

The World 981

Chapter 981: The Nine-Tailed Fox Clan (4)

I decided to dip in.

The faint sound of water rippling echoed softly as I stepped closer to the edge. The steam rising from the surface curled and danced through the air, wrapping around me like a veil of warmth. Even though she wasn't facing me, I could tell her ears twitched ever so slightly with every rustle of my clothes coming off. She didn't turn around, but I knew she was aware. Her sharp senses caught every subtle movement, every quiet breath I took. Still, I didn't say anything.

After all, I was the one intruding. The least I could do was keep quiet.

She continued washing herself, her hands gliding gracefully across her skin as though she were performing some kind of delicate ritual. I didn't know why, but even the simple act of her rubbing her shoulder made my chest tighten. Her skin looked so clean it was almost glowing under the dim light, not a single trace of dirt on her—and yet, she washed as if she were purifying herself of something deeper than grime. It was hypnotic. Every small motion, every flick of water off her fingertips—it was all too much.

I could feel the heat rising in me. Not from the bath—but from her.

Then it hit me. That scent. That intoxicating, almost otherworldly fragrance that filled the air and clung to my skin. It wasn't something she sprayed on... it was natural. It was her. A scent so alluring that my body responded before I even realized it. My pulse quickened, my breath became shallow, and my mind started to haze.

I'd heard about this before—from Titania. The nine-tailed foxes had this natural charm, a pheromone-like aura that drove men insane without even trying. It wasn't magic or an ability, not something deliberate. It was just their nature. And now, surrounded by the scent of her body and the warmth of the bath, I could feel it in full force.

She was practically drowning me in it.

The air felt thick and heavy. My head felt light, almost dizzy. I could taste her scent at the back of my throat. Her tails fanned out slowly behind her, spreading like blooming flowers under the mist. I knew that gesture—it was a natural method for female nine-tails to attract males.

So yeah... she was seducing me. There was no denying it. Even a clueless idiot could read those signs, and I wasn't that dense.

"Master Leon," her voice suddenly broke through the silence, calm but soft enough to stir something in me.

"What is it?" I asked, doing my best to sound unaffected, though my tone came out a little rougher than I meant.

"I am... really grateful," she said, her tone quieter now. "That you allowed me to go back and see the Kitsune Clan again."

Her words lingered for a moment, carried by the steam in the air.

"You're worried about them, right? It's been a while since you last saw them," I said, my eyes still on the ripples she made in the water.

"Yes," she replied softly. "Ever since I was captured, I thought I'd never see them again. Thanks to you, I was given that chance. I... couldn't be more grateful."

I shrugged lightly, though deep down, her words struck something in me. "Don't mention it. I'm just doing what I can."

That was true. I had my reasons for saving her and the others—it wasn't all out of kindness. But still, hearing her say that made me feel something warm inside, even if I didn't want to admit it.

We fell silent after that, washing quietly, our backs turned to each other. The sound of splashing water echoed softly through the air, mixing with the faint hum of the lake. Her tails swayed gently behind her,

glowing faintly from the heat. It was peaceful... but charged. Like something was waiting to happen, yet neither of us made the first move.

The next day...

"This is...?" I muttered, my eyes widening as I took in the sight before me.

What stretched across the forest wasn't a village on land—but above it. Wooden houses, rope bridges, and winding paths connected massive trees together like a city floating in the canopy. It was breathtaking. Shafts of sunlight pierced through the leaves, scattering golden dust across the platforms. The entire place looked alive.

While I was still admiring the scenery, something sharp whistled through the air.

An arrow.

It was flying straight for my head.

Without even thinking, I caught it midair with one hand. The shaft trembled between my fingers as I raised my gaze toward where it came from.

Standing above me was a man—tall, poised, with nine tails swaying behind him like flames in the wind. His eyes were cold and alert. Clearly, he thought I was an intruder. But then, the moment his gaze met Ayane's, everything stopped.

"Brother..." she whispered, her voice trembling slightly.

"Ayane!" His voice cracked with emotion as his tense expression melted into pure relief.

It was one of those rare moments that just hit you right in the chest. After four long days of searching through dense forests and hostile lands, we had finally found the Kitsune Clan's settlement.

The man leapt down from the high bridge above. The fall was easily over ten meters, but he landed without a sound. His tails had cushioned his descent, flowing gracefully behind him as he touched the ground.

Ayane ran toward him, her feet barely making a sound on the ground before she threw herself into his arms. They embraced tightly—her head against his chest, his arms wrapped around her shoulders. For a second, it was like looking at two mirrors of the same soul. They had the same eyes, the same sharp yet gentle features—only the difference in height set them apart.

"We've been looking for you all this time... I'm so glad you're safe," her brother said, his voice shaking as he held her. "I'm really glad..."

"I'm sorry, brother," Ayane's voice cracked as well. "If I hadn't gone out that day, then..."

"It's fine," he interrupted gently, resting a hand on her head. "What matters is that you're here now. You're safe."

The relief in his voice was almost painful to hear. It was the sound of someone who had been holding on to hope for too long. I couldn't bring myself to interrupt them. The sight was too genuine and too human.

After a few seconds, her brother turned to me. "I'm sorry for earlier," he said, bowing slightly. "We've had a lot of bandit attacks lately, so we're a little on edge."

"It's fine," I said, waving it off. "I get it."

"You must be the one who brought my sister back safely," he continued. "Thank you. My name is Eiju Kitsune."

Eiju, huh? Just like Ayane's name, it had that Japanese ring to it. Maybe their origins were closer to my previous world than I thought. That was possible...

"Leon," I said simply.

He studied me for a moment, his gaze sharp, then flicked toward the others standing behind me. "Leon..." he repeated slowly. "You're... I see. So you're the man I've been hearing about lately."

That made me blink. My name had reached all the way here? Either that was good news or very, very bad news.

"I could be mistaken," Eiju went on, "but considering the company you keep—women of different races, all gathered around you—it's hard not to assume. You're the Elf breeder, aren't you?"

I nearly choked on my own breath.

The what?!

When the hell did I get a nickname like that?!

Chapter 982: The Nine-Tailed Fox Clan (5)

The Nine-Tailed Fox—the Kitsune Clan—was far bigger than I had imagined. From a distance, I thought there might only be a few of them scattered around, but as we walked through the settlement, I realized there were probably between fifty to a hundred Kitsune living here. The place felt alive—warm even. Children with fox tails ran between the huts, laughter echoing like soft chimes in the air, while the older ones chatted or prepared food by the fires. It was strange... seeing a group known for their cunning and mischief living such peaceful, simple lives. Somehow, it was... heartwarming.

"Fufufufu, Elf Breeder, that couldn't have been more accurate, could it?" Aegis teased, her voice filled with amusement, the corners of her lips curling into a smug grin.

I sighed, side-eyeing her. Finding out that I had that ridiculous nickname was embarrassing enough, but seeing how much she enjoyed it made it worse. Did she even realize that she was an elf too? Technically,

I was also "breeding" her. But fine—I'd let her have her fun. She was clearly enjoying herself too much to ruin it for her.

Still, it was surprising that the other races in the Great Forest even knew about what was going on in the Kingdom of Elves. They were always so reclusive, keeping to themselves and hating anything that wasn't their own kind. Especially humans. The idea that rumors had spread this far was... strange.

"Well, I didn't think the rumors were true about the elves welcoming a male into their borders. That's practically unheard of," said Eiju, his tone curious, his gaze fixed on me. "I heard from some traders passing through that they saw a man among the elves, and that they'd heard a lot of things there too. So word got around the Great Forest that there's someone breeding the elves." He chuckled, shaking his head slightly. "At first, I thought it was nonsense. But then you show up. You practically smell like someone who's been with many elves. They also said that man had quite an appetite—that he liked collecting women from different races. And looking at your group," his eyes drifted from me to Aegis and the others before narrowing, "I'd say that rumor isn't too far off."

I couldn't deny it. As absurd as it sounded, every part of what he said was true. I never planned for my life to end up like this, but here I was.

"I'm guessing, since you came all this way, you're planning to take one of our women too?" he asked, his tone lowering, his eyes narrowing into sharp golden slits. The warmth from earlier disappeared in an instant. The air around him turned heavy and serious.

Well, that was expected. If someone from another race suddenly showed up in your home and made it sound like he was here to fuck one of your women, you'd be pissed too. Especially when your clan's population wasn't exactly high.

"I'm not," I said, keeping my tone calm. "I came here because Ayane wanted to. She got worried when she heard that the Great Forest was being attacked by bandits."

"Is that so?" he said, his voice still sharp. His eyes didn't soften. "Just for the record, have you done it with my sister?"

I exhaled through my nose and met his glare. "Don't take me for that kind of man. I might have a bad reputation, and I'm sure you've heard all sorts of crap about me, but I'd never do something that would break the trust they've given me."

He held my gaze for a few seconds, his expression unreadable, before sighing heavily. "I see. I guess I misjudged you then. My apologies."

"It's fine," I said casually. "I wasn't offended."

A moment later, we reached his house—by far the largest one in the entire village. The wooden structure stood tall, with carved patterns of fox tails and fire along its beams. It wasn't hard to guess—this guy was the clan head.

"Well then, why don't you all sit down and rest a bit? I'll prepare some food for you," he said, motioning toward the doorway.

"You don't have to worry about that," I told him.

He paused, raising a brow. "Huh?"

"Well, it's been years since the two of you last saw each other, right?" I said, glancing between him and Ayane. "You should use this time to catch up. We can handle our food in the meantime. We brought plenty of meat with us anyway."

"I'll prepare the food instead," Maya said, stepping forward with a small smile.

Eiju chuckled lightly, shaking his head. "You're really considerate, huh? Well, if that's what you want, then... thank you."

With that, the two siblings moved off to the side, talking quietly.

Ayane's POV

It's been so long since I last stood in this place. Everything looked different—the trees seemed older, the houses more refined—but somehow, it still felt like home. Like nothing had really changed.

Even though I never liked this place much because of how isolated it was from the outside world, I couldn't deny that I missed it. The scent of burning wood, the faint sound of laughter, the familiar warmth in the air—it all brought back memories I thought I'd forgotten.

"You've changed a lot, Ayane," said Eiju.

I looked up at him. My brother. The man who'd carried the weight of our clan on his shoulders since our parents died when I was just a little pup. He was older now—his eyes sharper, his presence heavier—but the way he spoke to me was still gentle.

He was the one who raised me, after all. Maybe it was because he'd always been so busy managing everything that I turned into a troublemaker. I was wild, rebellious, and stubborn. Even as I grew older, I refused to listen. I was spoiled—by attention, by freedom, by my own pride.

That's probably why he looked so surprised to see me so calm now.

"That man must've changed you," he said, his tone almost teasing. "Do you like him?"

"Like him?" I echoed quietly, my eyes drifting to the floor.

It was hard to answer. I didn't even know how to put my feelings into words. But... yes, my feelings for him had grown—slowly, without me realizing. Not because we talked much, or shared long moments together. In fact, we hardly had any long conversations at all. But there was something about him. Something real. Something pure, despite how crude and shameless he could be.

That's what drew me to him.

"Master Leon..." I said softly, feeling my chest tighten. "I don't think he has feelings for me. But yes... I love him."

Even if that love never gets returned, even if he never looks at me the same way I look at him, I'll still say it. I'll still admit it—because it's the truth.

And for the first time, I told my brother how I truly felt about Master Leon.

Chapter 983: Ayane Kitsune (1)

I always thought the world outside would be brighter and livelier—something far more exciting than the suffocating place I was born into. The walls of my tribe felt like a cage, every breath a little harder to take, every day dragging on like a chain tied to my neck. I wanted out. I wanted to feel the wind that wasn't trapped between those same trees and the same dirt paths I'd known all my life. Maybe I was just being stubborn, maybe even foolish, but back then, I didn't care. I didn't know what awaited me, and honestly, I didn't think about it. I just wanted freedom.

But that choice... was the biggest mistake I ever made.

When I escaped the tribe, I didn't get far. I was captured almost immediately. It happened so fast that I barely had time to understand what was going on. The person who caught me used some strange ability—something invisible and overwhelming. It wrapped around me before I could even move, and in that moment, I knew I was done for. My body froze, my heart screamed, and I could only think one thing and that was that I'm never going home again.

I regretted it—every stubborn thought as well as every step I took away from the tribe.

By the time I reached the place they were taking me, my legs were trembling. I was terrified. The sight that greeted me made my stomach twist. There were women everywhere, their eyes hollow, faces pale. Some looked like they'd already given up, like they knew exactly what was coming. I was naive then, too naive to understand, but even I could feel it—the dread thick in the air, clinging to my skin like a curse. Whatever I thought the outside world was... it wasn't this. Everything I'd hoped for had turned into something I could only describe as hell.

Lady Martha was the only reason I didn't completely break. She was kind, gentle even. She couldn't go against her brother—the one who ran the whole place—but she did what she could to ease our suffering. Little things, like making sure we had food, or shielding us from his rage. I could tell she wanted to help, even though she couldn't change our fate.

And then came the lessons—ones I never wanted to learn. They taught us how to please a man. How to touch. How to move. How to make sounds that would make them pay more. I didn't understand at first, but soon, it became clear—the place I'd been sold to was a brothel. A place where women sold their bodies to survive. I was terrified beyond words. My hands shook every day, my chest heavy with fear. But what could I do? I was the one who left home. It was my fault. So I accepted it. I let myself become what they wanted me to be.

Then one day, out of nowhere, I was saved.

Or... that's what I thought.

The man who took me from there wasn't what I expected. He was strange and hard to understand. At first, I thought he was just as vile as the others. He had many women under his roof, and every night I could hear him, the sound echoing through the halls like some sort of twisted rhythm. It was unsettling. He seemed addicted to sex, always with someone new.

But the more I watched him, the more I realized he was different. Beneath that lewd exterior, there was something else. It was respect, maybe even restraint. It was odd. For someone so obsessed with sex, he never forced himself on anyone. Despite owning us, he never touched those who didn't want it. Not once. He only slept with women who willingly went to him. That alone made him stand out from any men I'd seen before.

Over the years, I began to see more of him. How he treated people. How he talked. The way he looked after the others, even if he didn't have to. Slowly, all the fear and doubt that had built up inside me started to fade away. In its place, something new began to grow—something I couldn't ignore.

I didn't realize it at first, but I'd fallen for him.

Love... it felt strange. I used to think it was a foolish thing, something that only caused pain. But when it started to bloom inside me, it felt warm. Gentle. It made me feel alive again. I didn't hate it. In fact, it scared me how much I liked it.

But unlike the other girls, I couldn't bring myself to do anything about it. They were bold, always clinging to him, always teasing. I couldn't even hold a proper conversation with him. Every time I tried, my voice would falter, my hands would fidget, and I'd lose the courage halfway through.

I didn't understand why—until I remembered who I was. A Kitsune.

We're proud, stubborn creatures. We don't confess feelings with words. We show them through instinct—through touch, scent, and movement. Kitsunes attract their partners by releasing pheromones, by spreading their tails, by letting nature take its course. We don't say "I love you." We show it. Mating is our confession.

But Master Leon... he isn't a Kitsune. My instincts mean nothing to him. He doesn't feel the pull the same way I do. Sometimes, I get the sense that he barely even notices me. Maybe he just doesn't find me attractive. And that's fine—at least, that's what I tell myself.

Two years. Two long years. And still, he never looked at me the way I hoped he would. I tried to convince myself it didn't matter, but the more I saw him, the harder it became to ignore this ache in my chest.

Every time I thought about it, I found myself confiding in Eiju. Talking to him made me realize just how deep my feelings had grown. It was ridiculous, really. How someone like me could feel something so strong for a man who probably didn't even see me that way.

Chapter 984: Ayane Kitsune (2)

Eiju listened quietly before saying, "You should just be honest with your feelings, Ayane." His tone was calm, but his words hit me hard. "That man doesn't seem like the type who's not attracted to you. Look at him—he's got women of all races around him. If you really like him, I don't think adding you to that group would be an issue. And honestly, I don't think he's the kind of guy who'd neglect a woman once he's with her."

He sighed, giving me that half-serious, half-teasing look of his. "Although, I do have some qualms about it. Still, if you believe being with him would make you happy, maybe it's time to stop holding back. Just tell him. Straight up."

He was right. Being stubborn never did me any good. Maybe it was time to finally face him—to let him know how I really felt.

Eiju gave a small grin. "If you want, you can stay here tonight. I'll head over to my wife's family home. You could take that chance and..."

He leaned close, his breath brushing against my ear.

"...mate with him."

My heart skipped a beat. My face burned. And for a moment, I couldn't tell if the warmth in my chest was from embarrassment—or from the thought of finally being honest with myself.

"W-What are you talking about?" I asked, my voice coming out smaller than I intended. My throat felt dry, and the way he was smiling at me made my heart skip a beat for all the wrong reasons.

"Just like you said," he replied, tilting his head slightly, his eyes glinting under the faint orange hue of the campfire. "We're the kind of people who don't express our feelings through words, but through actions. So why don't you visit him tonight... and show him how you really feel?"

His words lingered in my head long after he left.

The night had finally arrived.

The soft crackle of the dying fire echoed across the tribe's camp. The night air was cool, and a faint mist rolled over the ground, wrapping everything in a kind of quiet stillness. My brother and his wife had

already left earlier in the evening, probably to spend the night with her parents. They told me and the others to rest here until tomorrow, before we'd head toward the Feliann settlement.

That meant this was the one chance I had.

Sure, I'd probably have other chances later... but this moment, this single opportunity, was handed to me by Eiju himself. He gave it to me like it was nothing—and I wasn't about to waste it.

As the hours went on, the noise around the camp faded. One by one, people disappeared into their huts, their laughter replaced by the rhythm of soft breathing and the occasional rustle of leaves. The moon hung high and full, casting a pale light that spilled across the village and painted long shadows across the dirt paths.

Master Leon and the others had already gone inside to rest.

Like always, it seemed Master Leon was going to share his bed with Maya.

"Ayane." Maya's voice made me stop in my tracks. Her gaze met mine, and she smiled faintly—like she already knew exactly what was running through my mind. "You seem like you're going for it tonight. I like that you're ready to surrender yourself to Master, but... are you truly sure about this?"

Her words made my chest tighten. I nodded. I didn't know if this was going to work out the way I wanted, but... I wanted to at least try.

Maya's smile softened. "Do you want my assistance?" she asked, her tone gentle but serious. "It's your first time, isn't it? Master's gentle when it comes to that... but it'll still hurt. It's not something you can just glide through."

"It's fine," I said, trying to keep my voice steady even though my palms were shaking slightly. "If I can't endure a little pain, then I don't deserve to be with him."

Her smile widened a bit more, and this time, there was something almost motherly in her expression. "I see," she said, giving me a small nod. "Well, Master's in the room your brother prepared for him. I won't

come by anymore since tonight, you're the one who'll be sleeping next to him." She stepped closer, lowering her voice. "Now then... good luck, Ayane."

I took a deep breath and swallowed hard as she walked away, her figure disappearing into the dimly lit path behind me.

The night was so quiet that I could hear my own heartbeat echoing in my ears. My bare feet pressed against the wooden floorboards as I made my way toward Master Leon's room. The closer I got, the heavier my chest felt.

When I finally reached his door, I froze. My hand hovered inches above the doorknob, trembling. For a moment, it even felt like the door itself was pushing back, trying to keep me from entering. My heart pounded faster, the blood rushing to my ears so loud it drowned out everything else.

But I couldn't back away now.

I clenched my fist, took one more shaky breath, and finally gripped the doorknob. The metal was cold against my skin, and I turned it slowly, careful not to make any noise.

The hinges creaked softly as I pushed the door open.

Inside, the room was dim, bathed only in faint silver light spilling in through the window. The air smelled faintly of smoke and pine. I saw him lying on the bed—Master Leon—his chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm.

He was fast asleep.

His hair was slightly messy, a few strands falling over his forehead. The exhaustion on his face was clear. He'd been working so hard lately—barely sleeping, constantly moving. He carried the weight of so many tribes on his shoulders. Trying to unite the entire Great Forest... it was a goal so heavy that even breathing under it must've felt like a burden.

No wonder he was out cold.

I stood there for a moment, just watching him breathe. Then I took another deep breath, steeling my resolve, and walked toward him.

Leon's POV

Something stirred at the edge of the bed. It was subtle at first—a shift in weight, a faint dip in the mattress near my legs. Then, warmth. A soft pressure settled around my hips, followed by the faint rhythm of movement. My body tensed instinctively, and I slowly opened my eyes.

The room was dark, but not completely. The moonlight slipped through the curtains, casting silver patterns across the floor. That's when I saw her—someone straddling me, her silhouette faintly outlined by the light.

I couldn't make out her face, but I could tell immediately—she wasn't Maya. The shape of her hips, the way she pressed against me... it was different. It was unfamiliar, unpracticed, but filled with an energy I hadn't felt before.

Then, behind her, something flickered in the darkness—something that moved with a gentle sway, almost glowing faintly in the moonlight. Tails. Several of them, spreading like a fan.

Ayane.

So it was her after all.

But... why was she here?

"Ayane?" I asked, my voice rough with sleep.

She froze for just a second, then slowly lifted her gaze toward me. The light caught her face just enough for me to see the expression she wore—nervous, but burning with something fierce. Desire. Resolve. It was the look of someone who had made up her mind completely.

"Master Leon..." she whispered, her voice trembling, almost pleading. "Let me show you my feelings..."

Her fingers moved to the collar of her kimono. Slowly, she slid the fabric off her shoulder. The silk glided over her skin like water, revealing the smooth line of her collarbone, then her bare shoulders, until—finally—her breasts came into view, illuminated by the soft light filtering through the window.

"I want you... to know it," she said, her voice breaking slightly as she looked straight into my eyes.

Her gaze was trembling, but her determination wasn't.

Chapter 985: Ayane Kitsune (3)

I still had no clue what snapped in her head and pushed her to do this—but I definitely wasn't complaining. If anything, I was grateful.

Ayane had been on my radar for a long time, but getting her to notice me was like trying to tame a storm. It took a year for her to even warm up to me—well, partially. Tonight, though, she'd dropped the distance between us in one bold, dangerous move.

Her hips were carved like sculpture. It was perfectly defined and her breasts were full and heavy in a way that looked both soft and stubbornly firm. The scent she gave off—her natural musk mixed with whatever perfume she wore—rose up my nose and seeped into my head. It invaded my thoughts and made everything around me blur. My pulse sped, heat pooled low in my gut, and I could feel my cock hardening, pressing insistently against my trousers. The sensation was delicious, bordering on cruel, and I wanted more.

"Master Leon..." she murmured, voice thin and urgent.

In the dim light I could trace the outline of her silhouette. The sight hit me like a living magnet with every line of her body spoke danger and invitation. She was peak beauty. I could already imagine how it would feel to fuck her. Why she'd chosen this moment, I didn't know. Did I care? No. Not even a little.

"Ayane, you're..." I started, but words fell apart. Her robe had slipped open and there was nothing between her and my thigh and her bare pussy was pressed flush against me. The slick heat of her skin, the smell, the way she molded herself to my leg... it all pushed straight through my control.

"I'm getting worried, Master Leon..." she said, small and tremulous. "It feels like you're not giving me attention. I don't know what you really feel for me, and I'm getting frustrated. This is your fault. You made me like this. And honestly, what do I want? Not the spotlight... not the fame—I want you, Master Leon. Will you let me have you?"

She looked so vulnerable then—like someone unmasked. That vulnerability pulled at me harder than seduction ever could. Her determination, the way she half-asked and half-demanded, tightened me further until thinking was a luxury I couldn't afford. There was no way I could resist her if she was like this. Not even a shed of self-control could have possibly stop me from doing this with her.

She pressed closer and I felt that tiny, eager twitch beneath her. Paired with her beauty and the way her whole body seemed designed to make men weak, it was intoxicating.

"I'm assuming that's good," she breathed. "Well then, Master Leon—please. Have a taste of me."

She leaned forward. The world narrowed to heat and breath and the weight of her breasts at my face. The most natural thing seemed to be to go with it. I leaned in and took one nipple into my mouth, swirling my tongue around the areola with slow, deliberate strokes.

"Mmm...~"

A single, soft moan slipped from her when my mouth found her. Warmth flooded me at the sound with her involuntary reactions as well as the way her body shivered under my touch.

"Uunggg...~ Hhaaa...~"

Her body twitched at every suck with her spine arching like a bowstring. The nine tails behind her fanned and trembled, little waves of movement that made the whole scene feel alive. It was dangerous and tender at once.

"M-Master, you're sucking very hard...~ Fufufufu..." she chuckled, a breathy, delighted sound that made the hairs on my neck stand up. Even her laugh was a weapon.

All of my senses were being toyed with—taste, touch, smell, sight—every one of them bright and raw. I loved the way her breasts felt. They were large but not floppy, full yet firm, the perfect mix of heft and resilience. They were massive, probably bigger than Mammon's or Solaris's—and I could appreciate the scale.

"Hanngghhh, aahhhh...~ M-Master, if you keep sucking that hard...~" she whimpered, biting her lip in a small, adorable way. Her tails brushed against me, soft as down, and each stroke sent tiny electric shocks up my spine. The old saying about getting caught in the claws of a nine-tailed fox felt true—once you were in, you were done for.

She was wet, leaking along my thigh, the slick warmed my skin as it spread. The smell rising off her—pheromones, sweat, perfume—caught hold of me and made my head spin. It was like being pulled under a tide with every inhale leaving me hazier and closer to the edge. I felt like I might cum just from that scent alone. My penis was really hard right now.

"F-Fuaaaah...~ M-Master... it feels good...~ Ahhh, s-something is... something's weird...~ Hnghhhh...!"

Her eyes glazed over, blown wide and half-lidded at once. Pleasure painted her face in ragged strokes. She arched until the curve of her back was perfect, breath hitching between words. Watching her lose herself like that made control slipperier than oil.

I pulled away, a thin string of saliva stretching from my mouth to her breast before snapping. She looked momentarily disappointed, but the haze on her face was pure rapture—and that only stoked me more.

"Ayane, would you go down on me and suck it?" I asked, voice low and steady. I needed to know how committed she was. If there was a flinch and I'd stop. An eager lean and we were on a different path.

She swallowed hard, then obeyed. She sank closer until her face hovered over my crotch. Her fingers slid at the hem of my pants and my briefs, pulling them down with patient, careful movements. My cock sprang free, heavy and hot.

"Ohh..."

My shadow fell across her face. She stared at it for a heartbeat, awe bright in her eyes. She inhaled, nostrils flaring, and then—tentatively—pressed out the tip of her tongue, tasting the air around it like someone testing new water.

Chapter 986: Ayane Kitsune (4)

I started trembling the moment her tongue pressed against the underside of my penis. The jolt that ran through me was like poison. It was a slow, burning, delicious poison that crawled beneath my skin and tore away every bit of resistance I had left. My body felt like it wasn't mine anymore. My breath caught in my throat, and my back arched slightly from the electric warmth that spread through me.

Her tongue was hot, slick, and slightly rough, the perfect mix of pleasure and stimulation that made my cock twitch in her mouth. Every time her tongue dragged along the length of my shaft, a shiver ran up my spine, making my muscles tense and my toes curl against the sheets. It was maddening, how every touch of hers seemed calculated to make me lose my mind. I could feel the pleasure rising from my crotch, flowing up through my stomach and chest before slamming right into my head, turning everything white for a brief moment.

She looked up at me while her tongue danced along my dick, her eyes filled with a glint of lust and devotion that only made it harder to keep control. The mix of her stare and the sensation made my back buckle, and I couldn't stop the shaky breaths leaving my lips.

"Master...~ Master's penis...~ It tastes so good...~" she said in a soft, almost trembling voice. "I've been wanting to taste it for so long... and finally... I did. Just as I thought... it tastes perfect...~"

Her expression was pure ecstasy. It was like she was getting drunk just from the taste of me. Then, without warning, she slid lower, her tongue brushing against the base of my cock before she began licking my balls.

I clenched my fists into the sheets, my body twitching from the sudden jolt.

"Mmnchuu... nnn...~" she hummed as she gently sucked one of them into her mouth, her tongue swirling over it in slow, deliberate circles. I felt the heat of her breath, the wetness of her mouth, and the spark that shot through my nerves each time her tongue moved. The combination made my vision blur slightly, and I couldn't help but grit my teeth.

It seemed like she was getting a kick out of watching me lose control. Her nine tails swayed wildly behind her, moving with excitement as if they had a mind of their own. Her warm breath brushed against my balls as she played with them, and the faint sound of her breathless giggles made it worse — or better, depending on how you looked at it.

She was enjoying this — whether it was because of me or just the act itself, I didn't know. But either way, it felt too damn good.

When she leaned back, a thin thread of saliva stretched from her tongue to my balls, glistening in the dim light before it snapped and fell onto the bed. Then she dove right back down, her lips wrapping around my cock again, swallowing me whole.

She was a natural — or maybe trained to perfection. I remembered vaguely that she was once a prostitute-in-training, which explained how she knew exactly how to make every nerve in my body scream. Her mouth moved up and down with steady rhythm, her tongue flicking along the underside as she slobbered all over me. She didn't miss a spot — the tip, the shaft, even the spaces between my cock and balls. Everything was wet, slick, and hot with her saliva. My heartbeat pounded in my ears as she devoured me, her movements growing faster and hungrier.

I felt it building... that tightening deep inside that told me I couldn't last much longer.

"Nghhh!" I groaned, my voice breaking as I came hard, shooting my semen deep into her mouth.

"Mmm...!" Her eyes went wide when it hit her. My cum filled her mouth faster than she could swallow and some leaked from her lips, dripping down her chin, and even out of her nose in thin white trails like snot. Her eyes rolled back slightly, and she let out a muffled moan, her body shivering as if the act itself made her orgasm.

Then she pulled away, pressing a trembling hand against her mouth to keep it from spilling out. She stared at me with half-lidded eyes before swallowing it down with a few audible gulps.

"Gulp... gulp..."

The sound alone sent another pulse through me. She licked her lips when she finished, a strand of cum still hanging from her lower lip before she wiped it with her tongue, smiling faintly.

She was beautiful — too beautiful. The way she looked at me, with those lustful, satisfied eyes, made her feel less like a woman and more like temptation itself given form.

Before I even realized it, I was already sitting up, my body acting on pure instinct. The next thing I knew, she was beneath me, her face flushed, eyes wide in surprise, then softening with embarrassment as her lips curved into a small, shy smile.

"I'm going for it. Is that okay?" I asked, my voice hoarse.

My hand slid up her thighs. They were smooth, flawless skin that felt unreal under my fingertips. Her body was warm, soft, and perfect, like something sculpted by gods. She nodded without hesitation, her breathing heavy, her eyes half-closed in anticipation.

She was ready. She'd been ready from the beginning.

I grabbed my cock, still hard despite just cumming, and pressed the tip against her soaked entrance. The warmth and wetness spread instantly over the head, the scent of her arousal filling the air and making my head spin. My breathing quickened, and the room seemed to blur slightly from the heat building inside me.

Slowly, I pushed in. Her folds parted, wet and tight around me, welcoming me in inch by inch.

"Nnn...~" she whimpered softly, her body trembling beneath me.

The deeper I went, the tighter it felt. Her wetness coated me completely, making every movement slick and intoxicating. I grabbed her shoulders, pushing myself in until I was buried fully inside her. And

although, she was a virgin, she didn't look like she was in pain. That was good. Which meant I could go all out.

"Nhaaaaa...~" she moaned out loud, her back arching beautifully. "Ahhh... F-Finally...~" she said between breaths, her hand pressing against her lower belly where my cock was buried deep inside. "I'm finally one with you."

She was right. We were completely one now... connected in a way words couldn't describe. But it wasn't enough. Not yet.

Gripping her hips firmly, I started to move.

Chapter 987: Ayane Kitsune (5)

My cock slid in and out of her pussy with a slick, relentless rhythm, each stroke drawing up hotter, wetter sensations that pooled between us. The bed sounded alive with the sound of soft slaps, wet whispers, and the little splash of water clinging to skin... every noise echoing in the room like its own music. Her waist fit under my hands like it had been carved for me. It was a perfect, yielding curve that rolled and flexed with each thrust, warm and trembling beneath my touch.

"Ahhh, ahngh, ahhh...~ Hnghh, ahhh...!"

Her moans spilled out ragged and breathy. I felt her pussy clamp and loosen around me, each contraction a tiny, electric surprise that sent heat straight through my shaft. Her muscles twitched, mapping my length with small, urgent spasms, trying to draw me deeper every time I pulled back and then slammed forward. The pressure built, close and precise, like a vice that knew all my weaknesses.

"Aaah, aaaaaahhh~ M-Master, something is... something is...~" she cried, voice rising, slick with wonder. Pleasure had painted her face with her cheeks flushed, eyes half-lidded and her lips trembling. It looked like this might be her first true release with the way her whole body hungered and surrendered to it.

I didn't ease off. I kept driving my hips, harder now, riding the wave she made with every desperate noise. She folded into it, closing her eyes, moans growing louder until—

"Ahhhhhhh~ Ahhh, aaaahhh~ I'm flyinggg...~ I'm flyinggggggggggg~!!!"

Her shout tore through the air as orgasm ripped her apart in the best way. Her back arched, hands clamped to my shoulders, and she hugged me like she might never let go. She locked her legs around my hips, holding me tight, her pussy clenching down as if to trap me inside her.

"Fngghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Her body convulsed in a long, trembling wave, every muscle taut and quivering. For a long beat she held me—firm, needy, and worshipful—until the spasms slowed and her breathing scattered. When she finally softened, she looked up at me, dazed and luminous.

"W-What was that?" she whispered, voice small and stunned.

"That's an orgasm," I said, calm, watching her. If she didn't know what it was before, she sure did now. "Do you like it?"

"Mmm... I like it..." she breathed, eyes glossy and sincere.

"Want me to keep going?" I asked.

"Y-Yesss...~" she answered, voice thin with want.

I didn't hesitate. I angled, drove the tip of my dick into the deepest, wettest part of her pussy, the impact making a loud, sloppy slap each time I struck in. The feeling of her vagina cut through me—hot, tight, and it was utterly consuming—and I could sense my own build creeping toward the edge.

"Nnnghh, ahhnghhh...~ Ahh, ahhhh...~ Nnnghh, ahhnghhh, ah, ah, ahhhh...~!"

Her voice was honey and fire at once, and her body grew hotter with every stroke. My control thinned and the furnace inside me roared louder, coals flaring with every crash of my hips.

"Hgnhhh, ahhh...~ M-Master Leon... S-Something is... coming again...~ Hnghhh, ahhhnggh, ah, ahh...!"

Urgency threaded her words now and her pussy gripped me like a living thing, squeezing until it felt like we were one.

"Nghh, ahhngh, ahhh... H-He...~ ahhnghhh...! Hhhaaaaanngghhh...~"

She teetered on the edge and I did too. I leaned closer, voice low and hot in her ear. "Ayane, I'm going to cum inside."

"Mm... C-Cum inside me...!" she begged, and that simple permission burned straight through me.

I let go. My seed erupted, thick and hot, shooting into her until my body emptied, pulse bursting with every thrust. Her cry was a raw, beautiful sound as wave after wave of my cum filled her, and she wrapped herself around me, trembling.

"Ahhnnhghhhhh...! Ahhh, s-so hottt...~ It feels gooodddd...~!" she moaned, utterly undone.

She clenched her legs tight, squeezing me as I poured myself into her, holding me in place until the last pulse faded. Her eyes softened into near-heart shapes as she panted, spent and radiant.

When fatigue finally loosened her grip, her legs fell open to either side and I slid free. I watched a warm, white trickle leak from her pussy and mat the sheets below, a quiet, sticky trail of what we'd just shared. I exhaled and smiled, the sight making something low and satisfied settle in my chest. She still looked at me, and that same, slow pull—the one that made her dangerous and irresistible—was back in her gaze.

I lifted my cock and held it near her face, the shadow of it falling on her eyes. She stared at it for a long moment, panting with her pupils wide. Then, with a sleepy, deliberate movement, she inhaled the scent of me and leaned in. Her tongue dragged up my shaft in a teasing, wet lick. It was slow at first, then more eager, as if remembering every inch. It sounded faint and wet, like a harmonica played soft and close. I cupped her huge breasts, feeling the plush give under my palm. They were heavy and bouncy, and when I pulled away they shivered back into place.

I let her play with me for a while. She took her time, worshipful and gentle. Then she moved herself, shifting her weight and coming up on all fours. Her chest pressed to the mattress, breasts yielding from the action, with her butt high in the air, spine arched in a perfect curve that begged for me. All nine of her tails fluttered and wagged behind her, tiny metronomes matching the beat of my pulse.

A dark, hungry heat built in me again. I sat up and took position behind her, my cock aimed at her still-wet pussy that was slowly leaking the last of my seed. I slid in halfway, letting the warm, slick heat swallow my length and settle around me.

"Nghhh..."

I found the curve of her waist with my hands—so precise and so damn inviting—and, with a hard, satisfying motion, I slammed my hips forward once more.

Chapter 988: Ayane Kitsune (6)

"Hnghhh, ahh, ahh, ahhhngghh, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ahhh...!"

Her moans rolled through the room, ragged and wet, filling every corner like smoke. The slap of my hips against her butt — pan, pan, pan, pan! — kept a brutal, relentless tempo that echoed off the walls and in my ribs. It was a raw, animal percussion that drowned out thought.

Her pussy clenched around me with each stroke, an involuntary, greedy squeeze that made my breath hitch. Letting myself go felt like surrendering to a current and everything else flattened into a single, urgent need. The world narrowed down to heat, motion, shock, and the slick sound of flesh meeting flesh.

"Ahh, ahh, ah, ahh, ahhh... it's so good, ah, ahhh... it's so goodddd~...!"

Words tumbled from her throat in ragged bursts. The nine tails at the base of her spine whipped like pendulums, brushing my thighs and wrapping around my calves in soft, possessive coils. They tasted the air and shivered, their movement adding a strange, sensual rhythm of their own. Each tail's brush left a trace of warmth, a faint tickle that set tiny electricity under my skin.

Her voice and the raw music of it seemed to shake her as she fed off her own sound until her whole body shuddered. My cock drove in and out, slick with her juices that flowed like syrup, leaving wet ribbons down her inner thighs and a dark, glistening trail on the sheets. The sight of that glisten, the scent of sweat and salt and something floral, made my head spin in the nicest way.

She was rabid for it as she was riding the pleasure like it was a cliff she couldn't stop climbing. Her hips gyrated against mine, grinding and grinding until her breath came in ragged, high gasps. Every movement made her tremble like a thing alive with fever.

"Nghhh, ahhnnghhh, ah, ahhngh, ahh...~"

The room sang with the wet smack of contact. I pushed until my cock disappeared to the base, driving so deep she felt every centimeter as if it pressed on the hollow of her bones. With her eyes screwed shut she drew in shaky breaths, little gasps that hiccuped into moans as my glans stretched and slid along the hot tunnel of her. Each stroke painted hot lines of sensation across her insides, spreading outward until her limbs felt detached.

"Ahhh, it feels good...~ Master Leon's penis... feels good... nnn, nnn... nnnghhh, hnnghhh~...!"

I accelerated, hips staccato and merciless. The need to own her — to bury myself in her until there was nothing left but the two of us and the noise — rose through me. It was a fierce, stupid hunger that pumped in my veins.

"Ahhhnnn, aah, ah, ahh, ah, aaaah, ah, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ahhh, ahhh...~! Aaaaahhhhh~ ahhhh, M-Masterrr... nghhh, ah, ah, ahhhh, ah, ahhh~!"

My hands locked on her waist, thumbs digging into the curve where muscle met softness. I hauled her back on every thrust, angling so the tip of my cock slammed into the back of her, the delicious, bruising press of glans against cervix that sent electric spikes up her spine. Her whole body arched at the impact, cheek squashed against the mattress, hair splayed and her breath breaking.

"Oh, it feels so good...~ Ahhh, ahhh, uhiii...~ S-So deeppppp~...!"

Her face slackened, molten with sensation. She made noises like something feral. They were sharp, low, then high and keening as the pressure built. Remnants of the weight and force of each stroke left her more gasping than steady with her spine rolling with each hit, sensation unspooling from pelvis to skull.

"Ahhhngghh, ahh, ahhh...~ Ahh, ah, ah, ahhhh...!"

Sound and motion braided together until every slap and breath became a chorus. I shifted my hips into tight circles for a moment, torturing the sensitive crown of my glans against the spot that made her stutter and melt. The friction there sent her limbs into spasms and her entire torso hummed with need.

"Aaaaaaaaah!"

She shuddered hard when the tip of me grazed that sweet, dangerous place, a noise tearing out of her like a raw, hungry birdcall.

"Ahhh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaah~!!!"

Her mouth hung open, drool leaking from one corner as she squealed and writhed, nails raking at the sheets. I pulled back into a fierce back-and-forth, the dry, angry slaps of flesh on flesh filling the space between us.

"Hnnngghh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaah, aaaaaaaah, aaahhhhhh, hngghh, aaaah... aaahhhh~!!!"

She tightened, with her pussy deliciously squeezing me with that wet, hot muscle as if trying to trap me, and the sensation of her getting ever closer pushed something hot and possessive into my chest. The power in that moment, to make her cry out, to see the way she surrendered her body to me... was heady and dangerous. I let it roll through me, drank it in like a drug.

A few more brutal strokes and we both teetered on the edge.

Fwup!

My last shove hit deeper than the rest, and for a second white light seemed to flare behind her eyelids. The shock of release rolled through her like thunder.

"Nghhh,
ahngghh~!!!"

She arched so hard her shoulders lifted from the bed, a keening roar tearing out as her body convulsed and spasmed around my shaft. I felt her pussy clamp down in tight, pulsing waves and her muscles rippled, and my cock pulsed as thick, hot semen buried itself inside her.

I slid out and watched one heavy glob of cum slip from her pussy, a sticky ribbon that fell slow and shining onto the sheets. For a beat she lay heaving, chest rising and falling like a trapped animal, eyes glazed and distant.

She turned her head, looking back at me over flushed shoulders, lips parted, expression smudged with bliss and a dark, feral hunger that still glinted in her gaze. There was no respite, no sweet or languid recovery, because without pausing I leaned back in and drove into her from behind once again, relentless, claiming, and utterly fucking her like there was no tomorrow.

Chapter 989: The Feliann Clan And The Kingdom Of Beastkin (1)

We finally are leaving the Kitsune Tribe behind and we were going to be heading straight for the Feliann Tribe—a journey that would take about a day if we kept our pace steady. The morning air was crisp, brushing against my skin as the trees whispered softly in the distance. The sunlight filtered through the thick forest canopy, scattering golden streaks across the dirt road as if nature itself was watching our every step.

"Take care of Ayane for me, Leon," Eiju said, his tone calm but heavy with meaning.

"Of course," I replied, reaching out to grasp the hand he extended toward me. His grip was firm, confident, yet there was something deeper behind it—trust. It wasn't just a casual gesture... it was a silent promise between two men who had shared both battle and belief. I could see it in his eyes—he was counting on me from here on out, and I wasn't going to shatter that trust.

Ayane, the woman we were talking about, was pressed against my side, her soft breasts molding against my arm with every little movement. Ever since that night, she had been sticking this close, never once leaving my side. I didn't really know why, but I wasn't complaining. Hell, if anything, I loved it.

"I'll think about what you said too," Eiju continued, his gaze distant as if imagining the impossible. "It won't be easy, but I promise I'll think it through properly. I'll give it serious thought before I decide anything."

He didn't try to hide his skepticism. What I was suggesting—to unite all the tribes and kingdoms across the Great Forest under one single banner—sounded like madness. Even he knew it. But despite that, there was no rejection in his tone. Just contemplation. That willingness alone was something rare.

"I appreciate that," I told him sincerely. "And don't worry—we'll come back here again."

"Thank you," he said, giving a small nod.

With that, we finally turned our backs on the Kitsune Tribe and continued our journey.

That night turned out just as hectic as the morning.

Ayane sat beside me at the campfire, pressing herself even closer, practically feeding me like a mother bird feeding her chick. She looked more content watching me eat than eating herself. I didn't mind it though—her affection burned through me, setting something primal alight in my blood. That strange, intoxicating sense of conquest was dancing right on the edge of my tongue.

"Can someone tell me when this happened?" Aegis asked suddenly, her tone sharp with disbelief.

She looked at Ayane and me with a face that screamed confusion. I couldn't blame her. Just a few days ago, Ayane and I barely exchanged words, and now she was practically glued to me, all nine of her fluffy tails wagging happily behind her like some lovesick fox. Her smile was radiant—so genuine it was hard not to smile back.

Aegis herself seemed a bit unsure about it too, and honestly, that made sense.

"Don't sweat the small stuff, Lady Aegis," Maya said teasingly, flashing her usual smug grin. "Master and Ayane are just making up for lost time."

"Tsk. I just hope they're not doing it right in front of me," Aegis muttered with clear irritation. She looked away sharply, but I caught that faint flush on her cheeks before she turned.

I had to bite back a grin. I could already tell what was going through her head. She wasn't disgusted—she was jealous. Maybe she hated that I was giving Ayane more attention lately, especially since Ayane had just slept with me recently. Aegis and I had already been intimate before, but only once. Still, that single night was enough for both of us to remember it vividly.

Even as she looked away, her eyes occasionally darted toward me from the corner of her vision. I could feel her thoughts—conflicted, burning, guilty. Especially because of Artemis. The struggle inside her was written all over her face, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't find that kind of tension incredibly hot.

Meanwhile, Meria, who had been traveling with us since the beginning, seemed totally oblivious to everything going on. She just sat there, munching down on the roasted meat I'd cooked for her, her expression simple and content—like she was living in her own world.

Later that night, after the fire had died down, Ayane quietly slipped into my tent.

The space was already tight—Maya was with me, lying on her side, her skin warm against mine. But somehow, even with the three of us inside, we managed to fit without a problem. Maybe it was because the heat of our bodies made us forget about the cramped space. Or maybe it was because I was already fucking Maya at the time.

Ayane didn't hesitate to join in, turning the night into a tangled, breathless mess of limbs and moans.

"Nhhghh... ahhhghh, ahhh... ahhh...~! Ahhhghh, ahhh...!"

Her voice echoed through the night air, sharp and sweet all at once. The forest outside was quiet, save for her moans mixing with the faint crackle of dying embers. She didn't care if some wild beast heard her—her body was lost to pleasure, and her voice carried that surrender. Her nine tails thrashed violently behind her, her face melting into a look of raw ecstasy. Her pussy was dripping wet, so tight and slick that every thrust made me crave her even more.

Behind me, Maya's tongue trailed up my balls, occasionally flicking against my crack. She was even putting her tongue up inside my asshole. Every touch sent shivers racing up my spine, making my cock twitch harder inside Ayane. The wet, obscene sounds of her tongue mixed with the slap of skin and the echo of Ayane's cries.

"Nghhh... ahh, ahh, ahhh... ahh, ahh, ahhh...~ C-Cumming... Cumminggggggggg~!!!"

Ayane's scream filled the tent as she came hard, her body convulsing beneath me. Her eyes rolled back, little heart shapes flickering in her pupils as her tongue lolled out. Her ahegao expression was absolutely breathtaking, and the sight alone made my cock throb all over again.

Maya moved up quickly, wrapped her lips around my cock, and started slurping hungrily. It only took a few seconds before I came, hard. My cum burst out, thick and hot, filling her mouth as her cheeks puffed out from the sheer force of it.

And while all of this was happening, faint moans slipped through the night air—from another tent nearby.

Aegis.

Sounded like she couldn't hold it in anymore either.

It wouldn't be long before she joined us. And honestly, I couldn't wait for that.

By morning, we finally arrived at the Feliann Village.

The sight of it was both familiar and foreign—wooden huts lined with vines, smoke rising gently from the cooking fires, and the faint hum of morning life echoing through the air.

Kirk was there to greet us, standing tall near the entrance.

But there was someone else waiting too—someone I didn't expect to see.

Trill's father, Lionel Feliann.

He stood with his arms crossed, his expression deadly serious, his eyes fixed straight on me.

Chapter 990: The Feliann Clan And The Kingdom Of Beastkin (2)

Lionel and I sat across from each other inside his house, the heavy scent of burning wood from the nearby fireplace filling the air. The crackling sound of the flames was the only thing breaking the silence between us. His gaze—sharp and piercing like a predator sizing up its prey—was locked on me, unblinking.

Honestly, I didn't expect him to step out and face me personally. Lionel wasn't the kind of man to leave his comfort unless it was for something serious. The fact that he came out of his home just to see me... yeah, that already said a lot.

"You must be confused, Leon—and understandably so," Lionel finally said, his tone low but commanding. "I came out of my house personally to get you. Or maybe," his lips curled slightly, "you already have an idea why I did that, huh? You're not that dumb."

His voice carried weight, like each word was meant to crush hesitation.

I straightened up a bit, meeting his eyes without flinching. "So, I guess you've already heard what I'm planning to do?"

Rumors travel faster than sound in this forest. No matter how much I tried to keep things under wraps, somehow the words always spread—twisted, exaggerated, and shared in whispers. By the time I even set foot somewhere, people were already talking. That's how things always went.

"Unification of the whole Great Forest, huh?" Lionel finally said, leaning back in his chair. His deep voice carried a hint of disbelief. "You really don't think small, do you?"

He planted his palm on his knee and slowly stood up. His sheer size made the room feel smaller. I had to tilt my head up just to look at him properly. His presence alone was enough to make anyone's gut tighten.

"You do know how impossible that sounds, right?" he asked, his tone sharp.

"Yes," I replied, calm and firm.

He raised a brow. "And you're still suggesting something that insane?" His tail flicked once, a sign of irritation. "You're smart, Leon. And strong. That's exactly why I trusted you with my daughter. I don't think there's another man out there more fitting for her. But to hear something this naive coming from you, without any logical sense behind it... honestly, that's disappointing."

The disappointment in his tone wasn't subtle—it was crushing. But even then, I didn't flinch. His words bounced off me because deep down, I knew exactly what I was doing.

"The Empire will attack the Great Forest sooner or later," I said, letting the seriousness of my voice hang in the air. "And when that happens, I don't think any of you are ready to take them on."

Lionel snorted, folding his arms. "It's the Elven Kingdom's fault the Empire's going wild. Why should we care? If they want to bring destruction upon themselves, then let them. We'll just point the Imperial soldiers in the right direction and tell them where to strike. The Elves can rot in slavery for all I care."

The way he said it was cold. His face didn't even twitch. There wasn't a drop of sympathy in his voice, only apathy.

"But it's not going to stop there, Lionel," I countered. "You don't understand how the Empire moves. They're not just after land or power—they're after control. Complete domination. Even if you turn a blind eye to what's happening now, it'll be your people next. I'm sure you've heard about how the Emperor operates. The man's greed knows no bounds. He won't stop after the kingdoms fall. He'll take the seas, the mountains... even this forest. Everything."

I paused for a moment, my eyes locking with his. "He's not the kind of man who stops when he's satisfied. Because he never is."

I knew that kind of mind—because it was the same as mine. We were both conquerors, driven by desire and ambition. The difference was that while the Emperor used brute strength, I preferred intelligence... strategy. He took what he wanted by force, while I got what I wanted through manipulation, wit, and, well, sometimes by using my dick if that's what it took to get the job done. Same hunger, different weapons.

Lionel's expression darkened. He stayed quiet for a while, the firelight reflecting in his eyes. Then he exhaled heavily, his chest rising and falling like a beast trying to calm itself. I could see it—the realization in his eyes. He knew what I was saying wasn't just paranoia. The Empire wouldn't stop even if the Beastkin Kingdom betrayed the Elves. Eventually, they'd come for the beastkin too.

After all, most of the Empire's slaves were beastkin. That alone was enough reason for Lionel to hate them from the core of his soul.

"That's why I'm proposing this," I continued. "I know it won't be easy. But if I can unite the Great Forest under one banner, the Empire won't be able to invade so easily. We could save those still enslaved under them. We can do that—if we work together and drop the ego that's been dividing everyone."

Lionel let out a low scoff. The tension in his shoulders relaxed slightly as he gave me a look that was half amusement, half annoyance. "You really do have a way with words, Leon," he said. "Is that how you managed to charm and capture my daughter?"

I simply shrugged, refusing to answer. That alone was enough to make him grin faintly, showing a hint of his fangs.

"I can't agree to it," he said finally, his tone dropping low again. "I don't like the idea of joining hands with other races—especially not the people from the North. And I doubt they'd agree to it either."

The people from the North... meaning the Centaurs.

The Centaur Kingdom lay far to the north of the Great Forest. Warriors with human torsos and the lower bodies of horses, known for their unmatched speed and strength. The perfect embodiment of pride and battle spirit. But between them and the Beastkin? There was a long, bitter history. Bloodshed that neither side had forgotten.

From the look in Lionel's eyes, I could tell that grudge hadn't faded one bit.