

My year in the Ashborn quickly becomes one the best I've ever had in my life, only losing to those with Mithra.

Manu is a whip master on our backs, but we make so much money with him that it's hard to complain. Cenk is just a gentle giant who knows how to open a woman's heart and her legs. Lotte is a cute woman with a similar alcohol tolerance to mine, making her the perfect conversation partner and also a great Andraste teacher. Delara is a bubbly lesbian who spans our naughty asses and keeps us in line when we want to do something stupid. Kuzei is Delara's and my punching bag, but also the party-maker and Manu's partner in swindli-... *negotiating* with the merchants. The Ashen Shores is our backyard, and we're the biggest kids of Nak.

The island town of Nakdevnitind is a mixed soup of a large variety of demon races, making it quite a nice place to settle down for a short time while I try out the antivenins of the region. The presence of a large merchant fleet also makes it quite easy to import ingredients from the Stars of Maoka, the huge collection of islands to the east of the Moon of Maoka.

I buy most of the tools that I need, so I focus my level ups on increasing [Mana Control]. This skill allows me to better adjust the power of my [*Explosion*]s, which allows us to make even more money.

The adventuring starts to take more of my time, and my research with the antivenom slows down, partially because I have to wait until the ingredients are delivered to me. I realize I'm getting distracted by Cenk and Delara, but I can't stop myself. I've always been impulsive, I think, and it's been so long since I actually rested and just had *fun*, that I decide to take a short break. Just a short break.

I never imagined I'd be adventuring with strangers like this, and it makes me very happy to have met these people. So many things happened, and I changed so much that I can hardly relate to who I used to be. I'm a new person. I've been "reborn."

*I've also become extremely corny, it seems.*

I still fear Mom, but I don't feel like ever listening to her again. I love Dad, but he only disappoints me with how weak-willed he is. One day, I'll thank them for raising me, but it'll be in my own way, not just what they wish me to be.

Cenk's huge hands hold my thin waist while his long cock spreads my entire vagina wide. My squeals of pleasure are muffled by Delara's tongue teasing me.

She rubs my clit and my insides quiver.

No man has ever shown to know more about a woman's body than a woman herself. So far, their only advantage has been their masculinity and their cocks as no female tail I've met has been able to comp-... HNGH!

My idle thoughts are wiped away as I finally orgasm, then my insides twist around Cenk's whole cock, and he grunts.

I milk out of him a warm, thick, delicious liquid that pours into me, and he comes with such force that I even feel the jet hitting against my cervix.

The orgasm makes my body shake and my mind goes numb.

I recover after an unknown amount of time, then my insides release Cenk's hammer of love.

He immediately starts moving again, using his own cum as lube, and the cycle of pleasure and orgasm starts over again.

Delara finishes stealing my cum from inside me, then she pulls me into a hug and feeds me a small amount of *my* cum.

"Stealing bitch," I mutter, and she giggles girlishly.

We are both satisfied, so we just watch as Cenk pounds downwards, breeding Lotte like the sow she is and filling her up with cum quite nicely.

*He must have a sex skill or something.*

He smacks her until she begs him to stop, then he turns his lustful eyes to Delara, but she doesn't like dick, which is weird because she loves cum.

Lotte helps Cenk rub one last cumshot all over my body, and this time, I stop the cumslut Angel from eating my meal.

Everyone starts to get sleepy, so I clean myself and put on my clothes.

"Don't you want to stay?" Cenk's voice gently whispers near my ear.

I smile at him and flick his nose gently. "I like you guys, but not that way."

He twitches his nose and pouts, which surprisingly fits, even with his big, manly face. "Cuddling feels like nice, though."

"It's more than what I want."

He tries not to frown sadly, but he's the type that has problems hiding his emotions.

"She's a Succubus, they're even more promiscuous than the Angel-types," Lotte chimes in.

I frown at her, a bit hurt. "We're not more promiscuous than the average adventurer," I retort.

Delara raises her pretty eyebrows in surprise as she remarks, "You can take a dick better than even Manu."

I adjust my glasses and pout at her. "'Promiscuous' means lots of partners. I haven't fucked anyone but you guys since we've met."

"Awn~..." the three all moan at the same time.

I roll my eyes while smiling and add, "Still doesn't mean I like you guys that way."

"No worries. I'm sure you'll become Cenk's third wife soon enough," Lotte smugly teases.

Delara snorts and turns to Lotte. "Wait, third? I'm not going to marry him," she states, slightly flippant.

I shrug and flip the teasing on her, "I mean, you're already cleaning his leftovers like a dutiful wife, might as well get the whole deal. Or would you rather be hired as a cum-cleaning maid?"

"I don't let her clean my pussy like you do," Lotte comments with a frown.

Delara stares at me defiantly and replies, "How about we marry him together? Lotte is his hugging pillow, you'll be his personal cum-hole, and I'll be the cum-sucker."

I snort and continue the game, "No, thanks. No need for marriage; I know my place..."

She gives me a perfectly smug glare. "And it's under him as he folds your body in half while pounding the shit out of you."

"And you're under my feet, licking the cum that drips down my leg." I lick my lips sensually and smile mischievously.

Cenk's dick shoots up again and Lotte rolls her eyes. "If you're not going to help, then stop talking dirty."

I grin at them and walk out of the tent, then I smell cum in the air. I look around and see Kuzei standing guard, trying to look innocent.

"Need a hand with that?" I ask him with a husk tone.

He immediately smiles like a child given candy and pulls his nicely-sized dick out.

I grin mischievously. "I meant with the cleaning. I can still smell your cum, so it could attract monsters."

"Ah, fuck you, fuck off." His smile fades and he shoves his meat rod back into his pants.

I turn around and walk to my tent. "You wish." I give him a glance and blow a kiss.

"Yes, I do. Every night!" He exclaims, then Manu groans loudly and he shuts up.

The next morning, we pack up our camp and delve deeper into the dungeon.

"Roxanne, prepare [*Explosion*], please," Manu kindly requests.

"Roxanne, kill it."

"Roxanne, it's time."

"Roxanne, get ready."

"Roxanne, once again."

"Roxanne, do it."

"Roxanne, [*Explosion*]."

I groan in tiredness as Manu's greed drains my blood. He even learned [*Space Magic*] to increase his [*Item Box*], and it's filled half with monster parts, half with silver coins.

"Roxanne, can y-.."

"No..." I grumble and glare at him.

He smiles unapologetically, and we start going back.

The Halls of the Fire Giant is a very warm, wide, and really, really pretty dungeon. Its motifs are of opulence and majesty, so every single surface is covered in either gold, red velvet, or some sort of detail.

The whole dungeon feels like being inside a Holy castle, so the top levels are quite popular with the low-level adventurers. We stay at the mid-levels, so we never meet those adventurers because there's an exit at the foot of the volcano that we can use. The monsters over these levels are very dangerous, so few fellowships can deal with the.

We silently but hurriedly walk along these halls that we cleared the day before. The [*Rainbow Shield*] we had paid for has run out, so we all really want to get out before we cook alive inside our clothes. Cenk and Kuzei most of all because their heavy armor make them sweat a lot, and the last thing we need is our front line collapsing from heatstroke.

I only wear my robes and no underwear because fuck this heat, and I'm still sweating and tired, so I can only imagine how these two are feeling like. I'm spent from using [*Explosion*] all the time, so part of my fatigue comes from that, but still, fuck this heat.

The red halls start to cool a bit, then their crystal lights dim, and we cast our [*Spirit Light*]s.

Suddenly, Manu gives us a signal, "Stop, humanoids." Then he points to another corridor crossing with ours.

Unfortunately, his [*Sense Presence*] is low, so we only have a brief warning before the group of humanoids appears in our way.

"Oh? Who goes there?" A young male voice resounds through the corridor.

We could've extinguished our [*Spirit Light*]s and hid ourselves, but that would be extremely impolite if they were adventurers.

Which we immediately know they are as Kuzei exclaims, "Arkadash, is that you?!"

"Fuck me in the ass. Is that you, Kuzei? You big-dicked small man! Fucking amazing to find you here!"

"His dick isn't big, we've measured it with mine," Cenk mutters under his breath, annoyed.

"What are *you* doing here, you ogre-faced dick?! I thought you didn't have the levels to fight the monsters here!" Kuzei returns the banter.

"'Didn't,' my small friend, 'didn't.'"

The other fellowship starts to approach and we all turn to Manu. He's staring at them intensely, trying to assess their danger to us.

"Kuzei, are they safe?" He hurriedly whispers.

"Of course. We share prostitutes *aall* the time," Kuzei replies casually, but Manu clicks his tongue in displeasure. "Hey, we're almost at the exit, so let's just get out of here, already."

Manu stays quiet, but we all know he hates meeting other fellowships in the field.

The group of four people sheathe their weapons, so we follow, then they casually approach us, their guard down.

We see two large Tambalaneh-type demons leading the way. Their skin is very thick, rough, and dull colored. Their heads are slightly flat like a snake's, and their bodies have a natural shell-like armor that even allows them to fight naked better than a dragonkin.

Behind them, there are a female Lamia mage and a male Sheep-type archer.

The two faded-green-colored Tambalas look like brothers, but one is clearly older with his rougher skin, while the other, Arkadash, has such a smooth skin he looks almost like a merfolk.

"Come here, you shit stain, gimme your hand!" Kuzei shouts and opens his arms wide.

Arkadash takes his leather gloves off, then they slap their hands against each other and share a deathgrip handshake.

"Did your Lady's hand get softer? I can barely feel your-... hng... grip," Arkadash taunts through gritted teeth as they glare at each other, then they release their hands, and his eyes scan each of us. "Did you finally get your harem, Mr. Big Dick?"

Kuzei snorts. "They ain't mine. They belong to Pantry-Dropper over there." He elbows Cenk, which is like elbowing a solid brick wall.

"Not officially," I add to prevent misunderstandings.

The green-haired Lamia raises an eyebrow at Cenk, then Lotte rolls her eyes while Delara and I grin.

"Yeah, right, whatever," Kuzei grumbles and pouts.

"Man, what's up with women and dry cunts?" Arkadash taunts with a toothy grin and glances at the Lamia. Each of his teeth seems sharpened like a knife.

"I'm sure I'd pleasure your asshole with my tail better than your rapier can pleasure my cunt," the Lamia dryly responds.

Delara and I giggle while Arkadash just smiles wryly, then the Lamia smiles mischievously at us. She's got a good sense of humor.

"Okay, how about we get out of here? I don't want to smell any of you any longer than necessary," Manu impatiently suggest, and motions for us to move again.

"Pity, I like this heat," the Lamia mutters, then we continue on.

Manu makes sure that Arkadash's fellowship walks in front of ours, but Kuzei joins them and starts talking, completely carefree.

We get past by a few of the monster corpses we created, all perfectly bled out to prevent the smell of blood from escaping and attracting more monsters.

"You guys are pros," Arkadash's brother comments as he observes the corpses. His baritone voice surprising me.

"You got that right. Manu said we could even try to offer ourselves to work personally for a Lord," Kuzei brags.

"Should we be really telling them that?" Lotte whispers.

"It's fine," Manu calmly responds, but his narrowed eyes tell me that things aren't fine.

A few minutes later, we finally reach the exit, and the tunnel opens up into a small and pretty grove.

*At last, fresh air and cool air.*

Manu's hand starts hovering over his quiver.

*Wait...*

I look back at Delara and she grips her spear tightly.

"What got you so nervous...?" Manu suddenly asks, his eyes trying to bore a hole through the back of Ark's brother.

We all stop, and I suddenly notice how silent everything is. The Tambala brothers don't even turn around.

"AMBUSH!" Manu suddenly yells, and multiple arrows fly towards us.

Delara jumps in front of me and receives the arrow with her shield. Cenk protects Lotte, and Manu hides behind his huge back, immediately launching an arrow in response.

The Lamia receives an arrow on her tail and shrieks. Kuzei raises his shield and blocks an arrow, then he receives one on his flank, but his armor prevents it from penetrating deep. The Tambalas raise their large round shields, receiving multiple arrows on them, then they draw their bastard swords. The Sheep archer immediately dives behind the brothers and starts rapid-firing arrows.

I start whispering [*Explosion*] hurriedly.

"AREA SPELL!" A rough male voice comes from within the grove.

"GRAAAAAAAH!" Six men rush out from behind the trees. All wielding shields and spears.

"GET THE MAGE!" The same rough voice shouts again.

"GET THAT ONE!" Manu shouts to me and points towards the grove.

Cenk and Lotte run towards the front. She draws her shortsword and starts casting a [*Heal*] on Kuzei while Cenk covers him.

Delara starts casting [*Wind Blade*] while covering Manu and me. The Lamia recovers and starts casting something from [*Fire Magic*]. The enemy archers try to flank us, but Manu and the Sheep-type keep them from free-firing.

*I hope he's a human. If he's anything bigger, he'll definitely survive this.*

I push my mana out of my body, then I aim the spell towards where I think the voice came from and release.

"KILL HEEEEEE-..."

Now I know exactly where he is.

*Got you, bitch.*

"[*EXPLOSION*]!"

I barely hear the fleshy and wet noise of his head exploding over the sounds of battle.

*Get fucked.*

A headache flares up. My mana is too low.

"THEY DON'T HAVE INTERRUPTING MAGES!" Manu yells desperately, then he turns to the Lamia.

She chuckles once before she releases the spell, "[*FIRE STORM*-..." Just before she fully casts it, she gets an arrow on her flank. Apparently, she's not wearing much armor like me.

Her aim is thrown off, and random spots all over the grove are lit on fire. Men scream in agony and run for their lives, and even Cenk has to put off a fire that starts on his feet and shield.

I cast a quick [*Fireball*] and lit an enemy archer on fire, but then my headache worsens, and I lurch forward. An arrow sinks into my shoulder, and I shriek in pain as I fall on the floor.

We're too much in the open, and there are still enemy archers trying to flank us. Our front line is outnumbered, and it's almost crumbling in the chaos.

Manu suddenly appears beside me. He helps me kneel on the ground and bellows, "DELARA, GET ROXANNE OUT OF HERE! WE NEED TO GET BACK INTO THE TUNNEL! NOW!"

"What?!" I all I can say before my body is hugged tightly, then I'm lifted off the ground.

The next moment we're flying through the flames, but suddenly, we crash, and I roll on the grass.

The arrow poking out of my shoulder snaps, and I shriek in pain again, then I slow down and stop rolling.

The pain is numbed by the blood lust from battle, and I immediately use my staff with my one good arm to get up.

I see Delara groaning in pain, an arrow on her back, right where her angel wing comes out of her body.

I see a man coming out of the bushes. It's a dirty Kabar man wearing rags and a crude bow. He draws an arrow, and I immediately start chanting [*Fireball*].

He's faster than me and releases it before I can cast, but Delara gets in the way and blocks it with her shield strapped to her arm.

"RAAAAAAH!" She draws her shortsword and dashes towards him while screaming fiercely.

The man turns around and tries to run, but I light his back on fire with my spell, and he falls on the grass to put the flames out.

Delara catches up to him and finishes him off with a stab at the back of his head.

I stumble and grip my head as the headache increases.

Delara turns to me angrily and yells, "RUN! You can't fight like this! RUN!"

I nod weakly and store my staff, then I turn around and run as if the Breeder-types were after me. I immediately hear Delara let out a war cry as she engages another bandit.

A nearly passed out mage like me will only drag their fellowship down since they can't defend themselves or contribute to the battle. Manu will try to run and lose them inside the dungeon, but if I were with them I'd be left behind because my "Speed" and "Endurance" are just too low.

*If only I had more MP. If only Manu didn't make me-... Ah!*

This is why he told Delara to save me, because he knows he's responsible for making me useless.

*Fuck you. You didn't have to do this...*

I cry as I run, and I run until my legs give out.

I find a small crag, then I recognize where I am. I walk around it until I find a nearly imperceptible path hidden behind bushes that leads to a small cave. This is one of Manu's camping spots. He knows the Ashen Shores like he knows his feathers.

I pull out my sleeping bag and sit down, then I pour anesthetic on my shoulder and slowly push the other end of the arrow out. This isn't the first time I got wounded like this, so the arrow comes out rather easily. Goblins can be very accurate with their bows at close range.

Suddenly, I start to feel funny and sick, so I immediately drink an antidote. The arrow was poisoned.

*Kuzei...*

I pour an HP potion on the wound, then I bandage it and try to rest. Emphasis on try.

Half-an-hour later, I hear slow footsteps coming towards the cave.

*Delara!*

I get up excitedly, but I only see Ark's brother at the entrance. He lost his helmet, revealing his bald head, mature look, and stern expression. He has a nasty vertical cut on the right side of his face, blinding his eye.

He seems so tired he takes a moment to even recognize me.

"You're... the mage from Ashborn?" He questions in disbelief.

"I am," I respond tensely with a nod.

He snorts, then takes a look around and starts undoing his leather armor. "Help me out with this. My whole body hurts," he asks with a rather demanding tone.

I quickly obey and help him take it off, feeling very uneasy with this situation.

"How did you escape?" I shyly ask.

"When everyone started retreating into the tunnel, I just charged forward and broke through," he grunts and shrugs, then his leather jacket falls, revealing his muscular and wounded body.

"What about your brother?"

He rolls his eyes. "He'll survive. I just didn't want to risk it going back into the dungeon."

"Did you see Delara? An Angel-type woman that was with us?"

"Nope."

I go silent, then his pants fall, revealing his underwear.

He immediately plops on the floor, then rests his head against the wall and closes his eyes.

I awkwardly pull out an HP potion, then I put it down in front of him. "For you," I mutter, then I quickly walk back to my sleeping bag.

He opens one eye and raises an eyebrow, then he grabs the potion and drinks it. "Huh, thanks," he grunts.

I enter my bag and close my eyes, not because I want to sleep, but because I'm too afraid to keep them open.

I hear him grunt and get up, then he starts walking towards me.

I open my eyes and get on my feet in an instant, then I open my *[Item Box]* and pull out my staff as fast as I can.

He slowly wobbles forward, his eyes staring intensely at me, his mouth curled in a small smirk. "Hey..." He grunts.

"W-what?!" I croak.

"Let's do it," he tries to use a husky tone.

"I don't want to," my mouth moves before I even process it.

He reaches me, and I press my back against the wall while clutching my staff.

His large hand grabs my dress and slowly pulls it up while his intense, stern stare keeps me locked in place.

I'm not wearing any underwear, so when my lower bits get exposed, I hold back my breath in fear.

He looks down and snorts. "Why not? You're a Succubus..." He growls.

"I don't want to," I repeat immediately.

He turns his eyes back to me and starts grinning. "That 'Delara' isn't coming back, is she?"

"She is," I whimper.

"Not convincing enough," his cold tone sends chills down my spine.

He pulls my dress up enough to expose my breasts, then he squeezes one while moaning in delight.

If my body wasn't frozen with fear, I'd be puking right now.

"I'll kill you... with [*Explosion*]..." I whimper.

His other hand roughly rubs my sensitive bits, then he forcefully shoves a finger in.

"I know you're out of mana, and besides, you're Succubus, so just deal with it," he whispers evilly.

*HE'S WICKED!*

His wrinkly and rough face grinning wickedly at me is the last thing I remember before I close my eyes and gather my mana.

I come back to myself back at our inn, Delara weakly scrubbing the blood covering my entire body.

I don't remember what happened, but it's easy to guess. So much blood soaked into my clothes that Delara activated a bounty plate with it.

After she gets me back to my room at the inn, she takes the bounty plate and an ear she took from a bandit to the governor. She notifies him and the Holy Daemonic Council, who then send search parties into the Halls of the Fire Giant.

I stay in my room for four days, and Delara rarely leaves my side. She apologizes until her voice becomes hoarse, but I don't blame her. It's incredible she managed to catch up to me while poisoned and with an arrow through her lung.

On the fifth day, I leave my room to attend Kuzei's and Manu's last rites. They both succumbed to the poison along with Arkadash and the Lamia. I'm the only one who had a small amount of the right antidote for the poison, and Lotte didn't know [*Purify Body*].

We stare at Manu's spirit while he smiles apologetically at me.

"So... I fucked up..." His ethereal mouth whispers towards us.

"I'm sorry..." Lotte mumbles between sobs.

"If you apologize again, I swear I'll forsake Paradise to haunt you," he warns her, then she falls on her knees and breaks down crying, and Cenk consoles her.

Manu turns to Delara and me, then he smirks. "Stay well, you two," he whispers, then he fades away.

Soon after, Kuzei finishes saying his goodbyes to his harem of prostitutes, then he nods at us and follows Manu.

I don't cry for their deaths. My heart just feels numb and tired, and I don't understand why.

Perhaps I've grown and changed, or perhaps I've strengthened my heart and mind, but I don't feel like it. I just feel sad and lonely.

Without Manu, the Ashborn simply doesn't work anymore, so we all go our separate ways.

Cenk and Lotte will try something less dangerous, while Delara will go back to her home in her Holy Land. I stay in Nak, but my head just isn't in my research anymore.

I continue slogging through my notes and manage to finish with the more promising combinations. Now I'm left only with the more exotic ones, and none of them give me any confidence.

The news of the bandits attacking us spreads quite quickly, giving me a small amount of unwanted fame. I learn that Ark used us as a shield to fight against the bandits, which had nothing against Ashborn.

If he wasn't dead, I'd kill him myself.

A day-cycle later, the innkeeper warns me that a few Succubus were asking about me.

*What the fuck...? Succubus all the way over here? Is that Mom searching for me...?*

I send my last letter to Eftee, then I leave Nak.

I move south and go around the Ash Giant, then I enter the Ash Caldera, a large, fertile stretch of land and forest where small volcanic eruptions occur occasionally.

I don't pay much attention to the landscape and just cross it quickly. I end up at the sea, then I take a ship towards Gillios.

I don't think I have the energy anymore to continue searching for an antivenom, so I don't even know why I'm going there anymore. I've heard their magic community is the best of the realm, so perhaps I could find something interesting in Mac Gantus. Perhaps over there, Mom won't be able to bother me with whatever she wants with me...

I land in Goldport and enjoy the city for a short while. The elves are a bit snobbish, but the beauty of the people here is unmatched.

I try to find another fellowship to join, but none seems to mix well with me. The imperial elves seem a bit distant and distrustful of the demons.

I want to enter the Mainland, so I decide to go through the Golden Road to cross the High Forest, but when I enter Goloria, I learn that the road is a bit dangerous right now.

I spend a few days over here, getting to know the locals. Even though most of them are quite prejudiced, they're all eager to change their mind in the face of real beauty like mine. They have some good alcohol, too.

A few shifty mages who say they belong to a "Dawn of Fire" discover my *[Explosion]*, then they start pestering me to join, so I decide to go back to Goldport. I can deal with the elves being snobbish, but this sort of predatory behavior is just scary. Unknown circles of magi aren't something I should risk myself getting involved with.

Back in Goldport, I learn that there's a big community of demons in Rabanara, so I go south towards the Shore of Leaves to have a look. For some reason, I believe I have a very good chance of finding another good family over there.