Banners with the bronze lion of house Orricalcum on a green field were held by hoplites standing at attention, waiting still like statues while she listened for the clopping sounds of centaur hooves on wood. She tried not to look at the banners; green had become her most hated color. After she returned home, Windy thought her life would return to normal, but she saw goblins behind every corner. Her father thought meeting the envoys from Ahab and Chiron would help her get over her fears.

40 hoplites stood dressed fully in bronze, a testament to the Chiron envoy that they were still powerful. She wanted 200, but that would have been too many, according to her father. Most of the hoplites were needed to police their city. The elven hoplite was still feared as the enduring foundation of elvish city-states. If pushed, they could field an army of 80,000 if they opened their ancient weapons vaults. Houses Key and Lock were hesitant to arm such a force, but when they heard the tree limb crack, all bets were off. She could only hope they weren’t deaf to the signs; it was already halfway to falling.

She heard them locked in step, walking as one up the red maple ramp. They were as one in their gallop, not a hoof out of place. The rumors of the wild centaur’s new discipline were shockingly true. A shiver ran down her spine at the implications. Goblins were greedy and predictable, and supplies were easy enough to hide. She could see the centaurs expanding their territory over all grasslands in a few generations. They would place their felt tents outside the city and keep bronze city people isolated in their city.

No messages from other city-states reached them in six months, meaning their lands were occupied and divided. The messenger birds trained to fly from city-state to city-state never returned. Those trained to find other elf cities would pass away in a few years, leaving them isolated.

They had one arrow left in their quiver. Ironically, their most shamed past would be their only hope to save the situation for another generation. Even the centaurs had to be wary of the royal elves.

Flags of the omega river came into view carried by burly centaur stallions. Her heart fluttered at the size of their biceps and the way the sun gleamed off their armor. Then she focused on the lead envoy, the boss mare Thalia. There were bruises on the centaur’s waist from something grabbing her. If she had to guess, it was a river demon. The centaurs must have become mighty if they could save her from a water demon. None of them looked like those who bathed in the omega river, so this wasn’t a demand for submission yet.

Thalia approached her with a smile that suddenly became forced. If she wasn’t well trained in microexpression, she would have missed the decision to have her killed. Windy had no idea what brought the desire on but froze at the wall of green approaching.

Her heart raced, and suddenly she was fighting off her attempted rapists. She was given to the goblins as a sex slave to the goblin king’s son. The goblins tried to rape her on the road, and she bit off her captor’s cock and escaped. She was on the run when Vincent found her.

The powerful human wasn’t here to protect her. No, he was starting an insurrection near the city, and citizens fled to his camp in droves. The old lords in charge let it happen to get rid of the extra mouths. None of them realized what kind of monster they were dealing with, nor did the goblins or the centaurs.

She regained herself long enough to notice the envoy from the goblins was King Ragnar’s favorite daughter Korn, a rambunctious engineer with a penchant for siege machines. The threat couldn’t be more obvious if they slapped her across the head with it.

Two elves approached, each branded with the envoy’s marks. They would be the translators for this meeting. No one would trust them to be forthcoming with translators.

“What will your chief pay us to keep our siege machines from breaking down your walls, our men from raping your women, and pillaging the wealth of the orichalcum house?” Korn asked through the translator.

The centaur envoy snorted and spoke with her translator singing quickly.

“Your king confirmed our payment was already received; it isn’t our business if it falls from your hands or a thief reclaims it. So maybe you should leave while we hold meetings with the envoys from Chiron. In my country, we at least show the courtesy of greetings before getting to business.” Thalia said.

Windy wanted to leave this situation for more experienced diplomats and hide. Still, her father ordered her to meet the envoys as a punishment. The only leverage she had was a royal elf she didn’t know the location of and a chest with a pair of manacles that didn’t belong to the elf.

She moved into a bow with all the flexibility and elegance a lady of house orichalcum should possess. It was stiffer than planned.

“I am Graceful Wind Dancer On The Waves greetings on behalf of Bronze City honored envoys.”

The centaur’s translator spoke. “Thalia Boss Mare of Tribe Stalwart, and these are my rambunctious brothers Herc, Thad, and Perc of house Stalwart; they are stallions of renown who have taken many mares. As a show of friendship, perhaps we can take mares of your tribe as a show of friendship.” Thalia said.

It was a show of submission, not friendship; centaurs and elves had no true friendship.

“Korn royal princess of Ahab and engineer of wall breaching engines of war. As a sign of your submission, I request you immediately fall to your knees. Your flower was promised to my family, and I wish to give it to my men after a hard day of riding. But the worse transgression is the army camp outside your walls goes against the treaty.” Korn said.

The little goblin smiled and pushed her thick glasses up her nose. She giggled, waving her locks of red hair around. Windy would call her cute if it wasn’t her body on the line.

“That isn’t an army camp; they are merely food acquisition. Perhaps the goblins need better spies.” She opened the box and picked up each manacle before dropping the bronze devices at the goblin’s feet. Then, all giggling and good humor stopped. “The elven city of Bronze is willing to unleash our greatest asset for our protection.”

The goblin picked up one of the manacles and glared at it like a viper. “We will have to discuss this further. Your flower is safe for now but knows it isn’t off the table.”

“Please enjoy our hospitality. My father grants the envoys rooms in our very home.” It would be better to watch them closely while they search for the misplaced royal.

Under her command, a letter was sent to the camp for Vincent’s eyes only.

Behind the Chiron and Ahab groups, a train of carriages arrives, flying flags with a silver skull on a red field.

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Rules were made to be broken. Vincent ended the taboo on writing magic down, and the druidesses and other elves had taken to writing down their tips and tricks. Whole exercises were created to better prepare elves for farming, building, and fighting with their magic. Some elf soldiers held seeds, concentrating on them while they fulfilled other chores. Hector had even managed to get his to sprout some humans even had a little luck with magic, but Vincent’s attention was on purpose and meaning, management and presence, and the relationships between the black and white pills.

He sipped his mocha monster while studying various techniques. They were his magic, and he needed an idea of what abilities he was likely to get from them. After he enhanced himself with presence and purpose, he found that management was also in use.

“Why are you always so busy?” Sap, one of his druid mistresses asked.

She was a tall thin elf in sweatpants and one of his shirts. To him, it was the sexiest thing she could have chosen to wear.

“I think horses and unicorns are happier with us than when they roamed freely. There are far fewer predators or injuries that are left to fester.” Vincent said.

Sap opened her mouth and closed it. “That wasn’t what I was trying to drive you at; you aren’t as clever as you think you are,” Sap said.

He assumed he hit the mark or she wanted sex; it depended if she dropped the subject.

Vincent searched through hundreds of lines of text in the blink of an eye, soaking up the knowledge. Blue pills helped mental processing speed. He scrolled to the next page absorbing all the information.

“Protesting against the betterment of your society will only hurt you in the long run. I personally couldn’t live with myself if I caused the destruction of my society. Did you know you would be cared for regardless of who took over? Is that why you were so willing to join in the protest.” Vincent asked.

Using horses as a labor multiplier would have bettered their society, increasing their ability to grow things faster. Vincent didn’t know why the elves weren’t feeding the whole world. They were well disposed to farming.

“No people rape the land and destroy ecosystems. We were trying to do the right thing and save the soul of our people. How could a rapist understand you don’t care?”

“You’re arrogant enough to think elves have that much impact. I’ve seen your type before; they slaughter more animals uselessly than your so-called rapists ever have. Who paid you to travel outside the city and protest?” Vincent asked.

Talking in pathos was exhausting. Logically, the elves should focus on bettering themselves and their society. Instead, groups like the druidesses popped up, wanting to rip the floorboards out from under them. She also augmented with emotion alone anathema to him.

Since they took the druidesses seriously instead of pulling the rug out from under them, they were his problem. Giving them to his men had at least separated them into smaller manageable groups. He had successfully taken their rights away and started turning them into assets.

“We are the chosen people of Deus. Unlike you mud men, we have a divine spark that gives us responsibility over the world. If we don’t save Mother Gai, then who will.” Sap said.

“Only elves of royal blood can converse with the gods who told you what the gods wanted?” Vincent asked.

“People are starving in the streets, a flux has sprouted in the crowded sections of the city, and the lords argue, but nothing gets done. I walked into the market to buy a loaf of bread, and it was 1 silver. After I bought the bread, two urchins followed me, and I saw a flower growing from a pile of manure. It had blue petals and a yellow center like those roses in the north. That’s when I knew God spoke to me. I gave my bread to those children and joined the druidesses that day. Gods don’t need words to talk; they can do it with little things.” Sap said.

“That is an interesting interpretation of an experience. I liked the blue rose; it was a nice touch since I’m a human, and we all come from the north. But they are a symbol of the nobles, not the gods. While some humans worship the vampires as gods, I am not among their numbers.” Vincent said.

Before the druidess could answer a guard opened a flap to speak.

“Message for you, sir.” A posted guard said.

Vincent handed it to Sap and tossed her a knife. “Break the seal and open the letter for me,” Vincent ordered.

He took the letter after he was certain it wasn’t covered in contact poison or filled with a poison that turned to gas when exposed to the air.

The sun was starting to go down; it was the right time for a little fun.

…

He checked his go-pro and some other cameras he placed in the house so he didn’t miss any possible footage. Viewers were piling in, and he already had a poll going. The mansion he picked for the Livestream was richly furnished with various paintings of great elves doing things like deposing royals. One was labeled the one who stood up. Vincent found a vase with the face of an old elf hero on their sides. Many had a woman on their sides that looked similar to Windy.

An elf warrior leaped down from a hidden passageway in the mansion and slowly drew a knife. Vincent stared at a particularly impressive painting of a burning village titled Never Forget. He snapped a photo and found it sold for 20,000 stylish points.

“Certain paintings in the world can act as a gateway to their time. Enemies that can normally never be fought can be challenged through windows to the past whether they are paintings, statues, or monuments.” Message said.

He had barred the door to ensure no one could get out easily and ruin his fun. But, while he was being stealthy, that didn’t mean he was completely undetected.

Vincent felt the knife shooting toward his unprotected back. He leaned away at the last moment and caught the arm.

“You know elves make poor assassins.” His presence touched the elf, and the elf hadn’t recognized it. Vincent crushed the man’s arm, and the dagger fell. “Who uses assassins as bodyguards?” Vincent asked and elbowed the man in the face. Bones exploded, and the elf’s head exploded in gore.

He took the painting and added it to his bag of holding; it might be useful to have a window to the past for capturing companions and monsters for his card collection.

**Viewers: 2597**

**Poll: What should I do with the ruling family of Bronze City?**

**Rape the mother and daughters and claim them as cards for leverage.**

**10 Stylish Points**

**Make amends with the ruling class and establish friendship.**

**10 Stylish Points**

**Seek out the envoys and rape them to break down relations forcing the elves to go to him for a solution to their problem.**

**5 Stylish Points**

**Kill all male members of the ruling families and capture the women to be distributed to men.**

**10 Stylish Points**

“You can’t hide from me, my handsome stallion.” Vincent turned around to see a centaur with hair like spun gold, eyes like the sea, and a girl next door smile. Did he mention her boobs were larger than his head? Oh, she turned around and swished up her tail, exposing the goods to him with a pink wink between sinfully dark lips. The centaur turned back around and smiled, all teeth and animalistic hunger.

Vincent felt his heartbeat increase, and his dick hardened on the spot. There were smells in the air he hadn’t noticed before. Suddenly a pit opened in his stomach, filled with want. Everything else faded into tunnel vision, and his presence shot out, and the centaur jumped. Her back legs shot out as she kicked the air before righting herself and blushing.

“Why don’t you help me with the ladies of this house?” Vincent said with a smile. He fumbled through his shop and purchased a strap-on for the lady. When Vincent refreshed the screen, a new strap-on appeared with straps that seemed custom-made for a centaur with insertable lube. He held it to her, and the wild woman grinned at the instrument. “Sharing is caring from where I’m from,” Vincent said.

He attached the straps, including the long curved attachment that fed into the centaur’s pussy. As it turned out, the strap-on would buzz while she used it.

Vincent shook his head and checked his poll.

**Viewers: 3947**

**Poll: What should I do with the ruling family of Bronze City?**

**Rape the mother and daughters and claim them as cards for leverage.**

**10 Stylish Points**

**Votes 392**

**Make amends with the ruling class and establish friendship.**

**10 Stylish Points**

**Votes 350**

**Seek out the envoys and rape them to break down relations forcing the elves to go to him for a solution to their problem.**

**5 Stylish Points**

**Votes 450**

**Kill all male members of the ruling families and capture the women to be distributed to men.**

**10 Stylish Points**

**Votes 20**

**Commenters**

**Plusultra6niper: I know elves are stretchy, but that is a big hunk of silicon.**

**Mr.Horsecunt: It was I, Dio, who made that strap-on.**

**OmegaSigind: This is peak culture.**

His heart wouldn’t stop racing at the sight of the woman who casually stripped off her top before presenting her backside to him. It was already too much he loved fucking the elves, but this could have something to do with childhood trauma, or it could be her giant boobs and his utter degeneracy. His dick was nowhere near a match for the silicon horse cock he was about to strap to her so she could rape the elves.

Was he affecting her in ways she didn’t want? He withdrew his presence from her and tried to keep it contained. It was like bottling up molten rock while gas poured out constantly. Eventually, something would give.

Her emotions were more powerful than his; he recognized that right away. Vincent was able to separate himself from the emotions he felt, but they slammed into him harder than expected. Four hoplites ran into the room fully dressed and armed, and he moved without thinking.

Vincent pulled his bow and shot them one after the other, piercing their armor easily. Killing elves didn’t feel too bad to him anymore. Was he becoming truly evil? No, he was fighting a corrupt regime, and morality was subjective. The barbarian was certain that after the dust cleared, he would be remembered as a hero since he would write down that his deeds were just.

If history told him anything, it was never to lose a war. So long as he beat all his enemies and ensured his scribes and historians correctly spun his deeds, this world would consider him a just overlord.

Something touched his senses, and he moved out of the way of a punch that would have ripped through him. A vampire with black hair and glowing red eyes threw a kick and followed up with more kicks, driving him back a few steps.

“Are you allergic to silicon?” Vincent asked, and the women paused.

“What is silicon?” Vincent moved in and started trading blows with the vampire. While they fought, he adjusted his footwork and slowed down to meet her speed learning as they fought. His mind flew through simulations between each exchange as he ironed out his flaws. The vampire’s eyes grew wider as they exchanged blows until she suddenly sped up and punched him in the gut. Vincent felt his feet leave the ground, and the vampire shot forward and delivered another kick to his chest. “No matter, you shouldn’t get distracted; you might die.”

He stopped flying backward when he fell through two walls and stood back up. It surprised him how much more durable he had become. While a small bruise formed on his stomach, Vincent adjusted his strategy.

**Challenge 9**

**Complete: Defeat the Envoy Mavis Corvid**

**Reward: 1 UC Black Pill: UC Black Pills moderately raise presence and purpose and increase control over yin energies such as magic and demonic powers. Master this power to tame the Satans themselves.**

**Complete: Turn the Envoy Mavis Corvid to your side.**

**Reward: 1 UC White Pill: UC White Pills moderately raise Meaning and Management and increase yang energies like ki and Angelic based powers. Master this power to tame the Gods themselves.**

Angels being real made some sense, but he really didn’t like it. On the other hand, a sudden smite didn’t seem likely.

From what he could tell, his first world was low on the power level scale. It was also in its bronze age with much less research in magic; they seemed to have just gotten writing down in the last few centuries.

Vincent yanked his pants off along with his shirt as she charged. Her hands transformed into claws as he attacked with empathy. She tripped over her feet as he hit her with a massive amount of lust. It was a gamble he hadn’t expected to work.

Mavis was a vampire, so she might run more on logos than Pathos. Then again, feeling sudden extreme arousal would throw anyone off.

“What are you doing to me?” But, as it turned out, empathy was a powerful weapon against uncaring blood-drinking monsters. “What am I feeling?”

“I am an anime protagonist, and you’re a sexy vampire; shouldn’t it be obvious. This outcome was preordained the second we saw each other.” Vincent said.

It was, of course, utter bullshit. Vincent hit her with his emotions while she was in cold-blooded killer mode. Having no feelings for something wasn’t much of an advantage when outside feelings were suddenly added.

“No, that can’t be true; it's impossible,” Mavis said.

Vincent turned the emotions up more and closed in on her. It was time to bullshit, gaslight, and fuck every hole she had.

“Have you ever read of love at first sight?” Vincent asked.

“Is this what that feels like? I read about this feeling in stories but always thought it only happened in fantasy. We nobles live forever, and we build our relationships over the centuries. This is sudden.” She brought her finger to her bottom lip and tapped it in thought. “My sister wants to kill you for destroying two of her servants. I was supposed to collect Victor and ensure there were no loose ends. Instead, you killed him, and more impressively, you survived clashing with me. Are you really human?” Mavis said.

Vincent approached her while Thalia peeked in. His emotions spiked, and the vampire shivered. “I want you inside me.”

The barbarian lifted her black dress and pulled her panties aside, exposing the vampire woman’s hot vampire pussy to the open air. She was already dripping from the emotions muddling her head. This wasn’t planned, but he would take full advantage of any quests available. As a daughter of a local lord, Vincent should be able to get some UC green pills out of her.

He adjusted himself and plunged inside the vampire. What little pain he felt from her was washed out by the pleasure he pumped her with, and Thalia was along for the ride. Vincent pulled a bottle of lube out of his inventory and tossed it to the centaur.

Vincent moved to whisper. “How would you like to help me fuck some elves?” At that point, her eyes were closed as pleasure pumped between them in a loop. She nodded her head while he pressed deep into her vampire pussy. There were so many ripples inside her that elves didn’t have and individual muscles hell-bent on milking his cock. She was almost like a suction machine built to take his sperm. Vincent gasped as she wrapped her legs around him and let her weight fall. Suddenly the head of his cock was kissing her cervix.

He pumped into her slowly, first digging his hands into her tight white ass. She was so soft and, best of all, durable. He didn’t have to hold back when he fucked her hungry cunny. Mavis tossed her hair back as he pounded her.

He came hard into Mavis’s vampire pussy, leaving hot, steaming ropes of cum inside her. When he was done, he pulled out and checked his Livestream. The poll would close soon.

Vincent bought another strap-on and gave it to Mavis. She slipped it on and admired the thing.

“The elves must have truly fallen to be so vulnerable,” Mavis said.

“The goblins would be ready to conquer them in a few years. That’s what they are building up to. The tribute was always to keep the elves weak until the goblins were ready.” Vincent said.

It was like Attila the Hun and Rome. The goblins were on track to become the next great power if the centaurs didn’t rise first. The humans were under the thumb of the nobles paying their tribute in their lives. Of course, Vincent planned to overthrow all of them. This was practice for later worlds; he didn’t need to take them over only to get an army card and build up his forces. Once he left, he felt everything he did would get overturned.

Mavis was having trouble getting her strap-on in, so he helped her adjust the straps until the silicon penis was pointed just right for her. Then, the vampire waved her hips back and forth, dangerously close to becoming a Yuri hentai protagonist.

“Do you really want to do this?” Mavis asked.

“What’s wrong? Afraid you’ll like it?” Vincent asked.

A blush covered the vampire’s face. “Yes, I don’t want to become addicted to having my way with my food.” Vincent smacked her ass, and she jumped. The inner vibrator buzzed, filling her with pleasure that created another loop. She sighed through the buzzing, exposing cute little fangs. “Let’s find one of the chief’s daughters.”

They found the elf hiding in one of the locked libraries filled with books that were supposed to be burned in the treaty.

Vincent gave them both go-pros, and they found the first elf girl’s room. She looked to be a fully matured girl, but age was difficult with elves. Their average lifespan was around 400 years old, with royals living for thousands of years.

The elf thrust her hand out, and a lance of roots appeared covered in elvish magic runes. Vincent caught her arm and pushed the attack away before it could pierce Mavis’s chest.

Vincent pulled the elf backward and stared down at her body. She had a lithe body with small breasts, a hairless pink pussy, wide hips, and light skin that had never seen the sun. The little mole beside her belly button was cute too. The barbarian poured lube over the elf’s muff over her cute little camel toe. Vincent squeezed her breasts and pulled her backward until his dick rested between her buttcheeks. Mavis took her strap-on and pressed it slowly between the elf’s lips. The lube flowed downhill onto his dick, slipping it up for real fun. He pressed his dick against the elf’s backdoor while Mavis moaned and pressed her silicon dick into the elf.

“I feel so powerful,” Mavis said.

Vincent felt endless pleasure from them while they fucked the elf silly. Once Mavis was done, it was Thalia’s turn. He felt the centaur lay her large hooves on either side above his head while Mavis lined up the horse strap-on. The barbarian had a front-row seat of Thalia’s big beautiful, bouncing tits.

A thought occurred to him then that he didn’t like. This world was great; he gained plenty of power even if he was bogged down in potential conquest and getting an army off the ground.

“Message, how many of us actually go back to earth,” Vincent asked.

“Less than 1% of most choose to stay in their new worlds. Why would you return when this whole world is your playground?”

The system was treating him like a child. It treated him like being swatted was a joke. Sex was great, but he wanted to drive the lizard men from his world.

Armies of Monstergirl waifus in their current strength weren’t enough. They were great as a joke army, but he wouldn’t call them top-tier. Why did the girl know more druidess magic than the druidesses? Well, the answer to that was obvious she had the books. Then why couldn’t Vincent use them to learn magic?

“Thank you for telling me that, buddy,” Vincent said.

Thalia chose that moment to shove her big silicon centaur-sized dick into the elf. He felt the thing buzz through the thin membrane separating the elf’s colon from her vagina.

Elves were extremely stretchy.

Vincent captured the elf, Mavis, and Thalia in cards. He read Thalia’s card. Thalia the Yandere Centaur. That sent warning bells. He released the centaur, who looked around disoriented.

“Thalia, what did you do.”

“Where did you learn my name, handsome?” The centaur asked.

“What did you do?” Vincent repeated.

“An elf mostly before you put her away. Maybe you wanted a turn with me.” Suddenly he felt the same feelings he had before and quickly realized he wasn’t the only one manipulating emotions.

His dick was hard, and he wanted to pound her centaur pussy. Vincent loved the look of the black wrinkled pussy with its deep hungry hole and thumb-sized clit.

“No,” Vincent said, shaking his head. “Not while he had things to do.”

“Why don’t you come here and grab my breasts?” Thalia asked.

She pressed her breasts together, giving him a great show of her big pink nipples pressing against each other. His heart raced; he wanted to fuck her tits and would after he figured things out. He needed to get sex out of his head and focus on things instead of trying for orgies before he was powerful enough to deserve them.

“I smelled you on the elf; it was faint, but your destined one knows it well. After you saved me, I knew it was fate for us to be together. Who else would I want to ride me than you? I was scared you didn’t want me when you mated with that creature, but you didn’t forget me. She was only an addition to our love.” Thalia said.

This quickly got out of hand, and his dick didn’t care. It was true was they said the crazies were the best pussy. But her pussy could take an arm without flinching.

Vincent sucked in a breath and let it out. Arousal lowers the IQ making rational decision-making more difficult. He needed to focus. Killing her didn’t seem like an option, so he raised her card. Thalia vanished inside it, and his mind slowly cleared up. It was either mind control or pheromones; either way, he didn’t feel like himself. He took every book he could find and began his plunder in earnest of the mansion.

He would have to decide soon whether to court the centaurs and use them to attack the goblins to complete the challenge or go in alone with his elves.