

We don't have anyone with prospecting knowledge to ask for advice about this, so Lina quietly goes to the castle's library to search for books on it. I'm not too serious about trying to attract dwarves as I can always go to a brothel if I want more lolis, but it'd be nice to have some bratty or tomboyish ones in the Companions that I could correct any time I felt like it.

So I bring it up in the next High Officer meeting that I'm looking to hire prospectors.

"Is metal the only reason why you're suggesting this?" Sainalai questions with a painfully smug tone.

*The first loli I'm correcting is going to be you.*

"No, but also yes," I calmly answer then flash a cheeky grin.

"Is that... an expression from your Realm?"

"You could say that."

Sandoro waits until we're done flirting before he brings the conversation back into serious territory, "Integrating small races like dwarves and halflings in our Lordsguard will take work. They have trouble fitting within a shield line, the most basic and important formation required of them."

"Rifles will change how the Lordsguard operates, so perhaps there's a role for them like there is for the Circle mages."

And he simply nods. Lordsguard are free manpower so it costs nothing to put a bit of effort into putting them where they'd be useful.

Moving on, they relay the usual reports about the status of our territory, but one manages to catch my attention. There was a case of racism against a group of grassland elf adventurers, and I have Sandoro punish the perpetrators in a humiliating way to stop others from being this painfully stupid.

It was two high elf youths, men as pale as snow, starting a fight with the adventurers just because they have darker skin. The idiots really thought that the grassland elves were from Heretic's Rest (they were from Glorampina), but there's a somewhat significant difference between them. Grassland elves are chocolate, like my dearest Osaria, while those from Heretic's are Nubian black.

That I so dearly love dark skin should've been obvious considering who I keep company but maybe I should fuck Ciel and Osaria in public to drive the point home. I shall not have uncultured men sully delicious brown and black skin.

But the real problem is that the town is tense; Luor's defection has really triggered a change. The Soberano family and ours had been content just ignoring each other from afar, but now even the commoners all believe something will happen. Could the Gods be influencing everyone's thoughts to prompt us to act now rather than later?

An interesting question, but even if answered it'd change nothing, so I'd rather not think too much about these things rather than become paranoid. Gods know that I already have way too many things to think about.

"Come on, Wolfy! I'm starting to get bored!" Hana shouts and amps up her onslaught of attacks.

She *literally* knows that I have a lot on my mind, but she wants me to fuck her up and fuck her down, so she's going to taunt and misbehave until I put her back in her place. I wanted to just stay in my thoughts for longer, but she knows how to push my buttons, and I'm starting to get angry.

I try to match her rhythm, but I haven't progressed on my [Ekran Style] while she has continued to increase the strength of her [Draconic Body] as she plans to make it bulletproof, so it's actually becoming harder to spar with her. She's also always training with the Lordsguard and others all day while I only do the bare minimum lately.

She's still unable to resist my spells though, so I cast [*Lightning Bolt*] on her tits because she's unarmored, then I [*Rush*] forward in the second she's reeling in pleasure from the pain and grab her throat. We're still sparring, so I also grab her sword wrist with my free hand and cast [*Shocking Touch*].

Now she gets so turned on her hard nipples poke through the thin training shirt, but she's still resisting, and she has enough strength in her arm to escape my grip. She also has a lot of experience with getting shocked while being fucked, so I have no room to hesitate. I quickly sweep her feet and use [*Telekinesis*] to slam her back against the floor, cracking the floor tiles as if a boulder crashed onto them and pushing the air out of her lungs.

I really want to finish this round right here, right now, so I'll *finish* her. I shove a hand down her pants and grab her bare pussy, then I cast [*Shocking Touch*].

"AAAAAAAH-HNNNNGH-... HAAAAANH~...!" she screams, then moans, then creams her pants with one of the most violent orgasms I've ever given her.

*That should make her behave for a while now.*

I pull my hand out and savor her taste, then I [*Telekinesis*] her out of the arena and look for the next sparring partner. The Four have witnessed this but I don't care

about their reaction. I guess I'll just train with the Celestial Horns for a while until it's time for the group session.

The Horns are deciding whether or not having flesh is useful. With Sainalai's [*Possess*] spell, they don't need [*Solidify*] and can remain in their intangible spirit forms while controlling their armor and weapons, but this means that they'll be less effective in case their armor is destroyed and they have to possess a new one or go flesh again.

The only help I can offer them is to standardize their armor so replacing it won't be so difficult for them.

Anyway, I have a match with Pilot Harikoa, the one who's possessing Jarvis, a golem suit or armor like Jarn. He has four arms, two controlled by the golem, who has learned to cast a few spells through Arreira's slow training method, but I notice that even then the pair's martial prowess hasn't increased significantly compared to the other Horns. This is a bit underwhelming, so after a hard-fought victory for me, I call him to the side to have a talk.

"Pilot-... I guess that's your new title. Pilot Harikoa, this isn't a criticism of your strength, but I noticed that even with Jarvis' help, you aren't that much stronger in comparison to the other Horns."

He understandably becomes tense and carefully attempts to defend his pride, "Your Highness, if you're gauging my strength from the previous spar then it doesn't represent the full extent of our capabilities. We excel in fighting multiple opponents while we can last in battle much longer due to Jarvis' abilities, like protecting my blind spots or repairing the armor while we're in combat."

And he removes his helmet then holds it up near his shoulder to give Jarvis his own presence in the conversation. His ethereal lion head looks quite commanding, giving me a hint why he was chosen as the pilot.

Then Jarvis continues with his ethereal and mildly distorted voice, "Our coordination still hasn't reached its full potential either. The [*Possess*] spell hasn't been finished, so we've been communicating through feelings and short phrases rather than telepathic speech."

"Still. I feel like focusing on melee combat will only ever lead to underwhelming results. No, it's just too constrained..." I ponder out loud, and then I remember one of the main reasons why I suggested this experiment to begin with. "How good are either of you with the rifle?"

"Simpler than a bow, so I picked it up quite fast," Harikoa promptly answers.

And the gears start turning in my head, making me grin excitedly. "We need to make you bigger, Jarvis. Iron Man just isn't enough."

"Then shall we try a Gundam?" he answers immediately, proof that he really is a clone of me.

"Depends on the limits of your capabilities. I'm thinking that at the minimum we should go Space Marine size."

"Your Highness? I don't understand these terms," Harikoa interjects, his gaze showing confusion while his posture is still as perfectly straight as ever.

I chuckle. "Don't worry about it; we're just gauging how much bigger Jarvis should be. But now the question is: how will the pilot control it?"

"Your Highness' original world didn't have the technology for exosuits," Jarvis adds.

So I start to ponder again. "Perhaps I could talk to The Four... *or maybe* if the telepathy were to be finished, one could just imagine the movement they wanted you to perform..."

This, Harikoa understands. "I don't know much about the magic, but [*Possess*] almost gives us this kind of connection, and it's faster than having to use words to explain what we want to do."

"The only communication possible through our bond is too vague for clear speech," Jarvis helps.

And I nod. "Yes, being able to speak telepathically has its uses, but it won't help with the main goal of this project, so I'll have a talk with Sainalai to guide her research towards a different path."

Now that's a good reason to skip on part of the training session, or at least until it's time for the group exercise. That one relates to everyone's safety, so it's too important to not participate.

I know, my own individual fighting skill is also the biggest part of our combat strength, but I just haven't been feeling like fighting. I'm a scholar at heart, not a warrior, and I don't know where I should take my [*Ekrano Style*]. My mind just doesn't have room for it when we're expanding our projects so much.

Also, I want an excuse to flirt with the little ginger halfling a bit.

She's actually wearing elven clothing today, and it's immediately arousing to see how much exposed flesh I can see from her little pale body. Coupled that with her surprisingly fluffy-looking hair, she's the most huggable cock-sleeve around.

And don't look at me like that, Lina, you're my cock-sleeve but you're for protecting and squeezing with bear hugs, which is a different feeling to "huggable little fuck doll."

"Your Highness!" she exclaims with an unusually high-pitched tone as I come in, her eyes looking surprised, but her mouth on an uncontrolled grin. She also readjusts herself on her seat, her arms almost instinctively covering her micro-bikini top, but she catches herself and pushes her chest forward so her nipples push out of the fabric.

*I need to fuck her, already...*

But first, I need to explain the new plan. It takes some talking as she seems easily distracted due to my relentless use of [Sexual Charm], but the dedicated scholar eventually gets it.

"Yes, that seems to have a lot of potential..." she hums as she plays with a curl of her hair, then her eyes turn to me again, now more stable as her scholarly determination holds against my seduction. "Forgive me for I don't have any combat experience, but I also felt that the current use of Jarvis was... lacking. Aside from control of extra arms, their connection didn't have much other use, which felt underwhelming for the amount of effort they were putting into it."

I nod. "That's the exact same feeling I had."

And she smiles gleefully. "I'm honored that my thoughts had matched Your Highness'."

"Oh, a lot more than just thoughts seem to match between us," I huskily reply.

And I let my words hang in the air while I continue to attack her with my seductive stare. She seems to forget the conversation for a moment, becoming a docile little slut aching for my Cock, and I bet I could simply ask her to bend over and she'd obey.

Then she blinks repeatedly and the spell is broken.

"I'll begin working on it right away."

She's playing hard because she wants me to break her will. Just like a not-so-surprisingly large amount of women, her most depraved dream is to be forced to worship a big, veiny, draconic Cock. And I'll oblige... eventually... only after she begs me for it.

Now I'm actually horny and I need to fuck something, so Alissa excuses herself and meets me in the garden maze beside the training grounds.

She kneels in the grass, I pull my Cock out, and then I shove it inside her mouth. She obediently stares at me with her pretty pair of orange jewels while I push her head back and forth, going deep into her throat and then pulling out. Tears well up in her eyes as I'm obviously not gentle, but she never chokes as she's an Expert Cock Sucker.

Her pussy tingles from being used like this, her fluffy tail wagging fast in happiness, and I even allow her to finger herself. Soon, she's dripping, and I stop fucking her mouth just so that she can get a taste of her juices.

I love hearing her gagging sounds, so I continue to use her face, making sure to pull on her beautiful hair so that it hurts. I wish I had time to abuse her further and take out my lust on her, but all I can do is cum once down her throat, and then we have to join the others for the group exercise.

Oh no, the horror, I have to wait an hour until bath time and can't immediately satisfy my every desire! Truly a horrible day to be king.

No, but seriously. When we aren't in a "quest," we get a bit too complacent and party-happy. If we don't have any sort of danger to keep us disciplined I'm afraid it's far too easy to become a decadent noble... And now I also understand the struggle that the nobility constantly goes through, though nobles still don't get respect or sympathy from me for merely resisting the temptation to party all day.

Anyway, since we're going crazy with rifles anyway, we use them for the group exercise. Even though we have (still being improved) anti-bullet enchantments in our armor, it's still a good idea to learn how to move tactically to minimize exposure, and Thant already has a lot of experience on this so he leads the group.

"This feels like that one VR game..." Lily whispers with a frown as she stares at her rifle, which looks a bit oversized for her diminutive stature.

"You never liked the tactical shooters," I reply reflexively.

And she flashes an annoyed glance. "Maybe the *other* Lily didn't, but I found them okay. I just didn't play them much in VR because it was so janky."

"Right, your Earth didn't have good VR tech."

"Wait, aren't you immune to bullets?" Samkelo suddenly interjects.

"Uhhh... yeah, I guess. Still not a good idea to just walk out of cover," Lily answers while averting her eyes, uncomfortable.

"Are your eyes immune to bullets? I know Alissa could probably hit them," I inquire further. This is actually important information.

"I can *definitely* hit them," my little foxy markswoman whispers quietly.

"I will *not* shoot myself in the eye," she firmly states, making me chuckle.

"Guys, we need to move," Thant tries to put the training back on track.

"No, no. We need to know if she's truly a superwoman," Samkelo retorts.

Seeing no way out of this interrogation, Lily sighs and confesses, "I can't fly, and it's still very uncomfortable to touch my eye."

"So you *did* try to stab yourself in the eye," I tease with a smirk.

"A warrior must always know their limits," Yunia remarks, her wise words hiding her real intentions.

But Roxanne is more obvious as she grins. "Exactly, so how *elastic* are you?"

And Lily's tone starts to become painfully dry. "I will *not* answer these types of questions. I've only ever tried to test the resistance of my eyes and I'll never do it again, so let's focus back on the exercise, please."

Hana stares at the little brown dorf with a conflicted frown. It bothers her that there's not just one (Brett), but now two people who are tougher than her as she still hasn't achieved full immunity to bullets yet. It isn't all bad as it serves as fuel for her to train harder, but deep inside she is feeling some jealousy.

"Alright... let's stop messing around and get tactical," I coolly hum, then I lower the visor of my helmet and pull the bolt of my auto rifle just to look cool... ejecting a whole unspent bullet out that Alissa catches like a cat.

"Don't waste bullets..." the markswoman grumbles with a pout.

I get a few chuckles, but Lily's reaction is so strong that it surprises me as she almost fails to smother her giggles. For a second, I felt like I was back with my own Lily as we fooled around, and I believe she might've felt the same...

This makes us both too awkward to continue the banter so we just resume the training, more seriously this time.

The moment the armor comes off in the bath, I pounce on Alissa. I feel like putting a leash on her today, and I get to choke her by pulling on it while I slam her from behind. This situation has actually become comforting for her, so she barely even tries to breathe and just lets herself pass out with my Cock inside her.

A second of air and a slap on her perky ass is enough to wake her up for more sweaty, high-impact, violent sex. It feels so refreshing that I also give Hana a similar treatment, but I have to tie up her arms behind her back as she wants to struggle.

And after calming down the dragon inside me, I'm ready for another eventful evening as we're having Luor as a guest for dinner tonight.

The handsome dark elf and his manbun are already comfortably seated as we start to pour into the room. Osaria kept him entertained for the couple of minutes we took to arrive as we didn't feel like making him wait, but also I don't trust his NTR protagonist looks near my chocolate milf. She'd deliberately flirt with him just to make me jealous.

He also seems tense like a young rookie as he stands up and bows, so I feel a bit of sympathy. We just sit down and start with the casual talk.

"How is the life of a junior knight going?" I kindly begin.

My sweet tone works well on him as he quickly calms down. "I'm thankful for the kindness I've been shown. I understand that it's hard to trust someone with my background, but I don't feel excluded."

"And we appreciate how well-mannered you are," Yunia hums.

He smiles like a seductive chad. "Though I prayed to the Gods of Creation more, I'm still a strong believer of Law."

His natural "Charisma" must be almost as high as mine.

"One of the best characteristics of elves is your worship of Law," I state.

"Not Knowledge or Intelligence?" he questions.

"It's because even a commoner can understand Law."

And he smiles bitterly as the liveliness of his tone dies. "Except for my compatriots." Somehow, the sadness in his voice manages to trigger the motherly instinct of the girls.

"Would they also be so unwise to oppose one blessed by Knowledge?" I question further while I internally taunt the wives, telling them to change their panties.

"Most certainly, especially since they lack the intelligence to come up with a plan for it," he jokes almost self-deprecatingly.

And we laugh casually, though it almost feels like we're a bunch of pompous bastard nobles laughing at the peasants.

"Are you saying Heretic's Rest is a fitting name?" Caterina asks, trying her best to use a casual tone that doesn't ruin the light mood.

"Better than 'North Glorampina.' That's still the official name."

"What other names do your people call it?" Ciel questions because Lina is a tad too intimidated by his handsomeness to ask it herself.

"Arais is the most common. I've also heard Old Glorampina, Cursed Glorampina, and Goldado."

"And how do you name the people who come from there?"

He gently tilts his head in confusion and calmly stares at her, his demeanor making her feel things that decide her fate for tonight. "What do you mean?"

So I answer to take his eyes off of her, "Imperials, Mainlanders, Sommerlande, Rabanarians, Faiumi, Thornian. That's what we call the people who come from specific countries."

But he hangs up on one word. "What's a Rabanarian?"

I frown confusedly. "You don't know Rabanara? The Shore of Leaves and Sea of Trees?"

"I know the Sea of Trees, but I don't think I've ever heard of Shore of Leaves."

"Wow. You guys haven't updated your maps in a few hundred years," Roxanne hums and chuckles.

And he sighs at his people's extreme reclusiveness. "That wouldn't surprise me. So I assume Shore of Leaves is a new place in the Sea of Trees?"

"Yes, it's a new settlement. It's all farms except for Rabanara, the only town in there," I explain.

"Interesting... but to answer your first question, we just call ourselves dark elves, but a few of our scholars call us Areis in their scrolls."

Makes sense. "High elves," "swamp elves," and grassland elves" are the three terms they use for the other elven lands rather than something based on the name of the land. Well, it's obvious why the elves who come from the High Forest are called *high* elves, but that's because the name of the land was translated into Andraste because they're more description of the places rather than the name of a nation.

But now there's going to be a lot of non-elf races being born in the High Forest, though, and I wonder what they're going to be called. The elven name of the High Forest is Aloresta, so Aloreis sounds pretty cool. Alorestani also works but I hope it doesn't gets picked up because it sounds dorky. I mean, I'll also be considered an Aloreis, so I get to have a preference.

*Maybe I'll make this my first kingly act.*

We continue the light talks, sharing anecdotes about our cultures. Luor shows to be a good talker, but it's clear he's a very pious worshiper of Law. We're careful about showing that we don't value order too much because even though we ARE the law, our goals will cause a bit of chaos before things can improve and peace returns again.

But as time passes, he starts to seem tense, his permanent frown deepening and worsening his Resting Bitch Face. Then he suddenly changes the tone of the conversation. "Your Highnesses, my curiosity takes the best of me. May I ask why the legendary Late King Arreira chose you as his successor instead of his descendants?"

That one is an easy answer, though I don't expect him to accept it outright just because of how wild of an explanation it is. "We have his memoir. His 'death' was merely a plot to surrender to the empire without having to go through a war because the Elder Council at the time wanted blood. When he saw that his descendants instead decided to rebel and even go against the Gods, he decided to pick someone else to succeed him. It seems that he didn't like the current elf nobility, they hadn't changed much since his time, but he took an interest in us once we entered his dungeon, especially after he learned we were blessed by the Gods. He made us go through very difficult sets of trials, but we succeeded and gained his approval."

*I was basically turned into a ghost just because he wanted to test something about the Threads of Fate. At one point I'll expose how shitty of a person he really was but I'd rather not start this discussion right now.*

"Why did he even entomb himself instead of passing on?"

I think for a moment, but I can't remember the exact words, so I pull out his notes. "One moment, please," I request and quickly read through the first few pages, then I make a summary because the pompous bastard can be quite long-winded. "His descendant was too weak to stand on his own, so just as a precaution Arreira went into hiding. If his lineage survived, he'd grace them with his treasure, but since they chose this path, he thought he deserved to choose another."

"It's not surprising he'd go this far considering his level of nobility," Yunia adds. Even I think I'd do the same if I had his level of power.

"Are these his notes?" Luor questions and gestures to the book.

I nod. "A copy of them. The original has been preserved in our vault."

"What else did he write about?"

"Some of it is forbidden knowledge, but he was a long-lived scholar with many interests."

And this is such a long topic it consumes the rest of our dinner time. Luor has trouble understanding the story of the spirit Chimeras, but Kaatohe is right there, in her full naked glory, and she can turn into a spirit at will, so he'll just have to force his brain to accept it.