for you, none of this would've been possible. I'm glad I met you. I'm glad I trusted you with everything. So... would you let me stay by your side? To help you on your conquest?"

I looked at her for a moment before smiling faintly. "If that's what you want..."

My hand slid to the back of her neck, pulling her gently toward me. Our lips met—soft at first, then deeper, hotter, our breaths mixing as the world around us faded. Her warmth, her scent, her heartbeat—it all blended into one.

I guided her down onto the bed, her clothes falling piece by piece as I leaned over her. "Then I'll take you," I murmured against her ear, "into my conquest."

My lips trailed down her neck, slow and deliberate, tasting her skin as I licked along her collarbone. Her body trembled under me. Then I began sucking at her neck, harder, hungrier, leaving a mark—a hickey that would burn for days.

"Ahhh... Leon, you're sucking so hard... Are you trying to make a mark that'll never fade?" she whispered breathlessly.

"That's the idea. You don't like it?"

She shook her head, smiling through her blush. "No... do it harder. Leave it there forever. I'm yours now, right?"

She was. Completely mine. The chains that once bound her people were gone, and in their place was freedom. She had given herself to me, body and soul.

Just as I was about to continue, a knock suddenly came from the door.

We both froze and turned toward it.

"Oh my, you two didn't even bother locking the door. Or even closing it. Are you that careless—or are you doing this on purpose?"

It was Solaris, leaning against the doorframe with that teasing smirk of hers.

"Well," I said with a grin, "we were kind of hoping someone might join. I mean, this is a celebration, right? We freed the elven slaves, rebuilt their home—it's only fair that more of us celebrate."

"You're unbelievable, Leon," Solaris said, shaking her head but smiling anyway. "But fine. I'm done with my duties for the day. Time to relieve a bit of stress."

She began undressing slowly, her tone playful and sultry. "Oh, and by the way—someone else decided to come along."

A figure stepped timidly from behind her, her face flushed, eyes avoiding mine. It was Clarett—the only elder elf I hadn't fucked yet.

## Chapter 966: Epilogue 18 - Country Of Elves (2)

Clarett was the strategist of the elves—a woman whose intelligence had been proven time and time again, especially during the mission to rescue the elven slaves. Her mind worked like a finely tuned machine, always analyzing, revising, and adapting every single plan we made. Whenever something unexpected came up, she'd immediately spot it, tweak the strategy, and make sure everything stayed on course.

She wasn't just clever—she was meticulous. Calculated. The kind of woman who'd map out the stars if it meant giving her people a better chance at survival.

But among all that brilliance, there was something I hadn't experienced with her yet.

She was the only one I hadn't been able to fuck during that wild reverse gangbang with the elder elves back in the Empire. At the time, she hadn't been there—she was in the elven kingdom with me, helping to plan everything. And now that she was finally here, I could tell from her eyes what she wanted.

"L-Lord Leon, c-can I...?" Her voice trembled as she spoke, her face red, her breathing uneven. "I... I've masturbated while looking at you from afar. I thought it was wrong at first. I didn't want to have sex, but I couldn't stop wanting you. I kept it bottled up, telling myself it was just a fleeting desire... but when I found out the others had sex with you back in the Empire, I couldn't take it anymore! It was unfair—so unfair! I was the first one who felt something for you, and yet I was the only one who didn't get to have you! I-It's frustrating! I-I want to do it with you too! Please... make me your woman!"

Her words came out in bursts, shaky and desperate. The usually calm and composed Clarett now looked like a completely different person—her rational mask shattered. Her wide, intelligent eyes burned with a feverish desire, and even her body trembled slightly as if fighting the urge to throw herself at me right then and there.

This big-breasted, intelligent beauty was now looking at me like a starving predator staring down her prey. And honestly, who in their right mind would refuse her when she was basically offering herself up?

"Well," I said with a half-smile, leaning back slightly, "I guess that's something we can't really help, can we?"

Solaris chuckled beside me, a mischievous spark lighting up her golden eyes. "Fufufufu... Then, I suppose you don't mind having two more people in this little session, Artemis?"

"I don't mind at all," Artemis said softly, her tone surprisingly playful. "Actually, I think it'll make things even better. This is a party, after all... and Leon doesn't exactly look like the type who can't handle a few more."

"That's what she said," Solaris teased, glancing over at Clarett with a grin. "Oh, and Leon—just a heads up, she's a virgin when it comes to men. So, be gentle, 'kay?"

If she was a virgin, then of course I wasn't going to go all out right away. I wasn't that much of a beast.

"Now then," Solaris purred, stretching as she lay down on the bed beside Artemis, "I guess it's time for you to eat us out."

Clarett hesitated for a moment, then began undressing. Her elegant movements carried a mix of nervousness and eagerness, her pale skin glowing faintly under the soft light. When she finally lay down next to Solaris and Artemis, the sight was... breathtaking.

The contrast between them was striking—Solaris with her voluptuous figure, Artemis small and delicate, and Clarett with her tall, curvy form. It almost looked like Artemis was being embraced, trapped between two alluring goddesses of temptation.

"So, Leon," Solaris asked, her eyes glinting with anticipation, "which one are you going to eat out first?"

I already knew the answer. Artemis had been the one I started with before Solaris and Clarett joined, so naturally, she'd go first.

"Spread your legs, Artemis," I said, my voice low but commanding. "I want to see your vagina."

"Okay..." she murmured, her voice trembling slightly but without hesitation.

Her embarrassment had completely melted away. She spread her legs, exposing her glistening, wet pussy to me. The scent that hit me was raw and intoxicating—a thick, womanly smell that sent a pulse of desire straight to my cock. It wasn't just arousal; it was something primal, addictive.

I leaned down, placing my hands on her thighs, and then my tongue met her soft folds.

"Ahhh...~" she moaned immediately, her hips twitching as her voice broke into a shiver.

I slid my tongue deeper inside, swirling it slowly around her inner walls before pulling back and focusing on her clit. My tongue flicked against it rhythmically, and I slipped a finger inside her, thrusting gently in and out.

"Ahhh, n-no, Leon... D-Don't make me cum just from your tongue... Make me cum with your dick, please...~"

"Fufufufu... Artemis is really feeling good, isn't she?" Solaris said, her tone dripping with amusement as she watched.

"Oh wow... She must be feeling so good. Look at that expression... I want to make that face too," Clarett said softly, her jealousy mixing with desire.

Solaris gave a knowing smirk. "Don't worry. You'll get to make that face soon enough."

I continued eating Artemis out, my tongue and fingers moving faster, deeper. I knew her body well by now, knew exactly where to touch and how to move to make her melt.

"Ahhh, L-Leon, I'm going to... I'm going to cummm~!"

She was right on the edge. I quickened my pace, curling my fingers inside her, hitting that sensitive spot until her entire body tensed.

Then, she broke.

Solaris and Clarett grabbed her hands just as her back arched and her voice filled the room.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... nnnnghhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Her body shook violently as waves of pleasure coursed through her. Solaris looked at her face, smiling softly. "Wow... her cumming face is really beautiful."

I pulled back, my mouth glistening with her juices. Grabbing a towel, I wiped my face, then licked my fingers clean, savoring her taste one last time.

Now then... it was time.

My cock was rock-hard, pressing painfully against my pants. The tension in my body was unbearable—I needed to be inside her already.

I positioned myself over her, feeling her warmth against me. My cock pressed against her wet entrance, and then, slowly, I pushed in.

"Nghhhh... nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!" she gasped, her voice breaking as her pussy tightened around me instantly, her body trembling from the shock of pleasure.

And from there... I started fucking her.

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I grabbed Artemis's hips and began thrusting, driving into her with a steady, unforgiving rhythm. My hips slammed against her crotch again and again, an animal cadence that left no space for anything but the collision of our bodies.

"Annnghh, ahh... ah, ah, ahhh...!"

Her moans spilled out breathless and sweet, quivering with every impact as her body rocked in time with mine. Each time I pushed in, her pussy tightened around my cock, those clenches were little shocks that ran up my spine and kept me locked into the motion. The wet, sloppy slaps of skin meeting skin filled the room, a raw soundtrack that swallowed the world outside. The rhythm built and built until it felt like a living thing, an addictive pulse that numbed thought and pulled everything into the blind center of sensation.

"Fufufufu... she looks absolutely adorable...~ I just want to kiss you...~!" Solaris said with a playful grin, then pressed her lips to Artemis's.

The two of them melted together in a heated, messy kiss. It was very hard and hungry. Their lips collided and slipped, tongues tangling in a frantic, wet ballet. The lewd sounds of their mouths devouring each other were blatant and intimate, and the sight of it made my cock twitch harder still inside Artemis. Watching them kiss like that—moaning into each other, so unabashed, and more so because they are mother and daughter—added friction to the air as well as another layer of heat that made the moment feel obscene and holy at once.

Clarett who was laying beside them was eyes glazed and entranced. Her gaze darted between us like a moth trapped in a candlelight, flickers of jealousy and want playing across her face. When I glanced over properly I saw her crotch glistening and her pussy was leaking, unmistakably wet. The sheets beneath her had already darkened with her juices, a telltale, slick puddle that made the scene somehow more intimate and more obscene.

Clarett was ridiculously erotic in a way that cut straight to something primitive inside me. She was curvy, heavy-breasted, thighs soft and real. She wasn't the slim, angular type Artemis was—those gentle, lived curves made her feel warm and possible, the kind of body that invited hands and claiming. I liked the way her hips held weight. It made her feel alive under my touch.

"Nghhh, ahhhnggh, ah, ahhh...~ Nmmmchuuu... nnn..., hhngghh, nngghh...~"

Artemis's moans built higher as I fucked her, relentless and deep. Each thrust drove me in so far I could feel the hard rim of her cervix, a sharp, dizzying contact that drew breathless gasps from both of us. Her whole body shuddered under me—shoulders, ribs, the subtle trembling of her calves—every part answering to the motion. Solaris's mouth never left hers and their tongues slid together in a sticky, greedy dance that made the air taste of sex.

Unable to stay still any longer, Clarett reached between her legs and began touching herself. Her fingers slid, greedy and quick, parting her slick folds and circling the small, sensitive bud of her clit. The sound—skin against skin, fingers tracing through wetness—was loud in the room, ragged and shameless, and it braided itself into the thick smell of sex that saturated everything.

I decided to play with her a little. Without breaking my pace with Artemis I stretched my arm toward Clarett and rested my hand on her thigh. She flinched from the unexpected contact, startled, then slowly spread her legs wider like an offering. I slipped my fingers between her folds and fed them inside, the thickness of my digits a new, broad pressure for her.

"Nghhh, ahhh...!"



Her eyes opened wide, mouth parting as the unfamiliar fullness hit. She must've only known her own fingers or other women's—feeling my larger hand inside her was a different geography. She hadn't even felt my cock yet, and already her reaction said everything I needed to know.

"Nghhh, ahhhnnnn... ah, ahhh...~"

Artemis finally broke from Solaris's mouth, both of them panting, faces flushed and glossy with spit. They stared at each other with raw hunger in their eyes—lips still wet—while I kept driving into Artemis without missing a beat.

"Nnghhh, nnn, nnhghh, ahhh, ah, ah, ah, ahhhh, ah, ahnghhh, ahhh...!"

Her moans climbed into something keening and electric. Her pussy squeezed and gushed, juices slicking the air and the sheets, the sound of our bodies becoming a wet, urgent percussion. She was teetering on the edge—every stroke tightened the coil inside her more.

"Ahh, ahh, ahhh, L-Leon, it feels so good...~ Ahhhnnghh, ah, ahhh, ah, hahhhhhnghhhhh!~!!!! Ahhh, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhh...!"

Her hips bucked unpredictably, losing control as pleasure rolled through her. I grabbed her tighter at the waist and the pressure built inside my own body, a slow, lethal winding that curled down to my cock.

"Nhhghhh, ahhhghhh, ah, ah...~ C-Cum, Leon...~ Ahnghh, ahhh...! C-Cummmmm! I-I'm going to cum tooooooooooooooo!!!"

Desperation and bliss filled her voice with the expression on her face softened into something debauched and beautiful—half-lidded eyes, slack mouth, hands clinging like anchors. The sight of her so undone pushed me further.

"Nnn... Seeing Artemis's cumming face like this makes me want to cum too...~" Solaris said, breathlessly.

I gritted my teeth and shoved harder, my pelvis pistoning into Artemis as my other hand pumped into Clarett's dripping pussy. The friction of two places at once—one hand and my cock—made every nerve in me light up.

"Fuuu, nhghhh, nnn...~ Hnghhh, annnghhh, haaa...~"

Clarett's body convulsed. Her legs tightened around my wrist; her eyes fluttered with an almost frantic hunger. The motion made her whole form tremble like a stringed instrument struck too hard.

"Nnnghhh, nghhh, c-cumming...~"

Her moan fractured into a small, broken sound as she clutched my hand and arched her back so her pelvis lifted like a bow being strung.

"Hgnhh!!!"

Her orgasm slammed into her and it was fierce and abrupt. Her pussy clenched down around my fingers, hot and muscular, and warm fluids flooded my palm. I withdrew my hand, slick and sticky, then went straight back to gripping Artemis by the waist and driving into her with even more force.

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"L-Leon, c-cum...~ I'm cumming...~ P-Please, together...~ I want to cum... together...~"

Her eyes met mine—want and surrender mingled there—and that was the final spark. The dam broke.

"Nghhh!!!"

Artemis shuddered, and I pulled my cock free just as she hit the peak. Thick spurts of sperm erupted, painting her face with warm, white streaks. The sight of it—my release splattering across her skin—sent a heady, possessive thrill through me. Her tongue lolled out with her lashes fluttering as the aftershocks shook her body.

"Ah, such a waste...~" Solaris giggled, leaning forward with a sly appetite. She wrapped her lips around my cock and began to suck the remaining semen from me and it was slow and expert. Her mouth was warm and wet, tongue swirling in a way that made every nerve sing.

I groaned and bent back, hand finding the back of her head, letting her drain me like a straw. The sensation—sweet, wet, and complete—pushed me into a haze where nothing existed but the taste and the heat.

After a few moments she pulled back with her lips gleaming with gloss. She looked up at me with half-lidded eyes, dreamy and shameless, showing the thick pool of semen on her tongue before swallowing it slowly, demonstratively. Then she opened her mouth again, emptiness there like proof that she'd swallowed everything.

I took a deep breath, then shifted my gaze to her, letting the silence stretch for a second so the moment tasted heavier.

"Now then, I suppose it's time for you to choose your next meal," Solaris said, voice low and teasing, the kind that made the room seem colder just so her words could burn brighter. "I won't mind if I'm the last. After all, the last one would be the most delicious, isn't that right?" She flashed a lewd smile that carried a promise and a dare all at once.

Her words landed like a spark. I couldn't tell if she was seriously angling for me to taste Clarett next—if that had been the plan all along—but the invitation was there, plain as day. I was more than willing to take it.

"Now then, Clarett..." I said, keeping my voice steady as I looked at her—at the way her face was flushed, at the wild heat in her eyes. She was still breathless from earlier after I fingered her until she orgasmed. She'd already cummed when I'd been fingering her, and the tremor of that pleasure still lingered in her chest. The lust in her eyes, though, hadn't dimmed at all and it was a steady, hungry flame. "You're next. Are you sure you want me to do it?" I asked.

"Yeshhh...~ I love you, Lord Leon...~"

Her confession came out soft, almost stunned, and it surprised me. We hadn't shared much beyond glances and small moments, yet there it was—an offering. Maybe she had an old, quiet thing for me, the

kind she kept secret and fed on in private. She'd said she'd masturbated while watching me and maybe that explained some of it. Still, the words hit me in a place that made my chest pinch.

"Please, fuck me until my pussy takes your shape," she begged, eyes glassy and wild. The expression she wore was the most lewd I'd ever seen on her with her lips parted, tongue hanging, saliva thick and shining as it dribbled down. She spread her legs without shame with her every motion an invitation. Her pussy glistened and leaked, the folds twitching as if impatient to be filled. There was no pretense now. It was only raw want.

I didn't hesitate. When something that obvious and available is handed to you like this, hesitation is wasted chance. I rubbed my cock in front of her face, making sure she could see everything—the hardness, the sheen, as well as the promise.

"Give me your spit, Clarett," I told her, holding out my hand.

At first she blinked, unsure, but then she obeyed. Her tongue slid out, and a bead of saliva trailed from the corner of her mouth and fell onto my palm. The small, slightly embarrassed motion made her all the more gorgeous. I used that saliva to slick my cock, rubbing it until it gleamed and felt slick against my skin. There was no need for anything else other than this.

She was panting now, breaths short and wet, almost like an animal's. She tried to hide her face behind her hands, but through the fingers I could still see that crooked, lewd smile and the fire in her eyes. She was exposed, vulnerable, and begging for more.

I pressed my tip against her damp slit. Her entrance was warm and yielding and the softness swallowed the head of my cock like it had been waiting just for that moment. Then I pushed, setting my hips into motion and slipping myself as deep as I could. I felt the give of her walls as well as the wet suction wrapping me.

"Nghhhh...~ Ahhngghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

She screamed—half shock, half release—as I buried myself to the hilt. Her body didn't just receive me... it reacted. She came on the first thrust, waves of orgasm wrenching through her because my cock had hit the right place and had filled the right depth. Her voice shattered and sweetened in the dark.

"Ahhh, s-so this is sex with a male? Hnghhh, ahhhn, ahhh, ahhaa...~ haaa...~ I-It feels so good...~"

Muffled by her hands yet raw in feeling, her words trembled with an ecstasy she'd never known. Her hips bucked against me even as I gripped them. They were soft, almost sponge-like under my palms—and I began to move. In and out, a steady rhythm that matched the torching heat between us.

"Nhhnnnghhh, ahnhghh, hh, hhaaa...~ ngh, hggg...~ Hnnnghhh, hhhaaaa...~ ah, ah, ahhh...~"

Her moans braided with the sound of our bodies slapping and the wet, sticky hush of skin on skin. Her pussy tightened and relaxed around me, each contraction pulling me deeper, each shiver driving me to pound harder. She was loud and small and everything in between. She was utterly lost.

"It feels so good...~ L-Lord Leon, it feels good...~ M-Make a mess out of my vagina more...~ Aahhh, ahhh...~"

She begged for ruin and more of it, and how could I refuse? The sight of her—hands clawing, eyes glazed, mouth open in a raw little plea—was a pull on my gut. The thought that this was her first time with a man and she was melting like this only made the sensation sharper. Maybe it was her natural curves, maybe it was her desperation, maybe both. Whatever the reason, she gave me everything.

"Go on all fours," I ordered, slipping out of her slick heat.

She rolled without hesitation, like a trained animal or a woman so eager she didn't pause to think. Her ass rose—big, round, exactly as I'd pictured—exposed and ready. It was an ass that was good for childrearing. I want to impregnate her. I moved behind her, thumbs digging into the soft love handles as I lined myself up again. I rubbed my cock once, twice, felt it slick and hot in my hand, then slammed forward.

This time I didn't ease in. I pounded. I grabbed her love handles and drove, each thrust hard and fast, the impact echoing in the small room.

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"Nghhh, ahhhnghh, ah, ah, ahhhhn, ah, ah...~ Nghhh, hnnghh...~"

Her moans tore out of her chest, raw and ragged, as I drove into her again and again. Each slam of my cock sent a shock through both of us, the slick, hot slide in and out, the way her wetness smeared along my shaft... everything felt like a live wire. Her pussy was getting looser and slipperier by the second and the wet heat was clinging to me with every pull.

"Fufufufu, Clarett's cute too when she's getting fucked. She looks absolutely adorable," Solaris cooed, eyes fixed on Clarett's face.

From where I was, her expression was mostly hidden, but I could picture it. It was probably absolutely ruined and flushed, that debauched look that said she'd been dismantled and rebuilt in pleasure. It was the kind of face that made your chest tighten.

I rode that high, letting the rhythm build until it was like a tide I couldn't stop. Her vaginal walls clung to my shaft, sticky beads of her juices stretching and snapping as I pulled out. Every withdrawal left a thin, shimmering film that grabbed me back when I thrust forward.

"Nghh, ahhh...~ L-Lord Leon, it feels good...~ I'm going to cum...~ I-It feels good! Nghhh, nnnn...~" Clarett cried, teeth clenched, trying to keep herself from breaking too early. But her pussy kept tightening around me in little, desperate squeezes, like she wanted to wring me dry.

"You know, Leon, I've actually done a lot with Clarett before, so I definitely know where she likes it," Solaris said, sounding pleased with herself. She dipped a finger into her mouth, rolled it around to coat it in saliva, then drew it out... and the tip was now gleaming wet.

"Clarett specifically has a weak spot in her ass. So if you play with it nicely..." Solaris teased, and before Clarett could react, she slid that finger into Clarett's asshole.

"Fuaaah?! Ahhh...!" Clarett's whole body flinched, a gasp cutting through her moans.

"She'll react like that," Solaris observed, amusement dancing in her voice.

"You're right. She fucking started to tighten," I growled, feeling that new pressure lock around me. The surprise of it hit deep, and it was more intense, somehow, than the slick warmth of her pussy. That tight, reflexive clamp was like an extra layer of friction, firing sparks up my spine.

I gritted my teeth and didn't let up. I hammered into her harder and deeper, letting the new sensation build me toward the edge.

"You like this, Clarett?" Solaris asked, watching Clarett melt under the double assault with her finger in the asshole, my cock in her pussy and the way her breaths came ragged and shallow.

"Y-Yesh...~" Clarett managed, words slurring with pleasure. She couldn't do much more than surrender to the sensations exploding through her. Her body kept answering with it trembling, arching and her hands grabbing at the sheets... and I could feel my own limit approaching.

"Kuh... she's getting tighter and tighter!" I growled, each word punctuated by another hard thrust.

Her pussy contracted around me like a fist, a wet, hot vice. I felt it try to pull me inward, to drag me to release. My hands dug into her hips, nails scoring the warm skin as I readied myself to let go.

"Nghhhh...~ L-Lord Leon, I'm cumming...~ Nghhh...! Ah, ahhh, ah, ah ahhh...~" Clarett's scream shredded the air, a ruined, beautiful sound as orgasm ripped through her. Her whole body convulsed, thighs clamping, back arched, eyes wide and glossy.

"I'm going to cum too!" I shouted, faster now, the tension coiling tight in my gut. My movements turned shallow and urgent, and then the flood hit. It was hot and violent. My sperm erupted from me, filling her womb with thick, pulsing warmth.

"Nghhh! Ah, s-so hottttt...~ It feels good...~" Clarett wailed, voice breaking. Her eyes glazed, mouth slack, cheeks flushed as she made that ahegao expression. It was a completely fucked out, a mess of bliss expression.

"Ahhhhhh! I-It feels good...~ I-I can't... I can't get enough of this...~ Ahhh... I love this...~" she moaned, words turning thin as exhaustion folded her in. She slumped forward, chest heaving, breath coming in shallow pants.

I pulled out with a wet, popping sound. A few stubborn strings of sperm and love-juice clung between us, then snapped free. Then, a thick dollop of cum dripped from her entrance and plopped onto the sheet, forming a small, sticky pool that smelled like sex and heat.

"Fufufufu... Did that feel good, Leon?" Solaris asked, her tone teasing but satisfied.

You don't even need to ask. Fucking Clarett was everything. I mean her body was soft and thick in the best places and her skin was warm under my hands, the way she folded around me like she was made to be held while I fucked her. Solaris's question was almost rhetorical.

"She fucking feels good," I said honestly, voice husky. "To be honest, when I first came here I wanted to fuck her. She's got a cute face and a body that's thick in all the right places. I'm glad she let me have her like that."

"It's not just her... it's the whole kingdom. Everyone here belongs to you now. You're going to be king, right? It's only natural you claim them as yours," Solaris said, eyes half-lidded, voice low and honeyed.

Her words were tempting. I mean, the idea of unfettered access to everyone here, of taking what I wanted whenever I wanted it. But something inside me recoiled at the thought of mindless conquest without the slow sweet burn of getting to know someone first. The rush of conquest is different when it's earned.

"Now then, Leon, I suppose it's time for the main feast?" Solaris purred, looking at me like dessert she'd been saving.

Even after cumming, my cock was still thick and hard, aching insistently. The Elven Queen offering herself like that was an intoxicating thought and my mouth watered at the possibilities.

"Right then..." I said, letting the heat of the moment settle in. "I guess it's time for that."

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Solaris crushed my cock between the warm, heavy weight of her breasts.



"Do you like this, Leon?" she asked, eyes fixed on mine as she pumped her breasts up and down, the flesh sliding over my shaft in a steady, deliberate rhythm.

"Yes..." I breathed.

It was the only honest answer. The pressure and heat pressed into me like a living vice as well as every roll of her tits sent a shock through my pelvis. I tried not to groan—tried to keep my teeth clenched—but the pleasure was too sharp and too immediate. It had me curling my toes and forgetting everything but the sensation.

"These breasts have gotten bigger since I started having sex with you," Solaris said, casual and proud. "As expected of us elves—the more love we get, the more our bodies mature. It won't be long before Artemis grows into a body like this."

I didn't know exactly how elven physiology worked, but the image of Artemis blossoming into that kind of maturity lit something feral inside me. Thinking about shaping her, about making that change, made my chest tighten with a possessive thrill. It felt dirty and delicious all at once.

"Oh my, are you really that excited at the thought of my daughter matching my bust? Your cock just twitched between my breasts," she purred, voice teasing.

She kept working me—breasts sliding, squeezing, the skin slick and warm—while a wetness spread along my shaft. It wasn't just spit. No, there was a thicker tackiness that clung to me, a sensation that made me grind involuntarily. I tried to place the feeling. It was not quite saliva, not quite oil—something that stuck pleasantly, a little obscene.

"Fufufufu... It feels good, right?" she asked again, like she was confirming a hypothesis.

"Solaris, you're—" I started, but she cut me off.

"I don't know how it started, but... I'm lactating," she said, like it was nothing more than an odd fact.

Her words made sense when I noticed the milk mixing with her saliva and the slick on my cock. It was strange—lactation usually comes with pregnancy—but she didn't look pregnant. Odd or not, the milk only made the friction more decadent, adding a sticky, almost sugary layer that made every slide more intense.

"Nnn... For some reason, having my breasts pressed all around me makes me feel weird...~" she murmured, sounding both amused and curious. "I wonder how you taste with my essence on you."

Without hesitation, she stuck out her tongue and licked the tip of my cock that peeked through her cleavage. Her tongue was cool, wet, and expert—tracing the ridge, darting across the head, spreading saliva and milk together in a thin, slick film.

"Kuh...!" I choked out. It was an electric, impossibly good sensation—like someone had pressed a finger to the exact spot on a violin string and made it sing.

She hummed and made small wet noises as she moved. Her hands cradled the sides of my cock and guided her breasts to squeeze harder, forming a flesh tunnel that both trapped and teased me. Her tongue worked the most sensitive spots with maddening precision. She kissed and nibbled the tip, made light suctions that felt like tiny explosions down my spine.

"N... Nnmmmchu...~" she kissed the head, each little suction punctuating my nerves. I was balancing on the edge, the pressure building to a point where restraint was almost meaningless.

"I'm cumming, Solaris...!" I warned, voice thick.

Then I lost it. My semen shot free—hot and sudden—and splattered across her face, wetting her cheeks and trickling into the cleft of her chin.

"Ahh... So warmmm...~" she sighed, delighted, and licked up what she could. Her lips tasted like me and her milk all at once. She looked up at me with that same naughty grin, mouth glistening.

She wasn't finished. "Now then... here... this time. Shoot your semen right here. It's thirsty for you. Make it drink and quench its thirst with your cock and semen," she commanded, opening her vaginal lips with an expectant arch. A gleaming thread of love juice slid out and fell to the floor.

I obeyed like a man who'd already lost his reason. I repositioned her—made her lie back, lifted her legs just enough for a better angle—then lined up and drove my cock home. The world narrowed to the bite of her wetness and the resistance of her entrance.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh! S-So good...~ I can't get enough of being filled by you like this, Leon...~" she moaned, voice soft and melting even at the first thrust.

"You are really lewd, Solaris. That's exactly why I'm glad you chose me," I said, breath ragged.

"It's fate that brought us together—there was nothing to stop it," she answered, pulling me down into a deep, hungry kiss. Her mouth smelled faintly of milk now, the scent thick and oddly intoxicating. When we kissed, I felt like I could dissolve into her. She was warm, milky, and utterly consuming.

I began to move my hips, slow at first, matching the kiss to the rhythm. Her tongue went sloppy and greedy and the sounds she made were wetter and more urgent. Every thrust met with a soft, slick embrace—this was a mature elf's pleasure, seasoned and deep, not the sharp, raw want of youth but a heavy, knowing hunger.

"Nghhh, hnnhghh, nnn... ~ Mmnhhchhuuu... nn..~" she pantingly sang against my mouth, each syllable a pulse of want.

I broke the kiss and sank my mouth down to her breasts, sucking at the heavy peaks. "Ahhh, if you keep sucking like that... my milk will come out..." she warned between gasps. Then with a wet, surprised moan she felt it—milk spurted from her nipple and filled my mouth. The taste was sweet and full, the texture thick and creamy, and I swallowed it like wine.

Lying between milk and sweat and the smell of sex, something firmed in me that now that I'd taken Artemis, Solaris would be next, and after her, the rest of the elves.