

The World 991

Chapter 991: The Feliann Clan And The Kingdom Of Beastkin (3)

Kirk was sitting across from me, both of us tearing into the freshly cooked meat he'd hunted earlier. The crackling fire between us filled the air with a smoky aroma, mixing with the wild scent of the forest. He looked like he was savoring every bite, jaw working rhythmically, chewing that meat as if it was the last meal he'd ever get in his life. The grease on his lips shimmered under the firelight, and the popping sound from the burning wood gave our quiet meal a strange sense of peace amidst all the madness.

"You know," he finally said, his mouth half full, "I've gotta say... what you're planning is really, really, really bold. Like, I can't even believe you had the guts to suggest something that insane." He took another bite, shaking his head like he was chewing over my sanity rather than the meat.

"You think it's impossible too?" I asked him, leaning back a bit, poking at the fire with a stick while watching the sparks rise into the dark sky.

"Of course it's impossible," he grunted. "Not only that—it's damn reckless. You're basically trying to pick a fight that has no point. There's no way in hell you can get the other tribes to agree to something like that. Sure, maybe the Elven Kingdom's got your back, and yeah, if you somehow convince the Chief to side with you, maybe it could work for a while... but that's only scratching the surface. You know how it is—the races in the Great Forest might share the same air, the same trees, and the same soil, but that doesn't mean we live in harmony."

I understood where he was coming from. Even when I accepted this path, I knew what I was stepping into. The idea was crazy, no doubt about that. But knowing all that didn't mean I'd give up before even trying.

"You're not saying we're gonna go to war with you, right?" he asked, narrowing his eyes. "'Cause, look, we could maybe handle a scrap with the Centaurs if things got ugly, but the Titans? That'd be a death sentence. You know damn well how that'd end."

He wasn't wrong. The Titans were the undisputed giants of the Great Forest—literally. They lived up on the colossal mountain to the west, and they rarely interfered with anyone unless someone trespassed or messed with their land. No one wanted to imagine what a real war involving them would look like. Even Kirk, who'd faced monsters twice his size, didn't dare think about it for too long.

"Nah," I said, tossing a small stick into the fire and watching it vanish into the flames. "Negotiation's the only card I can play right now. It'd be stupid to rush things and cause another pointless war. That's not what I want. I want the Great Forest united—not divided even further."

If we managed to unite all the races here, the Great Forest would become something untouchable—strong enough to hold its ground against the Republic or the Empire. An unbreakable fortress of life and nature. Slavers, bandits, and outsiders wouldn't stand a chance of getting in or tearing it apart.

If this dream became reality, it wouldn't just be a win for me—it'd change everything. Trade would flourish, defenses would grow stronger, and everyone would finally have something worth protecting. This wasn't just about peace; it was about survival, about giving the people of the forest something to believe in.

The formation of the Nation of the Great Forest... it would mark a turning point in history. Power would shift. The balance between kingdoms would crumble and rebuild. The Empire would be forced to watch, powerless to interfere—at least for a while. Unless they came up with some miraculous plan, which honestly, I doubted they could do in a heartbeat.

"You're really serious about this, huh?" Kirk finally said after a long pause, his tone quieter now.

Before I could respond, the deep hum of blades echoed across the treetops. The familiar rhythm of rotors cutting through the wind made me look up instantly. The sky's calm night was broken by the sight of the helicopter descending through the shadows.

I stood up, brushing the dirt from my clothes, and walked outside as the beast tribe members began gathering around, curious but unsurprised. They already knew what to expect. The strong wind whipped my hair back as the helicopter slowly landed, scattering dust and leaves in every direction.

Then the door opened—

"Leon!"

That voice—I recognized it immediately. Trill. Same as ever, full of energy and reckless affection. Before I could even brace myself, she leapt from the helicopter with the force of a missile, landing straight on me in a high-speed tackle. Her arms wrapped around me tightly, her laughter muffled against my chest.

"I missed you!" she said, her voice full of warmth.

"It's only been a week," I replied with a soft chuckle.

"But I already missed you!" she pouted, looking up at me with her sharp, glowing eyes.

I couldn't help but smile. A week might not sound like much, but for her, it probably felt like forever. Truth be told, I felt the same. Her scent—sweet and wild—hit me the moment she clung to me. It was familiar, calming, and for some reason, it made all the stress that had built up inside me just melt away.

"Fufufu, I did too, you know?"

Titania's elegant voice drifted through the wind as she stepped out of the helicopter. Her silver hair shimmered faintly under the moonlight, her composure as flawless as ever. Yr wasn't with her—she'd stayed with Su back at the Leonamon—but someone else had come instead.

"You never stop finding ways to surprise me, Leon," said Myrcella as she stepped out next, her voice trembling slightly. "I honestly thought nothing could shock me anymore, but riding something like this... gods, even I wasn't ready for that."

Her legs wobbled as she spoke, her steps slow and cautious, like every part of her body was rebelling against the idea of being off the ground. The fear of heights was written all over her face.

I gave her a silent look, a small nod telling her it was okay. She hesitated for a second, then slowly approached me. When she was close enough, I wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into a steady embrace.

The warmth of her body, Trill's lingering scent, Titania's calm gaze—it all felt grounding.

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"What are these ensembles?" Lionel's voice broke the silence, a mix of confusion and curiosity coloring his tone.

He stood there, arms loosely crossed, scanning the three women who had just arrived as if trying to piece together a puzzle. The way his brows furrowed slightly gave away that he wasn't angry—just caught off guard. Still, beneath that composed exterior, there was a faint spark in his eyes. He was happy to see Trill again. Anyone could tell, even if he tried to hide it.

Myrcella and Titania were also here, their presence giving off that natural sense of authority that came from being born into power. Behind them stood Anne, the one who had piloted the helicopter that brought them here. Her expression was calm—almost blank, in that oddly mechanical way of hers. Kirk was there too, quietly standing at the edge of the room, though for what reason, I couldn't quite guess.

"Well, they're human princesses," I said, breaking the silence. "Each of them holds the power to stand in line with their respective countries. Both are people who could very well lead their nations in the near future."

"Princesses, huh?" Lionel muttered, his tone thick with thought as his gaze drifted toward the two women standing proudly beside me.

Myrcella, with her fiery poise, was still running for the position of the next king. Titania, on the other hand, already had her path set—no competitors, no opposition. She was bound to become queen sooner or later. Saying they might lead was true, but nothing in politics was ever certain.

"So why'd you bring these two here?" Lionel asked, finally turning back to me with a slightly raised brow. "Don't tell me you're bragging about having women from different races."

I let out a short breath and shook my head. "I'm not."

"Then what is it?" he pressed, his tone carrying that weight of authority only someone like Lionel could pull off.

Myrcella didn't speak. Instead, she reached down, pulled out something from her side, and gently placed it on the table before him.

Lionel's eyes narrowed slightly as he studied the object. "What's this?"

"Open it and find out for yourself, Lord Lionel," Myrcella said, her tone polite but firm.

Lionel didn't move. Whether it was hesitation, pride, or just plain stubbornness, he simply sat there, staring at it like it might bite him.

Trill sighed softly, stepping forward. "Just open it, Dad," she said, a small smile tugging at her lips as she nudged it closer to him.

"A-Alright..." he murmured awkwardly.

The corners of my mouth curved up slightly. Even a man as strong and respected as Lionel could be disarmed by his daughter. Seeing that side of him—soft and a little bashful—was oddly heartwarming.

When he finally lifted the cover and peeked inside, his expression shifted. His eyes widened a little. "Trading, huh?"

"More precisely, a trading offer, Lord Lionel," Myrcella clarified smoothly. "We both know the Great Forest has been at a disadvantage due to its isolation. Without external resources, your people are slowly being boxed in. That's why we're proposing an exchange—an opening of trade routes. And trust me, this isn't some half-baked idea we just threw together."

"So you're suggesting we open the borders to traders?" Lionel said, his tone laced with skepticism. "You're asking us to let people just come and go into our country freely?"

It wasn't an unreasonable concern. The Great Forest had a long, bitter history with humans—centuries of tension and distrust. Expecting them to suddenly open up to outsiders was like asking a wounded animal to bare its throat.

"You're saying this would protect us and be beneficial in the long run, Leon," Lionel continued, his sharp eyes settling on me. "But don't tell me this isn't partly about your business interests. It's a good plan, sure, but I don't buy that we should welcome humans who might just enslave us."

Before I could answer, Myrcella leaned forward slightly. "We're not asking you to open your borders to humans, Lord Lionel. What Leon wants is a foundation—a first step toward mutual understanding between our kingdoms and yours. Nothing more than that. This isn't about handing over control; it's about cooperation. And we don't even need open borders to achieve it."

She gestured lightly, her eyes steady. "Magic portals could serve as our trade routes. That way, no human physically enters your land. We'd only be exchanging goods—and maybe services. The world is evolving fast, and staying isolated will only hold your people back. Modern technology is advancing every day—especially weapons. And as progress grows, the threat grows with it. If the Great Forest refuses to adapt, it'll only get left behind. With the rise of modern armies and weapons made of metal and magic, it's only a matter of time before the entire forest falls under that pressure."

Lionel didn't reply immediately. His eyes flicked between her and me, as though weighing her words in his mind.

"Myrcella's right," I said, stepping in. "There's a republican nation out there that's pushing boundaries every single day. They've already developed metallic soldiers—machines that don't think, don't feel, and don't stop. They just follow orders, no hesitation, no remorse. Imagine millions of them—soulless, tireless, unstoppable. Do you really think even the Titans could hold their ground against that?"

I turned slightly, glancing over my shoulder at Anne. "Anne," I said. "Lift your skirt."

Without hesitation, she obeyed. The motion was mechanical, precise. She lifted her skirt, exposing herself right there in front of everyone. There was no blush, no emotion—nothing but obedience.

The light caught on her thighs, reflecting faintly off the metallic texture beneath her synthetic skin. It wasn't obvious at first glance, but once you saw it—you couldn't unsee it.

"As you can see," I continued, "Anne's body is largely metallic. Though she still appears to have flesh, most of it is artificial—composed of synthetic materials and mechanical parts. I gave her an order, and she followed it without question, without emotion, without embarrassment. She's a robot—built to

serve. Now imagine thousands, even millions, like her... soldiers programmed for war, driven by nothing but the will of whoever commands them. That, Lord Lionel, is what we're up against."

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Even Lionel couldn't have seen that coming. Beastkin were frighteningly strong—capable of tearing a metallic soldier apart with bare teeth and claws—but strength alone doesn't win a war when the opposing side is endless in numbers and machine-precision. You could watch a dozen soldiers get ripped to pieces, and it wouldn't change the tide; there are always more marching in, calibrated and cold. Showing Anne to Lionel was supposed to make that point obvious, and judging by the way his jaw tightened, it seemed to be sinking in. He's a leader; he feels that kind of tension in his bones. If I were sitting on his throne I'd be turning this over in my head the same way—measuring risk, counting losses, as well as imagining outcomes.

Lionel wasn't just a ceremonial king put in place to keep beasts orderly—he was the King of the Feliann Clan, the one his people looked to for freedom and a future. Right now he was squeezed between choices. If he refused what I offered, things would probably spiral the wrong way for his people. This unification I was proposing could be the difference between survival and annihilation.

"Dad," Trill said, calm but urgent. "I don't think what Leon's proposing is bad. It might actually help us more than you think. War's edging closer. You might think I'll be safe overseas, but it's not just the Great Forest they're after—their reach is global."

Myrcella leaned forward, her voice edged with hard facts. "They're not subtle. They want to conquer by force. Milham almost fell. The Holy City was devastated by those metallic beings—soldiers that don't think, they only obey. The casualties were terrible. They retreated because they weren't fully prepared, but they'll come back. The Empire and the Republic are the ones trying to tear the world apart. They'll start small and expand. We can't ignore that."

Lionel took a slow breath, rubbed his temple, and looked straight at me. "You have a flair for steering the conversation, don't you? Did you plan this before you came to me?" he asked, half-amused.

"Negotiation takes preparation," I said, shrugging.

He gave a small, genuine laugh. "That's exactly why I had high hopes for you. That's why I'm giving you my daughter willingly. You've met my expectations so far. I respect that."

"I'm flattered," I said, letting the compliment land without pretending indifference.

Lionel studied the room, then nodded. "I agree with what's been said. We can't let the Kingdom of Beastkin stagnate. The jungle isn't a cage—just because we were born there doesn't mean we can't reach farther. I'll support this unification."

Relief washed through me, slow and satisfying. "You won't regret it," I told him.

He held my gaze a moment longer, then the tone shifted. "Promise me one thing, Leon."

"Yeah?"

"Don't put Trill in needless danger. She's strong—politically and militarily—but that doesn't mean you can gamble with her. If you take her to the Centaur Kingdom, they'll see her and attack. Don't use her as bait."

So the hate ran that deep between beast and centaur: sight alone could trigger bloodshed. I met his stare squarely. "You don't have to worry. I'll never put Trill in danger."

The promise did something to the room. Trill's tail snapped up like a flag, and blood rushed to her cheeks; she flushed hard enough that my grin widened. Myrcella watched with a small, amused smile as the scene played out. Lionel laughed out loud—big, approving, almost proud. "Trill picked well," he said, loud enough for everyone to hear. Calling me gold—well, that was an ego boost I'd happily take.

That night I took Trill, Myrcella, and Ayane with me. The house smelled like warm skin and sweat, the kind of scent that clings and tells stories. The four of us settled into something private and loud in its own way. Myrcella hunched over me first, her movements hungry and practiced. "Fufufufu, it's been a while, hasn't it, Leon?" she teased, and her mouth was already working me over, licking my cock from base to tip. Trill joined in, their tongues meeting over me in a choreographed assault that made the room tilt.

Every time their tongues danced and circled, my mind buzzed—electric, sharp. I let my head fall back and found Ayane's thighs; they were soft, warm pillows beneath my skull. The contrast between Myrcella's rough competence and Ayane's gentleness tightened something in me in the best possible way. I could feel the hum of the moment—raw, intimate, a dangerous kind of peace.

"Yeah..." I breathed out, voice thick. "Feels so damn good."

Ayane was flushed, little sparks in her cheeks, eyes half-lidded. I called to her, low and steady: "Ayane, come here."

She leaned forward without hesitation and pressed her lips to mine. The kiss was gentle at first, then deeper—searching, a slow exploration that grounded me. The heat of it spread through my chest, an ember that refused to go out. Around us Myrcella and Trill kept working in rhythm, the sounds of their mouths, the wet pressure and soft moans filling the spaces between breaths.

Right then, it wasn't just about the sex—though that was a furnace of its own—it was about what we'd started. The plan to bind the Great Forest together, to fortify what we had, felt suddenly less like a distant scheme and more like something real, stitched together by this exact moment. The operation I'd set into motion had teeth now; these were people who trusted me enough to follow through. That made the whole thing taste even sweeter.

I told Myrcella and Trill to stack themselves up—like a crude, trembling tower—and Ayane obeyed, folding herself onto the top with her breasts pressed warm and heavy against Trill's back. The three of them formed a soft column of flesh that quivered under studio lights, a living confection piled up for me.

I stared at that stack of asses the way someone stares at a perfect stack of cakes: hungry, dazed, and wanting to taste every layer. The comparison wasn't far off—rounded curves, glossy skin, juices catching the light and running in slow, sinful streams. My mouth went dry with wanting; the thought that had been burning under my skin boiled to the surface: I needed to fuck them. All three. Right now. Too bad I didn't have three dicks—if only. The fantasy of entering them all at once made my breath hitch and my fingers tense.

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Their wetness pooled and dripped. Myrcella's juices slipped under the sheet like a small, obscene river; Trill's flowed first into Myrcella's ass and then joined that stream; Ayane's own slick slid down Trill's curve and poured into the path Myrcella had already made. The mess gleamed like a tiny, filthy Niagara—shrunk, obscene, and unbearably arousing. The scent of them rose—sweet, musky, hot—and it dug into my chest, making something low and hungry tremble.

When I moved closer my hand went straight to Trill's ass, because I couldn't help it. Her cheeks were massive and warm and yielding under my palm—meaty, supple, exactly what I wanted to feel. She didn't flinch; she leaned into my grip, a small sound of pleased impatience slipping out of her throat.

"Leon, you're teasing us... Do us already~..." Trill purred, eyes hooded in a feline, demanding way. Her tail lashed slow and deliberate, an erotic metronome that told me to stop thinking and start doing. The motion was hypnotic—sway, pull, lure.

Ayane peered back at me from the top, pleading with her whole body. The fox-girl's eyes were bright and wild; she'd only been deflowered days ago and already she burned with heat, the kind of lust that gnaws. Maybe it was her season—maybe it was something in the air—but she looked nearly frantic, trembling and desperate with want.

Myrcella at the base blushed to the tips of her ears and kept her mouth shut, but her body spoke for her—slick soaking through the sheet, soft whimpers escaping between clenched teeth. She was embarrassed and raw and completely helpless to the need that leaked from her cunt. Watching her soak and stay quiet was some kind of lewd poetry.

I aimed my cock at Myrcella first.

"Ahh...!"

I shoved in and she gobbled me up as if she'd been waiting for that exact shape. Her pussy clenched down hard and welcoming; I bottomed out and felt the brush of her cervix against the tip of my cock like a tiny, intimate greeting. Her whole body tightened around me until I thought the sensation would split me in two.

"Hnghhh, ahhh...~ Ahnggggggggggggggggg...~ S-So... good...~ J-Just from penetration... I'm cumminggggggggggggggg~!!!"

Her orgasm exploded as soon as I entered—violent, immediate. Her walls convulsed and squeezed me from every angle, and the pressure around my shaft blurred the edges of my senses. I groaned and let myself be swallowed by that raw, wet heat.

My left hand dove to Trill while my mouth hunted Ayane. Four fingers slipped into Trill's cunt, thick and slick, and I buried my face against Ayane's wetness. My tongue dove in shallow, greedy licks, tasting salt and sweetness, dragging along her folds until she shuddered under me. The two of them answered with sounds that braided together—ragged, breathy, and perfect.

"Ahhnghh, ah, ahh, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ahhngh, ah, ahhnghh...~!" Ayane cried, each syllable wet and flung like a spark. "Nghhh, nnnhhggnn... hngghh...~" Trill choked out, half-moan, half-plea.

Their voices were music—an obscene orchestra I conducted with my hands, tongue, and hips. To add percussion I drove my hips into Myrcella's ass, the slap of flesh on flesh ringing loud and wet in the room. Each plap echoed and pushed a fresh shove of heat through me.

"Nghhh, ahhnghh, ahh, ah, ahh...~! S-So deep! It feels good, ahhngh, ah, ahh, ah, ahhhngghh...~" Myrcella moaned, words crumpling under pleasure.

Trill's slit gushed without stopping. Ayane's slick never eased. Their pheromones pulled at me, filling my head with a dizzy, bright hunger that made thinking useless. Blood buzzed in my ears, every nerve snapping to attention. I couldn't hold back.

I withdrew from Myrcella with a wet, reluctant sound and climbed the tower. Without hesitation I plunged into Ayane.

"Nghhhhh~! Ahhh, ahhh! M-Master Leon's penis...~ is inside me...~! Ahhhngghh...!" she shrieked, collapsing into an ahgao that looked like a prayer—eyes rolled, mouth parted, everything unstitched. Being on top meant I had freedom with my hands to grip, hips to thrust, a mouth to meet hers. I grabbed her hips hard, fingers pressing into warm flesh, and pressed my chest across her back so that every motion was full contact.

She turned her head the only way she could and licked out her tongue; our mouths met and our tongues tangled—hot, frantic, and hungry. The friction of mouths, the damp press of lips and spit, layered another heat on top of the animal rhythm of my thrusts.

"Nghhh... mchuuu... Ahhh, ahh...~ M-Master... I love you so much...~" she gasped into the kiss. "I love you too, Ayane..." I muttered between thrusts, and her nine tails wrapped and curled around my legs, binding me in warmth and motion. The sensation scraped and sharpened me—my brain hummed with the intensity.

After a few hard, delicious strokes I pulled out, and Ayane cried out, "Ahh, n-no..." in a small, disappointed whimper. I slid down to the second level and lined my cock up with Trill's dripping slit.

"I'm going to enter you next, Trill," I said, voice low, steady.

"Mm... Come," she breathed, open and needy.

I drove in. Trill's pussy clenched and spasmed around me so hard I almost lost it. I planted my hands in her hips and used them for leverage, while my tongue kept working Ayane above—slick laps and long, teasing strokes that kept her raw and burning.

"Nghh, aaahhh... nnn, nngghh...~ Hnghhh... nnn...!" Trill gasped, voice breaking. "Hnghh, mmngghhh, hnnghh~ Ahhh, ahhh... ah, ah, ahhh...~" Ayane's moans braided with Trill's into a messy, urgent chorus that pushed me faster.

I rode both rhythms until the last thread of resistance snapped. I pulled out of Trill with a heavy, sticky sound, then dropped down to Myrcella at the bottom and hammered into her again—fast, deep, animal. The room filled with our sounds... the slap of skin, the wet squeak of bodies, the ragged cries of pleasure. My control frayed and then I gave up to it. With a groan that felt like it came from the marrow, I shot my sperm into Myrcella—hot and heavy, filling her tight and pulsing cunt. The release washed through me like an electric tide, and for a long, dizzy moment everything narrowed to the heat of their bodies beneath mine, the smell of sex and sweat thick in the air, and the shaky, trembling pile of flesh I'd just used and loved.

After filling up Myrcella with my cum, I slid my cock out of her pussy slowly, watching the thick white goo spill and thread between her thighs. It oozed from her fucked-out hole in lazy ropes, catching the light before sliding down the curve of her inner thigh. The sight of it—warm, slick, and sticky—left a small, stupid grin on my face.

I didn't stay there long. I climbed up to the top floor of the layered "cake" and set myself over Ayane, already wet with need. I pressed my cock against her entrance and eased in.

"Ahhnghh, ahhh...~!" she cried the instant I breached her.

Her pussy was a soaked, welcoming heat; my shaft sank in so easily that it felt like I'd been swallowed whole the second I pushed. Her insides seemed to clamp down and roll around me—squeezing, pulsing, following the length of my cock all the way to her cervix. Each push drove me deeper, and each pull made her warmth cling like glue.

"Nnghhh, ahhh, ahhh...~ Ahh, ah, ah, ahhh...! Hnghhh, nhhh, hnghh, aahh, ahhnghh, ahh... ahh, ahhhh... ahhnghhh, ahh...~ Ahh, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

Ayane's nine tails weren't just decoration tonight—each tail writhed and curled around me, brushing and tangling across my back and arms, their fur whispering against my skin. They wound around me from every direction until it felt like the whole world was anchored to her. The sensation—fur, flesh, friction—crowded my senses; I gritted my teeth against the delicious burn building behind my ribs.

I hammered into her, harder and faster. Her pussy went sloppy under my strokes, walls clenching and giving in like an engine revving. The scent she gave off—musky, sweet, heady—filled my nose and made the room tilt. My head spun; my body buzzed. It was a good kind of dizzy, the kind that makes your grip tighten and your breath hitch.

"Ahhh, M-Master Leon... I love you...~ I love you so much...~ Hnghh, ahhh, ahh, ah, ah, ahhhh...~"

She gushed those words between ragged breaths, each syllable melting into another moan as my hips smashed against hers. Everything narrowed until the only things that existed were the slap of our skin, the tremor of her ass rippling with every hit, and the hot, relentless squeeze of her pussy around my cock. Being inside her felt like hitting a private, dangerous heaven—addictive and stupidly necessary.

After a stretch of brutal, delicious pounding, I finally pulled free and angled one layer down. Trill was waiting.

"Funyaaaaaaaaaaaa...~" she wailed when my cock slid inside her.

She'd been swishing her tail back and forth against my leg like an animal teasing me; you could tell she'd been aching for this. Gripping her waist, I drove into her. Her pussy was a fountain—when I pushed in, a slick rush of fluid spilled out around my shaft, too much for her to hold. The wetness slapped against our bodies with every motion, making a mess of the cake and our skin.

The sensation was intense enough to make my teeth clench. My muscles shook with each thrust, a hot, electric pressure building in my gut. The room filled with Trill's high, keening moans—sharp, bright sounds that matched the rhythm of my hips. I felt like I was on the edge of something huge, like the world might tilt if I didn't hold on.

"Nghhh, haaa...~ Nnn... nghh, ahnghh, ah, ah, ahhhh...~"

She sounded like she was about to combust. Her pussy gripped me so tight that every strike hit like a jolt through bone. My knees twitched; my breath came ragged. I could tell she was close, and I was starting to wobble on the same precipice. I pulled out before I lost it—couldn't risk ruining the flow.

"Nnn... ahh... huh?" Trill panted, confused, staring up as I didn't explain and instead climbed back up.

One more time with Ayane. I plunged in and she arched like she'd been struck by lightning.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

She sprayed on the instant my cock hit her, squirting so hard her body shuddered and convulsed. Her pussy clenched in rolling waves that tried to drink me dry, each ripple squeezing me like a vice. The feeling tore through me and I couldn't hold back—my body answered before my brain.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

I blew my load into her, hot and loud and helpless, while she bit her lip and convulsed beneath me. Her walls pulsed and milked every last drop as if she meant to swallow the whole thing down.

When it eased, I pulled out and went back down to Trill.

"Ahh...~ W-Welcome back...~" she breathed, like I'd come home.

Her pussy closed around me again with a hunger that made me laugh low in my throat. Even though I'd already come, my cock was still hypersensitive—red raw and aching—but that only intensified everything, turned every push into a knife-edge of pleasure. I kept moving inside her, slow at first, then harder, feeling her wet walls stick and slide around me.

"Nghhh, ahnghh, ah, ah, ahhh...~ Ahhh, ahhh...! Ahhh, ahnnghh, ah, ahhh...~"

The room was full of wet sounds and the rhythm of flesh on flesh, echoing off the cake layers. Her tail was whipping behind her like a metronome, begging for attention. A little wickedness sparked in me.

I grabbed the tail and yanked it.

"Funyaaa.....~ W-What...?! L-Leon, that's...!"

It was a real tail—fastened at the base of her spine, not going anywhere—but god, it was sensitive. The sudden tug combined with a brutal thrust that dug into her cervix and I emptied myself into her with the force of that motion. Her mouth stuttered, whatever she was about to say collapsing into a wild, rolled-back moan as her body ripped into orgasm.

I pulled out slowly and watched the aftermath with the thick white cream leaking from their holes, dripping and pooling into the layers below, making the cake slick and obscene. The sight of it—glossy, warm, and utterly messy—felt like the punctuation at the end of everything we'd just done.

Chapter 996: The Rabbitman Tribe (1)

We'd been staying in the Feliann tribe for about five days now, and honestly, it was kind of amazing. Everything about this place—the rhythm of life, the culture, the people—was fascinating in a way that

made me realize just how much I'd been missing out on. Seeing an entirely different world unfold right before my eyes was something I never thought I'd find so refreshing.

Back in my past life, I never cared about stuff like this. Different cultures, different traditions... it all just sounded like background noise to me. But now, standing here with a new life and new eyes, I found myself enjoying even the simplest things. The way the Feliann people went about their mornings, the way they treated each other—it was like watching something alive and warm. It made me appreciate the calm, the simplicity, even the mundane.

Meria was in the middle of the village, laughing as she carried two little Feliann kids on her shoulders. Their tiny tails twitched as they giggled, their soft ears flopping with each bounce. It was... honestly too cute for words. Seeing her like that gave a strange sense of peace that I hadn't felt in a long time.

"Fuaaahhhh...~" Trill's voice stretched through the air, sleepy and soft. She finally woke up, yawning so hard that her tail twitched lazily.

I wasn't sure if she was just catching up on all the rest she'd missed because I was always away doing something, but seeing her so full of life again was nice.

"You're awake," I said with a grin. "Did you have a good night's sleep?"

She blinked at me for a few seconds, her expression kind of blank, like her mind hadn't fully started yet. Then her eyes flicked to me, and she said, without hesitation,

"Oh, yeah. We fucked last night."

I blinked, then exhaled through my nose, a small smirk tugging at my lips. She really didn't remember at first, huh? But then, a second later, realization hit her like a spark.

"Ahhh... that was a good fuck. I totally blanked out, didn't I?" she said with a sly smile, tilting her head.

"Well, you kinda did," I replied, chuckling. "But it still felt pretty damn good, though."

There we were, just casually talking about sex first thing in the morning like it was the most natural thing in the world. The mood was calm, easy, and a little too relaxed for a conversation like that—until we heard something echoing from outside.

A deep horn blast rolled through the air.

It was the tribe's morning call. Normally, it wasn't anything to worry about—just the sound they used to mark the start of the day, letting everyone know it was time to move.

But this time, instead of one long tone, there were two.

"Two horns?" Trill muttered, sitting up. Her ears twitched, alert. "Haven't heard that in a while."

"What does that mean?" I asked, pulling my shirt back on.

"It means someone from another tribe just arrived," she said, brushing her hair back. "I wonder who it is this time..."

"Well," I said, standing up and stretching, "we're not gonna find out by staying cooped up in here."

After getting dressed, we stepped outside. The cool morning air hit my skin, and I could already hear voices coming from near the front gate. Curious murmurs, whispers, the clanking of weapons. The Feliann warriors were already gathered, forming a line with their spears raised slightly.

From a distance, I couldn't make out who the visitors were, but then—something familiar caught my attention. It wasn't their faces that gave it away but their silhouettes. The shape of their ears.

There was no mistaking that.

"Rabbitmen?" I muttered, narrowing my eyes.

The moment I saw them, it all clicked. The fluffy white tails, the long rabbit ears twitching at every sound—they were unmistakable. The Rabbitmen tribe, one of the more distinct beast tribes in the Beast Kingdom.

"Rabbitmen tribe?" Trill repeated, a little surprised. "Didn't expect them to come here..."

We pushed through the small crowd until I spotted Lionel standing near the entrance, talking with the guards. I made my way over, but before I could even say anything, my gaze landed on one of the newcomers—and my steps slowed.

Wait... that face.

It took me only a second to remember her. I'd seen her before—during the raid at the slave market. That same sharp look in her eyes, that same confident posture. It was definitely her. The rabbit woman from back then.

Our eyes met across the space between us. Even without saying a word, I could feel it—she recognized me too.

"Do you know her, Leon?" Lionel asked beside me, noticing the look we exchanged.

"Well, yeah. I saw her briefly before, but that's about it," I said. "Do you know her?"

"Of course," Lionel said, crossing his arms. "That's the current warrior leader of the Rabbitmen. She's... well, let's just say she's tougher to deal with than most of her tribe."

From her stance alone, it was obvious she wasn't just anyone. The way she carried herself, the strength in her gaze, even the subtle pressure she gave off—it all screamed authority. She wasn't just powerful; she knew she was powerful.

Her attention shifted toward me completely now, ignoring everyone else.

"You must be that person," she said, her tone calm but sharp. Her eyes locked on me like a predator sizing up its prey. "The elven breeder, as they call you."

I sighed inwardly. That damn title again. Sure, it fit the reputation, but it wasn't exactly something I wanted stamped on my forehead.

"I've heard rumors that you were here, so I came to see for myself," she continued, taking a step closer. "As I suspected—you're the same man from before, aren't you?"

"That was just a short encounter," I said, holding her gaze. "Still, I'm surprised you remembered me after all that time."

"Well," she said, smirking slightly, "you recognized me too, didn't you?"

I gave a small laugh. "Fair enough."

"So, why are you here?" I asked, tilting my head. "Did you just come all the way here to see who this 'elven breeder' is? If that's all, then you've probably seen enough already."

"Maybe," she said with a shrug. "But honestly, I'm a bit surprised myself. You've made quite the name for yourself. The whole Great Forest knows about you now. The elves, the beast tribes—and I even heard you've gotten involved with the dryads too."

"Well," I said with a faint grin, "I guess the variety adds a bit of flavor, doesn't it?"

She looked at me for a moment, her expression unreadable, before letting out a small chuckle. "I'm not assuming you're interested in me too, are you? Because if that's the case, then I'm sorry. Even though you've managed to charm the leaders of some of the strongest races in the Great Forest—you're not my type."

The way she said it was blunt, but there was a kind of honesty in her tone that made it sound less like rejection and more like a challenge.

Well... that one came straight from the heart.

Chapter 997: The Rabbitman Tribe (2)

"And so? What does the Rabbitman tribe want here?" Lionel finally asked, his tone carrying that mix of authority and curiosity he was known for.

The woman turned her head toward him, a faint smirk playing on her lips. Her long ears twitched slightly, and her crimson eyes gleamed with a mischievous spark.

"We came here after hearing the rumors," she began, her voice soft but confident. "They said a human male was going around trying to rally all the tribes—to unite every race and kingdom in the Great Forest under one cause." She let out a light chuckle, shaking her head slightly as her hair swayed in the wind. "Honestly, it sounded ridiculous. I couldn't quite wrap my head around what sort of person would even think of attempting something so insane. But then... when I heard that even the King of the Beastmen accepted it—actually agreed to cooperate—I couldn't resist coming here myself. I had to see what kind of man could make the impossible sound believable."

Her gaze locked onto me, sharp and curious, almost playful. "And now that I see you with my own eyes... I get it. This man must be something else if he even managed to get you on his side."

Her words hit with a strange weight, and I felt the eyes around us shift slightly in my direction. I didn't know how far the stories about me had spread, but apparently far enough to reach even the outskirts of the Rabbitman tribe. Still, it didn't really matter. I wasn't the kind of guy to waste time worrying about gossip.

Then, out of nowhere, she tilted her head and asked, "Would you permit me to have a duel with you?"

"A duel?" I echoed, raising a brow.

"Yes," she replied, her grin widening slightly. "You're strong—I can feel it. The way you moved earlier in the market, the speed, the timing... it was perfect. It actually made me lose my breath for a second. I want to see for myself what kind of man has enough power and charisma to make the Great Forest stir."

"I see..." I said, narrowing my eyes slightly. "Then let me ask something first. If we do this, would you be willing to agree to my proposal afterward?"

She gave a teasing smile. "That depends on how long you can keep up with me, I suppose."

"I see... then let's duel."

A rabbitwoman asking for a duel wasn't something that happened every day, and honestly, I couldn't tell if she was bluffing or not. But one thing was certain—I wasn't going to walk away from this.

"Can I ask your name before we start?" I asked.

"My name?" she echoed. She placed a hand over her chest, straightening her posture with a proud little smirk. "Hmm... alright then. My name is Tilde. And you?"

"Leon."

"I see... well then, Leon," she said, eyes glimmering, "I challenge you to a duel."

And with that, the duel between the two of us began.

The place chosen for our duel was deep in the forest, surrounded by towering trees whose thick roots coiled around the soil like veins. Shafts of sunlight pierced through the canopy, scattering golden beams across the clearing. The air was cool, thick with the scent of moss and bark, and the faint murmur of the wind brushed against my skin.

A crowd had gathered around the perimeter, forming a loose circle of spectators. Their expressions were filled with a mix of excitement and curiosity—some whispering among themselves, others simply waiting in silence. Lionel stood near the edge, his arms crossed, eyes sharp and watchful. From the look on his face, he seemed to be enjoying this far more than he'd admit.

Tilde stood across from me, holding two blades—slender, curved, and gleaming under the filtered light. Her stance was confident yet natural, the kind that only came from experience. She looked every bit like a warrior, but there was something raw about her movements—unrefined but deadly. It wasn't the kind of stance you learned from training. It was something born from instinct, from years of surviving.

Then came the sharp sound of the horn—a deep echo that cut through the air and signaled the start of the duel.

The moment it sounded, she was gone.

Not vanished, but so fast that my eyes barely registered the movement. Only the faint scorch of her footprints and a thin wisp of dust rising from the ground hinted at where she had been.

I felt it—an instant shift in the air behind me. My body moved before my mind caught up. I spun around, my blade meeting hers in a loud metallic clash. Sparks scattered as steel ground against steel.

That was close. If I'd reacted even a second slower, that strike might've cut clean through me. She was fast—insanely fast. Not only that, but she had an uncanny ability to completely erase her presence.

After our blades locked, she pushed off with surprising force, flipping backward in a graceful arc. My eyes caught a brief flash of black beneath her skirt—her panties. It was so quick it felt like my brain lagged for a second, and then she landed softly, her movements fluid and balanced like she'd done it a thousand times.

She was agile. Too agile. Watching her reminded me a bit of Bernadette. No... not quite. Bernadette was sharp, precise—a trained assassin with a perfect sense of timing. Tilde was different. Her movements were wild, primal, and unpredictable, yet they carried a strange elegance. She wasn't polished, but she was fierce, natural—like she was born for this. And considering she was a rabbitwoman, that made it even more shocking.

"You must be a little surprised, huh?" she said, flashing a grin. "To see a rabbitwoman fight like this?"

"Well, yeah," I replied with a smirk of my own. "But not so surprised that I can't handle it."

She laughed, a playful sparkle in her eyes. "The Rabbitman tribe has always been seen as the weakest among the Beastkin. That's why slavers target us—we're easy to capture and sell. And, well..."—she gave a sly smirk—"...we're very good at procreating. My people love it, really. Because of that, our numbers are much higher than most of the other beastfolk. But fighting? No, that's not something we're known for. We were never born to be warriors. The only thing we were ever good at was running—escaping danger, outrunning monsters and humans alike."

Her tone hardened as she adjusted her grip on her blades, her legs bending slightly.

"But I decided to change that. I use the same agility we're born with—not to run away, but to fight. To strike. To survive. That's why I can hold my own now, even against our strongest predators."

And before I could respond, she jumped.

Her leap was explosive, tearing through the air as her form blurred against the light. She shot upward like a cannon, her momentum twisting her body midair. Then, with her leg drawn back, she came crashing down toward me, her foot cutting through the wind like a falling blade.

Chapter 998: The Rabbitman Tribe (3)

The moment her foot slammed into my blade, the earth itself seemed to tremble beneath my boots. A deafening clang erupted, echoing through the forest like thunder. From the edge of the blade all the way down to my arms, I felt a violent surge of vibration rip through my body—raw, wild, and unlike anything I had ever experienced before. The shock traveled deep into my bones, numbing my fingers for a brief second, as if the air itself had exploded between us.

My grip faltered slightly, and I clenched my teeth just to keep the sword from flying out of my hands. Thank the gods I wasn't using Ayuru as my weapon this time. If I had, she probably would've snapped in half—or worse, shattered into pieces. This sword wasn't anything special either; just a cheap copper blade I got from Lionel, one of those throwaway weapons meant for training or emergencies. Yet somehow, it was holding up better than I expected. Still, that didn't mean much when she was hitting me with that kind of power. Her kick carried enough force to make the blade bend, creak under the pressure, and then—snap!—it broke clean in two.

The moment it split, I pushed off the ground instinctively, spinning my body back and putting distance between us. Dust kicked up from the impact, scattering through the air.

Tilde stood there, her hair and ears swaying slightly, her expression unreadable. "This isn't all you've got, is it?" she said with a tone that mixed amusement and disdain. "Why are you stalling when you can probably defeat me if you actually tried?"

I let out a small smirk, trying to mask the tension in my chest. "Well, I don't want to hurt a pretty lady like you."

Her eyes sharpened instantly. "So that's what this is about, huh? Because I'm a woman—and a rabbit woman—you think I'm weak? You're saying you don't want to hurt me because you pity me?"

The edge in her voice was clear, and I couldn't blame her. I expected that reaction. Rabbit women were often seen as fragile, easy targets—less threatening than other beastkin. But she was different, and she knew it. Every muscle in her body screamed of discipline and strength. She'd trained hard for that power, fought for that recognition, and the last thing she wanted was someone treating her like she needed protection.

"I'm not saying that at all," I said, straightening my stance. "I just don't want to hurt a lady. That's all. Don't mistake it for underestimating you."

She scoffed, her gaze narrowing. "It sounds like you're underestimating me. But I wonder if you'll still think that once you see what I can really do."

The second those words left her lips—she vanished.

No warning. No sound. One blink, and she was gone.

I tightened my stance, every muscle in my body tensed. A rush of wind swept past my cheek—and then she was behind me again. Damn, she loved doing that. The speed at which she moved was absurd. But then again, she was a rabbit woman. Agility was their gift, their instinctual advantage. Their entire race was known for their ability to evade danger. Where others stood their ground, rabbitmen fled, relying on their reflexes and speed to survive.

But Tilde? She had turned that survival instinct into a weapon. Her movements were sharp, precise—almost elegant. She spun midair, flipped off branches, and used the trees as stepping stones to propel herself forward. Each strike she made carried both grace and ferocity. The forest around us blurred into streaks of motion as she darted between the shadows, leaving behind nothing but afterimages and gusts of wind.

She was fast—so fast that keeping track of her was becoming harder by the second. I wasn't losing, but I could feel the margin narrowing.

"The speed and agility of rabbitmen were given to us because we were weak in combat," she said, her voice cutting through the air as she moved. "That's why we were enslaved, hunted like animals. Even though we're beastkin—superior to humans in every way—they still looked down on us. They acted as if they were gods and we were nothing." Her tone darkened, her eyes burning with anger. "But that era is over. Once all rabbitmen rise, when we've trained our bodies and mastered our speed, we'll crush them. We'll show them who the real predators are. We'll bring war to their doorsteps!"

Her voice rang through the forest, raw and full of conviction.

And honestly? The idea scared me a bit. The rabbitmen population was massive—nearly half of the Great Forest's entire number. If they ever managed to unite and train under one cause, they could easily rival entire kingdoms. The Bethlan Kingdom itself might not stand a chance against their sheer numbers.

But at the same time, the Empire wasn't weak either. If those two clashed, it would be a bloodbath. The rabbitmen might get wiped out completely, but they'd take countless soldiers with them. Still... if they trained like Tilde—if they could move like her—they could become an unstoppable army. Agile, intelligent, and fast-breeding. Literally. They weren't called rabbitmen for nothing—they fucked like rabbits, multiplying faster than anyone could control.

Tilde darted in again, her strikes growing more aggressive. Each swing was clean and fast, aimed with precision. She attacked from every angle—above, below, behind—never giving me a moment to breathe. Every time she made contact, she'd retreat just as fast, only to come back for another round.

But after repeating the same pattern several times, she started to notice something.

No matter how much she pressed the attack, no matter how many times she lunged, I wasn't striking back. I wasn't panicking or flinching—I was only deflecting. Every slash, every kick, every hit she threw—I redirected it effortlessly with what was left of my broken sword. The remains of that copper blade gleamed faintly under the light, a jagged piece of metal still holding strong in my grip.

And that's when I saw it—just for a brief second—her eyes widened. She realized it.

Chapter 999: The Rabbitman Tribe (4)

"You really are underestimating me, aren't you?" Tilde said sharply, her crimson eyes narrowing into slits as she glared at me with a fierce expression. The tone of her voice carried both anger and disappointment, and I could tell from that look alone that I'd pissed her off just by holding back.

It wasn't like I was underestimating her—not even close. She was strong, skillful, and far from the frail image most people had of her kind. In fact, I admired her. The way she fought, the determination in her strikes, and the raw power behind her movements—she had trained herself into becoming something remarkable. For someone from a race often seen as weak and timid, she stood out like fire in the dark. She was fast—too fast—and her technique, while a little rough around the edges, was impressive. If she'd received proper combat training, she could've been an unstoppable fighter, a valuable asset not only to her people but to me as well.

I wanted her—no, I wanted them. The rabbitmen. If they could be molded, sharpened into warriors, they'd be a deadly force standing beside me in my conquest of this world. But to make that happen, I needed her trust first. I needed her to see me not as an enemy, but as someone she could rely on.

And to do that... I had to beat her here and now.

"I'm not underestimating you at all," I said firmly. "In fact, I've been analyzing you carefully. Why do you think I haven't gone all out yet?"

Her ears twitched, suspicion flickering in her eyes. "So you're saying you've been analyzing my movement this whole time?"

"Yup," I replied casually, letting out a small grin. "But I think I'll get serious now."

Tilde's POV

Analyzing my movements? So he wasn't just standing there like an idiot while I was attacking him? He wasn't mocking me or underestimating me? What the hell was he planning?

I had thought this man was all talk—someone who hid behind others while pretending to be capable. But seeing him now, that assumption was crumbling fast. There was something dangerous about him... something that made my instincts scream.

And then—he was gone.

One blink. That's all it took. That was the only thing I did, and he was gone.

What—? Where did he go? My eyes darted around frantically. My ears, trained to catch even the softest rustle of wind, couldn't pick up a thing. There was no sound, no movement—nothing. He didn't even move from his spot; he just vanished. It was like watching a mirage disappear before my very eyes, like seeing reality tear itself apart for a brief moment.

Then—a chill ran up my spine.

Behind me.

"You...! W-When the—?!" I gasped, spinning around instinctively.

He was there, right behind me, his blade—or what was left of it—pressed against my weapon. Even though his sword had been shattered earlier, leaving only a broken hilt and a fragment of metal, it still gleamed with a faint, eerie glow. I could feel the pressure of it, a cold sensation that crawled through me like a whisper of death.

It wasn't just speed. It was something else—something terrifying.

"It seems like even with your big ears, you still can't catch me, huh?" he said, his tone calm, almost teasing, before he withdrew his hand and stepped back.

But I wasn't done yet. The moment he pulled away, I swung my blade again, pouring everything I had into that strike. Yet before my attack could even connect—a golden shimmer

burst between us. My sword collided against it, sending sparks flying, but it didn't break.

"W-What is this?" I hissed, pressing harder.

He smirked faintly. "Hmm. I wonder."

"Kuh... You're pissing me off!" I snarled, slashing again, but he dodged effortlessly this time—sliding out of range with inhuman grace. I chased after him, my heart pounding, my frustration building with every failed attempt. I dashed, spun, leapt—anything to land a hit—but no matter what I did, he was faster. Too fast.

What the fuck was with this man? There was no way he was human. Every movement he made was precise, calculated, impossible. I could feel it in my bones—a primal fear creeping up my spine, warning me that I was facing something far beyond me. Every fiber of my being screamed to run. But I couldn't—not when my pride was on the line.

Still... deep down, I knew.

I couldn't win. Not now. Maybe not ever.

He wasn't just strong—he was untouchable. I couldn't see a single opening, couldn't imagine a future where I could possibly defeat him. It was like trying to catch a shadow, or fight against the wind itself. No matter how much strength I poured in, no matter how fast I moved—it wasn't enough.

My blade kept striking, but every single attack was dodged, deflected, or parried without effort.

"Raaaaaaahhhh!" I roared, my voice tearing through the air as I lunged again, slashing wildly in desperation. The sound echoed through the trees, raw and filled with fury—but it didn't matter. He was already gone before I could even touch him.

And then, in one swift movement, he countered. His broken blade hooked beneath mine, twisting upward with a precise flick of his wrist. Clang! My sword flew from my hands, spinning through the air before crashing into the dirt several meters away.

My knees hit the ground, my breath ragged. The reality of it sank in—I had been utterly defeated.

"You're pretty powerful," he said, his voice calm yet commanding. "But unfortunately, you just had the bad luck of challenging me."

He tossed the broken hilt aside and then extended his hand toward me. I stared at it, confused, unsure of what he was doing. But then I realized—he was offering to help me up.

I hesitated for a moment, pride warring with exhaustion, before finally reaching out. My fingers brushed his palm—and then, instead of taking his help...

I tried to pull him down.

Chapter 1000: The Rabbitman Tribe (5)

Leon's POV

I had defeated Tilde. The moment the fight ended, she looked at me with that expression—disappointment flickering behind her sharp eyes, as if she couldn't accept how quickly it was over. Her breathing was uneven, sweat trailing down her neck, and that small tremble in her hand told me she wasn't faking it. She wasn't weak—far from it. She had fought like a beast backed into a corner.

And honestly, I had to give her credit. For someone with no magic or special ability, she had put up one hell of a fight. Every movement she made had that raw sharpness, a predator's precision. She wasn't relying on any school of technique or fancy spellwork—just pure instinct, natural agility, and those quick, almost feral reflexes that could only come from experience and survival. The way she moved, how she

slipped between my attacks, how her blade danced dangerously close to my throat—it was impressive. If I hadn't been serious, I might've actually lost. She was that good.

Even without formal training, she was already at the level of someone who could stand among top-tier fighters. Her body moved on its own—fast, precise, deadly.

"You really proved something there," she said, her voice low but steady. "I never thought I'd lose... not like this. But after feeling your power up close, I can't even imagine a future where I could beat you."

I looked at her and shook my head. "You're selling yourself short. You're incredibly skilled, Tilde. If I wasn't your opponent today, I'm sure you could've easily defeated anyone else."

A faint smirk curved on her lips. "You're not just good at fighting—you're good at flattering too. Is that how you managed to seduce all those elves... or the women around you?"

I let out a soft chuckle. "If you're willing to be seduced, then I guess it really is seduction. So, what about it? Do you want to be seduced?"

Her gaze lingered on me, her long ears twitching slightly as she tilted her head. "Well, even though I'm a rabbit woman, I've never really had... intimate relations with a male," she admitted, a playful tone mixing with something softer. "I was always told I wasn't attractive enough. I guess that's to be expected. I'm not exactly soft or gentle like the others, am I?"

So basically, she was saying she was still a virgin. That wasn't an issue at all—in fact, that kind of innocence was rare and, honestly, kind of a turn-on.

"But if you're willing to take me," she added, looking up at me through half-lidded eyes, "then I might consider it." There was mischief in her voice now, that deliberate teasing that made her look both dangerous and seductive at the same time.

"Consider what?" I asked, pretending to be oblivious.

"To become one of your women," she said, her lips curving into a sly smirk. "That's not really a problem for you, is it? I've never met a man who could overpower me so completely that I couldn't even see a future where I win. That's how much you've impressed me. So if you're willing... I'll be your woman."

I gave her a short nod. "Might consider it," I said calmly. "If you agree to cooperate with me."

"Cooperate?" she repeated, raising an eyebrow. "You mean with your plan—making all the tribes of the Great Forest work together for one defense?"

"That's right," I said. "If everyone in the Great Forest pooled their resources, we'd stand a real chance against the Republic or the Empire. You're a warrior leader, so I know you've got influence. If you help me convince your chief, this plan could actually work."

She crossed her arms, thinking it over, her tail twitching slightly behind her. "I might be able to talk to the chief of the rabbitmen," she said finally. "But beyond that, I can't promise anything. Honestly, what you're trying to do sounds insane. I thought the person spreading that idea must've been completely crazy. The Great Forest isn't united—it never has been. Trying to bring everyone together? That's nearly impossible."

I gave a faint smile. "You're right—it is crazy. But it's the only shot we've got. If they refuse to act, the Empire will burn this forest to ash, and I'll just stand by and watch it happen. But if they're willing to fight beside me... I'll give them everything I've got."

She stared at me for a moment, and then that smirk returned. "You sound merciless. Not that I'm complaining. In fact, it kind of makes you even more appealing in my eyes."

I raised an eyebrow at her sudden shift in tone. "You're getting hot for me pretty fast, considering we just met. Why's that?"

Honestly, I couldn't figure her out. A few minutes ago, she was ready to kill me. Now, she looked like she wanted to fuck me.

She was actually blushing—her cheeks tinted with a soft pink hue that made her look both fierce and innocent at the same time. One of her rabbit ears drooped down slightly, while the other stood tall and

alert. I'd learned enough about beastkin to know what that meant. It wasn't random or just a cute gesture—it was part of their natural instinct, a subtle mechanism they used when trying to attract a mate.

The way her ear sagged like that, paired with the flushed look on her face, was basically the rabbitmen's equivalent of saying, "I'm interested." It was like her body was betraying her composure, showing me exactly what she was feeling without her even needing to say it aloud.

It kind of reminded me of Ayane and the way she'd fan out her fox tails whenever she tried to seduce me—slow, deliberate, graceful, and absolutely mesmerizing. Or Trill, how her tail would wag ever so slightly, twitching with that barely contained excitement whenever she wanted to fuck.

Every race had their own unique way of showing desire, and watching it unfold right in front of me was... honestly kind of fascinating.

"Well," she said, blushing a little, "we're actually close to our mating season. Rabbitmen are known for... procreating a lot. Around the start of winter, we're basically always in heat. Normally, I just handle it myself since I don't have a man of my own. But after fighting you earlier... I want the real thing."

Her breathing grew heavier with every word, her chest rising and falling as she pressed her thighs together. There was no mistaking it—she was burning up inside, her body practically begging for attention.

"Have you ever fucked a bunny girl before?" she asked, her voice low and teasing. "Want to add that to your list of women from different races you've fucked?"

Well, with her looking at me like that—flushed face, trembling lips, body tensed like she was about to melt—there was no way I was going to resist.