The mimic is worth one thousand leafies. It can go up to three thousand depending on the state of the body and ten thousand for a live one, but a thousand is still a lot of fucking money.

"This monster was a lucky find, though. I believe you'll need one of these per month if you want to pay for a magic school," Margit remarks as we come out of the Hunter's Office.

I nod and follow up, "Yep. I think it's impossible to make this much every day just by hunting monsters that wander too close to the city. We'll need to get close to the Edge of Reality to find the interesting stuff."

And we stop by the sidewalk, but there's actually some car traffic around here, so I motion for us to walk a bit further. The people who are rich enough to drive these metal beasts around have too much money to care about endangering pedestrians.

"So, we can consider this to be a special occasion…?" Sis asks with a sly grin.

"Yeeah…?" I hesitatingly agree as I notice her wavy tail, wary of any mischief she might be trying to do.

But she actually shows me her other side, the caring and cheerful sister who just wants to party. "Then how about we celebrate this happy occasion?"

I actually approve of her good idea, so I hum with a dreamy tone as my tail slowly waves, "Well, it isn't even mid-day yet, so we definitely have to entertain Margit a bit more."

And Sis nods repeatedly, the waving of her tail picking up speed in excitement. "The forest is too far to go back to, so how about we go to a pub and get a private stall to drink a bit?"

"That sounds good. I had enough excitement and seen enough blood for today," Margit calmly states and gently puts a hand on my furry arm.

"Agreed," I hum along and interlace my arm with hers along with Sis'. I do want to return to Mom and also celebrate with her, but a bit of drinking will be fine as long as we don't black out.

Sis surprises us by actually choosing a nice place. Pubs are discreet places for the introverted to drink while taverns are for the extroverts, so some beastmen prefer pubs while others prefer taverns. I'm more of a pub tiger while Sis is split between both and Mom is a tavern hound. And by Margit's pleased reaction, she's also a pub crawler.

The interior of the pub is made solely of dark wood, and the illumination is low, giving it a gloomy but very comforting look. The tables are separated by screens, so there's a lot of privacy, and the ambient music is soothing but loud enough to make it hard to eavesdrop on the chatter.

We rent a private booth, which provides even more privacy, and we immediately order some mulled wine to warm us up along with cold meat cuts to cleanse the tongue in between sips. The waitress offers cigars, but only Margit smokes, and she already had enough hash, so we just thaw in our comfortable seats while drinking and chatting.

Instead of one of them sitting on the other side of the booth, Sis sits on my right and Margit on my left, then they both land their hands on my thick, furry thigh, and I instantly know that soon they'll slide it up towards my sheath.

"I can't get enough of you, Fiubun," Margit whispers sultrily in my ear, giving me a chill.

"I know what you feel. I get him inside me at every opportunity that I can," Sis cheekily adds, her eyes staring at my cock that begins to peek out of its hiding place.

To be honest, this feels like a dream, so I can't help myself but to wryly remark, "Man, where were you two during school? I barely got any attention before maturing."

But Sis gives me a glare as she starts massaging my huge balls. "You didn't notice shit because you were addicted to magic."

"You serious?" I hum back, a bit concerned that she's making an angry face while touching my jewels.

"Yes, you magic nerd," she hisses back and shows her tongue, then smiles as she sees my cock is still slowly growing, and her fangs peek from under her lips.

"But…" I try to argue but I really can't find any comeback.

Margit traces her fingers upon my red meat, wetting it with my juices as she quietly admits, "I honestly think that the pure beast women are too scared of your size to approach you."

"I'm not even aggressive…" I mumble sourly. I don't like being seen as just a big scary beast.

And the slender brunette pats my chest with her other hand as she whispers with a warm smile, "Yeah, you aren't. You're just a big, furry, warm, teddy bear."

But I frown and complain, "'Kitten.' I prefer 'kitten.' Not *really* prefer, but I'm not a bear."

"Okay, 'little' kitten." Then she grips my shaft and starts stroking me in full while Sis lowers her head to swallow me whole.

The best thing about the booths in pubs is that you can be as lewd as you want as long as the moans don't get louder than the background music. And then I learn that cum-coated sweets are a delicacy for certain types of women.

I can actually use the Strangler's energy to reduce the time we spend drunk, and we come out of the pub just before the sun starts to set with only a bit of a buzz, though my balls feel like they've been abused quite heavily.

"See you tomorrow, Margit," I hum and kiss her forehead, making her smile softly.

"Until tomorrow, tiger," she replies and grabs a handful of my ass.

"Later, slut," Sis teasingly follows up.

And the brunette smirks but doesn't fall for the bait. "Later."

Then we return home and find out that Mom isn't here, but we hear her stunningly beautiful laugh coming from the neighbor's house, so I go over there and peek through their window. Their house is quite colorful as the walls are covered in tapestries, and they have a thing for incense, so I find it a bit comfy, but I still prefer our little nest.

And my sudden appearance gives the old human couple a bit of a fright.

"Yehws, Fiubun! You're too handsome ta be sneaking around our backyard," old Édis exclaims fearfully. She's always been flirty with me, and if she were a widow I bet I'd be going after her since she's still a bit pretty even at her age.

"Wha-?! Ya betta notta get angry next time I give Unjer a good ooglin' praise, then!" old Yomber shouts and shakes his fist at his wife. He's bald and skinny but his voice will be the last thing to give out.

Their accent actually makes it a bit hard to understand them, even for locals like me, but it got that sing-songy tone that makes it fun to listen to.

Édis immediately lashes back, "Every-soulful-body knows Unjer is gorgeous, but I betta men like Fiubun barely getta any compliments!"

And the old fart makes a pouty face. "Ye, that's why ya making me jelly!"

"Fine, fine…" his kind wife gives in and looks away while smiling.

*They're cute.*

Then he turns to me. "But ye boy really is fear-giving, so don't go sneaking around ta house or ya gonna kill-us."

"Sorry, sorry," I apologize with a grin. I'm not sorry.

Mom gives me a cheeky look and rests her hands on her lap in a very feminine pose as she asks, "But what were you 'sneaking around' for, Fiubun? Didn't you have a date with Margit?"

"Ooh~…" the old retired couple coos at the same time, always eager to hear any spicy gossip.

Well, they asked for it, so I give it to them raw and dripping, "Yeah, Elina and I had *a lot* of 'fun' with Margit. Too much 'fun,' in fact, and we all got so exhausted that we came back home to rest."

"Wait, Elina was there, too?" Édis asks and gives Mom a look of disbelief.

"Yeah, the three of us had some 'good fun' together," I answer with a very toothy grin, and even the old man looks shocked. "Anyway, we'll be thawing at home now, Mom."

"I… I understand. I'll join you soon," she sheepishly replies.

*Yay.*

And I share a suggestive smirk with Yomber while the women blush. This old man knows what's good.

I return home and just join Sis on the bed. Mom comes back before long then takes a seat, and her face tells me she's dying to know what happened on the date.

"So, Margit's our bitch now. We're sharing her," Sis gives it straight, and I nod along.

"You two are… *sharing* Margit?" Mom repeats in disbelief.

Mom is the only person that I actually enjoy teasing, so I smugly add, "She's more *my* bitch than Sis', but she has rights to fuck her, so we basically have shared ownership over Margit's pussy."

And Sis hums in agreement, but then she becomes interested in my balls and starts playing with them, repeatedly grabbing Mom's attention as she struggles to maintain eye contact with me.

"Yeah, she likes 'Little' Bro more than me, but I'm up to fuck anything that moves, so I'm fine with that," Sis continues absentmindedly as she fondles me.

"And no sane man would say no to that," I brag with a smirk as my abused cock starts to peek out again.

"Exactly!" she exclaims, happy to see the red meat club again.

"A harem. Are you two going to build a harem?" Mom calmly asks, and I notice that she's starting to look a bit tense. I mean, I know that my huge cock is slowly growing in front of my own mother, but she has seen it a few times already.

"It's just Sis and Margit. Not really a harem," I answer in kind and smile at her, then her eyes glance at my cock, and it starts to drip with arousal, so Sis switches to stroking it.

"Powerful magi usually have harems to spread their magical powers around," Mom states as she becomes a bit fidgety in her seat, her pale face also reddening a bit.

"Why do you know that?" Sis asks and momentarily turns to her.

"I was offered to join a magi's harem twice," she embarrassedly admits with a shy smile, her blush deepening quite fast.

"Wow," I hum in surprise, and even Sis is speechless. We knew that Mom was popular, but not *that* popular. Then I awkwardly add, "Well, Sis and Margit need to approve anyone new…"

But Sis is nonchalant, more interested in my cock. "Yeah, I'm fine with Little Bro 'fertilizing the fields.'"

"I think that this is good enough of an answer for now," Mom replies with a sigh and looks away.

Then Sis smirks as her tail starts to wave, both warning signs of mischief. "On the cock part, Bro will do fine. His magical energy lets him cum so many times he can impregnate an army of women in a day," she proudly states and stares at Mom, who begins to tense up again.

And so my slutty older sister starts speaking of lewd stuff as she describes what we did while Mom sits pretty and listens to it all, but we eventually get to the part where we meet the mimic. Mom makes no comment, but we know that she's worried. It was a flawless battle, so even she can't find any fault with what we did.

But then we get to the part of the reward, and Mom becomes so surprised she doesn't even realize she's staring at my dripping cock.

"That's a lot of money," she blurts out.

"Let's celebrate with something nice," I happily hum and glance at Sis, who smiles in approval, showing her cute white fangs.

"Didn't you already go to the pub with Margit?" Mom questions and shifts in her seat.

Now I smile at her, showing *my* "cute" fangs, while Sis' stroking picks up speed. "That was with her. I want to celebrate with *you*."

This hits her so hard that she shifts in her seat again while a dazzlingly bright smile escapes her pretty red lips, making me glad that I decided to include her.

"Next Seedday we can go out together," she replies, her tone suddenly soft and warm.

"It's a promise, then!" Sis happily exclaims and shakes my hard cock.

But then we continue our talk, and I start to get close to cumming, but I'm surprised that Mom still hasn't left. She seems to be so entranced with my meat club that I think that Sis and I could straight-up fuck in front of her and she'd still watch, but we're both too tired for anything except a handjob.

My breathing becomes heavy, and they notice that I'm near there, so we all go silent as we stare at my twitching cock. I never liked attention or being stared at, but this feels awesome. Then my eyes meet with Mom's, and I finally cum.

"Should've aimed for Mom's face…" Sis grumbles and then chuckles while the two of us remain silent, still staring at each other.

All I want is to just fuck Mom even though my balls hurt like never before, and from the way she's staring, I know that she's feeling something similar. She's just too virtuous to do such a filthy thing, but Sis and I hope that she won't resist it forever.

"You better clean this up," she suddenly states, sounding quite stiff, and she fidgets in her seat some more. It's actually impressive she can still be Mom while in this lewd situation.

"Sure, I'll lick it all up," Sis cheekily replies, her tail waving in mischief.

But Mom immediately continues as she stands up, "And I think it's time we took a bath and then ate dinner." Then she gives my slowly deflating cock one last look before she leaves.

"Well, that was hot," I grunt, and Sis snorts in agreement.

We go to the inn to have a bath and early dinner with the rest of the crew. Margit seemingly has bathed and dined at her home, so it's only us and the off-day boys, who I don't know too well, but they're cool, so I thaw in the bath with them. They're all beastmen, so, for once, people don't comment on my huge balls.

Mom looks a bit flushed and absentminded during the meal, and Sis thinks it's because she didn't get any release yet. Once we're back home, we make a lot of noise to give Mom some masturbation material, and we definitely hear some shlicking going on in the next room.

We're still both a bit sore, so I finish quickly and then go to sleep while knotting her like usual.

Next day, Mom is back to normal while Margit can barely contain her thirst for my huge cock. The frail woman even has me do her and Sis in the back alley then requests some of my energy to allow her to return to work… and Mom definitely listened to us fuck.

Anyway, Sis and I then go to the church's public library and later even the school's so that we can research books about monsters, but we have an awkward moment when the teachers recognize our faces and tease us about finally studying books.

"You two rascals are finally getting serious about something, hm?" the (in)famous "Miss" Tanari teases us as she leads us towards the library. If I had to guess I'd say she has a bit of rat beastman blood in her due to the way she looks.

"Big dreams give us the motivation to try hard," I shyly remark.

The old woman stops and pushes her small, round reading glasses up her little nose so that she can look at us properly through the lenses. "You were always the odd child, but I'm glad that the Scriptures helped you mature. It now compensates for being the airhead that you were."

*Ouchie.*

"He's still an airhead. We're researching monsters but the end goal is magic," Sis immediately jumps at the opportunity to give me some banter.

But "Miss" Tanari simply stares at her intensely with her sharp eyes. "Monsters? Did you drag him into trouble again?"

*Hahah. Not even Sis gets mercy from Tanari.*

"He willingly agreed to it," my lovely older sister replies, stiffening up as she begins regretting starting this.

And Tanari snorts. "It's telling that you don't deny the 'trouble' part."

But Sis prefers to not reply as even she can't go against *the* "Miss" Tanari.

I find out that Sis was totally not bullshitting me when she talked about how to kill the mimic. The fuckers have only one eye and easily become obsessed with their prey, allowing others to sneak around it and attack from behind. Its flesh is also very weak and it lacks any bones, so as long as you're not enveloped by its elastic mouth, you'll be fine.

Then I get a bit miffed when I learn that it also has some magical energy. I could've tried to study its body to see if I could extract the energy, but that'd reduce our reward, so I guess this wasn't *that* big of a loss of magical knowledge. The money will help us buy more monster-hunting gear, and we might eventually encounter another mimic again.

But there's actually a wide variety of magical monsters in the Dark Forest, so I feel like I'll eventually get many other chances to study them. The problem is that we have to go deep into the woods to find the magical ones because they're valuable and the other monster hunters all focus on tracking anything that could bring a profit.

Actually, there are *too many* monsters to remember, making us worried we'll forget some important detail when it matters.

"It'd be nice to take some notes so that we could look back on them in case we forget what a monster can do," I casually grumble.

"We have money to buy a journal and ink," Sis wisely states.

I hum thoughtfully as I play the flimsy cover of the book we're reading. "Gotta be a tough one to survive our trips to the forest."

She follows up with a smirk. "And neither of us are actually gentle with this kind of shit…" And we smile wryly at each other.

Then I quickly dodge responsibility, "My calligraphy is worse than yours. These hands aren't really good for writing, you know." And I show her my big furry paws. Hers are considerably smaller than mine, so it makes sense for her to be responsible for taking notes.

So she rolls her amber eyes and gives in, "Fine, you lazy cat. I'll do it, just hand me some leaves."

It takes us a few days of hard work scouring through the books, but we manage to compile all the important ones. The hardest thing was finding books about the Dark Forest in specific because most of them focus on monsters in general. Writing about a poor region as Hatarvros isn't exactly profitable, so the only books about the region were commissioned by the Yellow Lanterns, and everyone knows government stuff is shitty.

But now even I think that we're ready to start seriously hunting down monsters.

"This is actually smart," Margit remarks as she flips through the journal.

"What, of course, it is. How dumb did you think we were?" Sis retorts with a glare.

The brunette waitress raises her eyes to the tall tiger girl, but she stays silent for a couple of seconds as she wears an unreadable expression. "I-I didn't think you were dumb," she replies but her stutter tells us the truth of what she was thinking.

"Uh-huh…" Sis grumbles, unamused, but her tail is waving slowly.

Margit clears her throat and recomposes herself then decides to just continue, "Anyway… I think that it's time for me to 'contribute,' too."

"Oh?" I hum, both curious and excited.

She hands me back the journal and calmly states, "You two need armor. Fighting naked is cool and all, but I really think you two need some protection."

"Purple sap is enough," Sis jokes with a grin.

"Yeah, I was also thinking of buying something with the reward money," I reply, completely ignoring Sis, but she knows we're talking about serious stuff, so she doesn't get angry.

And Margit is quite happy to also ignore Sis as she continues, "Something basic shouldn't be expensive. I've seen close-up the armor of a few experienced hunters, and they just use thick hide padded with cotton."

I rub my furry chin as I remark, deep in thought, "Yeah, that sounds cheap. Maybe we can buy some traps for monsters, then."

"Or a magic source," Sis casually suggests.

And Margit actually gives her an approving look. "Since Fiubun has the talent, he really should look for one."

But I'm too fearful of wasting money to risk buying a source when I know so little about them, so I just awkwardly look away as I frown.

Sis gives my shoulder a rather painful punch as she questions, "Why are you so hesitant when it comes to sources? Aren't you obsessed with magic?"

"It's just too much money," I grumble and shrug, my tail waving rapidly from the anxiety that I get from this topic.

And the two girls share a look that makes me instinctively take a step back in fear. One mischievous older sister is already a handful, but now I'm seeing *double the trouble!*

"We're getting you a source," they declare at the same time then grab both my thick arms to prevent me from running away.

"What wish do you want fulfilled…?" the female shopkeeper seductively asks with a suggestive smirk. She's got nice, wavy, fading brown hair, and her pale white skin is still doing really well considering she looks about 50. She also has branches coming out of her forehead, as if they were antlers, and they actually make her look a bit sexy.

*But I think she's misunderstanding something.*

"We want something that will help us hunt monsters," Sis clarifies with a polite smile, a first for her.

The pretty old lady's smirk strains for a second, but then her posture softens into a more business-like demeanor. "There are a variety of tasks that can be performed by magic. Attack, defend, heal, boost, hex, track, lure, trap, and some other, more specific things."

"'Defend' and 'heal' sound nice," I immediately state.

"What's 'boost' and 'hex'?" Sis curiously interjects.

"Increase your abilities and decrease your opponent's," the shopkeeper answers with a scholarly tone.

"Something basic would be a better bet since we don't know how good Fiubun will be at using sources."

And the lady gives us a fake, business smile. "You can never go wrong with an element-thrower. A big rock that you can shoot with just a thought is a favorite of hunters due to how it's almost never not useful."

I nod in agreement as I add, "Monsters around here don't usually have thick hide, so I do believe that this would be useful."

"Exactly," the antlered lady coos sultrily, and I'm not sure if she's being fake or she's actually flirting.

"See? It wasn't that hard," Margit soothingly affirms as she pats my thick arm. If Sis didn't make a comment, then the flirting was definitely fake.

I awkwardly clear my throat and stiffly reply, "Well, I still need to know if I'll be able to use the source properly. These things don't come with a manual."

"I *do* allow you to test it before you buy, so you don't have to worry about that part," the shopkeeper sweetly adds.

*Is she offering me free magic?! Free. Magic?!*

And my eyes must be glistening like stars with excitement from the way the three give me sly, amused looks.

*Wait, do I actually have a chance with this shopkeeper…?*

My mind must be synced with Sis for she immediately goes for lewdness. "Do you also have magical sources for sex?" she asks with a sultry purr.

"I do," the old lady replies and gives her a curious look.

Sis' cat pupils open wide in excitement as her tail starts to wave. "Can we test them on you?"

The lady actually smirks at the audacity of this cat, but then she coolly answers evasively, "You have to spend a few thousand leafies before you get that privilege."

"I'll remember that," Sis purrs with a grin, and the lady simply nods.

*Did she choose this shop specifically because of this shopkeeper?*

We're taken to the back of the shop where there's an open-air test range for the sources, but only a small section of it is for shooting stuff. The rest is occupied by a bunch of weird contraptions, pillars of different materials, and other random things that I have no idea what they're used for.

Then the pretty old lady puts down on the table a glass box with a number of magic sources to choose from. These are merely little rocks, but just by looking at them, we can see that they're special. It's like they aren't really "here." A mix of blur with transparency makes them look "fake," not to mention that some of them seem to "move," as if the rock was a liquid that's slowly being stirred, but this "moving" means

that it's an unstable source, which means bad quality, though that makes them cheaper.

This is also why Aether is the most dangerous magic. It's basically chaos itself, so how do you safely control that?

We make a deposit of five hundred leafies as collateral in case we break stuff, then the antlered shopkeeper opens the display. My magicsight is instantly triggered, and I also get a weird feeling that gives me chills. I see a "smoke" coming out of the stones, with the unstable ones giving out more, and its color is hard to describe, but it reminds me of… rocks and dust.

*Well, duh… No, wait. The "magic smoke" had always been "colorless," so this is new.*

Whenever I saw the smoke I never knew how to describe it, and it was like I had the words for the "color" at the tip of my tongue, so this is a first.

But there are no more details that I can sense from my magicsight aside from this, so I focus on the weird feeling that's bothering me and lean closer to the stones.

"Does looking at the stones make you feel anything?" the shopkeeper gently questions.

I frown in discomfort as I answer, "Yeah, it's like… an itch. It's like it's 'attracting' me, but I don't like it. I can also see a bit of smoke with my magicsight."

And the lady hums thoughtfully, "Oh, magicsight. Then you are, indeed, qualified to use one of these. But before you touch them, recite the Conjurer's Mantra."

My tail waves in excitement at the chance of my knowledge of the Scriptures being finally useful even though I don’t remember the Mantra very well. "It's been a while since I've read the Scriptures of Magic, so I don't remember the exact words of the Mantra, but I understand their purpose."

It's still enough to please the shopkeeper, and she smiles at me as she recites, "Then repeat after me, tiger boy… 'This magic belongs to me, this magic obeys only me, and this magic stays within me. It shan't activate without my express will, and it shan't do anything more than exactly what I order. Even chaos itself shall be tamed by my touch. This is what it means to be a true mage.'"

It takes a bit to memorize it all, but after a couple of tries, I'm perfectly reciting the mantra in my head, then the antlered lady finally allows me to touch one of the sources. I choose the most stable-looking one, and the moment a single strand of my fur touches the little weird rock, it's swallowed up inside my body.

Now I get the second weirdest feeling I've ever felt as I sense *everything* about the rock inside me. I can taste it, feel its coldness, and also its hardness as my flesh envelops it whole. And then the "itching" to use its magical energy increases tenfold, but it's still lower than the first time I absorbed the strangler's energy inside me.

I'm getting used to manipulating magical energies, and this progress makes me so happy I can't help but grin, showing my dangerously long white fangs to the two skittish little human women near me.

"O-okay, now you have to conjure the stone *outside* of your body or you're going to kill yourself," the shopkeeper states, quickly recovering from her brief stutter.

"That's easy," I grunt and do as told. I point my clawed indicator forward, then I wish for a fist-sized floating rock to appear in front of my claw, and my wish instantly comes true as a rock appears in the blink of an eye. I feel the "itching" coming from the source reduce by a third, so I assume I can conjure two more stones.

The antlered lady goes on her tiptoes to get as close as she can to my right ear, and then her voice lowers into an almost purr as she rather suggestively whispers in my ear, "Good. Now imagine you 'punching' the back of the rock, but it stays in place, absorbing your power."

"What?" I grunt confusedly.

She smiles wryly. "You know, momentum? Physics class?"

I nod. "Yeah, I do."

"You have to pack the rock with momentum while keeping it from being affected by it. Once you release the rock, the momentum will act upon it and instantly shoot it forward."

"Like… keep the rock in the Aether?" I hum as I frown thoughtfully.

She gently shakes her head, making the leaves in her branches/antlers swish. "Not really or else you'll lose the rock. The technical explanation is that you have to use the 'Bend Reality' property of the source to temporarily freeze the conjured rock in space and time while you add forward momentum to it."

The Scriptures of Magic say that there are essentially two kinds of magic: "Bend Reality," which is temporary, and "Alter Reality," which is permanent. Bend is "cheap" energy-wise while Alter has more uses. Magic is basically breaking the laws of reality, so the more you break the harder it gets.

"I understand the technical explanation better, but the example helps visualize how to do it in practice," I calmly reply.

And she flashes a smile, pleased with me. "You seem to be well-versed in magical theory."

I shrug. "Only from what I remember from the Scriptures."

"Then show me what you know, priest boy," she whispers with a grin.

I really don't like being called a priest, but I'd rather concentrate on this instead of arguing with her. Magic is all about visualization, so I visualize her example while reciting the Conjurer's Mantra in my head.

The conjured rock seems to stop in space, just like the little Stakes of Many Paths at the Waystone Plaza. I've stared at those stakes more than any other magical thing, so I know very well how they look.

Then I imagine myself "pushing" the stone instead of punching it because it seems more elegant and less dangerous than punching solid rock. Magic can be unpredictable, so it pays to be careful.

After a couple of seconds, I feel the source inside me "strain," as if it was a part of me that was being compressed by something, and I believe that's not a good feeling, so I stop "pushing" the stone and imagine it returning to reality.

It instantly shoots forward as if it was thrown out of a slingshot, much faster than I could ever throw it by hand, then it hits the hay bale painted as a target and disappears inside it.

"That was excellent! You could kill an animal with a rock to the head!" the shopkeeper excitedly exclaims while the girls clap and coo.

I can still "sense" the rock, as if it was a part of me, allowing me to feel the hay, and I also know the exact distance and direction toward the rock. But then the sense suddenly fades away, and I believe that the rock has reached its time limit because it was made with a cheap Alter Reality.

*Cool.*

"That was cool, Bro," Sis cheers and punches my shoulder.

"Hell yeah!" I blaspheme with a deep growl, then I awkwardly clear my throat because I don't like using my deeper voice since it scares people. I also glance at Margit and the antlered lady, but they don't seem to care about my blasphemy.

"You could outright kill a person with a rock like that," Margit remarks, both impressed and a bit frightened.

"Now let's test another," the old lady happily suggests.

Just like moving the strangler's energy around, removing the source is as easy as imagining it coming out of my palm. And the little magical rock simply plops back onto the table.

Though we do test them all, we end up buying the first. It's just more reliable and easier to control than the rest. And the fact that I immediately spotted the best one makes me believe that I do have a good eye for this sort of thing.

Margit pays half of the price, so we don't have to spend all our reward money on it, and it leaves us with enough to buy a simple set of leather armor padded with cotton. It should be enough to resist the bite of a goblin or wolf.

And now we're ready for actual monster hunting.

Then Sis gets a genius idea, "How about we sell a couple of the flowers? We can just say we stumbled upon them while hunting for monsters deeper into the forest." And I'll never admit that I called her a genius.

"Flowers?" Margit asks confusedly.

I… think it's fine to tell her about it. She already knows I have magic, to begin with.

"The source of the cum magic," I casually answer.

She blinks blankly then hums in understanding as she forgot that it isn't normal to cum literal buckets, "Oh… Well, I actually know a few buyers of magic plants, and one is seemingly quite honest."

"We could use them as a start," I kindly reply with a nod.

We return to the inn to help with dinner, and I immediately go after Mom to show her the cool new thing we bought.

"Hey, Mom, look!" I shout and conjure a stone that floats above my palm.

She stops putting on her makeup in surprise and her gorgeous face lightens up. "Oh, my! I remember your father had one of these, too."

"So I really inherited Dad's magical talent?" I question as I stare warmly at my little deadly rock.

And Mom wistfully answers, "He didn't have magicsight, though. He was just an Enhancer Vivicist. He knew how to use his own Lifeforce to strengthen his own body." Then she grabs a brush and continues to apply makeup to her cheeks.

"The Scriptures say that beastmen are good with Lifeforce, right?" Sis curiously asks, her tail still.

"We are," I answer with a nod.

"What else did Bro inherit?" Sis continues, and now her tail starts to wave.

Mom turns to me and then hums as she looks down, "Well…" And her eyes fall on my balls and sheath. But before I can take my red friend out to embarrass her, she turns to Sis and gives her a very serious look. "You're the one who inherited your father's personality. Fiubun is gentlemanly while you are uncontrollable."

"Is Bro bigger than Dad? He died before I grew enough to taste his dick," Sis utters absolute filth, surprising even me.

*Her ovaries have entered overdrive ever since I started fucking her…*

But Mom pouts as her cheeks quickly redden. "You little… and you think that I'd let you do that?" she questions harshly, not exactly angry or offended, just annoyed at Sis' audacity.

And my slutty sister continues to spew smut, "Bro's dick is so amazing that I think that other women deserve to get a taste. Margit already joined the harem, so you should be next."

"I… I have a harem, now?" I blurt out, still a bit stunned by Sis' previous declarations.

And she gives me a dumbfounded look. "Yeah, duh? Margit has already committed to helping us, so we *will* make you into a magus one day."

Mom facepalms, but I think she's just trying to hide her blush, and I see the corner of her pretty red lips trying to curl up in a smile. "I'm not going to join your harem, Fiubun," she answers dryly, though there's not much conviction in her tone.

I decide to tease Mom just a bit, so I calmly soothe her, "It's alright. There'll always be a spot reserved for you, though…" -Mom sighs, so I smile cheekily- "and it's right next to my heart."

She actually smiles from that corny line, absolving me of any wrongdoing.

"Enough, you two!" she whisper-shouts as she waves her hand dismissively. "Back to work!" Then she immediately turns around and continues to put on makeup.

But, for this night, her singing seems to become even more beautiful, and her gorgeous face is stuck with a smile that refuses to leave.

The next day, we go out to take care of the plants and look for monster tracks.