Thankfully, we have three carriages for everyone, so the wives and I get one, giving us privacy, our men get another, and the Heroes get the last one because there's no way that Lily and I could stay in a small room together for any period of time. Urmeie and Oritiki come with us, obviously, but Alcander doesn't because things are about to get lewd.

Roxanne deposits her featherweight body upon my lap, stealing Lina's place, but the succubus' intoxicating perfume makes me forget all about the world outside. Then she grabs my face and forces me to stare at her as she gives my horns a suggestive massage, and her charm takes over my mind, stopping me from thinking about anything that isn't her gorgeous, pale face.

A perfect, raven, bespectacled beauty. She's my supermodel goddess, and I never get tired of gazing upon her extreme allure. Her shiny, spiral, black horns only accentuate the sharpness of her heart-stopping gaze.

Her delicate hand grabs my rough, clawed one, and guides it into her cleavage. Then I reflexively squeeze her small breast, feeling up her hard, pointy ghost nipple. She's a symbol of frail but sexy femininity, like a glass flower that you must handle delicately, but my draconic instincts make me fantasize about *breaking* her to prove my own masculinity.

But then she pulls back on her seduction, leaving me yearning for more with my Cock as hard as my shiny Okross scales. However, she does have the decency to give me a sweet, apologetic smile, then a gentle peck on the lips.

The dragon whines, complaining that it was woken up, and now demands a Ravaging, but this isn't the time. All she wanted to do was calm down my agitated mind, and there's nothing more effective at doing that than pressing my mind's "reset button" through extreme arousal.

I'm at my most comfortable when I'm horny and drowning in the female form of my wives (as it always has been and always will be), but only Roxanne can awaken the dragon in me and then leave him hanging in just a few seconds. But it's not like we're *forbidden* from fucking, so I pull aside the straps of her dress and then easily lift her up so that she can take it off fully.

"Are you seriously going to fuck?" Urmeie questions in disbelief.

"Yep," I hum as Alissa unleashes the Dragonator.

I touch Roxanne's clit with my spirit and vibrate it to make her wet while my loyal fox slave lubes me up. Then I lower my pale succubus onto my Cock, and we both groan in ecstasy as I stretch her wide.

"You're going to make me turn into a woman again, Your Highness," Oritiki calmly states, her eyes glued to where my Dragonator was, though now it's hidden within Roxanne.

I give Oritiki a curious look and casually ask while I slowly move my succubus goddess' waist up and down, as if she were a cock sleeve, "Really? You like my Cock that much?"

And the female bull slowly nods as her breath begins to quicken in arousal, and her massive cock hardens in her transparent pants. "Yeah, I like cocks inside me more than having my own inside someone else, and Your Highness' is just so alluring that I might actually ask one of my husbands to copy yours. It's perfectly sized, not too big, not too small, but thick enough that you can *feel* it."

The girls all nod along and heartily hum in agreement while Yunia coolly states, "That was a perfect description. Wolfy's Cock is the most perfectly balanced sword I could ever imagine."

And Alissa foxily follows up, "Osaria has a model of Wolfy's that she uses to please herself. You can ask her for a copy."

Oritiki's eyes light up, but her bulge doesn't stop growing. "You mind if I stroke myself while watching you two?" she hesitantly asks.

"Not at all," I casually reply. Even if Oritikis is currently a man, I'm so thirsty for her that I'll happily encourage her to be lewd around us just because I love her massive black cow tits so much.

"I can suck you off," Urmeie proposes and waggles her nonexistent eyebrows.

The female bull is pleasantly surprised, but she politely declines as she begins stroking her long log, "I'd be honored, but I'm married, and I'm not allowed to dip outside of it."

The bear sister shrugs, making her furry melons bounce. "What a shame. You have a great cock."

"I agree; it has a very nice shape," Yunia solemnly affirms.

"Same, a prime example of a horse cock," Kaatohe follows up in kind.

And I decide to sneak a tentacle into their assholes to punish them. "You two are being too slutty and thirsty for Oritiki without my permission," I huskily remind them.

"Hnngh… yeah, I deserve this," Yunia moans like the filthy elf she is. But then I stop her from touching herself while Hana grabs Kaatohe's hands to do the same. "Fffuck…! Punish this… whore!"

"Wolfy-… hngh…! Mercy…!" Kaatohe moans and growls as I stretch her.

I also lightly vibrate their clits, but I don't give them the Cock, making them crave a cervix pounding.

This stimulates my sadistic fetishes so well that I cum inside Roxanne, and we both unite our wills to torment the whores for their transgressions. Hana remains awfully quiet, as she isn't currently feeling horny enough to join them in their masochistic perversion.

"You harlot, you filthy elf. You like being exposed, hm? Like how Wolfy exposed you to your brothers?" Roxanne quietly whispers depravity into her sister-wife's long ear.

"Yes… I'm a deviant… who likes it… in my ass…" Yunia moans through gritted teeth as she squirms in her seat, almost begging for my Cock to give her what she needs.

Oritiki's huge horse cock starts dripping precum, and Urmeie just hungrily stares at it, fantasizing about being stretched. But then, sister bear's gaze falls upon my cum-covered shaft, and she shifts uncomfortably in her seat as her hands start to drift towards her pussy.

"So, what do you all think about the Travelers?" I casually ask as I slowly lower Roxanne back down onto my Cock, eliciting a soft, sensuous moan from my pale goddess.

"Bitch," Lina surprisingly answers first with an also surprising amount of venom. She *really* didn't like being called a child.

"Your former wife…. is Roxanne… but three times as bad… and without the humility," Yunia answers honestly for a second before returning to her humiliation roleplay with the succubus in question.

"It's understandable that she's angry, but she's too disrespectful," Alissa impassively follows up, trying to hold back her own distaste to not offend me.

"Indeed," Oritiki hums as she lubes up her cock with her own precum. Hana purposely avoids looking at the massive meat club of love, also to not offend me, while the rest of the girls do steal glances at it, though they prefer to fantasize about my own massive draconic cock to keep the forbidden thoughts away.

I create some bumps on my Cock, just to give Roxanne a shiver of pleasure, then I expand upon my question, "I mean, not just Lily. What do you think of all of them?"

"Bunch of *mustchs*," Hana swears as she holds Kaatohe's arms. Then she decides to take control of my tentacle inside the cat's asshole as her sadism starts to come out while her masochism sleeps.

"They haven't gone through… a tenth of… what we have," Roxanne adds, the pleasure now too great for her to speak properly.

"Self-righteous dicks," Lina grumbles and crosses her arms as she pouts, and Ciel starts gently patting her head to comfort her.

"They really got to you, huh?" Hana amusedly remarks and draws a squeak from Kaatohe as she makes the tentacle pulsate.

"Hmph," the loli grumbles again and pouts harder.

Now it's Aoi's turn to speak her mind, "They did nothing to me, but I felt like they were… lacking compared to our subordinates or allies."

"Lacking in what?" Ciel questions.

The little blue dragon's tail slowly wags as she reflects deeply. "Resolve. I feel like they'd quickly give up whenever things get just a bit tough."

"Spoiled is what I believe you wanted to say," I suggest and suckle on one of Roxanne's ghost nipples.

"Sounds right," Aoi hums with a nod.

"I agree… They don't seem very… reliable," Yunia shares with a quickened breath.

"What about the golems?" I ask and return to my suckling, drawing a soft moan from Roxanne.

"Neutral," Jarn states.

"But wary," Suzy adds.

"Of their idealism," Ted finishes.

If Lily and U Thant are already showing a lot of aversion to slavery and lolis, then how will they react when they learn about the complex details of the existences that are the golems? But the Chuckys are even worse since they're murderous and suicidal.

U Thant, specifically, seems young and dumb enough to try to "liberate" my golems if he finds a way. But the Chuckys themselves have already been "freed" from their constant desire to serve us, and that's *exactly* what made them become as twisted as they are.

Gods, why did it have to be them *and not some perverts that'd be easier to relate to?*

And I get a tingling sensation at the back of my head that kind of makes me feel like I shouldn't be complaining…

I blink, and it's gone, making me confused for a second, but I think it's better if I don't think too hard about this.

"I just fear that we'll have many disagreements with them," I explain my worries.

"They weren't forced to abandon their earthling beliefs and adapt to their new lives like you were, so we have our differences that we must reconcile," Ciel soothingly replies and sends a subtly envious look to her elven sister-Queen. If I start clapping Ciel's ass, I won't be able to stop, so I just ignore her repressed lust for now.

"If we give them some hardships…" Alissa alludes rather evilly, and Lina and Yunia agree with that idea wholeheartedly.

"But you have to keep them under your control…" Kaatohe slowly points out and struggles against Hana's hold as her fluids of arousal start to wet her pants.

But I just clench my jaw in anxiety.

I don't like being close to people who have too much power. I'm already uncomfortable relying on Brett due to his Gift, and now we have *four* more Gifted joining us. Even if the Gods said that we have to work together, it doesn't mean I'll be *comfortable* while doing so.

Especially Lily. So much has changed between us that I feel like she's a stranger…

Roxanne grabs my shoulders and uses the leverage to push herself up and down my Cock, the small taste of bliss clearing my mind again for a moment. "I'll fuck you for as long as it takes… for you to get a hold of your heart," she whispers sultrily with an intense stare, and I feel myself getting intoxicated by her charm once again.

Intermission – Lily

"You're taking this quite well," the gnome jokester breaks the silence, and it takes me a moment to understand his words, as he used English.

"What?" I tiredly ask back.

His smirk becomes awkward as he begins the conversation with all the grace of a fucking truck. "If I knew my wife was such a… *person*, I think I'd break down."

"I can't afford to break down," I answer reflexively. I've gotten angry so many times since we were shat upon this world that I've become used to controlling my emotions, but I also think this "Gift" has helped me with that.

"That's because you got infinite energy," the cat whines. The gnome and he are always whining about something…

Is this what it's like to be a mother?

"Not really, you're just a pussy," I immediately snap back and snort proudly as his face scrunches up, regretting giving me this opening.

"But you're still the strongest of us," Samkelo affirms, sounding a bit serious, which is fucking rare for him.

"I prefer 'responsible,' since you're a stoner, and the teens are like sheep," I irritably correct him.

"Damn," the cat grumbles and looks away with a frown.

"Don't be so mean," Chesa quietly requests, and I suppress my anger harder. She's the only one I trust to tell me if I'm going too far.

But she, more than anyone else, needs to be careful around "*Wolfy*," so I give her some earnest advice, "You saw how many women there were around my ex-husband, right? If you aren't careful, he'll fuck you and then add you to his 'collection.'"

"Sounds like an easy life, being the concubine of a king," the stoner mumbles with a smirk, and I can feel him synthesize THC or whatever chemical it is directly into his own blood.

"The chimeras have a skill called [Sexual Metamorphosis] that lets you become a girl," Chesa jokingly points out. She's more playful with him than me, which pisses me off a bit, but she never asks him for advice, so I guess it's alright.

And the stoner suggestively continues, his eyes losing focus as the drug takes effect, "I don't really want a cock in me, but maybe I could become a lesbian…"

"Wolf would turn you into his sex slave, like he already has before," the cat grumbles with a frown. He always sides with me, though the kid is annoyingly clingy.

But the garden gnome mockingly retorts, "Don't get your panties in a twist about every little thing you dislike, or you'll start to enjoy the pain."

"The fuck?" the cat grunts like a dumbass.

So Samkelo doubles the sneer. "This world is so fucked up that if you let yourself get angry about every last little fucked up thing, you'll get addicted to the feeling."

Fuck me. He's actually right.

"Some things are inexcusable," the cat stubbornly retorts.

He's kind of *right.*

But the gnome smugly throws in the kicker, "Slavery is supported by the 'Humanoid Gods,' and *you're* the one who can shit and piss divine power."

And the cat finally stops in realization, then looks down at his own hands like a dumb idiot. "I didn't ask for this."

I roll my eyes internally because I can imagine Toto spouting a meme. And then it hurts because I'd have laughed with him.

But this "Wolf" isn't Toto. He's done too much fucked up shit to be the meek, cute, old Toto that I knew. We've heard many rumors about "King Wolf" and his sudden rise to power, but what stood out from among the crazy stuff we've heard were the Interventions… the *orgies*… and the scores of people he killed. There's no way that my Toto would be able to do that.

This is a stupid argument, though, so I finish it for the sake of our sanity, "We're not here to change this world; the majority of us are too dumb for that. We're here to *save* it."

Intermission end.

While Roxanne deepthroats me, I suddenly remember something. "Gify, did you notice something about that Whaka dude?"

"Gih," she snobbishly chirps back.

She isn't an "easy" bird that "connects" with just anybody. She saw as much as I did.

Alright.

This little trip doesn't give us much time to fuck, but I'm still left satisfied after cumming inside Roxanne a few times, then Aoi does a quick clean-up.

We're taken once again back into the palace, and now there's a big, wide table where the Queen, the King, and Prince Hekeman-u are already seated.

Then I notice something curious… Where are the women? I've only seen a few very reserved maids. Better yet, where are the *Princesses*? Wait… are they seriously keeping the women away from *me*? Or maybe it's from *us*, actually…

This explains so much…

"*You* do *have a bad reputation*," Yunia wryly remarks through [*Bind*].

Fucking 'ell.

Once we've all sat down, the Queen soberly begins, "We've received a report from our men, but we'd like to hear from you what, exactly, happened."

So we explain, and the three Hau-Hou royals wear politely skeptical expressions in response.

"This doesn't sound right," Queen Venison cautiously remarks, trying to not insinuate that I'm lying.

But we've already reached a consensus that should "satisfy" everyone until we know more, so I gracefully suggest, "If he fooled your Inspection Crystals, then my skill could also have been fooled, but regardless of that, we wish to find and question him. He disappeared without leaving a trace the moment I used the skill on him, and that is extremely suspicious."

Venison solemnly nods in understanding, and I use Alissa's eyes to stare at her nice, small tits. "We understand, and we'll cooperate fully. It's just that Whakaahua was a trusted healer for our royal family. To think that a potential heretic like him got so close to us is a harrowing thought."

"Is there anything you can tell us about his background?" Yunia takes over, as I'm starting to get distracted by tits.

Unfortunately, they don't know anything useful. Whakaahua, "The Guardian," was an adventurer who rose in power and fame over the years until the royals took notice of him and decided to make use of his talents. As a veteran adventurer and healer, he was the perfect choice to accompany the Heroes on their delves into the Fortress of Calamity.

He wasn't a random, shady soldier who was assigned to a new unit at the last minute; he had a reputation, so he was either the most successful sleeper agent in history… or someone replaced him.

"We'll investigate his acquaintances, too," Queen Patika states. She and her King are hiding their shock well, but Prince Hekeman is visibly agitated.

"I *knew* Whakaahua, we went on delves together, so I just can't believe what just happened," the rhino man blurts out and frowns as he looks away.

"He was a nice guy," Chesa quietly remarks.

"Yeah, this is all so crazy," Samkelo casually adds with a sigh.

But King Temamana glares subtly at them for their informal behavior, though the two don't seem to notice.

Then Yunia soberly wraps it up, "But now we can only wait for Captain Caterina or the soldiers to bring back any new information."

And Ciel gently moves on to the next topic, "And we still need to deal with the Fortress of Calamity, so let's focus on that."