

## The World 971

### Chapter 971: Epilogue 18 - Country Of Elves (7)

I kept sucking at her tits, letting my mouth fill with warm milk until it slicked my lips. The taste was thick and sweet with a faint tang like ripe fruit left in sunlight—strange and oddly bright—but it didn't ruin anything. If anything, it amplified everything, starting with the closeness, the heat, as well as the sudden, intimate electricity between us. The more I drank, the more the moment seemed to pull me under.

"Mmmghnn, ahhh...~ Y-You're drinking my milk... You really are naughty, Leon...~" Solaris breathed, her voice low and trembling.

I didn't stop. I kept fucking her, letting my hips drive into hers, feeling her walls clamp and then yank at me each time I tried to pull out. Every time her body gripped me, it was like a small electric shock—hot and grounding—and with every pull I dug deeper into the sensation until everything else blurred into rhythm and sound.

"Ahhh... Y-Yess...~ Do it like that, Leon. Hit that spot...~ Nghh, it feels good...~" Her words came more ragged, sliding into moans and half-sentences. Her face and voice were dissolving into something softer and rawer, like a mask melting away. She looked less like a regal elven queen and more like a woman lost in the simple, brutal joy of sex with eyes half-lidded, tongue peeking between her lips, breath coming in small, uneven bursts.

My cock pumped in and out of her, slick and tight. I could feel the tip of me thudding against her cervix again and again, the sting of contact turning into a deeper, bruising kind of pleasure. The rhythm of our bodies matched and the slow, insistent build that kept stretching the moment taut, until it felt like time itself had thickened around us.

"Nnn... ahhh, ah, ahhh...~ Hnghh, haaa...! Ahn, ah, ah, ahhhh, ah, ah aaaaaahhh...!" Her moans shredded the air, each one rougher than the last.

Even with her breasts leaking into my mouth, I didn't relent. I sucked and drank and let the milk run warm down my chin while my hips moved, relentless and precise. Her legs began to wind around me, drawing me closer, binding my hips with hers. Her arms curled over my shoulders and clasped my back, anchoring me to that fevered center.

"Ahhh, yess...~ Yes... yesss!" she kept crying, voice threadbare with want.

She tangled around me like ivy, forcing me to sink deeper each time I thrust. Her pussy was wet and greedy, sliding along me and pulling me in, squeezing until it felt like my skin might split. Heat pooled low in my belly, a pressure that begged for release.

"Nghhh, ahh...! Ahh, ahhhh...! I'm going to cum...~ O-Oh...! Ahhh, ah ahhhh...!" she gasped, the warning bright as lightning.

There was nothing I could do but follow. Everything coiled tight—her wet heat, the pounding in my balls, the way her every gasp fed into me—until resistance snapped.

"Here it comes, Solaris...! Make sure to catch all of it!" I warned, my voice a rough growl.

At my words she clenched, trying to pull every drop out of me. Her pussy tightened like a vice, and the sensation pushed me over the cliff.

"Ahnghhh, ah...! Ahh, ahhh... ah, ah, ahhh...!" Her sounds collided with mine, urgent and raw.

I broke inside her. My semen burst hot and thick, shooting deep into her womb. She screamed—a long, keening sound that vibrated through her whole body—as her muscles spasmed around me.

Her pussy convulsed, every inch of it trembling to milk me dry. I felt my seed flood her, press against the soft hollow at the top of her. It was intimate and totally messy. She kept sucking and grinding and drawing me with her, and for a moment I felt utterly emptied and full at the same time. I was drained by pleasure, swollen with release.

When I finally pulled out, her folds were slick and leaking, and a thin stream of my cum took its slow, shameful path down her inner thigh. I inhaled, chest heaving, taking in the sight of her with her milk still beading on her breasts, nipples glistening, the smear of our bodies on her skin. Three elves—beautiful,

hungry, and spent—lay with me like trophies. A fierce, ridiculous sense of conquest washed through me, and it was sharp and animalistic.

But this wasn't the end. Not even close.

It was only a prelude.

I kept going—moved between them, again and again—turning the Yggdrasil into a breeding nest with flesh on flesh, heavy breathing, the soft slaps and wet kisses of bodies meeting echoing out of it. It felt like we were sewing a new thread into the life of the elven kingdom itself, a private, wild ritual promising prosperity in a language only bodies could speak.

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Shredica's POV

I walked through the Underground City when a presence slid into the air around me. It was subtle at first, then unmistakable. Something followed me. It wasn't a shadow or a sound. It was a pressure, a thin sheet of awareness that seemed to seep through the walls. No ordinary person could do that. You couldn't make a presence surround you unless you could phase and bleed through solid things.

And there was a horrible familiarity to it, like the ghost of a hand I'd felt before. I had felt her before. No—definitely had.

"That's you, isn't it, Claire?" I asked.

The presence stopped, then she emerged—seemingly from the floor itself—naked and dripping with the damp stone air.

Of course. Her power didn't mix with clothing. Any fabric fell away when she phased. The sight was jarring but not surprising.

"Claire..." I said.

I felt nothing in my chest. There was no anger, no frost, only a flat, factual recognition. She'd betrayed the Silver Fangs. She'd gotten people killed. Those were facts. However, they didn't stir me.

"You're awfully calm," she purred, smoothing her hair with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Do you think I couldn't take you if I wanted to? Naked or not, I've still got the skills to finish you."

She was trying to bait me. I didn't bite. Her theatrics were predictable—loud, useless things to distract from whatever game she played.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, tone even. I didn't bother replying to her taunt. I wanted the point, not the pretense.

"You really are no fun," she said, rolling her shoulders. "You were always the one I hated the most back then." She took a step closer, and the damp earth whispered underfoot. "You're looking for something, aren't you? A book—one with the full incantation. Something that can do... a lot. Like... summoning people from another world?"

My eyes narrowed. I hadn't told her that. Still, it made a cruel kind of sense with her being able to phase through the walls, eavesdrop on whispers, and gather secrets like crumbs.

"I can help you find it," she offered.

#### Chapter 972: Prologue 1 - A Talk With Lilith

When I woke, I was swallowed by a white so absolute it erased edges. There was no horizon, no ceiling, and there was only a flat, humming emptiness that felt less like space and more like a held breath. The first time I'd come here it had stunned me. This time the wonder had been peeled away by familiarity until the place felt like an old room I'd forgotten I owned.

I lay there for a moment, trying to place myself. There was something firm beneath me, a plane of resistance that said "floor," but when I glanced down my eyes found nothing to grab onto. It was as if I floated on a surface you couldn't see. There was something that was solid enough to stand on, but ghostly enough to deny substance. The oddness of it made the skin on my arms prickle.

When I stood and let my eyes travel the blankness, there she was, the figure I'd been seeking, seated at a small round table as though the void were a parlor. She raised a cup to her lips with the casual grace of someone who belonged in a hearth-lit room rather than in this impossible whiteness. Steam curled from the cup like a thin, deliberate question.

"It's been a while, hasn't it? Thou tak'st thy time," she said. So she was still talking in this archaic style of talking? At first, I find her hard to understand, but for some reason, I could understand her clearly now. Perhaps I had gotten used to it?

I looked at her.

Lilith. The name landed in me like a memory I'd always been carrying around in a different shape. She was my maker in the truest sense. The architect of this body I wore, the thing that nested inside me like a thought that refused to be only mine. If she ever returned fully, this flesh would be hers, and she would reclaim it, not shared. The idea sat in my gut like a slow, sour wine.

Or maybe — and this thought had burrowed in since I remembered how I'd come here in the first place — maybe the body was never truly mine. I'd been placed inside it, an occupant of a home built by another. Borrowed, perhaps. Temporary. The thought stitched a thin, uneasy smile across my face and I let it hang there for a moment.

"Yes," I said, and the single word felt small in the vast quiet.

"Here," she said, the corners of her mouth lifting. "Come and take a draught with me." The chair she gestured to was ordinary in a way that hurt. It was wooden, simple, the sort of thing you might find in a countryside kitchen. I sat and the weight of me seemed to anchor the place for a heartbeat.

She poured the tea like a ritual, deliberate and slow, as if each motion were a syllable in a sentence she refused to finish. "Thou hast laboured well. Good lad," she said, and set the cup into my hand as if bestowing a token.

I sipped without thinking, feeling the warmth spread through me. "You must already know the question I'll ask," I said. There was no use dressing it up. We both knew what hung between us like a shadow.

A faint, amused narrowing pressed at the edges of her eyes. "Thou wilt not dallie with small things, dost thou?" she replied with a sly arch of her brow. "Thou cuttest straight to the marrow. But verily, 'tis natural, thou art afeared. Which of us shall hold sway o'er this flesh when the time of my rising cometh? Such worries are meet for one in thy place."

Her voice was honey and razor both, smooth while it set my skin on edge. The smile never left her, and I couldn't decide if she was mocking my fear or pitying it. Either way, the uncertainty lodged like a splinter I couldn't pick.

"But I must needs confess," she went on after a sip, her tone slipping into something almost sleepy, "I ken not fully how my rising shall unfurl. I wot not if I shall return in mine own guise. Forsooth, what thou conjurest in thine mind may not come to pass, thou might'st be overmuch given to foreboding."

Her words had the lightness of idle tea talk, but underneath them there was a current that tugged at me. It was a deliberate ambiguity. I couldn't tell if she was being honest or playing a deeper game. The doubt tasted metallic.

She set down her cup and watched me with an expression that was half-coy, half-ominous. "Sit thee awhile and take thy ease," she said. "I deem thou makest scant headway in mastering the other shards of me."

It was true. I hadn't the stomach to hunt down the other fragments. Elise was already a knot I wouldn't undo. I mean, she'd clasped to me like a favored thing, and walking away was no longer an option. The rest, however, I'd rather have left untouched. Fate, it seemed, had other designs. Our encounters kept arranging themselves like stepping stones I had no wish to tread.

"If it were within my power, I would shun resurrection," she said suddenly, a softness in her voice that didn't belong to the woman who smirked and toyed with meanings. The confession landed with unexpected force.

The notion took me aback. "Why?" I asked. "You don't want to be resurrected? Then why? I mean, isn't that the whole reason you created us in the first place? What was the point if you didn't want to come back?"

She chuckled, a shiver of sound that made the air feel colder. "Fufufufu. Why, indeed?" she murmured, adopting a tone that was both theatrical and oddly rueful. "Perchance I sought atonement? Nay. I am past such reckonings. I cannot cleanse certain stains. Perchance I wished to perform one last deed ere I vanish utterly."

Her riddling reply left me circling for purchase. There was a sense of something she wouldn't — or couldn't — say. That omission felt deliberate, like a door left only ajar.

"Fear not," she added, the smile returning with practiced ease. "Should fate decree my return, thou needst not fret unduly. Attend to thy business, and if such a thing should come to pass, ignore it still." The words were flippant, but the meaning behind them felt heavy.

Then, as if delivering a tease as much as a command, she tilted her head. "Yet do not be slack in amusing me. I delight in thee, in thy conquests, in thy carnal excursions. To see thee take woman after woman and revel in the act giveth me a thrill unliken'd to aught I have known afore."

Even saying it aloud, the phrase wrapped itself around me like a spell. Her gaze held, and I felt the world narrow until it was just the two of us with her smile, the steam of her tea, the way her voice coaxed images into bloom, and nothing else. There was a seductive pull in her amusement, a low hum that made my thoughts clumsy.

I found myself wanting to know more, not just what she planned, but why she had given rise to this whole curious arrangement in the first place. "Why did you reincarnate me?" I asked quietly.

She shrugged, a casual motion that belied the gravity of her creation. "Mayhap 'twas but the work of fate," she said. "No great design need be read into it. Had thy soul not taken root in this frame, my return had been fordone. The body was wrought without a soul — a husk that could scarce breathe. Perchance providence itself—if such a thing there be—dealt the matter so that I might be near."

I turned the idea over in my mind, tasting its possibilities. Perhaps she speak is the truth. That it was just coincidence that had threaded into consequence. Or perhaps some other hand — hidden, potent — had steered the course.

Either answer sat heavy in me. I couldn't tell which held more truth. For now, all I had was the woman across the table, the warmth of the tea in my palms, and the uneasy sense that whatever the cause, the wheel had started to turn.

### Chapter 973: Bigger Plan (1)

Among the many idols and celebrities working for Leonamon, there was one name that always rose to the top, no matter how much time passed—and that was Ayane Kitsune.

She wasn't just another pretty face in the industry. She came from the Kitsune Clan, a bloodline of beastfolk born with nine tails with each tail a symbol of power, grace, and nobility. People called them the Nine-Tailed Fox Clan, and they were said to be the most exalted among all beastfolk, almost divine in the eyes of some. But as rare as they were, their rarity became both a blessing and a curse. Only a handful of them existed in the world, and that was exactly why slavers hunted them like prized jewels.

They sold for absurd prices. If you compared the cost of buying a mermaid to the price of a nine-tailed fox, the difference would be laughable—one couldn't even begin to compare. It was like comparing a pebble to a diamond. The mere existence of a nine-tailed fox was enough to make the greediest of men lose their sanity.

And right now, one of those rare beings stood under the flashing lights of a photoshoot. Ayane Kitsune—our company's main star.

Her beauty was something that felt unreal, like she had stepped straight out of a dream. Every curve of her face, every flick of her tails, every faint motion of her lips seemed to pull people in. The studio's atmosphere was heavy with silence, except for the clicking of cameras and the muffled sound of awe from the crew. Her eyes shimmered faintly under the light, like molten honey swirling with secrets. Even the faint movement of her tails created a subtle breeze that made her hair flutter softly, almost as if the air itself bent to her will.

She wasn't just representing

the brand—she was the brand. The company's logo, our emblem, was designed in her image—a nine-tailed fox in mid-motion, elegant yet fierce. She embodied everything Leonamon stood for and that was beauty, rarity, and untouchable allure. I couldn't do much about it. I mean, honestly, there was no one who could compete with her. Someone that rare only appeared once in a lifetime, and considering her elegance and charm, it was only natural she became the face everyone recognized.

When I first saw her, though, she was nothing like this. I still remember the first time our eyes met... I mean, back then, her face was blank and her eyes were hollow, as if her soul had long left her body. There was despair in her every movement, every word she spoke sounded lifeless. But now... now, that look was gone. The dull emptiness had been replaced by a quiet strength, by a spark that made her eyes come alive again. Maybe it was because her life was finally her own now? I couldn't say for sure, but whatever it was, the change in her was undeniable.

"Master."

The voice snapped me out of my thoughts. It was Maya—one of my beastfolk maids, a woman with silver hair and small ram's horns curling from both sides of her head. Her expression was calm, but I could sense a faint tremor in her voice.

"What is it?" I asked, setting the papers I'd been reading aside.

"I know this might be impertinent for me to ask... considering I'm only a lowly servant," she began, her voice trembling slightly, "but... would you allow me to visit my family once more?"

Her eyes lowered as she continued, "I received a letter earlier. It said our village was attacked by bandits last night. I want to go and confirm the situation myself... if you would permit me, Master." She bowed deeply, her hands trembling slightly at her sides.

Maya wasn't just one of my workers. She was one of my women—someone who had been by my side through thick and thin, helping me run Leonamon while also serving me in more intimate ways. She was loyal, gentle, and always willing to put herself on the line for me. So when I saw that look of worry in her eyes, it wasn't even a question. Of course, I'd let her go.

"Alright," I said after a pause. "You have my permission. But I'm not letting you go alone. If there were bandits, then the roads might still be dangerous. I can't risk you running into trouble. Which is why I'm coming with you."

"Y-You're coming with me, Master?" she asked, her eyes going wide in surprise, almost comically so. "Is... is that really okay? You're always so busy, Master."

I gave a small chuckle. "You don't have to worry about that. Besides, you're one of my women, aren't you? I think it's only right that I go with you to meet your family. I'm sure they'll want to know who the man is that took their daughter's heart. I want them to see that the one you're with isn't some nobody, but someone who can protect you."

The moment I said that, her face turned bright red—so red that even the tips of her horns seemed to heat up. Her eyes darted around, and she fidgeted with her hands, unable to meet my gaze.

"W-Well, I guess we can arrange that..." she mumbled shyly. "If I tell them who my lover is, it'll definitely make them feel relieved that I'm doing okay..."

Her bashful tone made me smile. She was too cute for her own good sometimes.

And with that, it was decided. We'd travel together to the Great Forest.

To be honest, I'd been visiting that place a lot lately—mostly because of the Elven Kingdom.

It had already been a month since we successfully rescued the elven slaves from the Empire of Rodonia. The entire operation went flawlessly. Not a single trace led back to us. Still, the Empire wasn't stupid—they must've already figured out that it was the Elven Kingdom's doing. I could practically imagine the Emperor's fury, his greedy fangs bared, already scheming to conquer the forest and enslave its people once more.

But there was no way I'd let that happen. If he wanted war, then I'd give him one. The Elven Kingdom belonged to me now, and I wasn't about to let anyone take it away.

Solaris had already made her announcement as well that she would be stepping down, passing the crown to Artemis. The people seemed to accept it without question, almost as if it had been decided by fate. Artemis had earned their trust, and even Aegis stayed behind to support her instead of returning to Leonamon with me. That was fine—I respected her decision.

And though it wasn't declared officially, the Elven Kingdom was mine as well, in every sense that mattered. But lately, changes had been stirring in the Great Forest—shifts that hinted at something bigger coming. I had an idea forming in my head, one that could change things for the better.

That was also one of the reasons I decided to go with Maya. Something told me that this trip wasn't just about checking on her family—it was going to set something important in motion.

### Chapter 974: Bigger Plan (2)

The ogre I had captured during the chaos in the slave market was now confined deep beneath Leonamon, in a place most people would never dare to enter. The cell was buried in the lowest level of the underground, where light barely reached and the air felt thick that it was almost suffocating. The only illumination came from the faint blue glow of the mana seals carved into the walls.

She was bound there, her massive body chained against the steel wall. The cold iron shackles clamped tightly around her wrists and ankles, each one linked to heavy chains thicker than a man's arm. They were forged from reinforced steel, and they were strong enough to hold even the most violent of beasts. If she wanted to break free, she'd need power beyond reason. Even then, she wouldn't be escaping that room. The entire cell was designed to hold creatures like her—ones too strong for ordinary prisons.

Doctor Natasha had been the one to confirm that her size wasn't natural. Apparently, her massive body was the result of a skill she'd activated. Normally, ogres were big, yes, but not this colossal. Natasha had explained that this one had her ability constantly running, which amplified her size, strength, and physical power beyond normal limits. They'd tried to use a power dampener on her, but it barely made a difference. The thing overloaded within minutes. Her energy output was simply too much. To suppress her, we'd need something far stronger than what we currently had.

For now, all we could do was keep her bound and wait.

"Ho..."

A low, guttural growl echoed from the darkness. Her heavy eyelids opened, revealing golden eyes glowing faintly under the dim light.

"Husband!"

The moment she saw me, her voice boomed through the cell. She pulled violently on her restraints, chains snapping taut with a metallic clang

that echoed through the chamber. The sound made the walls tremble slightly, dust falling from the ceiling. Despite her efforts, she couldn't move any closer.

Wait—did she just call me husband?

I blinked, momentarily caught off guard. Yeah, I definitely heard that right. But well, I guess it makes sense. I'd heard rumors how ogre women sometimes chose their husband through combat, surrendering themselves to the one who defeated them. To them, strength was everything. Maybe that's why she was acting this way.

"W-What is this? Why can't I... move?" she growled, muscles flexing as she tried to break free. The veins on her arms bulged, her chains rattling violently, but those restraints weren't ordinary. No matter how much she struggled, they wouldn't budge.

"Calm down," I said, stepping forward slowly. "I was the one who put you there."

Her glowing eyes narrowed. "Why... did husband put me in here?"

"Because right now, you're dangerous," I told her, my tone calm but firm. "Until we can make sure you won't hurt anyone—or me—you'll stay locked up. But don't worry. Once things have settled, I'll release you. And when that happens, we can finally be together. Then, we can make as many children as you like."

Her expression softened slightly, though confusion still lingered in her gaze. Honestly, the idea of having sex with someone her size was absurd. If Natasha was right and her massive form came from her active ability, then maybe—maybe—she could revert to normal size. If that was true, then... who knew? Maybe it was possible. I hadn't exactly planned on fucking an ogre, but fate had a funny way of throwing curveballs.

"Can I ask you something?" I said, meeting her gaze. "Can you turn off your ability? Deactivate it, if only for a moment."

If she was reasonable enough to listen, maybe I could convince her to shrink down without the need for force.

"But it is said," she replied in a soft, almost hesitant tone, "that an ogre is beautiful when she is big, strong, and powerful. Don't you like this form?"

Her words carried genuine curiosity, not arrogance. For ogres, strength was beauty. I supposed their idea of what was attractive was entirely different from humans.

"I do like how you look," I said honestly, "but I think we'd match better if we were around the same size, don't you think? Besides," I added, "I could use your help with something important. Would you help me?"

"Help you?" she asked, tilting her head slightly, her eyes softening. "If husband wishes it, then I will do anything. Even if it means giving you as many children as you want."

She said it with such seriousness it almost caught me off guard. "I am confident I will bear strong children. Since both of us are strong, it is only natural our children will be even stronger."

There was a glimmer of pride in her voice—an almost instinctive drive to breed strength into the next generation. I glanced at her status again, my eyes narrowing slightly. Her skill, Feral, just as Natasha said, seemed to unleash her beast side—enhancing strength, size, and power. It was impressive. Dangerous, but impressive. A skill like that could come in handy in the future.

"Well then," I said, stepping closer to her cage, my voice low, "if you really want to help me, there's something you can do right now. If you deactivate your skill and return to your normal size, the chains won't be able to hold you. They're too large to stay on once you shrink down. Then, you can come to me."

Her gaze flickered with hesitation. For a moment, she stayed still, as if weighing whether she should trust me. But then, slowly, her enormous frame began to shift.

Her body started to shrink—the sound of chains loosening echoed through the chamber. The tension in the air thickened as her muscles slimmed down, her monstrous physique softening into a more defined,

feminine form. Her limbs grew slender, her posture shifting from that of a beast to that of a woman. The heavy chains slipped off her wrists and clattered onto the floor.

"If husband wishes it... then I will," she murmured.

When she finally stepped into the dim light, I froze for a moment.

She was... beautiful. Shockingly beautiful. Her green skin glistened faintly under the soft glow, her curves pronounced and inviting. Her breasts were large, full, and firm, rising and falling with each breath. Her hips were wide and perfectly shaped, her body exuding raw, sensual power. Her face was no longer savage or monstrous—it was soft, almost delicate, with long dark hair cascading past her shoulders. Even her golden eyes had lost their ferocity, now glowing gently with warmth and shy affection.

"...How is it, Husband?" she asked in a small, hesitant voice. "Do you like my appearance?"

#### Chapter 975: Bigger Plan (3)

Well, I figured it would be better to keep her out of the cell and let her breathe some air. The dampness and darkness of that place didn't suit her at all. The moment I unlocked the door and stepped aside, she immediately came out and clutched my hand tightly, like she'd been afraid I'd vanish if she let go.

Her grip was strong—strong enough that I could still feel the pressure through my arm—but it wasn't the same overwhelming force she had when her ability was active. Even so, that raw strength was still there, just hidden beneath her softer touch. What caught me off guard was how warm she felt. It wasn't just physical warmth either... it was something that pulsed faintly from her, almost alive. For some reason, being near her made me feel oddly calm, even though her kind could crush a man's skull without much effort.

Her appearance now was completely different from when we first met. Back then, she was all rage and ferocity. She was like a walking storm. Now, her black hair, slightly messy and damp, framed her face in soft strands. Her skin had that light green tint unique to ogres, smooth yet with a faint toughness beneath the surface. She wore only a thin upper cloth that wrapped tightly around her chest, hiding her bare breasts just enough, and a short skirt that barely reached mid-thigh, showing off her toned, sculpted legs that looked like they could crush steel.

Yet despite that powerful frame, there was something so disarming about the way she held onto me. Her body pressed close, her warmth seeping through my clothes. And even though she looked hard and strong, the feeling of her against me was soft. She really was surprisingly soft.

"Where are we going, Husband? Are we going to have baby-making now?" she asked with a curious tilt of her head, her bright yellow eyes glimmering with innocence that didn't match her words at all.

I couldn't help but chuckle awkwardly. Although the idea of baby-making didn't sound bad—especially coming from her lips—I had other things in mind right now. There were still too many things to sort out... like where we were even headed next.

And that destination... turned out to be something I never thought I'd see in my entire life. A mermaid.

Yeah, a real mermaid.

She swam gracefully in a massive pool, her movements fluid and hypnotic, like she was dancing with the water itself. Her laughter—or rather, the faint sound of it echoing across the surface—was light, almost musical. She looked completely at peace, gliding through the clear water with her tail flicking softly behind her. Compared to the filthy, cramped tub she'd been kept in before, this pool must've felt like heaven.

Her name was Serune Kalriss. Even her name had an elegant ring to it. It was graceful, almost royal. Han had told me that she was royalty, a princess of the Mermaid Kingdom. The reason she was staying here for now was simple... I still had no way to send her home. The Dark Sea was too far, and the logistics were a nightmare. We couldn't exactly carry a pool on a helicopter—well, we could, but definitely not with her in it. It'd be dangerous as hell, not only for her but for everyone on board. Amon might be good at flying, but not that good.

And besides, the Dark Sea wasn't a place you just strolled into. That region was chaos itself because the sky were always dark, storms raging day and night like the heavens were endlessly weeping. To get her there safely, we'd have to travel by land all the way to the shore, then hire people who knew how to navigate those cursed waters. It wasn't something we could rush.

I watched Serune as she swam, unable to look away. Her long, flowing blue hair shimmered with every movement, like silk caught under sunlight. Small fins poked out slightly from the sides of her head,

almost like translucent wings, fluttering gently with the water. Her tail was striking as well. It was a mix of red and faint green, glistening every time it broke through the surface. Aside from her aquatic features, her face was human. Beautiful, almost heartbreakingly so.

When she finally noticed me, she broke through the surface, water dripping down her hair and shoulders. Her eyes met mine, and she smiled—softly and sweetly—and waved. For some reason, my lower body reacted instantly, an involuntary tingling that spread down my spine. I didn't need anyone to tell me why. Mermaids had this natural, inborn allure. It was a kind of sensual charm that pulled men in without effort. They were like the succubi of the sea, and no man was immune to that. Not even me.

She gestured at me, curious about my visit. The way she moved her hands was cute. It was almost teasing. Since her voice carried a dangerous hypnotic magic that could charm any man, we agreed she'd communicate with me through sign language. Her voice was a weapon and it was one I couldn't risk hearing.

"I came to visit you," I said, smiling. "Just checking in before I head out for a while."

She didn't reply, just gave a small smile and nodded, her eyes soft and understanding. That was her way of saying, be careful. Ever since I rescued her from the slave market, I'd gotten better at reading her emotions. We didn't need words anymore.

After chatting for a while, I let her be and watched her swim again. She looked happy there, truly happy. Even if this pool was still far smaller than the ocean she longed for, it was freedom compared to the prison she came from.

"Husband, is she your woman?" the ogre suddenly asked beside me, tilting her head with curiosity.

"Nah, she's not," I said. That was the truth. Serune and I were acquaintances—maybe friends at best—but definitely not lovers. Not yet, anyway. "By the way, I don't think I asked your name, did I? What's your name?"

"Name...? Name is Meria, Husband," she said, her voice carrying a gentle tone I didn't expect from someone like her. "Your name, Husband?"

"Leon," I said with a small smile. "My name is Leon, Meria."

She smiled back, her expression softening even more. It was strange. Back when I fought her, she was a monster. She has a pure, destructive strength that didn't know mercy. But now? She looked like a completely different person. Gentle. Tender. Like a woman deeply in love.

"Meria," I said quietly, meeting her eyes, "if I have other women besides you... you won't hate it, right?"

She blinked a few times before answering, her tone calm and matter-of-fact. "Husband have many women?" she asked, scratching the back of her head. "I don't think it's a problem. Husband having many women means Husband is strong... making many powerful children. It's natural for strong men to have many women. My job as one of Husband's women is to have sex and give birth."

I paused, staring at her blankly for a moment before letting out a small laugh.

Well... I guess it wouldn't be a problem with her, huh? That's great.

#### Chapter 976: Bigger Plan (4)

Su had been staying here in the Leonamon for quite some time now, and surprisingly, she seemed to be fitting in just fine. There was no signs of discomfort with her, and there was no awkwardness as well... just calm, natural ease. She even managed to get along well with a few of my girlfriends who occasionally dropped by, especially Yr. Those two hit it off faster than I thought they would.

Well, thinking about it, if Su was going to bond with anyone, it was only natural that it'd be Yr, huh?

Han, on the other hand, hadn't shown herself since the whole mess with the Empire. I didn't know when she'd decide to return, but I had a feeling she was doing it intentionally—giving Su some breathing room, letting her enjoy her time here. Maybe Han just wanted Su to experience something normal for once. Probably the first time she's ever had a friend, too. Guess Han's more considerate than she lets on, especially when it comes to Su.

Everything had been running smoothly lately. There was no immediate issues and no chaos waiting to explode. For the first time in a while, it felt like things were calm.

And then the day finally came—the day I'd be heading out to the Great Forest.

Before that, though...

"Lord Leon..."

Ayane's soft voice broke the quiet air. She stood before me, her head bowed low, hands clasped tightly against her chest. Her entire posture trembled faintly, like she was trying to keep herself together.

"Please, take me with you."

Her voice carried a desperate sincerity, a kind of quiet pleading that made it hard to turn her down. She wasn't just asking to come—she was begging from the heart. Considering she was from the Great Forest herself, it made sense she'd want to go back. With all the recent reports of bandit raids terrorizing the tribes, anyone with ties to that place would be worried sick.

And Ayane... she wasn't just worried. She was determined. There was something deep in her eyes—like she wouldn't forgive herself if she stayed behind. I couldn't exactly say no when she looked that fragile yet resolute, her lips trembling as though she was fighting back tears.

So, in the end, it was decided—Ayane would come with us to the Great Forest.

The journey there had never been easier. Thanks to the teleportation circle we'd set up between my office in Leonamon and the Yggdrasil, moving between the two places was almost instant now. The magic seal shimmered beneath our feet, runes glowing faintly like breathing stars before they burst in a flash of white light.

And just like that, we were there—me, Maya, Ayane, and Meria—stepping out of the portal and into the vast expanse beneath the Yggdrasil's towering roots.

Artemis was already waiting for us. I had sent word ahead, so she probably knew the exact moment we'd appear. She stood with that calm, confident aura she always carried, her golden hair catching the

faint gleam of the sun filtering through the leaves. Beside her stood Aegis with her arms crossed, expression sharp enough to cut stone. The moment her eyes met mine, she looked like she'd rather gouge them out than see my face again.

I honestly thought sleeping with her might've eased the tension between us a little. Guess I was wrong.

"Nice to see you, Leon," Artemis said, her voice smooth and playful.

"Yes," I replied simply.

It hadn't even been that long since we last saw each other, but judging from the faint curve on her lips and the spark in her eyes, I could tell she missed me already. Then again, we were fucking almost every day—it's not like I could forget her even if I tried. Not that I'd complain. As long as I kept everyone's schedules balanced, I could always make time for her.

"My mother is currently out," she said, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "She's tending to those still recovering, helping them overcome their trauma. So for now, it's mostly just me here in the Yggdrasil. I've been learning how to handle kingdom affairs, too."

"So, you're getting ready to be the next queen, huh?" I said with a faint grin.

"Fufufu... then shouldn't you be kneeling already? Maybe even kissing my feet while you're at it? After all, I'll be queen soon." She said it with a teasing grin, her tone dripping with amusement.

"Honestly, I wouldn't mind doing that," I replied with a chuckle. "Kissing someone's feet isn't as bad as people think, you know?"

Artemis laughed softly, shaking her head. "You really are a pervert, Leon. But that's one of the things I like about you."

Aegis, however, didn't look amused at all. She glared at me like I'd committed some unspeakable sin, her stare heavy enough to burn through flesh. The funny part was, when we were fucking, she didn't

seem nearly this hostile. She was moaning and panting like crazy back then. Maybe she could only tolerate me because Artemis was there during that threesome.

"Oh, by the way," Artemis suddenly said with a sly grin, "Aegis might be glaring at you like that now, but she was actually masturbating while thinking about you. The walls here in Yggdrasil aren't exactly soundproof, you know."

"P-Princess Artemis?!" Aegis nearly shouted, her entire face flushing a deep red as her composure crumbled.

So, she really was using her fingers while imagining me? Now that was unexpected. Or maybe not. Back at the Leonamon, she used to warm herself up before bed, moaning Artemis's name. And now she's whispering mine? Looks like Aegis might be starting to like me. What was she, a tsundere?

"Well, anyway," Artemis said, her tone turning more serious, "it sounds bad out there, doesn't it? The bandits attacking random villages in the Great Forest."

"That's right," I said, nodding. "It's not just random attacks either. The frequency's too precise—it's coordinated. From what I've heard, the Empire's been making some suspicious moves through the underground network. There's a good chance they're behind all this."

"I see... so they're moving to the offensive now," Artemis muttered, her gaze darkening slightly. "And what are you planning to do about it? You didn't come all the way here just to say hi, did you? Knowing you, there's always something you're plotting."

"Well, yeah," I said with a small grin. "I'm planning something... that sounds impossible."

"Impossible? What do you mean?"

I met her gaze directly, my smile growing as the air around us grew heavier. "I plan to unite all of the tribes and kingdoms in the Great Forest," I said.

"You're planning to unite all of the tribes and kingdoms in the Great Forest?!" Artemis looked at me as if I had just announced my own insanity. Her green-colored eyes widened and it was reflecting a mixture of disbelief and something close to what seemed like amusement.

Even Aegis, even though she was usually the calm one, blinked twice, her lips parting as if she couldn't quite process what she'd just heard.

Yeah... I couldn't really blame them. What I'd said wasn't just bold. Actually, it was borderline impossible. It was impossible to the point where even people who have lived a long life already think it was impossible. The Great Forest wasn't just a place or a forest. It was a vast and untamed world of its own. Countless tribes, kingdoms, and races lived scattered across its endless green expanse, and most of them barely tolerated each other's existence.

"Are you serious, Leon?" Artemis asked again, her voice heavy with disbelief, almost like she was waiting for me to laugh and tell her it was a joke. But well, it was not a joke. I was more than serious about this.

"Well, I've never been more serious," I said, forcing a grin. "And honestly, this feels like the perfect opportunity. With the bandit attacks lately, they might finally have a reason to actually sit down and talk for once."

They needed to understand what was happening—because if things kept going the way they were, sooner or later, those tribes would be wiped off the map.

The Great Forest was home to five main kingdoms, including the Elven Kingdom, there were the Dwarven Kingdom, the Beast Kingdom, the Centaur Kingdom, and the Titan Kingdom. And aside from those major ones, there were dozens of smaller tribes—the Dryads, Sylphs, Lamia, Ogres, Orcs, Nymphs, Goblins, and a lot more. Some were small, almost nomadic, yet each had their own culture, pride, and grudges.

All of them existed within one massive stretch of land that covered nearly twenty percent of the entire world. To put that in perspective—forty percent of this world was made of ocean, while the other one was land, which meant that the Great Forest alone took up almost half of all existing land. If all of those races, kingdoms, and tribes ever managed to stand under one banner... it would be a force unlike anything ever seen.

They could rival the Empire. Maybe even surpass it.

But even I knew how ridiculous that sounded. It wasn't just ambitious—it was insane. Still, the idea burned inside me like a stubborn fire I couldn't put out. If I truly wanted to change this world... if I wanted to conquer it... I needed to start here.

And I wasn't starting from nothing. I already had ties with the Elves. I mean, I already have a relationship with both the Queen and the Princess, and I also have something good going on with the elders. Trill, the princess of the Beast Kingdom, was someone close to me as she's one of my girlfriends. I'd gained the trust of the Dryad sisters. And with Meria by my side, maybe I could strengthen a bridge with the Ogres too.

The rest was uncertain. I didn't know how I'd reach the other kingdoms and tribes yet—but I'd talk to Solaris. Being one of the Great Forest's leaders, she had influence, and maybe... just maybe, she could help me make the first move.

Artemis sighed, brushing her hair behind her ear with that familiar exasperated smile. "You know, I've heard you say a lot of crazy things before, but this one? This one's on another level."

Aegis didn't say anything, but her face said enough. The disbelief in her eyes, the faint twitch of her brow—she clearly thought I was out of my mind too. And she wasn't wrong.

Right now, what I was suggesting was pure impossibility. Every kingdom operated on its own, bound only by a thin thread of mutual understanding and that was to don't interfere in each other's affairs. That was the only reason the Great Forest wasn't a full-blown battlefield.

"Oh? You think I can't pull it off?" I asked, smirking slightly, though there was a challenge hidden in my voice.

Artemis tilted her head, that sly smile of hers returning. "Fufufu. I would never doubt you," she said softly.

Her tone was playful and teasing—but there was something deeper there too. A quiet, unspoken belief that made my chest tighten a little.

Without really thinking, I leaned forward and kissed her. Her lips were warm and soft against mine, and for that brief moment, the world around us fell silent. At this point, I didn't care about shame or appearances anymore. Public affection? Who cared.

Though... Aegis clearly did. She gave me the kind of glare that could melt steel.

"Come here, Aegis," I said with a grin, still holding Artemis by the waist.

"W-What?" she stuttered, her body tensing up instantly. The way her face turned red made her look like she'd just been struck by lightning.

"Let me have a kiss with you too," I said casually.

"H-Huh?!"

She looked like she wanted to scream at me, probably something like 'Why the hell would I kiss you?!"—but she stopped herself. I could see it in her trembling lips, how she swallowed the words back.

Her cheeks were burning as she slowly stepped closer. Then, hesitantly, she leaned in and kissed me. Her lips tasted faintly of mint, and her scent—soft and clean, almost floral—made my head spin.

Before I realized it, my hand had wandered down to her ass, gripping it instinctively. She froze instantly, eyes wide, then shot me a glare that could've killed a lesser man.

I couldn't help but chuckle under my breath. Yeah, I still had a long way to go before fully winning her heart. But at that moment, watching her blush and struggle to hide the warmth spreading across her face, I couldn't help but feel satisfied.

Bit by bit, I was breaking through. Slowly but surely, I was finding my way inside her heart.

Chapter 978: The Nine-Tailed Fox Clan (1)

The Kitsune Clan... among all the beast tribes, they were by far the most secluded. They were mysterious, even. Some called them a clan, others a tribe, but one thing was certain. It was that they were rare. Almost mythical. Seeing a passing Kitsune with your own eyes for a brief moment was already something that could only happen once in several lifetimes, but seeing it fully...? That was something straight out of legends.

It was said that out of a million souls, only one might ever catch a glimpse of a true nine-tailed fox—and even then, that glimpse would vanish like a mirage before you could even blink.

Honestly, it still blew my mind that Norman had managed to capture someone from the Kitsune Clan. That bastard really was something else—his portal ability made him almost untouchable. I still couldn't figure out how the hell he'd pulled it off. But well, he's gone now. Good riddance.

After visiting the Ram Beast people, our next goal was to find the remnants of the Kitsune Clan, just as Ayané had requested.

We were finally out of the Elven Kingdom. The forest behind us slowly disappeared into the mist, replaced by the endless stretch of plains and several trees ahead. The wind was cool, brushing against my hair as we walked along the uneven dirt path.

"Why am I even here... with you?" Aegis muttered, her tone full of irritation. Her brows were furrowed, and her steps were louder than necessary, like she wanted to stomp her annoyance into the ground. "I'd rather stay in the kingdom with the Princess."

I glanced at her. "Well, no one told you to come. You could've stayed there if you wanted. I'm not forcing you."

"Yeah, right," she grumbled, crossing her arms. "Like I have a choice. She's the one who told me to go with you. Ugh, why are you always her priority...?"

I let out a sigh and gave her a small, half-amused smile. "Now, now, let's not start with that again. Just focus on moving forward, yeah?"

"Ugh..." She rolled her eyes but didn't push it any further. That was progress, I guess.

After a while of walking through the forest path, the trees started to thin out, and soon we arrived at what looked like a small settlement. Wooden houses stood scattered across a grassy field, some damaged, others half-burnt. Smoke stains lingered on the walls, and the faint scent of ash still hung in the air. It was obvious that bandits had attacked this place not too long ago.

Maya's eyes darted around, her expression growing tight with worry. I could see her fists clenching slightly at her sides, her breathing turning uneven. She was scared—terrified of what she might find.

But then, a voice broke through the heavy silence.

"Maya?"

We both turned. A tall, muscular man stood there, his body covered in faint scars, his skin tanned from years of labor. He looked older, but the resemblance was unmistakable—he had Maya's eyes. The only difference was... well, he was completely naked from the waist up. And he's a male. His presence radiated both power and warmth.

"Father..." Maya whispered, her lips trembling before she smiled softly. Relief washed over her entire face.

"You came back," her father said, smiling wide. "I thought for sure you wouldn't, with how busy you must be. But I see... you came back for us, huh?" His tone was proud, his eyes glistening. It was the kind of look only a parent could give.

Then his gaze shifted toward me, sharp but not hostile. "And who's this?"

"Let me introduce him, Father," Maya said, stepping closer to him. "His name is Leon... he's my—" her cheeks flushed slightly, her voice softening. "He's my special person."

Her father's smile widened, the lines around his eyes deepening. "Is that so?" he said warmly, his tone carrying both curiosity and approval.

"Why don't we go to our house and talk for a while?" he continued. "That okay with you, Leon?"

"I don't mind at all," I replied, nodding slightly. "Actually, I think I've got a few things I'd like to discuss too."

"Good. That's good," he said, his voice deep and welcoming.

We followed him through the settlement until we reached his home. It wasn't large—just a simple structure made of wood and stone—but it felt alive. The faint crackle of a fire inside, the smell of cooked herbs, and the soft hum of wind brushing against the walls gave it a strangely comforting aura.

"I'm sorry it's not as modern as the world outside the forest," Maya's father said as we stepped inside. "I hope it's not too uncomfortable."

"It's fine," I said honestly, taking a seat on one of the wooden stools. "Actually, it's comfortable. Peaceful, even."

And it really was. The air inside felt calm, filled with a natural warmth that you couldn't find anywhere else.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said, smiling as he sat beside his wife—who, to my surprise, looked almost exactly like Maya. The resemblance was uncanny.

"Before we start," he said, puffing out his chest a bit, not arrogantly but with pride, "allow me to introduce ourselves properly. I'm the head of this clan." His tone was firm but respectful. "And this here is my wife."

His wife bowed politely, her smile kind and gentle.

"I'm glad you made it here safely," he said to me. "It must've been a tiring journey."

"Well, it wasn't really that long," I replied. "Maya was worried about everyone here, so I figured I'd come with her. Also..." I paused, straightening my back slightly. "I'm here to say this formally—I'm taking your daughter as my lover. If that's okay with both of you."

I didn't dance around the words or hesitate. I bowed deeply, my head low.

Both of them seemed stunned by my bluntness. Maya's father blinked, then let out a small chuckle.

"Please, raise your head," he said, his tone soft. "You don't need to bow like that. I already trust you with my daughter."

I lifted my head, meeting his gaze with confusion.

He smiled—genuinely. "You're the one who brought her back to us. Maybe not permanently, but because of you, we know she's safe. She looks happy, and that's enough for us. But still..." he leaned forward slightly, his tone becoming more serious, "...thank you for coming all this way to ask properly."

Then he said, clearly and with warmth that carried through the room, "Please take care of our daughter."

And with that, both he and his wife bowed deeply to me.

#### Chapter 979: The Nine-Tailed Fox Clan (2)

After finishing my talk with Maya's parents about getting their permission, I shifted gears toward the real reason I'd come here. It wasn't just about greetings or formalities at this point, because this part was the core of my visit, something that could change everything if it went the way I hoped.

Of course, they weren't the ones who held the final say in the matter. The one who did was Trill's father—the king of the Beast Kingdom. Though honestly, calling it a "kingdom" was kind of misleading. Trill's father only ruled his own tribe, the Feliann Clan, but because of his influence and power, people naturally referred to him as the ruler of all beastfolk. Still, titles aside, it mattered what the others thought. Getting their thoughts first would make what came next go a whole lot smoother.

"I want to ask you something," I said, breaking the silence.

Maya's father leaned back slightly, his brows raised. "Oh? You're starting to sound serious now, huh? I half-expected this. Figured you'd have something heavy to drop sooner or later. Alright then, what's on your mind?"

I drew in a slow breath, trying to steady my thoughts before speaking. "Well, I know this might sound insane given the current situation, but I still want your honest opinion on it." My tone grew firmer, more grounded. "If it's at all possible, I want all the kingdoms and tribes in the Great Forest to unite, becoming one single kingdom made up of everyone."

The room fell quiet. For a second, I thought he didn't hear me right. Then, his eyes widened—and the next thing I knew, he was laughing so hard his whole body shook.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" His laughter roared through the room like thunder, his hand slapping his thigh again and again, almost like he couldn't believe what he'd just heard. Even Aegis's lips twitched, and I could tell she was holding back a laugh. I wasn't sure if she found my statement funny or if she was just amused by his reaction, but either way, the message was clear—what I'd said sounded completely absurd.

"I'm sorry, Leon," Maya's father said, still chuckling as he wiped a tear from his eye. "You just caught me off guard... I didn't mean to be rude, really. But hearing something like that from you with such a straight face—damn, I thought you were joking."

He must've truly thought it was some kind of joke, but when he saw that I wasn't laughing—when I didn't even crack a smile—his laughter slowly died down. His expression shifted as realization settled in.

"Wait... you're serious?"

"Yes," I said simply. My tone left no room for doubt.

He blinked a few times before speaking again. "You do know how impossible that sounds, right? Even from a human's standpoint?" He exhaled slowly, shaking his head. "The people in the Great Forest—

beastfolk, dwarves, elves—none of them get along. The idea of them forming one kingdom together? That's beyond difficult. It's practically a dream."

"Well," I replied, keeping my voice calm and steady, "what do you think?"

He stared at me, clearly trying to piece together what kind of man he was talking to. Then his gaze shifted to the group around me—an elf, a beastwoman, a nine-tailed fox, and an ogre, all standing by my side.

"That's not all," I continued, taking a step closer. "I'm close to Her Majesty, the Queen of the Elves, and the princess who's next in line for the throne. I'm also in a relationship with the princess of the beastfolk. And as you can see, I'm not just traveling with an elf—I have an ogre with me, too. I've even formed ties with the dryads. With that kind of influence, do you really think I don't stand a chance?"

He was silent for a long moment, the weight of my words sinking in. Finally, he nodded. "You're right," he said, his tone shifting from disbelief to cautious respect. "Considering everything you just said, you might actually have a shot." He exhaled deeply and closed his eyes for a brief moment. "I can't speak for what the Beast King will say, but as for me... I already agree with your idea. To be honest, merging might be the best thing for us. Economically, defensively—it could save us. My tribe's been barely holding on. We managed to fend off the last group of raiders without losing anyone, but we're on the edge. We're afraid that one more attack could wipe us out. That's why... I think uniting would be for the best."

He wasn't wrong. If they agreed to this, the entire Great Forest would change. Bandits and slavers would never dare step foot here again—not when the tribes stood united. Their defenses would be stronger than ever, and the slavers' business would crumble into nothing.

For now, I could take his support as a good start.

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"You sure are going all out with this," Aegis said as we walked away. "You're even telling your grand plan to a beast clan leader before you've spoken to the Beast King himself."

As always, her gaze was sharp, her expression half-disbelieving, half-annoyed. She had that same look she always gave me—like I was a reckless idiot walking straight into chaos.

"Well, what can I say?" I shrugged with a smirk. "I've got a soft spot for my women."

She frowned, unimpressed. "And that's supposed to mean what exactly?"

She really wouldn't understand. For me, it wasn't about politics or strategy—it was about respect. Considering Maya's parents were involved, I felt it was right to be upfront with them. They deserved to know what I was planning, so they could rest easy about their daughter being with me. That was all there was to it.

"Now, now," I said, waving my hand as if brushing the topic aside. "Let's just move on to our next destination."

Her ears twitched lightly as she crossed her arms. "And where exactly would that be?"

I looked ahead, the wind brushing lightly against my face. "The Nine-Tailed Fox Clan," I said with a small grin. "The Kitsune Clan."

And with that, we continued on our journey.

#### Chapter 980: The Nine-Tailed Fox Clan (3)

Night had already fallen.

We'd been on the road for two days since we'd visited Maya's parents. The air had cooled, the forest folded into shadow, and our small camp was a scatter of dim lanterns and the soft crackle of a dying fire. We'd pitched three tents for the night with one where Aegis and Ayane shared quiet conversation, another where Meria slept so loud I half expected some beast to be drawn in by the noise, and the last where Maya and I were holed up.

Inside that last tent, Maya was giving me a private performance.

She had my cock in her mouth, taking me with a hungry, practiced rhythm. Her lips slid up and down, warm and slick with her saliva threaded along the length and made every slide feel hotter and more electric. When she kissed the tip, a low, eager noise escaped her throat. Then she dipped lower, taking one of my balls into her mouth and rolling it gently with her tongue before switching to the other. Her hand wrapped around my shaft in time with her mouth, stroking while her tongue danced along soft places, switching back and forth like a metronome set to pleasure.

Her skill had sharpened. The pressure of her mouth, the way she alternated tongue and hand, each movement drove a fresh pulse through me until my toes involuntarily curled.

"Master, um...?" she breathed, voice trembling between need and shyness.

"What is it, Maya?" I answered, my voice thick.

"Can I put it inside now?" she asked, rubbing her thighs together as if she could hardly wait. Her hips shifted, betraying how wet and ready she was.

"Sure. Go ahead," I said.

She rose, cheeks flushed, and moved into position. Her fingers guided me—calm and deliberate—then she sank down, taking me inside. A sharp, delicious pressure wrapped around me with her warm walls parting, then closing, trembling as they tried to take me whole. That sensation—tight and alive—had a way of centering everything.

"Ahhh, Master...~ So good...~" she moaned, her voice breaking under the strain of pleasure.

She began to ride me, a slow grind at first, then building into rhythm. I reached up and cupped her breasts—too full for my hands—feeling the weight and softness spill under my palms. She braced her hands by my head while her breasts swung with every thrust, heavy and demanding. I leaned forward and took a nipple between my lips, sucking and tasting her. The tremor that ran through her body when I did told me she was close.

"Ahhh, n-no... Master, if you do that, I'll...!" she gasped, half-moaning, half-sobbing into the night.

She shattered into release soon after, a violent arching of her back as her muscles clenched and pulsed. "Nnghhh... C-Cummingggg...~!" she cried, and the sound of her orgasm filled the small tent like thunder.

That was the push I needed. I lost control, my hips driving, my seed shooting deep into her as I filled her up. The heat of it, the way she tightened around me, made everything raw and bright. "Nnn... aah, s-so hott...~ M-Master's semen...~" she murmured, voice going thin as she collapsed on top of me, breasts pressing against my face.

She went limp from the pleasure—exhausted and bliss-drunk—so I tried to gently pry her off. For a few seconds her weight muffled my breathing, those heavy breasts settled against me with a softness that was almost suffocating, and I laughed, half-wheezing, half-grateful for the closeness. She must've been spent from the trip. She was tired and easy to overcome with a single, perfect fuck.

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When I finally freed myself, I stepped out into the cool night air. The tang of sex clung to my skin, and sweat slicked every inch of me. I needed to wash—just a quick rinse to scrub the day and the heat off before sleep.

Nearby the camp, a clear lake rested like a dark mirror. The surface was glass-smooth, reflecting the moon and the trees in silver strokes. It felt almost sacred—so still that a tossed pebble would interrupt the silence with a satisfying plop and ripple the world into motion. I liked the idea of that simple, clean noise.

But I wasn't the only one with the same idea.

She was there, by the rock at the water's edge—completely naked. Nine tails fanned behind her and swayed with a fluid, hypnotic grace, each one catching the moonlight and throwing it back in faint, shimmering waves. Ayane sat on the stone, scooping water with a small wooden tub and letting it stream down her body in slow arcs, one careful pour after another.

In the silver light she looked fragile and unreal, like marble warmed by moonbeams. Her skin glowed softly with the gentle fall of water tracing the shape of her shoulders, the line of her ribs, the soft swell of her hips. She moved with a foxlike, unhurried elegance with every small motion intentional, as if she

were performing a private prayer to the night. The scene felt intimate and delicate. I didn't want to break it.

So I turned to leave.

But of course, things never go that smoothly.

As cliché as it sounded, I stepped on a twig, the sharp snap echoing through the still air. With her fox ears, there was no way she wouldn't notice.

She spun, and the reflex was perfect as she put her hands up to cover herself, tails snapping into a protective curve. Her eyes were wide, startled—then softened as she recognized me.

"It's me," I said, stepping into the moonlight so she could see clearly.

Relief washed over her face like a tide. There was even a delicate blush coloring her cheeks. "I-It's fine, M-Master Leon," she stammered, voice small and breathy. "D-Did you come here to have a bath as well? If so, then it's fine. I don't mind sharing the water with you."

There was an awkward, shy politeness to her tone—equal parts formal and fumbling. It fit her, I guess. She was noble yet nervous, reserved yet flushed.

"Is that really fine?" I said, letting a smile tilt my words.

"O-Of course. Please do," she said in a rush, looking away and trying to compose herself while her tails trembled faintly behind her.