

Holding onto cold, merciless logic has always been something Arawn believed in. No matter the circumstances, whatever complications befell him, keeping his mind free of doubts and focused on the safety, then harmony, of his group has been the mantra that carried him through the hardest two months of his life.

"I can walk!" He heard Klesiah yell, the noise of slapping and struggle continued to feed the pink cloud invading his mind. Her excitement felt almost euphoric, the openness of her feeling alone was enough to make him dizzy with happiness.

"Man, shame the bath ain't deep. Let's find a lake next time!" Zhu responded and let her friend go. A pair of naked legs plopped down next to her... Goodness, there was no escaping it. Wherever he looked there was naked temptation, every single noise of the bathroom fueled a pink excitement that had slipped past his mental fortress.

"Arawn...?" Behind him, the angel -his angel- spoke with a voice as soft as her body. Her curved wings had opened, her naked, warm flesh cleaned by the water was made to shine because of the golden halo on top of her head, his eyes settled inside her bright blue-green ones and a silent message traveled to her. A pink cloud. "...okay."

She trembled excitedly as he bridged their distance and finally, finally lessened his grip on the tightly woven ball that was his desires. A deep hunger came forth, one he never knew he had. It rushed like a deluge, traveling the well-established paths of ethereal links...

"Ah!" Elina yelped when Arawn's big hands grabbed her hips, her entire body up to her wings shook as he nudged her forward yet despite her apparent vulnerability, the heavenly girl yearned for his touches. She, like Hildegard, possessed an elegant body without scars, her wonderful pale skin made her rosy wings stand out even more and as he grabbed her curvaceous flesh, Arawn finally realized that the line of her hips and the elasticity of her breasts were -not- to be dismissed. She's... better than the Embodiment of Love!

"Ooh? Hoho? Oh shit, did his wall crumble?"

The sentence was nothing more than droning noise annoying the back of his mind, the shorter angel's had to crane her neck upward for her lips to comfortably reach him and the first kiss of his renewed life happened right then and there, inside a luxurious bathroom surrounded by a party of feminine comrades who'd faced and rejected death yesterday. It was no vestigial peck, Arawn's passion had poured into Elina and she returned just as much desire, having embraced his feeling, his pink cloud of delicious madness. They kissed loudly, deaf to the world, tongue and spits exchanged clumsily enough to coat their chins in a new shine of saliva. They hungered without shame.

"Haaa!" Arawn moan sounded tense and dangerous when the angel suddenly grabbed his manhood with both of her hands.

"It's okay, my poor boy." The angel crooned while standing on tiptoes. "'I'll take everything you can give me, gods you've been holding back for so long, use me Arawn!" Despite having embraced the madness, there was still a tiny layer of sanity. Elina screamed shamelessly and guided her man dick toward her crotch and settled on it like one would a horse, pulled

him into an intimate hug, wiggled her hips and squeezed her legs to engulf him with the skin of her crotch and tight.

The warmth of the bath, Elina's heat, the water, her weighty slickness combined into jolts of delicious pleasures fueling bestial greed. More! More!

"li!" Elina yelped when Arawn grabbed her ass, her muscles pushed back. "I want you to leave marks!" The angel said breathlessly, smiling. "Grab me! Own me!"

From his angle, Arawn couldn't see the rest of his party and that, probably, was for the best because right now the only thing that mattered was Elina. He forgot to measure his strength, his big hands didn't hold his angel anymore but outright grabbed her, nearly scratching her firm, soft, hot skin.

The water of the bath was caught in a storm from their movement and the angel flapping wings, the noise of slapping skin mingled with heavy breathing. "Aaha!" She made a noise that mixed giggle and moans as Arawn swung his hips wildly in his quest for ecstasy. "You're rubbing me all over! Am I soft, Arawn? You need more don't you?"

"Elina!" Was all he could say, for she was right. No matter how much she squeezed her legs, no matter how much he moved his hips, his instinct screamed for more. Arawn wanted to lift her, plunder her hot depths and take everything she had...

...And she wanted him to. For each of his moments of aggressions and desperations, submission and happiness bubbled out of the lovely winged warrior.

"Goodness!" And it would have happened because one hand had lifted one of the angel legs. "Give us a better angle if you're putting on a show." Then he felt wet trails of serpentine fluff on his back and that distraction, that voice, kindled hostility.

"Quit yapping with that useless mouth you genocidal whore!" Ama had boldly walked within arm's reach and before Elina could think of untangling herself, Arawn had grabbed onto the vixen long, luxurious hair of satin white. "It's about time you do something good with it for once in your miserable life!"

Were he not a mountainous avalanche of lust and battle-scarred stress, Arawn wouldn't have done something so monumentally stupid, yet the dangerous witch, the Wound-of-the-World didn't brush him off. This damnable fox-woman had no right being so... so... She had no right to make him horny!

"Oh!?" She yelped when he dragged her closer. Water splashed around and despite being caught off-guard, this violent movement made her curves dance in this insultingly sexy way... Damn this fox! "Do you really think...!?"

Having carefully untangled himself from the angel grasp, Arawn forced the kitsune close to him, eliciting a cruel laugh out of the angel who dutifully stepped back, genuinely happy about the sadism oozing out of the tall elven man.

Nine white tails flailed around Ama wide hips, most of them traveled toward Arawn to brush against his body in some vain attempt of mercy. "Oi, careful!" She grabbed, then scratched at his arm fruitlessly.

"Stop talking!" He growled and shoved her forward toward his crotch and she obeyed. Was it a ploy? Was it simple indulgence? He didn't know and honestly, didn't care.

"Aren't you manly all-oh!" Whatever remark she attempted was interrupted when his dick flopped on her face, someone behind her put pressure on her knees, forcing Ama-no-Uzume to nearly genuflect, her mantoy dick used her far too beautiful face as a conquered throne.

"Put that mouth of yours to good use you poisonous bitch!" Klesiah growled, holding onto Ama's big, white, fluffy ears. For a moment, Arawn forgot himself as he stared at his knight body, all notions of shame having long disappeared. She is a sculpture of battle, a beautiful warrior queen. Everything, from arms, chest, thigh, and legs was toned, old and new scars traveled her body like rivers or monuments, her breasts were on the small side, similar to Shereen.

One thing did stand out, even if she stood in front of him. Her ass was PERFECT. From the shape of her hips to her well-toned legs, Klesiah curvaceous lower half made him WILD. That emotion was met by a sudden wall of surprise which, itself, melted into a rare feeling of self-assurance, prompting her to smile at him almost smugly.

"Ah...mh!" Below, Ama panted, peach tongue darting out of her mouth to lick the hard, throbbing dick using her face as a footstool.

Was she intimidated? Submissive? Playing a role? Bah! No time to care!

"Open wider!" Klesiah ordered and gently gripped Arawn, causing a dangerous hiss to escape him at the sensation, guiding his dick toward the vixen mouth. He helped her effort by holding the kitsune cheeks. "That destructive tongue of yours will do one good thing tonight! Come on you bitch, give me ANY excuses, if you dare bite..." A dangerous, harmless jolt traveled Klesiah body as she embraced Focus.

"Mmgh!" Ama protested uselessly because Arawn was at an end. He grabbed her far too seductive face and thoroughly invaded her, her slutty lips closed around his length, he felt the warm sponginess of her cheeks and her tongue began to lap around his hard skin. "Ssshlp! Mqk!" She'd already engulfed half his dick.

"Oooh by the Mother you're even worse than I thought! You're already lapping and sucking!? No wonder you've got fluffy ears and tails, you failure of a witch! Did smelling my lord awakened the slumbering bitch inside you?" Klesiah beratement only made Ama suck harder.

"Mph! Mmmfuu!" Was all the witch could answer, bright red eyes opened to look up and then... "Mgoo!?" A muffled scream escaped her as Arawn mercilessly dragged her forward, enough for her luscious lips to meet the skin of his crotch. Those confident eyes began to tear up, her nose breathed heavily in joyous agony. Ama did not attempt to hide her noises,

saliva coated his shaft and her face, spittles fell onto her breasts which were big enough to dip into the warm water beneath. His cock went deep into her throat yet she didn't gag!

"Bitch oughta start mooing." Zhu cackled, having walked behind the vixen. She grabbed a bundle of tails with one hand that tried to fruitlessly cover her shapely ass.

Zhu... If Klesiah body was one the result of hard-earned efforts, Zhu was natural predatory humanity. Long limbs, lean torso, pert breasts that needed no bra for support, elegant hips all wrapped in a slightly tanned skin covered in countless small scars... Even naked and willing, this woman radiated the danger of a bird of prey.

"Bath has nothing to do with how drenched you are, damn. That pussy must be shining!" She was trailing two fingers around Ama's crotch, the fox could only slap her with more useless tails. "Choke some more, cmon! Watch your teeth!" While speaking, Zhu suckled on two of her fingers and, grabbing the shapely fox woman's waist, promptly sank two fingers into the vixen hungry body.

"Mmmphhh!" Ama scream was muffled by the dick down her throat, her furry ears thrust upward as tears began to pool down her face, yet despite all this exertion she quickly... so quickly mollified, giving in to what people wanted of her.

"You really are hungry!" Arawn growled, putting strength into his arms, by now his hands had reddened the fox cheeks, her gaze looked almost delirious as she continued to suck without showing any kind of discomfort!

"Let her do her job, my lord." Klesiah huffed, wrapped her arms around his shoulders, and gently pecked his cheek, causing him to turn to face her. She grinned maliciously when their eyes crossed. "You of all people deserve one good thing from her viper tongue." She proceeded into an adventurous peck and as he panted a response, she silenced him with a hungry kiss, her long bed of beautiful blue wet hair feels on top of the witch who had begun moving by herself.

Ama head bopped up and down, caressing every inch of his flesh with tongue and cheeks, taking long vulgar breaths through her nose and... Arawn stopped giving her attention. Addicting happiness flowing into him from his beloved knight. She kissed openly, wrestling her tongue with his in a quest for dominance he was eager to fight, often stealing glances at the vixen below, causing her feeling to change into a vulgar yet honest satisfaction.

Arawn broke the kiss and turned away, mounting pleasure coalescing into a pressure ready to erupt inside Ama gullet. He tried to say something but his mouth closed shut in a loud snap

"Ahahaha!" Zhu laughed as she twisted her fingers, causing choked out complaints from the fox. "Bitch be squirting!"

Arawn had never gave any thought to sexual frustrations. Having awoken with nothing in Throne Town, discovering the world around him and making bonds had occupied all of his thoughts and once he could settle down and think about love, the trouble caused by that

DAMN fox made it impossible to get into any mood to take care of himself. Then, one long year lost... and these last two months in Muribel hadn't offered any chances for him either. When things were calm, Arawn was far too paranoid to show any kind of weaknesses and afterward, events imposed themselves.

"Mmm! Oo!" So he held onto his tormentor's head with enough strength to hurt her and let out all of his frustration!

"Aah!?"

"Ooh!?"

Elina and Klesiah who were clinging to him suddenly tensed, the explosive pleasure that erupted from his crotch and set his brain alight had traveled into their spiritual pathways, causing them to shudder as they shared his sensations, their bodies tensed in a sudden, welcomed climax.

"Bitch, you don't get to swallow." It was Zhu who pulled Ama away from him. Grabbing the vixen by the tails, the swordswoman forced her victim to sit.

"Aah...Yesh...Mmyu, thick..." Ama remained obedient. She opened her mouth wide, Arawn heard the noise of his release gently hitting her luscious thigh. Seemingly unable to keep her mouth closed, Ama sat trembling and weak, rolling her tongue and angling her head upward to keep all the overwhelming thick fluid in and around her mouth. Zhu promptly began licking her face and the vixen dutifully shared, the noise of their wrestling tongue added alluring vulgarity in this already titillating atmosphere.

"A-Arawn." A hot, needy voice came out of his blueberry knight, her unexpected climax had given birth to even more need.

"Yeah, that wasn't enough." He answered, already recovered. Whether it was the result of months -hell an entire year- of repression or his natural needs, he didn't know nor care. "Come here you two, let's taste this link again." Unleashing his aggression on the fox had, thankfully, cleared some intensity out of the cloud of lust in his mind.

"Finally feeling bold?" The angel teased as the knightly blueberry followed her lord and dropped on her knees eagerly once he sat on the bath edges.

"I'd rather have him inside me." Klesiah stated shamelessly, the words and the feeling of adoration oozing out of her were more than enough to throw away whatever remnant of logic he had. "But this will do fine, come here and help, second wife."

"Pfft! Swallow his entire dick and I'll let you call yourself first." Elina cocky response didn't match her mannerisms because she did obey the knight's lead and lowered herself on her knees to place herself... "I'll play with my toys." She added, green gaze looking toward her man, kissing his body. Both of her deployed wings acted almost like curtains but their dimensions weren't enough to hide their activity, yet they felt emboldened.

"Ah..." Arawn couldn't resist a moan when they went to work.

Klesiah tongue dangled out of her mouth to reach his shaft, slow and methodic at first but soon the hunger in her bosom motivate her to lick wantonly, slurping all the dirty juice and the fox saliva that coated him, replacing it with her own, going far enough to kiss and nibble his skin. "Mmh! My Lord you still smell despite the bath..." She moaned, gently grabbing his dick to keep it still as she rubbed her face all over like a happy dog, coating herself with lewd juices.

"Ah... jeez, this is..." Whatever Elina said was lost as she kissed his flesh below, indulging in the lewd taste. She suddenly stopped to take a loooooong inward breath. "Aaah." The angel moaned, satisfied, warm gasps tickling his sensitive crotch.

To say the sight alone would be enough to go over the edge was an understatement yet the world around wasn't any better. Zhu was openly playing with the submissive fox, having stolen all of his seeds for herself, she began manhandling Ama breasts, pawing at them and making them bounces, and, now that he looked, blatantly tweaked her victim hard nipples, causing the witch to make all kind of noises that hardened his arousal.

Shereen and Hildegard were also close together?

"Muh!" Klesiah suddenly swallowed him and immediately began to struggle before reaching half of his length despite ample mental preparations.

"Ah! Klesiah you don't have to force yourself." Her struggling noises immediately raised concern no matter his arousal.

"Oh there's no need to worry, she'll get what she can take." Elina had risen slightly, bringing her lips on the uncovered parts of his shaft, giving it a few loud kisses.

His knight had indeed settled down and began to treat him to a royal massage. He didn't know if she was trying to emulate the vixen... but she suckled loudly, rolled her tongue along his sensitive tip, and looked at him with half-glazed eyes of adoration, her feeling... The sheer contentment mingled with excitement made him shudder far more than the pleasure, even the angel was lost in this addicting maelstrom of harmonious lewdness.

"Aah... I-I..." One hand went to rest atop a head of blue hair, prompting her to gently bop it up and down. His second one went to rest atop a crown of gold, prompting her to scoot closer and gently nibble, creating yet more sparks of pleasures to spread into his spine.

"I love you both!" Arawn yelled in a rare display of passion.

"Mwee t-!?" Klesiah gargled words were the only recognizable noise they made as an unexpected climax rocked them all. A powerful, sweet wave of ecstasy traveled out of Arawn and into his beloved, electrifying his spine with wonderful, addicting shared sensations. It was bliss, pure, undiluted, perfect BLISS.

"Kaah! I didn't even touch-!" Elina trembled, managing to regain control of her wings after a few seconds. Their flapping excitement caused an inevitable natural phenomenon of making a whole lot of wind in the enclosed bathroom, sending warm water everywhere.

"Mmh!" Klesiah pulled out, droplets of white essence already running down her mouth, and in one smooth movement, she grabbed the angel and kissed her, sharing the load she so dutifully extracted. Elina melted in the kiss and the taste. Both of them stood above Arawn legs who immediately began to feel renewed excitement... with a little pain now.

"You've got more in ya, big lad." So focused was he on the girls putting on an obvious show of lust that he completely forgot about Zhu existence. She stood ominously close, having somehow navigated around Elina wings and, of course, her interference broke the lusty spell of the kissing girls.

"I'm... I might need a little rest." Zhu only scoffed and openly leered at his already recovering dick, damn thing had barely softened.

"Not gonna be denied tonight." This dangerous predatory presence surrounded her like a dark cloud of promised violence. Her smile, her straight mannerism, her confidence, the sheer dangerousness surrounding Zhu... kindled yet more flame of passion. Deep down, Arawn felt like competing with this passionate woman, logic be damned.

Betrayal of instincts...!

Zhu gently grabbed his dick and slowly, methodically, slide her palms them upward to not only reenergize his erection but also take all the juice coating his shaft!

"Don't go too far." Klesiah suddenly imposed herself and moved to stand beside her taller friend. Arawn breath caught in his throat at the sight.

Taller Zhu gazing down at the toned knightly lady, both of their hair flattened by water, standing so close to one another, naked... With everything that happened, perhaps erotism had completely diluted his mind.

"Hehehehe!" He didn't catch their exchange but Zhu laugh brought him out of silently admiring their bodies, now his two oldest companions looked at him with confident grins.

"H-hold on now whatever is happening, I got a say don't I?"

"I don't think so." The angel response carried grim finality. He glanced toward his sun and that, unfortunately, was a mistake.

Hildegard had wrapped her arms around the smaller body of the lovely native of Muribel, the contrast of white and dark skin kindled another wave of passion as he crossed eyes with the intense gaze of his fiery, passionate princess.

"Come on, relax." Zhu placed a gentle hand on his chest, bringing him back to reality. Having had the chance to expel most of his passion, Arawn's usual sharpness had returned, allowing him to notice one important detail...

Zhu's arm had trembled, more tiny tremors rattled her body in a way different than overwhelming passion. Her expression has always been difficult to judge accurately because of that sharp, almost mocking grin... Yet for some reason, the energy surrounding her didn't make her look so confident. Not even her missing eye and that chromatic orb threw off Arawn's impression.

"Hm..." He did hear two confessions today.

"Oh? Not so afraid now?" Her hand, usually rough, had been smoothed by water and soap making her caress gentle.

"I'm waiting." Despite her grandstanding, Arawn knew Zhu would have respected his boundary. Of course, she would have raised a ruckus and made a sailor blush with her complaints, but she'd have backed down.

"Ooh? Ooh?" Not anymore.

Infected by her mischievous mood and feeling more than ready for another round, he gave her a cocky grin of his own. "You can see my color, yeah?"

"And a few other things." Zhu's excitement appeared mellow and warm. Bold as always, she grasped him fully, eliciting a grunt out of him when her touch was a little too strong...then turned around?

"Methink you've grown since last time good prince." Straining her neck to look behind her shoulder, the cocky, confident swordswoman had not only the man spellbound but also his two linked attendants.

"Ah, Zhu maybe this is a little fast..." Arawn's feelings were the exact opposite. She angled herself above him, kept him still with one simple hand, and herself solidly upright with her solid legs. The sight of her back, her ass, the humid heat he could already feel from the briefest of contact... His soul, his instincts as a man wanted to grab her hips and slam this cocky predator down!

"Nope! Nooooo..." She wiggled her hips. "...is time for me to sit on my throne!" Down she went, engulfing his entire length in one smooth motion, the noise of her butt slapping onto his crotch resonated.

"Oooh!? Ohohoho!" Zhu cackled, stopping her movement. "You did grow! You're reaching... Oof I think you're thicker too!" A sweet moan interrupted her teasing.

She felt so hot, tight, wet, soft so... so good! Fatigue was just a memory now, replaced by a rekindled fiery passion and, again, possessive instinct. He grabbed her hips and kept her still, interrupting her rising momentum, causing another inviting slap of flesh.

"Whaa?" Zhu looked at him after a moan escaped her throat, her surprise was quickly replaced by a joyous grin.

"Just stay like that!" Arawn had to concentrate to hold onto his sanity. This pleasure was... She was wrapped all around him, every movement and breathes caused her to squeeze and him to breathe out and resist the allure of the pink cloud of lust gripping his mind. The pleasure wasn't the only thing, a quiet, uplifting emotion he couldn't quite name nearly extracted a few tears out of him.

"Think you can take your grown-up prince now?" Klesiah had left his side to stand in front of her friend, she held her arms forward so that Zhu could grasp them.

"Girl, I-mm!" Arawn purposefully interrupted her by giving her ass a hard squeeze. "Aight! Not gonna take it easy!" She bucked against his grip whilst holding onto her blueberry friend for better momentum and at the same time, Arawn felt the arms of his angel wrap around his chest.

Time became a distraction, a luscious song invaded the confine of the bath. Gasps, moans, slaps, and wet noises combined with the movement of two loving -almost desperate- warriors. Each upward thrusts was met by a stubborn downward pull, both were too stubborn and needy to acknowledge anything but the boiling ecstasy clouding their minds and this same sweet, sweet lust kept spreading...

"Ah! Ah Ah! Damn it's been so long!" Zhu was the one to put a stop to all the frenzied thrusts by putting strength into her hips and slamming them down on Arawn, who growled in responses, resisting the feral demand of reaching his peak before her.

"Be honest now Zhu!" Klesiah almost screamed as she held onto her friend. "Today, you said it today, that you love him!"

This managed to throw cold water onto Arawn ardor... but that didn't stop his hand from groping Zhu cushiony butt. She didn't have Klesiah curves but it was a good one nonetheless.

"You!? I mean...Ah!" Zhu barely acknowledged what she just heard.

"Hrm!" Arawn growled when his lover's entire body trembled.

"Don't try to wiggle out!" A manic feeling had taken hold of Klesiah as she put greater strength in her arms to better support the bouncing swordswoman. "Let me see more of your face, your emotions! You're always such a closed book, I'll have you be honest for once!"

"K-Klesiah!" Zhu planted her feet on the ground as solidly as she could, which was little help because of the bath. "lil!?" She moaned unexpectedly when she inevitably slipped and slammed herself upon Arawn broader body, causing another sharp slap of skin meeting skin, and this time, the water of the bath sloshed around like an angry river.

"Aah! Zhu! Answer her!" Passion, desperation, and a hint of pride fueled Arawn stubbornness to keep himself on the edge.

"How much blood can you pump into that thing youuu!?" Zhu voice broke when he touched a particularly sensitive spot. "Aaah!?" Klesiah sudden kiss forced Zhu into silence, her body

spoke for her with yet more lewd movements of her hips, forcing Arawn to grip her even tighter to keep her still!

A little more and he'd leave a red imprint, maybe that's what she wanted.

"This is... Mm!" Zhu broke the kiss, barely able to speak, a breathless moan escaped her lips as Arawn aggressive energy kept extracting toll of pleasure out of her. Her arms held onto her blue friends almost desperately.

"This is? Out with it!" Klesiah pressed on, getting nearly close enough to rest her forehead on her friend. Zhu intermittent bouncings stopped the knight.

"This is what I always wanted!" Zhu yelled and slammed herself down once again, grinding her hips with such force that one would wonder if she sought to hurt herself. Arawn, of course, didn't appreciate this sudden change and bent forward to be closer to her. "No fucking bullshit! No guilt, just fun, just... just love! You and Hecate were always agonizing over nothing, fucking horseshit monopoly br-Mm Klesiah!?" Zhu chromatic eye opened a little wider when the knight tweaked her nipples.

"Just love huh?" She sounded confident and satisfied.

"Yeah! Fuck! I don't just love Arawn okay!? I never gave any shit about-about... Ffff- I think I'm...!" The call of nature interrupted her confession.

"Zhu! I'm... damn it you're so cute!" Passion, love, and now humor... through his panting, Arawn had to laugh. This fearsome crow had softness after all.

"Shut!" She not only resisted his attempt at pulling out, but slammed herself on his reddening crotch with reinforced strength. "Up!"

Arawn surprised yell quickly changed into a growl of ecstasy when he reached his strongest climax. The sudden pair of screams from his linked ladies mingled into a bothersome buzz as he seeded the woman -on- him with all of his instincts, his stress, and aggression melting away into electrifying pleasure. His grip on her ass left genuine marks and as he saw Zhu pant and trembles, instincts easily trampled logic.

This animalistic satisfaction was dangerous. He'd just seeded Zhu, poured all of his "manly juices" (as she'd put up) directly inside her. Gods, there was enough to escape their joined bodies and when he pulled out, cream slowly rolled down her thighs...

"Aah... wew." She plopped the ass he'd been grabbing underwater, causing noticeable goop of white to float.

"Oh man, I can't..." During that euphoria, Arawn finally noticed that Elina had let him go. The angel sat with her hands covering her crotch, rosy-red wings twitching and trembling uncontrollably. The area around her was noticeably wetter. "...You really wanted to plant a kid inside her huh?" She stated after noticing his stare, sending a fresh shock of horror throughout the link.

Hildegarde had moved to support Klesiah, preventing the knight from fainting in the bath but hearing that was more than enough motivation to get her on her feet. "W-wait we need to... w-we um... that's..." Soul links and orgasm mix too well.

"It'll be fiiiine!" Zhu sounded breathless despite her confidence. She made a show of patting her stomach, descending toward her womb once Arawn looked at her. "Getting planted would be good so might as well try."

"Aah... I forgot you..." Klesiah didn't say anything else, let go of Hildegarde, and opted to sit inside the bath, exhausted.

"M-m-my... my-my Moon!? don't go-go don't rest wet!" Shereen, late as always (and mumbling her words), made her presence known. Standing up and covering her chest with one arm whilst trying (and failing) to hide her crotch with her furred legs, she pointed at Arawn like a guard ready to make arrests for public indecency.

"W-wait hold on I'm..." She didn't listen and walked in front of him, eyes glued on his softening and very dirty manhood.

"I-it is mine... We mean our role is to ensure that our moons enjoy proper rest for now so-so we, I mean we, I..." She had to pause to breathe after stopping, her body kept trembling and she held her furred hands together. The sheer, irresistible vulnerability coming out of her was leaving everyone speechless.

When he moved her entire body jolted into rigidity and she interrupted him when his mouth opened. "W-w-we-we I-I mean I have... it is my duty to, no I mean I'll, um... Nothing tooooo untoward!?"

Despite being petite, her body couldn't be described as lithe. The curves of her waist, her legs halfway hidden in the bath revealing thick thighs, her constantly wagging tail, and her breasts midway between budding and grown finally made Arawn realized the fact this young woman wasn't a girl. Shereen was naturally small, yes, but not lithe like Hildegarde. In a way, she resembled a less pronounced Vilma.

"Shereen..." Her ears perked upright upon hearing her name, she couldn't stop trembling. "...I'm spent, but I wouldn't mind having your help." If he were to refuse her advances, Arawn might hurt her just as badly as yesterday in that accursed village. How can someone be so vulnerable yet make his heart so warm?

"Of course, yes!" Her furry ears had flattened when he first talked, now they stood upright again. She reached for his manhood with two furry hands, grasping him gently. "Hm..." Arawn groaned, causing the princess to flinch. "...I'm alright." He continued warmly, she didn't say anything: her gaze was rooted on his reenergized dick.

It was a shame that, because of her expunged Corruption, Shereen had a better grasp on Mamono natural shapeshifting, her hands didn't have paw pads! However, when she lowered herself and gave his shaft one tentative lick, Arawn shuddered in unexpected pleasure. Shereen tongue was on the rougher side!

However, it'll be important to remind her about paw pads next time.

Wait, what next time?

His reaction made her look upward in the most adorable worried gaze he ever saw. "Mh..." she moaned a little plaint when he began caressing the top of her head, prompting her to lose herself in giving more careful, loving ministrations.... that is until Hildegarde kneeled behind her, two hands of porcelains grasping her pert brown butt.

"Wauuugh!?" The princess slapped the maid face with her tail. "W-what...what are you doing!?"

"Giving you a little help." She squeezed Shereen tanned flesh gently. "Don't worry, the senses of my hands might be weak, I can still be gentle."

"Had plenty of practice with the princess?" Zhu taunted, Elina and Klesiah nearly exploded in unexpected laughter. Hildegarde, however, wasn't amused. She turned slowly, mechanically, and glared with a deadened expression at the swordswoman who wiggled her eyebrows, intimidations only fueled her ego.

"When everything is over, I'm going to beat you up hard enough to break some bones. Make sure to keep our angels healthy."

"Gimme a few days to practice with Banu and I'll be happy to challenge ya. Now take care of my little sun."

"Ah!" Shereen squeaked when Hildegarde squeezed her flesh again, motivating her to move and concentrate on cleaning Arawn shaft and, soon enough, lust overtook good sense for the princess, she opened her mouth to engulf his tip. She suckled, kissed, nuzzled, caressed, outright adored him, often having to take him out of her mouth to moan as the maid dutifully pleased her.

This...activity didn't have the same desperate, animalistic nature as the previous lovemaking. Arawn could keep a clear head as he silently watched Shereen take care of him in a way that almost looked like worship, her mounting pleasure seemingly tied with how much she rubbed her face and smelled his painful erection. She was trying so very hard and, no matter how spent he was, Arawn would give her the reward she craved.

It would only be after his last orgasm of this far too busy night that he noticed the sultry fox had been watching everything in silence.