

"Good day, Lina," Oura says with a kind smile and I nearly stop to admire her. The golden elven woman is so beautiful and she's just what I imagine a not-evil Roxanne to be.

"Good day," I respond and turn to Osaria. The dark elven "milf," as Wolfy would say, sends me a small smile.

She's dangerous... I have to be careful with her, even if Wolfy wouldn't think it's cheating.

I send her a respectful nod and sit beside Oura. The fluffy and comfortable seat is just so much better than a horse. Even though Ciel makes sure I'm never in pain or too tired, I still prefer to properly *sit* at something and not *mount* it.

"So..." Oura starts with an excited smile and grabs my hand. "I know you love history, so I got a different book this time." With a *poof*, she produces on my lap a heavy leather-back book called: "Legends of Times Past Series: Ender, the Dragon."

"Ooh..." I feel a small door materializing inside my mind. A door to the past.

"It's a *little* dramatized, but the scholars say that this one is quite faithful to the historical records," Oura says.

Osaria leans closer so she can read the title and says, "Ah, that one. Can you narrate it for me? I'd like to hear this story."

"Sure," Oura says and nods repeatedly, even more excited.

I open the book with my free hand and both of her soft, delicate hands squeeze mine.

She's dangerous, too. I can't disappoint Ciel.

I try to ignore that I'm in a small room with two beautiful, older women who'd love to dote on me, but also have a rather elastic sexuality, and focus on the book.

It's time to cross the door that will take me into the past.

On the second day of the fourth month of the year 34,991, at the top of the Grey Roost, the wereowl God-Queen Mack'Hee conferred with her generals. Her sharp glare and bone structure gave her an air of strictness and regality. Her power as a

multi-hundred level being only accentuated her features and made it impossible for the weak of heart to look at her. The gray locks of hair that covered her shoulders like a blanket made her look like a statue that glared down at lesser beings from atop her raised throne.

Grey Roost? Oh right, this is before the first Emperor changed their name to Hermit's Roost.

Only her own generals would survive her presence long enough to talk with her.

"Betoverd Bos has agreed to help. Their God-Rulers will support us in any effort against Ender," the first general said and stopped to read the rest of the document.

He was a mature wereowl man without a single gray hair or feather on his head, but the age of the higher society was always hard to define considering how their levels likely exceeded one hundred.

The general frowned as he read the document. Once done, he sighed and said with a strained tone, "But they will only offer a limited number of troops for combat. They believe that the average troops will be wasted in a confrontation with the dragon."

"And what troops have they offered?" The God-Queen asked. Her cold and imperious tone would make any lesser man be compelled to obey her, even if they didn't want to.

"Gnomic Wall-Masters, Pixie Mountain-Splitters, and Meteor Launchers."

"Impressive, but alas, limited," Mack'Hee said and gripped her forehead in disappointment.

The only sounds heard on the huge and austere Gray Hall was the ruffling of the delicate clothing the other generals were wearing as they nodded in solemn agreement.

This near-absolute silence made the sudden appearance of hurried footsteps very jarring. Someone had just entered through the emergency Eternal Portal.

The heavy doors to the Hall opened by themselves to let in a God's Voice for the Brumeux Clan. A werefox in shining gray armor enveloped in mist, making it difficult to discern any of his movement. The only truly visible part he had was his uncovered head showing his fox ears, perfect strands of orange hair and fur, and a handsome face marred by an expression of grief.

Oh, Alissa's ancestor. I have to show this book to her sometime.

A few of the generals grabbed their Heavenly Weapons and eyed the God's Voice warily as the armored man rushed towards the Triangular Table.

The young werefox God-King broke out of his inner reflections and raised from his throne. "Cousin!" He yelled in surprise.

The God's Voice dispelled the mist covering his body, revealing an eerily dull-looking metal armor. Then he fell on one knee and dropped his head. "My Divine! The Brumeux Forest is going to fall!" He announced as tears ran along his cheeks.

"What?!" the God-King shrieked.

"We found out that Ender had sneaked into the Haunted Caldera and used it to feed himself and his dragons. But then it was too late, his army is now so big that there's no hope for defense. Our God-Rulers ordered the evacuation of the forest while they hold back Ender himself."

Mack'Hee raised from her throne and immediately everyone, except for the God-King, held back a breath in awe of her presence. "Send all the troops that we can to aid in the evacuation. Contact Betoverd Bos and Sommerreich. Then summon the Celestial Owls and we'll personally help the Brumeux God-Rulers," She commanded and the generals obeyed. In the blink of an eye, they all disappeared.

"I am humbled by your Divine Mercy!" The God's Voice yelled, amid tears of grief and happiness.

"Think nothing of it. Now go, help your brethren," Mack'Hee said. Her voice quaked the God's Voice to his bones and fueled his inhumanoid speed as he immediately darted back towards the *[Eternal Gate]* whence he came.

Mack'Hee walked down the steps of her throne to the lower throne of her lover. She may had a lithe figure, but she never looked small, even while beside her tall and slender lover.

She hugged the young God-King and cupped his cheeks, then guided his head towards hers and sealed his lips with her own.

The thin clothes both of them wore made it quite easy for their body heat to transfer, and so they easily felt the rising heat coming from their groins. But there was no time for anything more than a kiss.

"We'll save them, my lovely Beau. We'll save them," Mack'Hee said in a soft voice that wormed its way into the God-King's heart.

His handsome and boyish face was wracked with grief. Even though Beau looked young, he certainly wasn't. He knew that Mack'Hee was trying to comfort him, and he knew that Brumeux wouldn't survive.

The Eternal Portal connecting Gray Roost to Brumeux was in a secure place underground, so it's no surprise that it was still in one piece. What is surprising, though, is that it was completely empty.

Beau stopped in place and the retinue of Celestial Owls deftly made their way around him, continuing on towards the stairs out of this grand underground hall.

Mack'Hee stopped beside her lover and squeezed his hand gently, giving him a jolt that awoke him from his stupor.

At that same moment, the curtains beside them fluttered and the God-Rulers of Betoverd Bos came out: Sputvick, the gnome God-King; and Yonda, the pixie God-Queen. Sputvick is a gnome oozing mana out of his many enchantments; he sported his infamous beard, so long that he constantly used [*Warp Space*] to make his meters-long beard occupy only a quarter of a meter square of space. Yonda is a rainbow-haired pixie that left sparkling trails of dust as her silver butterfly wings flapped through the air.

"Mack'Hee, Beau," the two God-Rulers paid their respects to their equals, which Mack'Hee and Beau returned. Then a crack was heard and the gnome teleported himself and his wife towards the surface.

"Let's go," Beau said, determined, and opened a Portal to his former home just as the Gnomic Wall-Masters started pouring out of the Eternal Portal.

The Heavenly Gray Armor of both God-Rulers turned red as it reflected the flames that surrounded them. If Beau hadn't know where they were, then they would've believed to have been transported to Hell as the all-consuming magical fire was the only thing they could see all around them.

The enchantments on their armor triggered immediately and created a bubble of cool air around them, while also extinguishing any flame trying to creep closer to unburnt matter. The lack of flames also revealed ashes that Mack'Hee identified as belonging to beams made from the Chape tree.

"ROOOOOOH!" They heard a wyvern's cry and lazily looked towards its source.

Mana left Beau's body and the wyvern then cried in pain for only a moment before dying as a blinding flash of lightning struck it. The lava on the wyvern's body cooled and its scales dulled, then cracked and shattered.

Beau and Mack'Hee wordlessly started floating in the air, surveying the sea of fire for any other feeble Volcanic Wyvern to kill.

A few more wyverns, blinded by blood-lust, attacked the pair of God-Rulers before dying in less than a second. The rest of the wyverns awakened from their lust and tried to flee, but that only made them easier targets for Beau to vent his anger.

Without a magical source for the fire, Mack'Hee snapper her fingers and all the flames converged into a small ball in front of her, then it was extinguished and the red light of the flames disappeared.

Brumeux's capital, Lieu'd Naissan, was burned down in its entirety to feed the Volcanic Wyverns. This sub-type of dragon will then be hunted down to near extinction for thousands of years.

I've never even heard of a Volcanic Wyvern before, so I think it's still hated by the werefoxes.

The duo of God-Rulers flew higher and higher until they managed to locate where the battle is taking place. Not a hard thing to do since a huge explosion caused a blinding flash of light come from the east, where the Western Edge of the Haunted Caldera is.

That's Rakontagne, and Haunted Caldera must be the Sea of Trees. I think the Sea of Trees is "only" a few thousand years old.

Both of the God-Rulers blasted through the air towards the source of the explosion while their hearts tightened in anxiety.

Their Celestial Owls soon approached them, carving a bloody path from the Gaping Maws, wyverns and dragons that eat the forest whole to feed Ender's army.

Then they felt the gnome God-King repeatedly teleporting long distances towards them, but he's not as fast as Beau and Mack'Hee, so he's left behind.

The duo of God-Ruler's spent copious amount of mana to fly faster than the sound, and left a trail of stunned dragons and wyverns below them. The Western Edge crept closer and closer, but even at their incomprehensible speed, they spent much longer than they wished flying towards their target.

They saw a black shining mass the size of a hill snaking its way over the snow-covered mountaintop of the Western Edge. Then a chill ran along their spine as they sighted the only thing that can cause fear in a God-Ruler's heart: Ender, The Annihilator, The All-Consumer, The Nemesis, The Hand and Child of the God of Destruction.

Unbreakable black scales that absorbed all light; yellow, piercing eyes that had no magic in them, only pure hate and destruction; spikes that covered his entire body; wings so big that could cover an entire town.

Huge stone stakes burst out of the ground and hit Ender on its underside, breaking apart as soon as they hit him. But the power of the strike was enough to send him back into the Haunted Caldera.

A large light appeared again and exploded, taking out the top of snowy mountain along with it.

Ender's horrifying black head peeked again over the blown mountaintop with a grin of pure evil on his draconic face.

Beau started to glow as lightning crackled all over his body. Then Mack'Hee bent the wind to her will and created a line of thunder clouds from where they were that ended where Ender was.

The roar of Beau's [*Lightning Strike*] deafened all monsters for kilometers and even damaged the ears of the Celestial Owls coming behind them.

Ender was struck by the lightning and once again fell behind the mountaintop. The master of all dragons roared, not in pain, but in laughter, as Beau's attack stung like a bee's sting would feel to a lesser humanoid.

They continued their flight and the Western Edge grew and grew. Then they started to feel the mana coming out of the werefoxes God-Rulers, but their blood ran cold as one of the sources started to rapidly fade.

They suddenly stopped near the surface of the mountain and the air boomed a moment later. Only a single spot of snow wasn't disturbed by their arrival. It was a blurry mass of mist, which contained both the sources of mana of the werefox God-Rulers.

Then the mist dissipated and revealed two beautiful werefoxes. A male with white hair, fur, and skin with blue spots, and a female with delicate features and orange hair. The female lacked her left arm and leg, and a black slime covered her wounds, digging deeper into her body and soul.

"SISTER!" Beau bellowed. Lightning crackled and in the blink of an eye, he was beside his sister.

"Beau..." She said weakly and reached over with her remaining hand to cup his cheek and caress his fox ears.

A disembodied voice made the ground tremble and attacked the bodies of the God-Rulers with its strength. But they were way past having enough "Endurance" and "Willpower" to resist this attack without even putting an effort. "Another one of your kind falls. Pay your respects, fox, she only has a few minutes before she is mine," Ender said and his ginormous head peeked over the blown off mountaintop again.

"She'll never be yours!" Beau bellow back and the skin of the God-Rulers tingled with static. Ender, though, felt nothing.

The Annihilator's tone had such a cold finality to it that even Mack'Hee felt impotent after hearing it. "I am sure you are saying this to comfort yourself. Nevertheless, her soul will be annihilated by my essence," Ender said.

Bennie pulled her brother closer in a hug and said, "The battle is not over, little brother."

A mist started to appear between Ender and the God-Rulers and it was quickly becoming solid, like a barrier.

Ender frowned and started to collect his power above his head. A huge ball of pure darkness that absorbed the air and even the light around them, a Void Entrance. "Your illusions are a *bother*," he said, perfectly enunciating every word.

"Fuck you," Bennie cursed and added more power to her mist.

Before Ender could fire his attack, the mist was finished and Ender's view was completely obscured by it.

The All-Consumer stayed true to his name and started absorbing every little piece of matter around him, but Bennie's mist still didn't thin out.

Ender groaned and started to flap his wings to help disperse the mist, but it still didn't thin out.

Ender opened his mouth and sucked in the mist, trying to undo its magic from within, but it still didn't thin out.

Then Ender sighed and hardened his scales, knowing exactly what was about to happen.

The mist suddenly disappeared and Ender's body was wracked with a thunder strike, locking him in place as lightning coursed through his body. He was flattened against

the ground as the air condensed and pushed down on him. Then the mountain rose again and started to engulf him.

"Do you know any other way to fight?" Ender asked as he looked up at the God-Rulers floating above him.

Then Bennie fired gigantic icicles the size of a house into Ender's eyes and poked them out.

"NRAAAGH...! HAHAHA, ALWAYS THE SAME AT-..." Ender's bellow was interrupted by Yonda, who entered his mouth and used her body as a propellant for her Heavenly Spear.

Then space cracked and she reappeared beside Sputvick.

"Now, *that* is something new," Ender's disembodied voice commented. Then the earth trembled and a mana storm started to brew all around the dark dragon.

The earth cracked and flaked; the air became thick and noxious; the clouds compressed into water and disappeared; and any living thing, be it monster or humanoid, decided to run as far away as they could from the God of Destruction's own child.

Bennie faltered in her lover's arms. "Ivo, I can't..." She muttered.

On the contrary of Beau, the white-haired God-King had a war mask on his face, betraying no emotion. He simply hugged her tighter and tried to slow down Ender's essence, but it had already consumed a lung and her intestines. There was nothing he could do.

Bennie still had a fire within her, and she would put her last moments to good use. She pushed her face closer to Ivo's ear and whispered, "I want to do one last... thing..."

"For Brumeux," Ivo said, solemn.

"For our children..." Bennie whispered.

Then both of God-Kings flew towards Ender's back, using all their power to resist the reality-bending mana storm from erasing them from existence.

"WHAT?!" Beau yelled. But the instant that he thought about moving forward, Mack'Hee stopped him.

"Focus on the battle, love," she said to him in a low voice, yet it was perfectly heard by him.

Beau gritted his teeth and all the God-Kings sent another salvo of attacks, to help Ivo and Bennie in whatever they wanted to do.

"USELESS, USELESS, USELESS, USELESS, USELESS, USELESS!" The Disembodied voice of Ender made the earth tremble as he slowly undid his binds and increased his resistance to the combined attacks of the God-Kings. Suddenly, his resistance stopped growing as he noticed something odd on his back. "WHAT?! YOU DARE?!"

"WE DARE!" Ivo responded.

Ender opened his mouth to yell again, but Yonda interrupted him and flew down his throat. She cut and tore his insides whenever she could, and his time she didn't teleport back so soon.

Ender resumed increasing his resistance, but he was once again interrupted, this time by two huge steel hammers smacking the icicles in his eyes and driving them further and into his brain.

His body went limp, but he's not dead yet. His pure black scales started to turn even darker as they sucked everything around him. Every single little particle of matter or mana was absorbed, annihilated, then turned into energy to fuel his regeneration.

Suddenly, his own stomach was turned into a Void Source, nearly trapping Yonda into its eternal embrace. She instantly teleported back beside Sputvick and gave a small prayer to the God of Change for her luck.

Then the two God-Rulers united forces to create a steel stake the size of a small village and dropped it on Ender's head. His regeneration and resistance grew faster by absorbing the steel stake, but he couldn't spare any more power to stop Bennie and Ivo.

Ender was not stupid, though, and once he had regenerated enough, he focused solely on the two God-Rulers at his back, ignoring everything else. But because of this, he didn't sense two huge pillars, one of fire and another of ice, flying towards him from the Brumeux Forest.

The ice hit his face and twisted his neck at an impossible angle, then it covered his face and froze it solid. The fire came a moment later and touched the ice, then it all exploded.

A cloud of steam covered his face, but it was swiftly pushed away by Mack'Hee, allowing everyone to see how Ender's frightening skull was warped as his bones cracked and caved in slightly.

Having enough, Ender started to bend space to teleport himself out of there.

"NO, YOU WON'T!" Princep, the God-King of Domum, bellowed. The olive-skinned man teleported directly above Ender. His weakened body was supported by his God-Queen, who solely focused on protecting both of them from Ender's mana storm.

Princep glared at Ender and used the power of his eyes to lock every fiber of Ender's being into its current resting place, effectively blocking him from teleporting away.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" Ender shook the earth again with his voice, now fully enraged. He was still undoing his binds, but it was too slow to his liking.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" His voice gained a higher pitch as he finally felt what Ivo and Bennie were doing.

A huge black scale, bigger than three humanoids stacked on top of each other, was bent backward almost fully. The dark skin was rupturing and tearing, letting black essence ooze out of the wound.

The God-Rulers of Sommerreich finally reached Ender and prepared another pillar of ice and fire, but at this point, even the combined attack of all God-Rulers would do little to stop Ender's rampage.

Ender's incessant yelling suddenly stopped and every God-Ruler gasped. The scale finally broke free and flew upwards, flipping in the air like a ginormous coin.

Princep's hold over Ender waned, and The Nemesis suddenly disappeared, teleporting to an unknown land to recover. The mana storm cleared and reality returned to normal.

Mack'Hee flew upwards to catch the scale while Beau flew downwards, towards Ivo and Bennie.

Princep collapsed and his God-Queen teleported him away immediately. The rest of the God-Rulers waited patiently for the aftermath.

"IVO, BENNIE?!" Beau yelled, searching for them.

The white-haired God-King coughed and caught Beau's attention. The beautiful werefox was unrecognizable, he had lost his arms and legs, and his face was covered in Ender's black essence, eating away his skin.

Beau landed beside Ivo and caught his body, lifting him slightly from the ground. "Ivo? Where's Bennie?" Beau asked, knowing the answer.

"Now... she only... lives... within... you..." Ivo answered with a weak voice.

Beau's beautiful face distorted in grief as he wept for the death of his beloved sister.

Ivo stopped resisting and Ender's essence consumed the rest of his body in a few seconds, leaving nothing behind.

Mack'Hee silently landed beside Beau and consoled him.

All present God-Rulers felt a horrible chill run along their spines. Nothing in this realm could kill them, except for Ender... and The Nemesis had struck down two more of their kind. At this rate, civilization will be extinguished.

Their gazes then drifted from Beau towards the huge scale floating above them.

They all could see an enticing opportunity in front of them, but was it really worth the sacrifice of two God-Rulers?

"Wow... this is amazing," I say, lowly, and look at Oura. "Even more so because Ivo and Bennie are literally Alissa's ancestors!"

"Oh, really? I didn't know that," Oura says and her long ears wiggle in surprise.

"She's the daughter of the Chief and Chieftress of the Forest, and their family has been Chiefs for generations. It's *very* likely that she is a direct descendant."

"The position of Chief not hereditary, right?"

"Exactly, which is why it's impressive."

"Wow... and the blood of the God-Ruler might run in her veins."

"We always knew she was special," Osaria says and giggles softly while smiling. Her smile looks a little... off. And the way she looks at me make me a little concerned for my well-being.

"And to think that such a legendary being was fought by her ancestors makes things feel so... real..." I say and look at the book, a little embarrassed at my own naivete.

Osaria and Oura look at me warmly, then Oura says, "You're right. We think that these people are so distant from us, but they are not. They are *real*, they *existed* and we are their descendants."

Osaria chuckles once and says, "Well, I'm sure Rande has the blood of the High Royalty in him. Could even try to claim royalty status if they hadn't made things complicated with all that whole Heretic's Rest ordeal." She smiles bitterly.

"Wow... now *you* have a connection to something historical," I say and stare at Osaria in wonder.

She shrugs. "Not *my* blood, but I guess you could say that. Though I'm not very prideful of that 'connection.' The secession movement was a front for heresy and they were using the remnants of the royals for their goals."

Aoi suddenly perches on the window of the carriage and says, "Li, Wolfy wants to dismantle those, exploding arrows."

"Oh, right! We still have to understand how they work," I say, a little excitedly.

Ah, another weapon for us! The more our arsenal grows, the fewer people would dare cross with us!

I quickly end my fantasizing; storytime is nice, but work takes priority. I turn to Oura and say, "Sorry, Oura, I have to work."

"It's no problem," Oura says with a kind smile and pats my head, making my heart quicken and my face blush.

Noo~... why do they always pat my head?! They don't even know how it's my weak spot, they just all do it for some reason!

I nod and scurry out of the carriage with Aoi wrapped around my neck.

I can't let myself get swept by her touch, that would be betraying Ciel.