

Maybe it was from sensing a greater threat, but all of the alraunes turned their attention to Kanae and her party. They dropped the unconscious adventurers in their grasp and sent a carpet of roots surging toward them.

"M-Mistress, what do we do?" Lilith stammered and inched for the door they came from.

Kanae casted the Turn Horny spell on Tearal, attuning to the staff in doing so. Her skin colored over in a deep green, and she sprouted her own floral appendages to clash against the incoming wave. But it wasn't going to last.

Now she had to think of something.

Using the staff to become part dryad should have augmented some skills. Among Kanae's spell list, one stuck out to her in particular.

"How about this..."

Kanae toggled the Futanari skill on.

Instead of growing a penis between her legs like before, Kanae grew a new kind of appendage similar to the vines, but with a hole at the tip and dripped with liquid pollen. An overwhelming desire to breed clouded her mind

A fragrant scent like perfume permeated the air. They were coming from the alraunes, who now seemed to shy away as their own vines lost the will to fight.

"Alright, Tearal. Let me have a taste of you first," Kanae said, immobilizing the humanoid plant monstrosity with roots growing from the ground.

"Wait, you— mmmphh!"

Kanae sealed her lips on Tearal and drank the nectar she secreted as saliva. The alraune was powerless to resist even as the new appendage coiled up her thigh and teased her slit. Since it was soaked in the same substance, Kanae entered her with ease.

It was hot and slimy inside. Pleasure rippled through Kanae. It really felt like she had a dick and all the sensation of one. While still making out with Tearal, she cast a gaze past the alraune's shoulder to the others who watched with a mixture of desire and hesitation.

I shouldn't ignore them either, Kanae thought. She sent vines across the garden to capture the rest. They tried to resist, clawing and pulling in vain, but none of them could ultimately escape.

Without mercy, Kanae plunged into each of the alraunes and felt it all, their pussies slickened with honey-like nectar that squeezed her many rods with a vise. She was having sex with all of them at once.

"Instead of serving a god, you can serve me instead," Kanae said, caressing Tearal's cheek with the back of her hand.

"No... mmm... stop! You're going to pollinate me... at this rate— aaahhh!" Tearal threw her head back from climaxing.

The shuddering alraunes were all on the verge of orgasm. Kanae orchestrated a symphony of their moans and frenzied cries of ecstasy. They wanted it. Sought to be fertilized. Then—

"Nh... I'm cumming!" Kanae embraced Tearal, shoving her tongue down the alraune's throat to drink deeply of the nectar.

"Mm... guu... I'm... *shllrrp*... mmm... I-I can't... aaaahhhh!"

"Pollinate me... Pollinate me!"

"More... fill me up with your seed—"

"Aahhhh!"

Tearal trembled— all of them trembled as Kanae poured liquid pollen into their pistils and wombs.

Kanae spent a few moments catching her breath, then handed the forest nymph staff to a flushed Lilith to hold and end the hybrid form. Released from their hold, the alraunes fell to the ground and laid there in various states of post-coitus delirium.

"Th-That was quite the display, Mistress..." Lilith said.

"Now the real fun begins." Kanae winked, then returned her gaze to Tearal and the alraunes. "Mass Charm."

All at once, they got to their feet and presented themselves to Kanae. Ten alraunes in total. Likely gathered from across the continent, pulled in by the demigod Turic's whim when the Rift began.

"What would you have us do?" Tearal asked in an eager-to-serve tone.

"When all of you return outside, seek me out so that you can continue serving. Until then..." Kanae pointed to the castle that towered over them. "Scour the entire castle. Find me the throne room."

"As you wish!" the alraunes shouted.

They broke open the door across the garden terrace, sent roots snaking up the castle walls and through windows. Whatever treasures Turic has hidden should be theirs soon.

[Congratulations! You are now level 70!]

An interface suddenly popped up with a blinking arrow.

"Hm? There's more?" Kanae brushed a hand across her sigil to access the menu.

[You have gained a Legacy Skill!

Legacy Skills are powerful, signature skills specific to your unique race and class combination obtained at certain milestone levels.

Sisterhood: Permanently transforms another into a minor succubus, granting them basic succubus skills. They will retain their previous class and become a hybrid of their race. They also gain the skill 'Feed the Queen,' allowing minor succubi to share experience and grant their 'queen' a spell or skill from drained prey via sex.

Conditions that must be met are as follows:

- **Must be deeply loyal.**
- **Must be female or have an affinity to being female.**
- **Must have already had sexual encounters with.**
- **Must themselves desire this transformation.]**

Excuse me, what?

Kanae had to reread the Legacy Skill: Sisterhood more than once. Maybe ten times before it finally registered in her head. This skill was insane. The succubus race was supposed to be rare in this world, yet she had the ability to create more?

"Is something the matter?" Lilith asked.

"Oh, nothing. It's just..." Kanae shook her head, having not even realized that she was looking at Lilith.

She was the first to come to her mind regarding the skill. Currently, she met three out of four of the conditions. Lilith might desire it. Arenade would probably sooner throw herself off the cliff than desire this transformation.

"Say, Lilith—"

Tearal's return interrupted Kanae before she could bring it up.

"We have found the entrance of the throne."

"That was fast," Kanae remarked, impressed by their speed. "Where is it?"

"An arena of sorts. There are people locked in combat, and the gate lies beyond it but appears to be sealed shut," Tearal explained.

Of course. Why wouldn't it be? Just like with Threcia's Rift, the door stayed locked until the final challenge. Which was to face her. This time, however, it looked like Turic wanted participants of the trial to fight.

"Wait... Did you see Will— er, a human paladin with blonde hair, a gaur woman wielding a giant club, and a couple of slutty-dressed nuns there, too?" Kanae asked.

"Yes. They were among the combatants. I regret to tell you they aren't doing well," she said.

"Losing? Shit... Take us there now!"

They raced across the garden terrace with Tearal leading the way. It looked like the alraunes did a lot of work in the few minutes that they went searching. This side of the castle was overgrown with vegetation. Vines hung from the rafters, flowers grew out of wooden foundation posts, and a blanket of roots had spread like spider webs across the floor.

There were many doors and entrances into other parts of the castle that they ran past. Had Kanae needed to search on her own, it would have taken ages. Eventually, they reached an open portcullis that led to the outdoor arena.

Caught in battle against another group of adventurers were Will and Tess.

"Sister! Are you okay?" Lilith ran to her fellow Sisters of Sin and picked up an elven woman who was badly hurt.

"Forgive us... Lilith... High Priestess... we weren't strong enough," she whispered before passing out.

"Kanae..." Will was on the ground, pushing himself up by the elbows until one of the beastman adventurers put a foot on his back to force him down.

Tess was the last one standing, but even the sturdy gaur had clearly taken a beating.

Judging by the many groaning and unconscious bodies strewn about, they were done in by that group. Behind them was a set of large, iron-bound double doors. That had to be the throne room.

"Finally, the last group is here. We were getting bored wiping the floor with these small fries. I hope you put up a bigger challenge." A human man in armor pointed his sword at Kanae which ignited with fire. His equipment was undoubtedly enchanted.

It was likely true of the others, too.

"I'm guessing you guys are really high level. You could have gone a little easier on everyone," Kanae chided.

"Easy? We're in a Rift! If they weren't prepared or came in here underleveled, that's their own fault. Besides, all of you can chalk it up to bad luck to run into us, the Rift-Takers!" He proudly declared.

"Rift-Takers?"

"Maybe you heard of us? We're a famous party in Radevic. Anywhere there's a Rift, you can count us there. How many we up to, Dayna?" the human asked his female feline companion who had a fur pattern of an orange tabby.

"Honestly, Mosely... You can make an effort to remember. It's five. This will be our sixth," Dayna said.

"Hey, now. I'm here to lead this party, not to keep track of numbers. Anyway, the name's Mosely Brent. Parties everywhere bid high to have me in their group, because I'm the best Warrior class on this side of the continent. The rest of you, go on. We might as well introduce ourselves to the last group before we defeat them."

"Hmph." Dayna propped a crossbow on her shoulder and rested a hand on her hip. "Dayna Claws. Sharpshooter. Don't move an inch, or I'll nail you faster than you can blink."

"Sturgess," the large beastman grunted, grinding his foot on Will's chest.

The last one was a human woman in beautiful purple robes, interwoven with jewelry and finely stitched, tipped the wide-brim witch hat at Kanae and smirked.

"Lynn Alton of the noble Alton family of witches, sixth family in line to the Ortesian crown. I think that's enough talk. I'm dying to see what treasure awaits in the throne."

"Well, there you have it." Shrugging, Mosely walked a few steps forward. "Sorry you got your hopes up, but whatever is inside that throne is going to be ours."

Lynn, the witch, flicked the gnarled twig wand in her hand. It sparked, sending a magical blast that knocked Tess to the ground. The gaur skidded up to Kanae's feet, burnt like a well-done steak from the explosion.

"For how confident you are, I'm surprised none of you have realized the danger you're in." Kanae folded her arms and grinned.

"Wait a moment..." Lynn squinted her discerning eyes. "Those horns, the tail, and wings— You're a succubus?!"

"Succubus? No way. Why would Turic pit us up against a succubus?" Mosely asked.

Unseen to the party of four, thick tree roots were creeping across the arena to them. The other alraunes got here just in time. Kanae smacked Arenade on the cheek to wake her up. When the former demigoddess wouldn't, she casted Bond on her.

"No, don't you dare stick that in me!" Arenade snapped awake with a start and made a face sniffing herself. "Why do I smell like cat breath?"

"Mass heal us, now!" Kanae ordered, then formed the second Bond with Will.

The alraunes attacked simultaneously, taking the Rift-Takers by surprise with an assault of whipping tentacles. Will, empowered by Bond, pushed Sturgess off and picked his sword up to fight again. As Arenade's healing aurora reached Tess, the gaur picked herself and the club up, and then stampeded back into the fray.

Sturgess and Dayna were defeated right at the start. Will and Tess subdued the beastman, and several alraunes pinned the feline woman to the ground. The other two Rift-Takers fought for their lives. Mosely swung his fiery sword and scared away the alraunes. Meanwhile, Lynn lobbed spell after spell at the Sisters of Sin from her wand.

"Hmm— Charm!" Kanae casted in Lynn's direction.

"Dispel!" The witch was just as fast on the draw. "Ha! As if you can defeat me so easily, fiend! Knights of Colors training as spellcasters come to my family for lessons!"

Undeterred, Kanae casted Charm over and over again. Lynn blocked or deflected the spell each time.

"Tch..."

They were clearly the strongest of the four. Even though half of them were beaten, they wouldn't go down without a fight. Kanae needed more firepower. Maybe another succubus could even the odds.

"Lilith, you pledged your all to me, right?" Kanae turned to her and asked.

"Yes, Mistress. What would you have me do?" Lilith returned a gaze filled with conviction.

"Will you become a succubus for my sake?" She pinched Lilith by the chin, pulling her into an embrace.

"If it brings me closer to your heart, yes!"

The fourth condition had been met. Kanae kissed Lilith deeply. As their tongues eagerly entwined, Kanae let her saliva drip down her willing disciple's throat. Scalding magic ignited the blood in their veins.

Lilith shedded a tear of joy once their lips parted. She doubled over as a pair of horns grew from her forehead, a tail thrashed around between her legs, and leathery wings emerged on the small of her back. However, unlike Kanae, Lilith's skin had taken on a gentle shade of pink.

The first use of the legacy skill Sisterhood was a success.

"Aren't you a pretty little thing?" Kanae smiled. "What skills do you have?"

"I-I have... Charm, Turn Horny, and Drain... but, Mistress... it... it feels like I'm starving," Lilith said, trembling in Kanae's arms.

"Good. Join your sisters and help yourself to the witch. Show her that thing I taught you with the tongue."

"As you wish, Mistress!"

When Lilith took off, Arenade threw Kanae an appalled look and clutched herself.

"You aren't turning me into a succubus!" Arenade exclaimed.

"Oh, don't worry. You have to be willing anyway. Let's go deal with the last one and get our treasure," Kanae said.

Together with the three thralls, Kanae and Arenade strolled past Lynn who was getting quickly overwhelmed. The Sisters of Sin disarmed her of the wand and kept her hands pinned to keep from casting any spells. Lilith, with hunger in her eyes, stripped the terrified witch of her robes piece by piece.

"No, please! I'll do anything!" Lynn cried.

The last one, Mosely, was getting desperate. Gone was his cocky demeanor, replaced with fear of actually losing for once. He swung the fiery blade wildly now without any regard for where the enemies were. Even the alraunes taunted him, just out of reach from his sword.

"Turk, Warren, Yena— hold him down for me," Kanae ordered.

The charmed thralls were too much for Mosely to handle while fending off alraunes. Turk tanked the sword swing, Yena snuck up from behind and disarmed his weapon, and Warren chucked fireballs at him until he couldn't stay standing.

"M-Maybe we can... strike a deal?" Mosely asked.

"Tsk, ts. One group has to remain, remember? Strip them all and take their equipment. Let's be merciful enough to leave them their money," Kanae said.

"Not my Flaming Sword, please! The enchantment cost me an arm and a leg!" he wailed.

Kanae and Arenade walked to the iron-bound gates which groaned open at their approach. A vacuum of air rushed into the throne room. Magic braziers ignited to illuminate the interior. Red carpet rolled out and all the way up to the throne, where a chest awaited them.

"Well done," Turic's voice boomed again with a chuckle. "I enjoyed your rather unconventional means of battle. Oh, and Arenade— I was pleasantly amused to see you fall for such a simple ruse. Never change, old friend."

"Screw you, Turic! Spiking divine wine from the Supreme One's cabinets is cheating!" Arenade angrily shook her fist.

"I can't believe you got roofied. Maybe if you acted with a little bit of restraint..." Kanae teased.

"I'll just have to settle on celebrating what Turic left us." She sighed.

They pushed open the chest to a plentiful trove of enchanted equipment, gold, and other oddities.

"What the— a Halo of Holy Radiance? Dibs!" Arenade picked up the disc-looking object and positioned it behind her head. The 'halo' glowed with golden energy, floating on its own and emitting a warm light. Now she really looked like a divine priest.

"What does it do?" Kanae asked.

"Grants flying," she said, levitating into the air. "Also produces an aura of healing to nearby allies while dishing out holy damage to enemies that get too close."

Kanae picked up the next piece of equipment which was a studded black collar inlaid with purple gemstones.

"Collar of Domination, huh? Pretty fitting for you. That allows you to subjugate a monster equal to or lower than your level," Arenade explained.

"How do you know exactly what these things do?"

"What do we mean how? We demigods created them, so obviously I know. They aren't just randomly-generated items. I remember the deadline the Supreme One gave us, hoo-wee! Barely made it. What does he give to show his appreciation? Donuts and—"

Kanae ignored her to rummage through the rest of the chest. There were plenty more pieces of equipment that the others from their party could use, but one item caught her attention.

It was a scroll, glimmering with divine energy. Heavy in her hands.

"And this?" Kanae asked, shoving the parchment in Arenade's face so that she would stop ranting.

"*That* I haven't seen in ages." Arenade's eyes widened with recognition. "It's a Writ of Divine Lease. Using it on unclaimed land grants you a territory to rule."

"You're saying I can own a kingdom?!" she gaped.

"Well, it flourishes the lands you use it on with mines, quarries, and forests. You're still going to have to build and defend it. Someone can still swoop in and take your land. Come to think of it, the founders of Ortesia and Radevic were adventurers who obtained these. Damn bloody wars those turned out to be."

This was it. Who cares about living in Lograin or Orturic. They could build their own paradise in no-man's land.

After doling out the rest of the equipment to Will, Tess, and the Sisters of Sin, the Rift was shuddering and would soon close.

"Don't forget," Kanae began as the alraunes gathered around her. "Find your way to me. I won't forgive any of you who disobey."

All of them gulped.

The Rift shut abruptly. The world went dark.

In the next second, Kanae was outside in the middle of the forest. Birds in the trees sang their tunes like nothing was out of the ordinary.

"You going to use the writ?" Arenade asked.

"I think I will," Kanae said, unrolling the parchment. It left her hand and floated in front of her, then a quill and ink pot appeared out of nowhere. The quill dripping of ink pointed to the line at the bottom. As she signed her name, the parchment vanished.

Bursts of magical energy rippled out from where they stood and an earthquake followed that knocked everyone off their feet.

"Ugh... What did you just do?" Will asked, rubbing his head.

Kanae and Arenade traded glances. They flew straight up, past the canopy. Trees sprouted across barren parts of the land. Hills in the distance terraformed themselves, collapsing to open up mines and quarries.

All of a sudden, they stood upon a resource-rich plot of land blessed by the gods.

Over the next few days, Kanae discussed with Parn and the others to devise multiple teams with the intention of acquiring the gods-gifted resources.

"We should dedicate more lycanbolds to deforestation. There's so many uses for lumber," Will said.

"Lumber is for the primitive rabble," Arenade interjected. "The quarries are where it's at. With cut stone and the right mages, we can build keeps and castles. Think about all the marble, granite, and slate!"

"You're missing one important bit of information: we don't have stonemasons. What's the point? We're just going to pile a bunch of stones up for no reason," he fired back.

"What's it going to be?" Both of them turned to Kanae for the final decision.

"How am I supposed to know? I'm not used to making decisions like this..." Kanae sighed as they gazed at the poorly drawn map of their surroundings, marked in color where resources were located.

A knock came to the door.

It was Parn, brows knitted with worry.

"Kanae, do you have some time to spare?" Parn asked.

"You guys keep discussing. I'll be right back!" Kanae seized the opportunity to leave.

"We're not done here!" they shouted to her back.

"What's the matter?" she asked the elder, sidling up to him seductively. "Couldn't wait until night to have sex with me?"

"M-Maybe we handle one problem at a time first! There are... visitors at the gate," he said.

Visitors? It could be the alraunes.

Kanae followed Parn to the village gates, but who awaited them weren't alraunes. Two groups kept their distance from each other, a party of dark elves dressed in heavy animal pelts, wielding an assortment of iron weaponry, and a group of harpies perched on the palisade and branches were glaring down the other.

"I'm Grell. Are you the leader of this village?" A tall, dark, and handsome dark elven man with graying sideburns stepped forward.

"Y-Yes..." Kanae answered timidly under his piercing eyes.

"Hah. I was wondering where the lycanbolds disappeared off to. So they got *got* by a succubus."

Landing hard between them was a female harpy with giant talons and wingspan that blotted out the sun. Everything about her screamed bird of prey. Someone not to mess with.

"I hope your coming here isn't to declare war on my village?" Kanae asked.

"Oh, scary. My feathers are ruffling! Nice ta meetcha, Succubus. Ya can call me Talon. Funny ya should mention declaring war. It just so happens No-Man's land is getting a little too crowded for the three of us. As the new kid on the block, we don't appreciate you traipsing into our turf." Talon, who towered over Kanae, leaned in close and flashed her pearly fangs.