

Title: Level-Up Delight

Jackal's mood has been grand since he completed the deal with Hephaestus Familia. It was never about the money if one considers his trait—Humble Store. He could earn money as effortlessly as breathing.

Jackal has used enough cheat codes in video games to understand they get dull quickly.

For instance, money cheat can get quite dull. For him, his trait is merely a tool to acquire things conveniently that wouldn't be available otherwise, like Counter Block.

Granted, his life is no video game, but the point still stands on one leg.

No, for Jackal, dominating the market is a pleasure. He likes the competition.

The prices of low-tier potions, including his Dual Potion, have taken a blow ever since he introduced Butterfree Era for 13000 Valis. Any dedicated newbie can buy it after a few days of grinding and increase their output, as long as they have some training with mind and magic to use it. All they need is one Butterfree Era since more adventurers think about conquering the Dungeon instead of stocking the Butterfree Era.

The Armored Shield will be a success, and so will the Silver Strength Potion, but they are expensive for an average Level 1 adventurer, and the latter must be used as a last-ditch item to save their lives in a pinch.

His mood rose further in the day as Lili gave him the great news of Soma dispatching the first batch of his wine tonight.

But...

Suppressing the irritation of his enhanced senses due to the chatter and various scents mingling in the city, Jackal observes the humming Lili as the two are no longer cursed by oversized backpacks but by tiny frollets secured around their waists instead.

'Lili hasn't congratulated me.' It's not an issue. No, it is an issue!

How could Lili not congratulate him when even Ouka did? He got a bonafide kiss on the cheek from Maria, a relatively awe-struck expression for Mikoto, and so much more! The children practically sang his praises! Heck! Even the Loki Familia did not stop by to take their Bento or screw around with him.

NOT THAT HE WANTS THEM TO!

'Maybe... it's because Eina rocked my lips this morning?'

Eina and Rose congratulated him last night with quite a kiss, but that did not stop Eina from leaping ahead and planting another one this morning.

But Lili can't be mad about that, right?

Sure, she sulked a bit. But by the time they reached Blue Pharmacy, Lili was back to her upbeat, brown-nosing self. So, the fact that she evades congratulating him stands out further. Now Jackal is no witless fool and can take a hint the very next second... or tens of times later, so he couldn't understand what he missed.

"Lili, you're looking even better in your uniform today."

"Ah—W-what? Jackal-sama! Really?!" Lili stammers and looks down as she pulls her hood to hide her blush as Jackal blinks in surprise.

'The usual response from the test subject *Magical Ears and Tail*. What a shy girl. It is possible that she just forgot... no, she was next to Maria when she congratulated me.'

It wouldn't have been an issue if Jackal did not like praises as greedily as Loki seeks his Gemlings.

Lili squirms a bit as she walks under Jackal's intense stare. Parts of her that should not twitch in public throbs positively as she also earns a few knowing glances from the passing Beastmen and women.

'Hmm... she is acting a bit odd and now fidgeting. Something's up, and it's not the BDSM Hero.'

Jackal, as usual, cannot help but recall the animated toons of his previous life the second he thinks of them.

'Ah, *The Rise of BDSM Hero*. What a wild ride that was. From enslaving princesses to bringing the joys of BDSM to goblinoid culture. I wish the Goblins of this world were remotely as cute as the ones in that show.'

The two soon stand in front of the Hostess of Fertility as Lili licks her dry lips and tries to speak something.

"It's too quiet."

Jackal frowns before Lili speaks anything, and a panicked expression strikes her as she quickly squeaks and holds the edge of Jackal's sleeve.

“J-Jackal-sama!”

“Yes, Lili-Sama?”

Pouting a little as Jackal mimics her, Lili lowers her head and gestures for Jackal to lean down.

“Hmm?” Jackal bends and brings his ears closer to Lili as she watches him while looking around to see if anyone is watching them. Sighing in relief as the street is busy, Lili gulps and whispers, “Congratulations on your Level Up.”

Her lips lean forward as her heated breath grazes his ear. Not that Jackal cares about anything else. His head whips in her direction with the brightest grin that stops her in her motion.

“Thanks! I was wondering when you’d congratulate me!”

Lili’s eyes widen. Her emotions are in a mess as she feels his lips just a courageous leap away!

She can do it!

She *CAN* do it!

Her chestnut pupils flicker an unsettling pink which Jackal notes in a second. Interest flash in his gaze as he continues to observe Lili’s eyes, not knowing that bridging their gaze would only provide a path for the uppity Pallum to leap without any fears.

She **WILL** do it!

Her cherry lips can feel his soft breathing. If Eina can kiss him, so can she! No, why must Eina and Rose be the only ones to kiss him when it’s *CLEARLY* Lili who loves him the most? She only has eyes for her savior, only one desire to be his to use as a weapon, employee, or a woman.

Her lips part slowly. Even if someone is looking at them, chances are that Lili has no fucks to give.

Jackal finally seems to break out of his curiosity as he feels Lili getting too close. He blinks in surprise before whispering.

“Do you hear that?”

“No,” Lili replies just as softly. It’s happening anytime now. Maybe it’s her beating heart about to give up on her body.

“It sounds like a—” Jackal straightens his back with a snap as his arm flies at the pub’s entrance, “—peeping Goddess!”

He intended to grab the vermilion-haired goddess by the head and pull her up. Instead, as Lili stays rooted in shock at how quickly things changed, Jackal’s hand struck the throat of a blonde God, who wore a mischievous expression.

Of course, the mischief fades as the deity is sent flying, only to be caught by Mia’s doughy hand. Jackal works his jaw when he sees the interior sparsely occupied by the few people he knows personally. Somehow, Maria is present before them! And then it hit Jackal why Lili was moving so slowly.

“A surprise party?!”

His grin widens as he turns around to pick up the sour Lili in his arms, who is glaring in the direction of the gagging blonde god. If looks could kill, the deity would not exist in hell.

“Uh... surprise, nya?” Anya tilts her head and looks at the Deity.

Khou

Khou

Khou

As it turns out, Lili had a plan! She did have a day’s lead after learning about Jackal’s official level-up, even if he hadn’t submitted any report on his leveling. Sometimes the Guild has to file promotions when reputation precedes the adventurer. So, she easily siphoned a good chunk of her funds to book the entire pub.

The only problem was... Lili doesn’t get paid in money. So Jackal is the one financing the entire thing. Not that he minds it.

It’s being spent for a good cause—*Him*.

“There you go. Easy there. Take deep breaths, just like that. But dude, does Asfi hate you or something?” Jackal rubs Hermes’ back. He is well-acquainted with the deity, his previous host, at least. Hermes tried to bribe a few stellar Guild employees to share information with his Familia. Jackal was one of the men chosen. Of course, the Familia heard nothing from him.

As Hermes pants, Jackal hums while grinning at Mia, “But it looks like Hermes was rearing for a good knock, right, Mia? I mean, visiting my shop to try finding dirt on me from Lili before inviting yourself to this party and peeping on us.”

“Peeping... huff, is a divine art... huff! A man’s romance!” He looks at Jackal with amber hues before slumping on the counter as Jackal winces, listening to the screech of a hateful petite shrew!

“Soma~! Come, gimme some of that love~!” Jackal half turns to find the executives of the Loki Familia prying Loki from Soma’s... box that contains the first brew of the promised many.

He watches the waitresses cleaning the central table. Eina and Rose smiled at him but didn’t interrupt his short chat with Hermes. Instead, they are seated with Maria, who talks about her children. Take and his Familia gaze at the food with drool in their eyes, or are they tears? Miach shakes his head wryly while Naaza settles near the equally silent blue-haired *‘Perseus’* Asfi Al Andromeda, Hermes’ Captain.

Then there is Ais staring right at him with all the social cluelessness she can muster. Tiona and Tione are poking at Bete all the wrong way who showed up. Gareth, surprisingly, isn’t drawing in wine just yet. His gaze is lured by the box in Soma’s hand just as greedily as Loki’s.

“Quite the party, huh?” Hermes exhales a pant for the last time and looks at Mia, “Could you give us some privacy?”

“Not like I can’t hear all the whispers already, right?” Mia scoffs and stays put while leaning on the counter not far from them as she watches the small party raise a ruckus.

“Someone should pay you to keep pretense, at least!” Hermes smirks at Mia, who rolls her eyes as the Deity regards the calm Jackal.

“You’re not angry?”

Jackal matches Lili’s stare as he winks at her, who quickly looks away and sits beside Maria.

“Are you kidding? I’ve got no reason to be angry! But I’d stay clear of Lili if I were you. She wanted to strangle you while you were still gasping for air.”

“Creepy~!” Hermes giggles as his gaze is attracted by the pleasantly humming Syr.

“Speaking of creepy, did you hear about Zanis?”

“I met Olal. If that’s what you mean.” Jackal’s words make Mia’s expression darken for a brief moment.

Hermes looks at Jackal and questions casually, "Olal? Do I know him?"

Jackal shrugs. It's not like he can beat the information out of Hermes with Asfi present. "Why are you here, Hermes? Make it quick."

"Why? Your party will survive the night, won't it?"

"And you're part of it. Why? I don't even know why Loki is here."

"I heard it!" Loki snaps her face in his direction.

"That's why I screamed the last bit, you runt!"

"Wait until I get Soma's Wine!"

"Lili, if she gets it, you know what to do!"

"Yes, Jackal-sama!" Lili sits attentively and stares at the two deities while channeling all her murderous intent at the fact she lost an almost perfect opportunity!

"The food's set. May would like you to eat it while it's hot. Discuss all your business elsewhere. Chloe, Anya, Ryu, and Lunoire all have their ears on you two, the nosy children they are."

The four flinch and scurry into the kitchen as Jackal scoffs a chuckle and stands up. "Sure, swing by the shop when I'm there this time."

"I will try not to miss you this time." Hermes smiles cordially.

Jackal soon towers over Loki, latched on Soma's box as others tense around them. His gaze bores into Soma as he opens up.

"Congratulations. And please don't hold it against Lili. I wished to deliver these batches myself. After all, I made the contract with Lili, not my children."

"Get off him." Jackal looks at Loki instead of replying to Soma. The Vermilion-haired serpent stays stuck on the box with a challenging smirk, but Riveria has enough sense to pull Loki away with her superior strength this time.

Taking the box from Soma's hand, Jackal observes the batch of 12 jars. Silence descends on the pub as Lili chews her lips worriedly. She didn't want Jackal's mood ruined, but Lili felt getting Soma's premium wine at his party might brighten him up.

Jackal picks a bulky jar as high as 20 centimeters and undoes the lid as an aromatic scent fills the pub within seconds, captivating almost everyone.

“This is not my divine wine. That will be only for Gods to taste, but since I am contracted to you, I won’t have time to—”

“Here, big guy! Thanks for showing up!” Jackal cuts in with a loud laugh and tosses the jar after closing it to Gareth. The dwarf laughs as loudly and catches it with deceptively swift brawny hands.

Jackal’s grin broadens as he picks another jar under Loki’s gaze and whimpers. Wagging his brows at Mia, he questions smugly, “I’m looking pretty hot right about now, huh? Don’t you try something stupid after getting drunk!”

A jar flew towards Mia, who caught it with a smirk. “It’ll take me ten more jars to do somethin’ stupid!”

Jackal looks at the remaining ten jars and looks at everyone present.

“Thanks for showing up, everyone!”

While his broad smile does bring others back to the mood, Miach’s smile dampens somewhat when he sees Soma quietly turning around to leave. He wished to say something, but was it his place to say anything?

“So, Lili, got another seat at this party? You’re the one who arranged this.”

Lili blinks in surprise before her gaze drifts toward Soma getting the door. Her eyes widen in realization before she puffs her cheeks and crosses her thin arms, “Only if Jackal-sama compensates me well for the extra!”

“I’m practically paying for all this, but sure!” Jackal chortles, his hand latching on Soma’s shoulder before stuffing a jar in the deity’s hand. “Cheer a bit! We beat each other like no other Familia ever had a beef, you know? That’s an awesome thing to drink over!”

Soma freezes momentarily as he mechanically looks up at the slightly more muscular youth.

“Don’t get me wrong. We still aren’t as tight as Take and Miach, but your dull mug is way better than Loki’s.”

Pulling Soma to a seat, Jackal snatches the box before Loki lays claim to the wine as he jumps on a chair and extends his arms over his head, “Over my dead body, bitch!”

“Fine! Bete, rough him up!”

“Bete! You adorable fur ball! Here’s one for you, too!”

Jackal laughs and tosses a jar in Bete's direction as the werewolf is positively snarling and embarrassed simultaneously! His furry ears twitch as his tail stiffens behind him.

"You asshole! First the Gemlings, and now this! Curse your nine ancestors!"

Jackal grins cockily as he looks at Naaza, "Do I see two annoyed captains? There you go! Don't let Hermes have a drop!"

Asfi catches the jar and hands it to Naaza with a soft sigh.

"Somaaaaaa! Stop him!" Loki glares at Soma, who is already sitting across Take and Miach while sharing drinks. Gareth and Mia are glaring at each other as they have their lips on the jar while gulping it as if their lives depend on it. Bete has difficulty keeping Tiona and Tione away from his jar as a curious Ais and shy Lefiya surround him. Hermes is held in a spot under his Captain's threatening glare as Chloe tip-toes to get Naaza and Asfi two mugs.

"Hmm, get on here!" Jackal beckons Lili with a finger. Rowdier than ever, he hands her one jar and claims in not so soft tone, "We'll see how I can compensate you for all this and Hermes cutting off your little moment."

"I- I don't know what you're talking about!" Lili bounces away in embarrassment under others' stares, and Jackal looks at Eina, "You're drinking tonight! At least one sip."

Eina huffs and adjusts her glasses, "We'll see."

"Oh, where's Misha?" Jackal looks around and finally notes the lack of afterthought pinkette.

"Someone... had to cover for us. We will save some alcohol for her." Rose nods in confirmation as Jackal shrugs.

"And here's a jar for the lovely ladies." Jackal looks at the waitresses as Syr questions with a playful smile, "Do you want all of us to climb around you, Daddy?"

"Puh!" Take coughs his wine as his familia is no better. Miach toasts Soma for another cup while Maria's expression freezes in shock!

"D-daddy?" Mikoto gasps, "Jackal-dono, you have a lot of children for someone so young."

"Thanks. Mia and I started early." Jackal grins back and tosses a jar for Lunoire to catch.

"Pfffttttt! Gahahahahaha! Leave it to Mia for having the weirdest kinks!" Gareth guffaws.

"I'll tear your damn beard," Mia scowls before threatening Jackal, "And your little prick."

“That’s what she said the first night!” Jackal snorts another chuckle, drunk on the sheer joy bubbling in him.

“Oh, how many do we have left?” Jackal looks at the box. “Ooh, six remains.”

Jackal looks around. His gaze lingers on Loki, whose expression eases.

“Hmm, that’s about it. Get more from me or choose your liking at Mia’s counter.”

Loki gapes, but then again, what else did she expect?

“He’s quite a guy, huh?” Hermes observes the party getting rowdier as everyone starts eating and talking while the Deity finds himself standing next to the Hostess of Fertility’s Witch—Syr Flova. The waitress smiles and nods before looking at Hermes, “Would you like me to serve you the food, Hermes-Sama?”

Her smile is so sweet that it could kill. Maybe that’s why Hermes shakes his head with a smile.

Soma’s wines are top-notch, no doubt about it. Instead of isolating an entire Jar, Jackal sticks with Eina, Rose, Maria, and Lili at the start to make sure Eina doesn’t force herself for his sake. Turns out... he was worried for nothing. Soma’s fruity wine attracts Eina just as much as Ais, Lefiya, and Riveria. But only Riveria has the sense of not letting the flavor compel her to fill herself with alcohol. After all, the green-haired royal suspects she will be the one to escort her Familia as even Finn starts drinking with Tione bringing him cups of wine one after another.

And with alcohol comes stories. Embarrassing stories.

Remaining genuine to his promise, Jackal has others around him, including Ryuu and the rest. His face flushed as he took another swig of Soma’s flavorful and addictive juices.

“So, she says—Listen O’ Spirits of mine! Charm the unguided child into my light and let him do chores! *Frisk Syrya!*—Pfft, hahahahahaha!”

Jackal holds his stomach as Syr’s cheeks inflate to the maximum with a heavy blush on her face.

Having drunk a little, Ryuu admits with slight redness on her serious face, “That’s not all she did. We committed another embarrassing mistake of—”

“Waaah! Ryuu, you’ve drunk enough!” Syr covers Ryuu’s mouth before dragging the elf upstairs. Jackal blinks before shrugging. “Alright, who’s next?”

“Hmm, I have quite the stories. Alas, I haven’t sipped a drop of alcohol,” Hermes smirks and speaks enticingly. “I have details on divine beauties. Beauties of Tenkai that bathed in the purest of water—”

“Look back, champ.” Jackal cocks his head sideways before grinning viciously, “But this gave me a great idea!”

“No, it didn’t!” Asfi speaks coldly while Naaza sips her alcohol next to her. Hers and Jackal’s eyes remained locked for a brief moment before his eyes widen.

“Fuck, I got a good one on Naaza!”

The Chienthrope’s eyes narrow as she questions calmly, but a slur can be heard in her tone.

“Do you wish to increase the number of Bentos you cook?”

“Hey, I’ll do more than cooking to fill you.” He chuckles at his own words.

“Ooh, I want to tell a story!” Tiona bounces and interjects. “I just remembered the story of the Drunk Hero Lee Rock who...” She starts with an excited expression as Jackal coughs a little and stands away.

“Wait, where are you going?” Tiona questions with a pout as he raises his jar. “You’re doing great. I need to piss.”

“Hey~! Svadilfari. You missed my story!” Tiona sits on the table with her legs crossed as Jackal chews on a drumstick with a wry expression, “Could you not call me that? Butcher of Orario sounds so much better.”

“But it doesn’t sound like a Hero’s name at all!” Tiona complains as she leans forward, not minding how her panties are displayed fully in her current position.

“Good?” Jackal hums.

“Why?” Tiona huffs, “Come on, I’ll complete the story you missed.”

“Heh~ Look, Short-stuff. Soon, my Tiona will wrap that punk in her cutesy charm, and I’ll get the remaining jars of wine!” Loki licks her lips while sitting on an annoyed but drunk Maria’s lap with her head comfortably placed on Maria’s motherly bosom.

Lili scoffs while Loki looks at Eina and Rose.

“So, he’s charmed two of you. What a pity. But there is a way to the light! I hear Jackal is an unrepentant pervert who uses women and discards them! I can tell you more for the price of those lovely mugs in your hands!”

Rose stares at Loki before sipping her wine as Eina stares at the Goddess with a scowl, “He’s not like that!” The half-elf slurs in his defense.

“Hoh?”

Before Loki finishes, Maria clamps on Loki’s cheeks and pulls them hard. “Enough, Loki! If you don’t stop, I’ll discipline you like the children in the orphanage!”

“Ooh, no better time to get a good spanking~ Turn ‘em red!” Loki giggles while drinking Mia’s dwarven brew. Her shamelessness is enough to stump almost everyone. Right about now, the employees of the pub have joined in on the party instead of serving others since it’s already pretty late and they would be leaving soon enough.

Naaza sits next to Miach to fend off any questions Hermes might have from the group of drunk deities. Asfi and Riveria find common grounds to chat with Finn and his drunk baggage—Tione.

Things couldn’t be better as Lili’s smile widens.

‘Jackal-sama has so many friends... except her!’ Her gaze lands on the dazed blonde doll blinking blearily with Lefiya next to her.

Most adventurers here have abnormal resistance, making them resistant to cheap ale and other poisonous substances. But as recorded, Soma’s wine is top-notch across all Levels. His stuff is sold for hundreds of thousands! Even Ais feels the effects of alcohol on her young body.

“It’s so great. It’s been so long since I could have fun like this.” Maria exhales and subconsciously cuddles Loki, nay, the motherly woman smothers Loki, who quickly tries to tap out!

“How did you have free time today, Maria-san?” Eina slurs as the woman smiles, “One of the former members of the orphanage agreed to babysit today.”

“Ah, that must be nice—”

BANG

A loud sound stops everyone in their chatter as Jackal shoots to his feet and walks out of the pub under everyone's stunned stare. His expression is as cold as ravaging murderers on the street as he leaves, and the rest slowly look back to see a small chunk of wood torn out of the table with a pouch of frolet beside it.

Tiona herself is still in her previous position, as shocked as the rest.

"Oh, my. And I thought I'd be the party pooper."

Hermes' quiet musing fills the muted interior of the pub while Loki quickly jumps off Maria while shouting.

"Hey, nobody destroys Mia's furniture! Don't worry, Mia! I'll get that bastard! Dibs on the last three jars!"

"Huh?" Tiona finally comes to be and issues a curious noise from her throat. Her eyes are as wide as they can be as tears build in the corner of her eyes.

'And that's why one shouldn't force the stories of heroes if the other party does not want to hear it,' Syr glances at Tiona. She could guess what happened given that the Amazon is a fan of Heroic Legacies while the human isn't such a fan, refusing to talk about one at all.

Alternate Title: Water Under Bridge; A Moment Ruined; Another Moment Ruined; Party Pooper; Lili's Rewards Grow More Distant; Lili Wants Hermes-Sama Dead!; The Ultimate Party Lubricant; Loki is as Virtuous as Ever; The Heroic Loki Attempts to Save Eina and Rose from Jackal's Devilish Grip; Flustered Syr; Magical Girl Syr!; Ryuu Almost Blowing the Bag; Surprise Party; Svadilfari is Gonna Stick; Drunk on Excitement; Shocking Departure; Jackal Did Pay For the Damages; A Relieved Maria; Shorty Rivalry—Lili V Ais!; Mikoto Understands Jackal is a Dad; Starting Child Planning With Mia Early

Title: Cats and Dogs

A/N: This chapter turned out to be much longer than intended, so I didn't have the strength to read all of it for a final edit aside from the usual Grammarly check. Took me more than 9 hours to finish this, and I'm positively tired.

Something wet, moist, and warm... something scratchy grazes the tip of his nose. His head hammers and throbs despite his better resilience. Soma's Wine was too much. Nobody forced him to drink it, but Jackal will damn well pin some blame on others after a night he can barely remember.

He finds himself in an unfamiliar setting. It's like he is in a new world! Oh, wait. His vision was simply blurred as the crust of the sleep sealed his eyes shut. Light filters through his barely open eyes, and the surroundings become clear. His eyes are attracted to a pair of green feline pupils on top of him.

A pink pussy.

No, literally.

An almost palm-sized pink-furred kitten sits atop him and licks his nose while sniffing his lips.

His groan startles the kitten as she stumbles down his body and onto the small mattress. He feels someone beside him shuffle, but his mind barely works despite hours of rest. His throat is dry, and his body feels burning. So, of course, he sights a cream-blond-furred dog, a proper watchful dog, sitting in the corner and staring at Jackal quietly. The dog's stark blue eyes seem to reveal caution.

"I didn't..." Jackal voices his fears as he feels naked under the thin sheets. He doesn't notice the random collection of expensive artifacts around him in this small, congested room.

"I didn't fuck you, did I?"

What else could he assume in such a sorry state?

Meeaaa The green-eyed kitty can barely meow correctly as she is startled by his voice or something else to the point she jumps from the bed unconsciously before hanging on the edge with her dear life on the line! The furry, husky-like dog moves to paw the kitty's rear end and boost her back to the bed before she hurriedly climbs atop the silent Jackal's head and slides down to the pillow.

Amidst his headache and this fever dream, Jackal decides to turn the other way. Maybe he'll have the fortune to see another animal.

This time a bitch.

He can see her face. A bitch none would buy. Vermilion fur on the head and otherwise furless similar to a Persian cat, but only uglier.

"I was raped..." Jackal whispers before using poking Loki in the eye, albeit gently.

"You cunt, wake up!" His voice grows loud, and he faces the consequences the next second as his head thrashes against his skull against the apparent noise pollution. Loki's expression contorts, too, as she mumbles softly.

"You didn't fuck any dog. And nobody assaulted you, asshole. It's just been three hours since we slept."

"Three hours? What about before? Hey, don't make me—"

"Nobody's around us... just sleep." Loki nuzzles into his chest with ease, and one of his arms is already around her back as Jackal looks around momentarily before closing his eyes with a muted sigh.

"You remember anything?"

"Everything."

"I don't."

"You will, don't worry. I promise you."

"What about the kitty and the dog?"

"You bought them."

"Fuck."

"We did that, too."

"You think... if I soldier through the pain and sneak out, others won't notice me?"

"Oh... we were pretty loud."

“I bet you were.”

“Let’s see what your memory tells you,” Loki smirks quietly and leans further into his body as his leg covers her thighs and pulls her closer.

“Fuck, you smell.”

“It’s all you.”

Jackal and Loki soon quieten down. Their breathing gets peaceful as their bodies relax into each other’s arms. Even if Jackal did not believe Loki 100%, the sense of deja vu of the sensation of her skin only brought back last night’s memory. Yet, he sleeps peacefully with the menace to his life.

Not that others can see them... except for the kitty and the husky. The small bed feels more comfortable despite the room being warmer than usual.

“How’d you even find me?” Jackal raises his head and looks at Loki climbing the ladder of one of the apartment buildings consisting of small rooms. Take’s Familia is currently situated in one such complex.

He bottoms down the jar and places it beside him while still lying on the cold concrete roof as he watches the beautiful night sky.

“I followed the scent of wine, of course,” Loki shrugs and grins, “So? What was with that hissy fit?”

“It really was one,” Jackal slurs and chuckles drunkenly. “I told her to stop speaking about Heroes. Heroes this, heroes that. I told her to stop several times. Tiona just wouldn’t listen.”

Loki frowns a bit as she walks to Jackal and sits beside him.

“What? I won’t share the wine even if you beg.”

“We’ll see,” Loki smirks and muses, “But the real mystery is, how the fuck you managed to convince Eina and Rose to go out with you when you still have hissy fits?”

“My limitless charm, perhaps.” Jackal hands another jar from the froillet to Loki, who doesn’t point out how easily she got the wine. Instead, she calmly unseals the jar’s mouth and gulps down the wine before letting out a heated sigh. “That’s the stuff!”

She sets the jar on Jackal’s chest, who half-sits up and drinks before lying again.

“Orario isn’t the city for you if you’ve got issues with Hero, you know? Especially not after saving one vicious damsel in distress.”

Jackal doesn’t reply at all and continues to stare at the sky.

“Hey, talking to you!” Loki scoffs and picks up the jar again. “How long do you think Finn will let me stay outside without protection? Wanna bet some Valis on it?”

“I don’t hate heroes,” Jackal shakes his head as he feels the familiar stare on himself from god knows where. His eyes fixate on the brilliant night sky as he mutters wearily. “I just don’t want to hear about them. Why is it so hard to understand? Worst of it all, I thought Tiona was super cute. My dumbass just had to blow my chances with her. And why tonight of all nights?”

Loki guffaws out loud.

“Yep, she’s cute as a button, alright. But she just loves tales just as much you might despise them. The stories of the Heroes are why she’s got the spunky personality. If she didn’t have these legends, I’d say she wouldn’t have survived.”

“And I survived because I never believed them. Knight in shining armor?” Jackal sits up, snatching the jar from Loki’s hand before drinking half the wine in one go! “Give me a break! If the armor is shining, chances are the Knight is worthless. Underdog Heroes? There are no underdogs. Sons of bitches are always exceptional. If they aren’t, they don’t become heroes. They face the steel and blood to become the monsters they face daily. You mean to say Finn is the Hero of Pallum out of his virtues?”

As Jackal speaks, his tempers churn higher, “Or what about Ais? The little Princess? She’s a bundle of blood and issues. Fuck, man. Heroes? What a joke! Heroes are the ones that you cunts get to manipulate freely!”

Loki stares at Jackal for a while before shrugging. Who’s she to challenge a mortal’s opinion when she risks getting beaten?

“I get it! You’re a mean drunk.” She asserts with a smirk.

Jackal questions after a while, “So? Tenkai is right up there?” He points at the starry sky.

“No, Tenkai is where your heart believes it to be. Where the fuck do you think we descend from? Since we descend, of course, it’s gonna be above this plane!” She mocks with a sneer as Jackal narrows his eyes and scoffs.

“What’s with Svadilfari?” Jackal inquires, “I’m not from Loki Familia.”

“Hmm, since your deity didn’t show up, not even at your Level Up party, which was adequate until you had to ruin the mood, the rest of us gods decided to pick up the slack and name you.”

Jackal snorts, “And you couldn’t have given me a better name?”

“We couldn’t risk stroking your already overcompensating ego.”

Jackal purses his lips and then nods.

“What’s with your deity? If they are so shy about public appearances, maybe you should switch a year later. Falna usually needs a year to stabilize from the influence of the divine before you can choose another one.”

“Stop pestering me about the Familia.”

“Come on! We’re drinking in such peace! We’ll probably be at each other’s throat without Soma’s wine to mellow us come tomorrow!” Loki snickers impishly, “Let’s share some interesting information. Something that will be worthwhile to both of us.”

Jackal takes the jar from her hands again to quietly sip on wine as she huffs in irritation.

“Then what about Tiona? Why’d you have to snap at my peppy little Amazon?”

“I didn’t snap at her. I snapped at the table. I figured leaving the room without shouting would be the best course.”

“Huh, you’re surprisingly sensible when drunk. Mean but sensible.”

“Kiss my ass.”

“And there’s the mean drunk.”

Jackal scoffs for the umpteenth time. “Just drink the rest and leave me alone.”

“Don’t be so glum,” Loki smirks as she rolls up the sleeves of her shirt. “I’m just happy you naturally blew your chance with Tiona. I feared you’d wear one of my children down and work up to Nine Sweetness.”

“Good dreams,” Jackal chuckles without any sadness. He would rather avoid Tiona than hear Heroic Legends. Why else would he stick to the villain-oriented shows in his past life like—Two Piece, My Villain Academia, Detergent, and The Rise of BDSM Hero?

“But, even if you did manage to bang any of my children, I’d make sure to break it off,” Loki contemplates as she sets aside the empty jar.

“And why’s that?” Jackal questions curiously instead of being offended.

“Besides the fact your mug is ugly to look at, I don’t want my children to die or suffer worse fates than that.”

Jackal furrows his brows and grumbles, “Bitch, I can’t be that bad in bed, alright?”

“Who cares about that?” Loki scoffs and lies on the roof, something Jackal follows as the Vermilion-haired Goddess mutters, “You just have the wrong kind of attention on yourself.”

“Olal? Again?”

“You know him?” Loki questions back, equally amazed.

Jackal shrugs as she shakes her head, “Not Olal. He’s an issue to hay-brained dumbfucks, but not me.”

“Says the hay-brained dumbfuck.”

“I’ll let you know I once sent half of Tenkai into chaos by cursing Baldur for shits and giggles!”

“And how isn’t that the purest expression of a Dumbfuck?”

Loki groans aloud and grows silent, “Just saying. You’re a hot commodity.”

“Hmm.”

“What? Nothing to add? Aren’t you equally a dumbfuck to cut the hands of Apollo’s Familia members and some more?”

“Who gives a shit?” Jackal smiles brightly as he cannot help but extend his hand as if to grab one of the stars decorating the beautiful sky. He can feel his skin crawling when he feels the omniscient stare again. “Others can look at me. They can fear, envy, or love me.” His smile turns soft, and so does his tone. “But I made a promise to myself. I won’t ever let fear cage me. Death is an acceptable alternative. But I will never wait for any so-called heroes or whatever shit others like to tell themselves.”

“It’s easier said than done,” Loki scoffs. She has heard many men and women claim essentially the same vows. Who isn’t a bright star amongst them? Who isn’t admirable?

But they all die, or usually, break in the face of death.

“Easier said than done? Psssh. Understatement of the decade!” Jackal scoffs a chuckle. “You’d have to be tied to a chair and beaten so brutally that you would stop regretting your actions and accept the outcome of choosing death. But yeah, Death over Fear.”

Loki looks at Jackal strangely and questions, “Are you smoking something dangerous? How the fuck would you know of Death? Or is it something related to your Deity?”

But Jackal doesn’t answer as he sits again and retrieves another wine jar. His gaze is captivated by the night sky as he mutters, “I’m gonna explain things to Tiona tomorrow. There is no fucking way I give up this easily! Who the fuck cares about gods and goddesses interested in me? If they pull a stunt, I’ll break their necks with my own hands!”

Loki’s eyes open slightly as she feels a sudden burst of killing intent from multiple locations. Jackal is not less astute in such matters as he looks around before laughing loudly and raising his jar high. “Here’s to all you snicker-fucks out there watching me instead of using your time for something better!”

His grin broadens as he can almost feel his skin prickle by the intent locked on him from some location.

However, his undaunting self scrambles for the third brain cell to form a response as the rest are slumbering after rounds of heavy drinking when he feels Loki tapping his shoulder and kissing him the second he turns around.

The killing intent locked on them all but disperses save for one gaze that almost screeches bloody Mary!

Yet, Loki wastes no time pushing Jackal down, whose wide eyes slowly gain an intriguing look as his hand lets go of the jar of wine to hold Loki’s slim waist.

“Ugh.” Jackal sits up alongside an equally haggard Loki. The two sit quietly as they observe the room. The pink kitty tumbles and tosses in front of them as Jackal reaches out to gently scratch the back of her ear as she mewls sharply again.

“Don’t you clean your room or something? It’s filthy.”

“What’s the point? It always ends like this, no matter how many times I clean it up. Expecting something else would be the definition of insanity, so I embrace the chaos, mortal.”

“Bitch, just say you’re lazy.”

“Not the laziest. Only one enemy of mine has that honor.”

“So, what about the kitten and the dog?”

“You still didn’t remember it?” Loki blinks in surprise before smugly grinning as her hand under the sheet grazes his thigh. She brings her heated mouth to exhale over his ear and questions in a husky tone, “Want me to jog ya’ memory?”

Jackal looks at the dog and then at the kitten. Honestly, he is doing this for them. Else... he would never let Loki touch him!

“Much obliged.” Jackal hums calmly.

“Your Familia House? Are you crazy? No way my stellar reputation survives tomorrow if I’m seen with you!”

Loki looks back as she staggers along, “Then run off! I can’t force the Butcher of Orario, right?”

Jackal snorts, “Just escorting you to the gates like any gentleman would.”

“Sure, sure. Besides, I don’t want you moaning like a whiny little bitch in public when I’m done with you!”

“Hah? Moaning? Me? I’d wear you out and still have time to look around your familia!”

“Mortal, you dare!”

Their drunken bickering barely rouses any response from their surroundings. After all, instead of walking on the main streets filled with adventurers this late, the couple stumbles across the marginally darker and less-occupied streets between the eight main streets.

The two walk slowly. Loki’s arm is around his neck as he supports her to walk straight only if Jackal’s vision doesn’t swim at times.

“Hey...” Loki mumbles and pats his neck to stop him, “I think I saw something in that suspiciously dark and empty alley.”

Jackal stops and looks to the right as he observes the narrow street. His gold-red eyes glimmer slightly, and he asserts with a nod, “You’ve got a good eye. I see it, too.”

“Right?” Loki grins, her cheeks flushed red as her hazy eyes seem drawn into the empty street. “Right behind that large trash can. Hey, you still have that scentless stuff of yours?”

"If I dump tens of it, it should give us some time to find what we just saw." Jackal agrees, with his cheeks quite flushed, too.

The two stumble ahead as Jackal starts taking out odorless pouches before dumping them in the trash can, and the dingy smell disappears instantly. Loki snatches the next pouch from Jackal before dumping its content, too.

"Hey, that's my product! I use it!"

"Fuck you! I just used it. What about it?"

"I said mine!"

"Well, it's gone!"

Jackal eyes the smugly grinning Loki with irritation rising within him once again. His hand smacks on the wall beside her face as he towers over the petite goddess clad in a damp grey shirt matted on her body from all the sweating from drinking.

"Just cause' your Familia might be trailing you doesn't mean you'd get to do whatever you like."

"Boy, it's not Familia you need to worry about," Loki crosses her arms and points her pretty little nose high haughtily.

"Yeah, yeah, mysterious forces and whatnot. Talk about them to someone who has a fuck to give."

"Oh, then I'm barking up the right tree."

"Already admitting you're a bitch?" Jackal grins as he wags his brows. "Why don't you bark for me?"

Woof

Woof

Loki's and Jackal's expressions freeze as they look deeper into the alley.

"A dog!" Jackal's eyes widen as he practically leaps away from Loki and jogs deeper into the street.

"What? Get back here, you asshole! Imma release my arcanum and set this world on fire!" Loki snarls and gives chase. The couple outright falls sometimes as they jog, and the source of their interruption is found soon enough as the duo sees a man dressed in rags throw a husky off his

legs as the dog somehow maneuvers his body midair as if some sort of superspy to stand in front of a cowering pink kitten hidden behind trash.

Jackal watches with shocked eyes, but Loki pulls him away before he can make his drunken self known.

“Hey, Mr. I-don’t-like heroes, off to be a hero again?”

“Huh?” Jackal stares at her weirdly. His mind focuses on Loki again as her flushed face is much too close to his, her gimlet eyes fixating on his.

“Whatever happened to consistency in your story?” She lets her alcohol-stained breath graze on his lips, but again, Soma brews one kicker of a wine.

“The fuck are you on about?”

“The dog?” Loki looks beyond him as Jackal blinks in surprise and turns to look in the same direction. His eyes widen again.

“A dog!”

He tears Loki off him and saunters forward as Loki clicks her tongue and leans nearby instead of following him. Her sour look soon shifts to an ecstatic expression as Jackal smiles broadly and stops the abusing homeless beggar.

“My good sir! I’m a trader by choice! How about I buy your dog and kitten?”

“You confirmed I bought them,” Jackal stares at the two animals before looking at Loki on top of him again as he questions, “How do you buy stray animals from a homeless man?”

“You tell me?” Loki grins, her legs already straddling his waist as her sippy and heated cunt starts grounding on the upper side of his erection, as her thin form barely keeps his erection still.

“And the ninja husky was protecting the kitten? When does a dog protect a weak kitten?” Jackal chuckles at the ridiculousness of things as he feels Loki’s intense stare. His thoughts still, his head pounds still, but his body reacts in all the wrong ways as Loki loses her smirk and reveals a look that Jackal feels he should smack right off her face!

“Dogs and cats are not always at each other’s throats, I now say from experience,” Loki mutters, her motions halt.

“Say, did we do it in front of the animals?” Jackal questions as he looks away, unwilling to match her stare for once.

“Animals? I wouldn’t call Shakti an—Oh, you mean them?” Loki looks back and waves her hand at the dog. “He can kind of understand us. Watch this. Hey, cover yourself and the kitten with a blanket and stay.”

Surprisingly, the blue-eyed blonde husky picks the pink kitten from the bed despite her sharp protests before tossing her in a box and throwing a thin blanket on her. He turns around himself after that.

“By the way,” Loki attracts Jackal’s attention, “Who’s Ollie? You mumbled something about the Kitten presenting a better case than Ollie, so you’ll keep her safe. All she did was mewl the entire time.”

“No, a better question is—Shakti? What about her?”

Loki snorts a chuckle. A chuckle that sounds incredibly familiar.

“Have some shame!”

Shakti’s furious blue eyes pin disheveled Jackal and Loki down as the youth is seen sitting on his knees with a tiny box occupied by a kitten on his lap. Loki sits beside him, next to a quiet husky.

“It was all Loki’s idea,” Jackal snickers as he looks at Loki, “She sounds so shrill when angry!”

Loki snorts a chuckle, the duo stumbling across Orario on the same wavelength as they decide to pay Shakti a visit between their make-out just because they saw her walk past one of the many alleys they marked tonight.

“Focus!” Shakti snaps at them and glowers, “Do the two of you think I don’t have enough trouble? And you!” She glares at Jackal, “Stop being the cause of indecency in the middle of the streets.”

“Hey!” Jackal pouts, “We weren’t in the middle. Besides, you and Ganesha totally missed my party. Lili said she invited you two. You know, as thanks for looking the other way the few times you did.”

Before Shakti could explain the limitations her schedule and duties has on her social life, Loki grins, “Aha! You just admitted it was your idea, loser!”

“Ack! No! Hey, Shakti, it was all Loki! She tried to bite my dick!”

“No, I didn’t!”

“Yes, you did!”

“I’m going to call Finn and have you two escorted to the Twilight Mansion,” Shakti massages her forehead when Loki panics.

“Nooooo! Not Finn!” She jumps from her position to tackle Shakti. But how would a Level 5 Captain fall to such weak schemes? The blue-haired captain of Ganesha Familia extends her hand and holds Loki by the face while keeping Vermilion-haired Goddess at arm’s length.

“Hey, did you hear that?” Jackal frowns as the phantom of the silent goblin appears over his head.

“What?” Shakti frowns.

“I can hear anything less than silence in this form. I hear something terrible!”

Shakti’s expression turns serious, and so does the husky’s. She lets go of Loki, who quickly looks around before hugging the dog’s neck and massaging his head with a foolish grin.

“What do you hear?” Shakti questions seriously.

“I hear... *I AM JACKAL!*”

His shout wakes the pink kitten in a startle while Loki freezes a bit before giggling out loud alongside Jackal.

“Yep, I’m calling Finn.”

“Ah, yes, the boy wonder!”

“My boy wonder!” Loki laughs out loud as Shakti’s lips twitch.

“Hey, if you’re being so kind, can you call... uh, what was the name of the Goddess again? The one you said who runs a harem bait?” Jackal looks at Loki before clapping his hand, “Oh, that’s right! Artemis! It’s always the virgins that are the freakiest! Call her, too!”

Shakti closes her eyes, and the grip around her spare whip tightens, but she exhales loudly and regains her bearing.

“Good night. If possible, get mugged and stabbed.”

“Ah, Shakti-chaaan~! Don’t be like that! Fine, you can join us, too.” Loki sighs as Shakti works her jaw while leaving. She came too close to ending two lives today—A break is necessary for the night.

Jackal and Loki look at each other before grinning simultaneously.

“Did you think Shakti left you two irresponsible and rude asshats out of anger?”

A cold voice startles the group of four from behind.

They turn to look at an angry, busty Amazon whose green eyes flicker with primal rage.

“You made my sister cry.”

“In my defense,” Jackal starts calmly between his hiccups, “Loki has a wet dream about you busting your ass in front of me while Finn is tied in the corner. But don’t get angry at Loki. She has the same dream about all the chicks with me.”

“What the fuck are you telling her?!”

Loki cries out fearfully as Jackal turns to her and shrugs.

“Hey, she’s already mad at me. Might as well even the scales here.”

Loki mechanically turns to stare at Tione, whose wrath can no longer be comprehended, as she stutters, “Jackal’s lying, sweetie! Mommy would never cuck you!”

“Yeah, she cucks Finn,” Jackal nods.

“For the love of spirits! Stop talking!” Loki’s heart begins to beat a thousand miles a second as Tione’s hands latch at their collars. Her growl sounds more terrifying than a beast as she utters, “The only reason you two live is that Captain asked me to bring you safe.”

“Cheers!” Jackal laughs at the face of certain death, but the same can’t be said for the kitten, whose pissing herself in fear within the box.

Memories constantly resurface in his mind, but Jackal pays them no heed. He’ll see to all the troubles he’s caused later. Shakti, Tione, Tiona, and more. Right now, all he has eyes for is the deplorable little slut who named him Svadifari, and there is no way he will let the name down. Oh, not out of compassion or other sappy emotion!

Loki will never let him live down a less-than-bestial night with a name like this. Granted, the night passed, and he had no control over his drunken self, but he has mental faculties now!

His hands coil around Loki's back, her flesh practically searing with how much heat her tiny body radiates. But he is no better. The curtains keep the room from getting annoyingly bright, but the dim light suggests it's already daytime.

Not for them.

"Hmmgh~!" Loki's tongue is a work of evil magic as she dominates Jackal the entire time. Her lips never felt this soft from the distance he views her, no matter how close. Her skin never felt so supple to his eyes as it did to his body. Her breasts... should be non-existent! But here they are, pressing on his chest.

He feels warm liquid dribble down his shaft as she breaks the kiss to bite his bottom lip with a soft snarl, "The fuck is this sappy kiss, hmm? Aren't 'ya the big-bad butcher?" Her hushed whisper makes him snarl softly, too. His grip shifts to her perky ass, and as much as he hates to feel this... she's got cake.

His fingers reply unkindly as he grips her ass tight enough to leave marks on her. His hands squeeze her cheeks away, making sure to stretch her hot pink rims and lips along the way as her vermilion eyes lose focus for a second.

"Like that?" Jackal growls, his teeth sinking a little along her neck before inadvertently kissing the same spot as he feels her hands around his head, pulling him tighter in response.

"Fuck no!" She replies in a similarly hoarse tone.

He drags his tongue across the red mark on her neck before sinking near her collarbone as his index fingers near her rims.

"Hey!" Loki gasps, "What's the big idea?!"

"Honestly." Jackal grins as one of his index fingers presses her asshole shut. "I've got no fucking clue. So, might as well practice."

And that's the truth, Loki realizes. Jackal's affair with Roberta was short, so he only ever learned the basics. But inexperience would never stop him!

"You asshole!" Loki squirms as he keeps her ass in one spot while grounding his cock over her slit. His veiny length presses and spreads her hungry quim ever so slightly as each stroke makes Loki's breathing progressively louder.

She grabs his hair in two fistfuls and tugs them weakly as his tip teasingly spreads her further, but...

“Enough with my ass, you dumbfuck! You either stick it in or finger it properly! What the hell is even just pressing on it?”

Jackal blushes a bit. His embarrassment fuels his annoyance at his partner as he shames her, too.

“Forgive me for not being a millennium-old slut!”

“Nah, not gonna forgive ya!”

Jackal grits his jaws and grunts, “Stick it in, huh? Fine!”

Loki’s world shifts as Jackal turns around and pins Loki to her bed as he towers behind her. The goddess half-turns her face to look back with a mocking grin, “What kind of a stallion rides his master, huh?”

“The proper one,” Jackal smirks cockily as he leans forward to press one hand on the back of her head while the other hand strokes his cocks as he pushes the tip against her pretty pink asshole. If he was concerned about the side management of the spinner under him, her soft moan at the bout of roughness throws all his worries out the window as he shoves his slightly pussy-lubed cock into her tiny rims that gradually loosens and sticks to his lower head.

“What’s wrong?” Jackal grins, “Can’t take it?”

Loki’s toes curl under him as her grunt muffles against her pillow, “Boy, I can take hundreds of you and come out on top.”

“Even out the playing field, bitch. I’m talking right now!”

Jackal jerks his hips forward slightly, pushing more of his length as he feels powerful resistance in her incredibly tight and furnace-like anus. Her fists clench the pillow as Jackal doesn’t stop.

“If you want me to stop, just admit you can’t take me on,” He offers kindly while pushing further. He may not be able to move freely with such tightness, but he sure will bottom out in her ass if that’s what it takes to achieve victory.

“In. Your. Dreams.” Loki growls, her hips suddenly pushing back and taking Jackal further in on her accord as a low grunt escapes his lips. His cock is already a throbbing mess with how Loki’s steaming inside is twitching and vibrating around his cock. Not only that, but the sight of his Babel spreading Loki’s once prim and proper ass to such an extent is arousing in its own right. If he had a second cock, he’d happily stick it right in her juicier cunt and fuck her brains out.

Alas, he's only a human. None can blame him for his dreams, however.

Slowly and steadily, and between taunts and insults, Jackal bottoms out in Loki's ass. Her ass arches up a little, giving her back a seductive curve as her thighs quiver. Her blank gaze stares ahead at the wall while Jackal leans over her shoulder weakly with his hot pants and throbbing cock revealing how much of a toll a divine ass really is.

If all goddesses are like this, then his dream is in trouble. Her ass seems to have a mind of its own. It vibrates in an attempt to milk him without Loki moving any other muscle. His fist unconsciously bundles Loki's vermilion-red hair, and his other hand coils around her waist to finger her wet cunt. Their loud pants fill the room as Jackal grits his teeth, "That all you got?"

"Says the loser about to bust a fat load without me moving once!" Loki retorts despite not having enough mental faculties to think anything else.

Cats and Dogs!

They would rather spend time insulting each other than find a productive way to make things more pleasurable. In a way, this only made things hotter for them.

Not that they would admit it.

Jackal huffs at her response. His balls curl ever so slightly as he moves back.

"Ugh!" He groans, unable to hold back the second he feels the tip stimulate as Loki shudders the second she feels thick ropes of his seed jetting in her ass without a care in the world. Her entire body presses against Jackal, and he responds similarly as they both orgasm at once while biting their lips.

"H-Heh! I win!"

"How?" Jackal chews his lips angrily. A phantom of the Frog Shooter flickers to life above his head as his hips piston forward with no force bared!

"Naaaggh~!!" Loki moans out loud, her eyes widening in surprise as Jackal keeps her face in a similar position with a fistful of hair.

"You like that?" Jackal's eyes twinkle as he questions against her ear hotly, "You know what that was? Me going all Frog Shooter on your ass, you helpless slut! Horses and monsters, you'd do them all, won't you?"

His cum acts as quite the lube needed for him to move as he starts ramming his cock in and out of her gaping asshole with the Frog Shooter above him croaking happily and silently.

“Hnagh~ D- damn straight! All of them would be a better fuck than you!” Loki snarls back as she cuts her moan with a bite of her lips.

“Oh, yeah?” Jackal’s crotch kisses her perky ass again. But instead of dogging her, he finds the experience of prone-boning with the unruly goddess a better experience as he hears her stifled moans with the added advantage of kissing her shoulder. Her words encourage Jackal to fuck the daylights out of her as he grunts, “Then you’re gonna love this.”

A Silverback’s phantom drums his chest over Jackal’s head the second it flickers to life as his thrusts grow ferocious and downright beastly. He drives his cum out of her messed-up ass, all the while cumming again, but he does not stop!

“Hah! Hah~ You manic brute!” Loki groans as his fingers continue to rub the crest of her cunt. Her vision swims again as she feels his searing seed marking her ass again.

The more he fucks, the more her body responds. Soon, she starts pumping her ass back while coiling her arms behind her, around his neck, as he lifts her in response to press her against the head of the bed and holding her slim waist without breaking the link with her ass.

Their bodies layer with sweat again, and their hazy gaze locks into each other before they share a deep kiss. For once, they remain silent. For once, Jackal's phantoms disappear as his movements slow down and regain their measured strokes against her welcoming ass.

“I’m gonna make you a ride worthy to be ridden~!” Loki coos as their lips part. Her smirk widens despite the apparent weariness in her expression as her anus clenches over his hardened shaft, “Dear Butcher. Maybe you’ll remember the rest of our night.”

“Who cares about what Soma’s drink made us do?” Jackal huffs as he slowly pulls out his cock from her ass before pressing against her body with a hot sigh. “And you aren’t teaching anyone. As promised, I’ll give my alias a whole new meaning and leave your room with my head held high!”

Loki smirks and tilts her head to peck his jaw, “You’re gonna crash and burn.”

“I’m gonna give your dreams a new meaning one day.”

“Oh, then you’re really going to burn.” Loki barks a chuckle.

“Are you sure?”

Jackal presses his tip against her quivering cunt.

And he pushes!

Jackal and Loki break their kiss in the dead of the night as his cock slides into her ready pussy. Their gasps echo simultaneously as Loki tosses her head back while Jackal pulls her hips down greedily.

“Don’t be so greedy, now!” Loki smirks as her body's tight entrance accepts his entire length. Her hands sensually trace her body along her breasts, a sight that captivates Jackal in a second. “I’m not running away, you know?”

Her smile broadens at the sight of his enamored look. His heated stare brings her much-needed relief. No matter what they say to each other, a simple gesture like this with the person you *DON'T* like means a lot. Her hips slowly sway around instead of moving up and down as she lets her innards squeeze him for all he’s worth.

She already knew what his body would do next.

“Fuck!” Jackal growls and plants his head onto the pillow with a scowl. Although his erection barely weakens after unloading one of the thickest ones she’s felt in years, his disappointment is still immeasurable.

“Hey, now!” Loki smiles as she leans forward, her slippery folds milking him even now. “Don’t you quit on me, Svadilfari!” Her hands cup his cheek as she kisses him softly.

“We’re in for the long haul, you and I. Let’s keep on going, yeah?”

“And why the hell would you encourage me?” Jackal pouts and looks away.

“Hey, we just saw a dog defending a kitten, and Tione leaving us two alive after hearing what she did. I say we take a break from our nature shtick. Tione doesn’t kill, a dog doesn’t eat a cat, and we don’t fuck around. Who knows, we might even forget it tomorrow morning.”

Jackal purses his lips before sighing softly and smiling.

“Man, we’re in big trouble if we keep drinking Soma’s stuff then.”

“Damn right, we are,” Loki grins as they find each other’s lips better than before. Their kiss lasts a few seconds as Jackal hardens his wood to the full mast. Their night would be long, but Jackal doesn’t feel the least bit annoyed anymore.

Damn Soma and his wine.

“Hey, I have an idea! How about I use my strength phantoms?”

Loki eyes him with a cocky smirk as she starts riding him slowly, “How about we just keep it you and me for now? I promise I won’t bite... again.”

Jackal scoffs and then shrugs with a grin.

A/N: Boy, this took a strange turn of events. I wanted to just write one rough bang scene with Jackal and Loki where they insult each other, but setting the scent alongside their drunken flashbacks just felt more well-rounded to me. But again... 6k words for one scene, damn. If all of them are like this, I’m in trouble *chuckles*. But it’s either fleshing the characters like this no matter how many words it takes or skipping past them and making a more usual catching harem fics. But Danmachi always struck me as a kind of novel whose fanfic, if taking the harem route, should not skip past small moments for overarching plot points like the Dungeon and the Big Bad Dragon. Oh, and yeah, I introduced this fic’s pet. I usually pick strange pets like owls, snakes, or lizard-turned-dragons as pets, but I’m taking a normal route in this fic for a reason. I’ll write those reasons later.

Alternative Title: A Pussy in the Morning; Waking Up to Warm Feeling and a Pounding Head; Loki’s a Hound for Alcohol; Death over Fear; No One Can Chain Me; A Toast to Chucklefuck Stalkers; What Da Dog Doing; Ah, Yes. The Magnificent Trader; Purchasing Strays Animals; Dogs and Cats are Not Always at Each Others’ Throats; Shakti Grounding; I AM JACKAL!; The Menace to Public Decency; Bestial Rut; Veneer of Hatefuck; Love Hate; No Hatred is Lost to Them; Babel Rises; Starting with a Goddess; Ratting Loki Out; Surviving Tione; Wet Dreams; Sensual Realizations; Tasting Divine Innards; Milking Ass and Cunt; Loki’s Stallion

Title: Harem is Simply Cuckoldry

The night sky feels brighter than usual, decorated with radiant stars as Orario's Mistress chooses to cover herself with a baggy tanned-green cloak and witness her Odr up close. This night is remarkable, after all. One of her Odr's tiny *damselfs* did manage to set a passable event for his Level-up, the quickest recorded level-up, to be precise. A pace so swift that he left the *Sword Princess* and *King* in the dust.

Instead of her faithful Ottar, Freya is accompanied by a black-haired cat person. A cut-sleeved, black compression top fits his slim yet aesthetically muscular body. His steel-blue irides glimmer in the night, and his sharp, vertical pupils stay on the figure lying beside Loki on a distant rooftop. Anyone domiciled in Orario for more than a year would know this cat person as one of Freya Familia's top adventurers—Allen Fromel.

The cat person stands a little shorter than Freya even if she did not wear any heels, but his presence and sharp intent keening from his body make up for any physical deficiency that may afflict him in this life.

"You should have just remained in your tower and peeked on whomever you liked from up there," Allen begins crudely, his voice graced with the charm of a low, gravelly grunt, as his eyes rarely take a peek at the beautiful woman wrapped beside him.

"And what good would that do?" A mischievous giggle escapes Freya. Her silver eyes retain their hazy quality as she looks at Loki intently. "Loki has a way with words, and she is curious to a fault, much like me. Even if she fails to find anything about my Odr's Familia, she certainly will find something about his outburst—"

Allen's furry ears twitch as he smirks. "Hissy fit, they call it."

"It takes a big man to admit one's mistake. I expect nothing else from my Odr~!"

Allen rolls his eyes and lets out a nasal sigh.

"Of all the things I could be doing for you, you pick this boring mission."

"My sweetest Allen~, " Freya blows gently and finally looks at one of her kinder children. The haze of her silver eyes recedes to reveal a brilliant mirth that scratches at Allen's heart. Her full lips press into a gentle smile as she whispers, "I know you loved the Soma incident even without updating your Falna."

Allen shifts his gaze from Freya back to the rooftop drinkers. "Your Odr won't last long if he remains this pathetic. And I won't move a muscle to help him."

“What makes you think my Odr needs help?” Freya replies with what one can consider a tone filled with naive pride.

Their conversation dies out naturally as they hear Loki and Jackal discussing his outburst in Hostess of Fertility, only for Loki to divert the conversation further towards Jackal, attracting the attention of the wrong Deity. Freya and Allen know in an instant Loki means Freya.

The thought of some drunk Goddess standing in Freya’s way rubs Allen the wrong way. He does not act, not now, at least. Unlike what Loki and Jackal might believe, Finn did not leave Loki’s side once. Like Allen, Finn is hidden in the darkest corner, but the Familia’s captain will pounce on any enemy that may attack Loki.

But as uncaring as ever, at least for his own life, Jackal’s proud voice reaches them loud and clear.

“Who gives a shit?” They all see Jackal smile brightly and extend his hand toward the sky as if to pluck one of the stars for himself. Just this gesture turns Freya’s stare intense. Her gaze invades his soul as she hears it sing the beat of rebellion again. The brightness of his soul intensifies exponentially as he makes a solemn yet drunken vow.

“Others can look at me. They can fear, envy, or love me.” Freya obsesses over his soft smile and tone. “But I made a promise to myself. I won’t ever let fear cage me. Death is an acceptable alternative. But I will never wait for any so-called heroes or whatever shit others like to tell themselves.”

Allen scoffs right then and there—

“Hnf!”

—but a low chuff causes his body to stiffen. He doesn’t move to glance at Freya, knowing that she may not be decent anymore, and he doesn’t mean her body but her eyes instead.

Lilac tint blooms in Freya-silver orbs as Jackal’s words resound with her more than expected. In her books, denying a cage out of fear or any other emotion is admirable on a personal level. Her fingers would be drawing through her flesh if she did not respect Allen and her image in his eyes. So her digits curl like her toes, her breath grows heated, forming a plume of vapor with each successive exhales, and her nostrils flare ever so slightly. Yet, Freya manages to look breathtaking.

However, hers and Allen’s unspeakable mood devolves into purest killing intent as Loki’s lips seal Jackal’s a few short breaths later!

“Just say the word,” Allen whispers despite experiencing Finn’s equally mighty stare locking on them. Yet Freya’s predicted command never reaches his sharp ears, causing him to look at her. His gaze doesn’t stop Freya from watching Loki and Jackal make out. Her cold silver glare stares at the offending party long enough for Freya to realize that Jackal and Loki are aware of her presence to some extent, yet they choose to ignore her.

This would have hurt her pride if her name was Ishtar.

But she is Freya, and her ego has survived bruises worse than this moment.

The Goddess of Beauty turns her gaze from Loki and Jackal and settles it on a curious Allen, who calms down seeing her lack of craziness.

“Allen,” Freya begins in her usually sultry tone as she steps forward and looks a little down on him, height difference and all. Her silver eyes peer into his blue orbs as she questions with a natural husk in her tone, “Am I pretty?”

“Is this some kind of bullshit women are into? Watching their supposed lover kiss someone else and then asking dubious questions from others?” Allen tilts his head and speaks with no filter. He never fears speaking his mind out to others except an excitable, irritating, and *weak* ‘*nya-nya*’ spammer sharing his blood. His words extract an amused giggle from Freya, whose sensual scent slaps him on his nostrils. But his expression barely falters.

“Every mortal and deity in Orario and beyond thinks little of you all, my Familia’s top members,” Freya paces unhurriedly around Allen as he glances at Loki and Jackal, who decide to move their party elsewhere.

“Others think Ottar is into men, somehow.”

“Somehow? You sent him dildo shopping for different sizes again.” Allen rolls his eyes. Only Ottar does everything asked of him. This job, after all, is turned down by every other executive of the Freya Familia.

“They also think I seduced every single one of you,” Freya stops behind Allen, her slender arms wrapping around his neck as she leans on his body until her voluminous breasts mush against his solid back. Her heated sighs further present a sensual expression of existence that no man or woman can ordinarily refuse.

“So, it breaks my heart a little when the truth cannot be far from it,” she whispers hotly. “Even now, my Vana stands tall. Does it make you curious? I know what you truly desire, and the same with others. I know what Hedin truly wishes, Ottar, too. Would you like me to expose their secrets?”

Allen huffs in irritation and answers with his eyes narrowed, "You're a screwed-up parent, you know?"

"Do you truly seek a parent?" Freya snarks briefly and giggles. "In a way, I am helping you vet someone who could become close to you later. *She* likes him just enough to annoy a brother."

Allen takes a deep breath to calm his nerves and inquires, "That so?"

"Mm-hmm."

"You're childish, Freya. I could break them up right now, but you choose to throw a tantrum," Allen half-turns his head and stares at Freya's brows sinking sadly while what can be considered an adorable pout over her lips, if not ravishing. The sight would have given Ottar a disease from skyrocketing blood pressure, but Allen has dealt with one younger sibling long enough to know how to handle the other one pretending to be a young sibling.

"Carry me," Freya drops the act entirely and sulks as she buries her head in the small of Allen's back.

"Of course. But I don't think you want to travel back home, do you?"

"My home lies with my Odr."

Ottar would have stayed silent about now, but not Allen.

"Sure. Stalk a man and call him your husband without talking with him even once. That'll get your fated lover...s tongue dancing against Loki's."

Freya's lips twitch a little as she chews them in frustration, and her fingers pinch Allen's tail. Alas, he is too strong to feel any of it as he carries Freya and follows Jackal with a remarkably placated smile.

{A/N: Not gonna lie, I haven't read Freya Side Story. I'm still stuck on SO 1 since I can't seem to muster the will to read LN at the moment. But I am going to take some liberties with the character since this is an AU world (you'll know what I mean when Bell pounces on Orario). Anyway, what little I know of Allen from other fanfics, anime, and little Danmemo stories on youtube, he is a certified sibling. He loves pissing (metaphorically) on Anya, and Freya shouldn't be too different since she can fulfill the role of an annoying, name-dragging-only-fan sister admirably.}

While Jackal and Loki drift the dark alleys of Orario, buying stray pets for an exorbitant price, a couple of well-known individuals occupy a hidden but lavishly decorated room within the Entertainment District.

Magic lamps radiate a warm pink glow, making the dark purplish walls more enchanting than menacing. Two parties of two individuals sit across from each other. On one couch sits a perpetually smiling Olal Shen. He looks at the fruit platter on the table and warns his hooded companion in a whimsical tone.

“Our host only prepares things that look delicious. But you can be sure if you take one bite, you’ll probably have a tongue up your bum.”

The hooded figure cringes slightly as the two individuals across Olal reveal different reactions.

The grey-haired dark-skinned woman wearing white strips of clothing crisscrossed over her breasts and wrapped around her neck, with bangle-like golden earrings and skimpy gold-trimmed white matching white panties, stares at Olal with her amber orbs alight furiously. Muscles vibrate under her smooth brown skin and flex powerfully.

“Oh?” Olal muses without concern. “Did I offend you? I am known for taking healthy business risks, *‘Bite’* Samira. Of course, I don’t apologize even if I am wrong.”

“You are unapologetic, especially in the wrong,” a calm giggle snaps Samira out of her Amazonian pump of blood as Olal stares at the figure sitting with Bite standing guard.

Her soft brown hues would snatch an inattentive mortal’s soul with a simple glance, her plump pink lips would rouse the desire of men and women alike, and her seductive features look no less captivating than other Goddesses reigning over beauty, lust, fertility, and love. Her long purple hair is tied up by one of the many obscenely bejeweled gold trinkets on her body, including a stunning tiara. A thin strip of pale-green material covers her perky bust, but odd sways of her hands and movements of her shoulders do not shy from exposing her light pink areolas, and loose translucent green pants hang down her waist, revealing a sleek green thong.

She is none other than Ishtar.

“Guilty as charged,” Olal smirks as the peacock-feathered pendant under his tunic constantly vibrates, widening his smile. “Did you expect to charm me after years of failure?”

Ishtar narrows her eyes and sets her gaze on the hooded figure next to Olal.

“What stops me from charming your adorable companion? She will fit like a glove in one of my Bordellos. Did you bring her for me?”

The hooded figure tenses reflexively and notes Samira's dangerous stare, but Olal chuckles peacefully.

"I pride myself in bringing the most compatible mortals to Familia. And she is... not cut for your work."

"Nonsense," Ishtar presses, "A woman's duty is to breed. How can your companion evade her true desires?"

Olal stares at Ishtar and sighs softly, "Drop it, Ishtar. She is still prone to her impulses. And she paid me a pretty sum for finding the right familia for her."

The corner of Ishtar's eyes twitch at the man's bold tone, but Samira speaks up openly. She leveled up not too long ago, and her desire to impress Ishtar is high.

"Take that tone again with Lady Ishtar, and I will snatch your tongue out!"

"That wouldn't be good. Blood loss can kill me, last I checked. I am a plain mortal, after all."

"Then your death, it is!" Samira hisses, causing Olal to stare at Ishtar in amusement as he chuckles. "Are you going to tell her or me?"

Exhaling a frustrated nasal sigh, Ishtar snaps her fingers to calm Samira, "Olal's death is in nobody's interest, especially in Orario. He and two other mortals hold reigns over a location that shouldn't be poked unnecessarily."

Samira flinches as Olal shrugs.

"I'm merely lucky. By the way, did you enjoy the products? I know you love Millennial Peaches. It took me quite some time to return from the Far East."

Ishtar remains silent as Olal continues talking, "I also met the man who destroyed Soma's Familia."

"You mean to say the Familia you wished to control," Ishtar interjects with a mocking scoff.

"Had to compete in the wine-brewing business one way or another, right?" Olal grins. "I was hoping to see if you knew anything about his Familia. He strikes me as a man who must visit the Entertainment District. Any drunken tales, perhaps? Or any woman he took a shine to that can get him talking?"

Ishtar leans back in her seat and closes her eyes. Her breasts naturally squish backward, threatening to slip their pink toppings from the strip of clothing. While Samira cannot help but

glance at Ishtar's sensual position alongside Olal's hooded companion, the greyish-haired mustached man stares at Ishtar thoughtfully.

"Soma Familia's defeat did not surprise us as much as 'Svadilfari' Jackal physically beating a Deity. A heathen like you would have been cheering for Jackal if you witnessed him in action, or so Loki claims. A few of my Bordellos purchase his Lust Potion in bulk. But little is known about him aside from his past as one of the Guild Employees. I am surprised Hermes didn't inform all this to you already."

"I don't trust him," Olal smiles.

"And you trust me?" Ishtar humor.

"No, of course not. But Hermes is no one's ally. You, on the other hand..." He smiles broadly as Ishtar's expression contorts into a scowl. The duo does not speak anything else on the subject as Ishtar tosses a frolet his way, "Your payment."

"Hmm, from crates of Valis to a single pouch. This item is undoubtedly convenient," Olal appraises the item with a smirk.

"Then meet Jackal, or set one of your previous customers loose on him to find his weakness."

"And why would I want him dead?" Olal pockets the Frolet as Ishtar dismisses him with a wave of her hand instead of replying to him. Her irritation is apparent in her expression as Olal gestures to his companion to follow him. But he stops in front of the door. "Something else I should know about Jackal? You look stressed."

"Leave. You, too, Samira."

"Yes, Lady Ishtar."

Click

The door clicks shut as Ishtar lies on her couch with her nipples popping free from her 'top.'

'Why would Freya call him Gilgamesh of all people?' Ishtar stares at the ceiling in a daze.

Almost all deities have some sort of prophecy surrounding them. Freya spent years searching for her Odr, like how Ishtar awaits her prophesied love. There are also the likes of the three virgins, Aphrodite, Kama, Astraea, and many more. Their prophecy holds a paramount place in their beings. So for Freya to whimsically call her newly titled Odr: Gilgamesh, Adonis, and even let him named Svadilfari feels... odd.

'That bitch is bluffing again. There is no way she finds her Odr before I find mine.'

Ishtar snorts under her breath and closes her eyes.

'Mine Gilgamesh will find me from his throne. His stare will be bolder than lightning, and his words sharper than the worst dagger. He shall descend from his throne without me needing to search for him. His arms will be around me when all of mine is his.'

She recalls the many, many iterations of the same prophecy.

Until then?

She will live her mortal life in the way she understands life in its purest form—Creation, love, and fertility.

“There are too many kids around here, huh? Oh, by the way, your wine was the best! Though I wouldn’t say the same about the outcome from drinking it,” Jackal lets out another yawn as he stares at the pink-furred kitten and blonde husky eating their meals with gusto. The afternoon sun hangs over the Twilight Manor as Jackal is lucky enough to leave the inner hallways of the Familia building to visit Soma without any disturbance. The prominent members of the familia are either trading and preparing for the next expedition or idly prowling the middle levels of the Dungeon, well, most save—for the rare few, who saw his walk of shame out of Loki’s chamber at the top of this castle.

Soma remains perfectly quiet as he stares at Jackal. And then the Deity stares at the wide-eyed Tione standing behind Jackal with a shade of rage in her features, befitting a minotaur more than an Amazon.

To be fair, she wouldn’t be visible if Jackal did not sit.

And this mad-bull Tione perfectly scared most of Soma’s remaining Familia Members.

“Don’t worry, she won’t bite,” Jackal smiles breezily as the pink kitten flinches suddenly and shivers. But she eats the food without a stop.

“I certainly will.” Tione hisses as the pink kitten shivers further.

“There... there.” A gentle hand suddenly pats the shivering kitten’s back as the poor pet, ailed by something unknown, looks at a tiny blonde mortal goddess crouched next to her.

Meaow It cries out a full meow for once and bounces in Ais’s lap as the dead-eyed sword princess calmly pets the kitty.

“Hey, don’t get angry with me for no reason. Loki dreams of it. Besides, Finn didn’t hear us, right?” Jackal likes Tione quite a bit, so he tries to dissuade her anger as she reveals the truth. “Who do you think followed you two and sent for me? Captain cannot be seen dragging your drunk asses back to Familia!”

Jackal looks at her and blinks, “So... Finn saw everything? How the hell did you not fuck him after I gave you so many lust potions as freebies?”

Tione’s anger fades a bit as she chews her lips in frustration and takes a seat next to Jackal on the grass.

“My time is spent better brewing wines,” Soma interjects and nods at Jackal, “Thank you... for yesterday.”

“No worries. If you’re up for it, you can join Miach, Take, and me for some drinking in the Red Lights, but I don’t know if the ale will suit your taste.”

Tione, Ais, and the oddly silent Tiona stare at him as Jackal shrugs and supplants, “It’s just drinking. But many ladies of the night try climbing Miach and Take. They’ll take a shine to you, too, I suppose.”

Soma thinks before shaking his head. “I apologize. But... if it’s a location like Hostess of Fertility, I would not reject an invitation or two.”

“Swell,” Jackal’s grin brings a short smile to Soma’s otherwise blank expression as he enters the small tower granted to him by Loki for the time being.

As Soma leaves, Jackal stares at the pink kitten and the blonde husky with a distressed look.

“Are you going to keep standing awkwardly?” He questions Tiona without looking at her as she hesitates and questions, “Are you going to snap and walk away?”

“As long as you don’t yap about heroes,” he looks at her for a moment and shrugs as Tiona clenches her fist.

“What’s your problem?!”

“I don’t like hearing about heroes.”

“We heard what you did from Loki. We know how you literally broke Soma’s Familia for Lili! How can you, of all people, say you don’t like Heroes?! Damsel in distress is the classic hero route!” Tiona’s voice rumbles aloud as Tione huffs further and sighs, “Tiona, if he doesn’t wanna hear about it—”

“Nah, I’ll answer her,” Jackal stands with a huff before looking around. His words surprise Tiona. Tione and Ais, “I wanted to always ask Gareth for a spar. But he isn’t here. Or Bete, for that matter.”

“Like Bete would agree,” Tione scoffs and regard Jackal calmly. “I’ll take that role happily.”

“But—” Tiona involuntarily cries out as Ais questions, “What do I do? Your pet kitten just soiled herself on my lap.”

The remaining trio blinks before Jackal smirks and looks at the husky, “Your friend is quite the scaredy cat, huh?”

The blue-eyed husky looks at the kitten before staring back at Jackal and nodding in affirmation.

“Woah! He understands you?” Tiona gasps, forgetting her frustrations for a moment.

“He sure does!” Jackal smirks proudly. The thought of killing the two pets rises in his mind again as the pink kitten shivers even more and buries her head in Ais’s stomach.

“There... there,” Ais mutters and pats the kitten calmly.

“Anyway, sparring is beside the point. I will use my supreme power to prove a point,” Jackal diverts his thoughts at the Amazon twins, who furrow their brows.

“We’re level 4 adventurers. I get that you’re feeling boastful after your level-up, but you aren’t close to our level even with that magic of yours.” Tione refers to the secondary effect of excretion—The Shitty Getsuga Tensho, or Shitgetsu Tensho! {A/N: Name is still WIP XD!}

Jackal cups his jaw thoughtfully as he clicks his tongue.

“To be honest, I don’t want to waste my time. It’s already too late to go to the store or train with Take. Loki wasted my night and morning.”

Tione’s lips part open slightly, “You slept with her!” She yells out.

“And I will never forgive myself for degrading my body!” Jackal shouts with equal frustration.

“You got to have sex, at least!” Tione growls.

“And I’m sure it will remain worse than what you and Finn can accomplish!” Jackal rolls his eyes.

Tione’s eyes widen as Ais and Tiona stare at each other, flabbergasted.

A short silence descends among them in Loki Familia's relatively small garden until Ais voices out, "It is still uncomfortable with cat's litter on my legs."

Jackal and Tione continue staring at each other unflinchingly while the husky moves and picks up the pink kitten from Ais' lap before chuffing and patting his forepaws on the grassy ground.

"He means to wipe it off with grass," Tiona translates successfully, and Ais nods.

"For the love of spirits, just use a handkerchief in your frolet," Jackal rolls his eyes, and Ais flinches. She soon retrieves cloth from her frolet with a dusting of red on her cheeks.

"So, you're saying what you just did is similar to what I could do by getting drunk and desperate enough to lose my virginity to say... Bete?" Tione inquires as Jackal nods. "You finally get it."

Her green eyes glimmer with pity, and the Amazon nods, "I finally do. I'm sorry for your loss."

A vermilion-haired Goddess sleeping in a well-seeded room sneezes into her blanket before spooning the thick blanket further with a cat-like sniff.

Jackal sits beside Tione as both of them sigh simultaneously.

"Oi, aren't you forgetting something?" Tiona snorts as she sits beside Jackal.

"Forget it. No matter what I do, I won't be forgetting the insult that is my first time," He shakes his head as Ais stares at the three of them with oddly concealed envy. For some reason, Ais... does not like Jackal seated between Tione and Tiona.

"Did you name your pets?" Tione inquires after a fair bit of silence.

"Not yet," Jackal shrugs. "I think I will let Lili care for them, or I'll ask Maria. So, they should name them."

"Why don't you take care of them?" Questions Tiona.

"You wouldn't understand."

"Like your hissy fit about heroes."

Jackal doesn't deny it and experiences another hissy fit. Instead, he smiles calmly and shakes his head, "I don't even know how to explain it without sounding sappy. So, yeah, think what you will."

“Try me!” Tiona snaps at him with her eyes staring into his. “At least try to explain it! I know you didn’t hate being called a hero last night. It’s definitely about the tales of heroes. If you got your problem right, you can surely explain it, too, right?”

Tione and Ais look at the youth curiously, ignoring the curious look of the husky and the strangely sad expression on the pink kitten.

“Man, this is not a safe place at all,” Jackal chuckles suddenly. “Why would I tell you all my issues? It’s the same as asking your problems. Say, Ais, would you tell me what gets you going in the Dungeon aside from the obvious need to get strong? Or you two? You aren’t Oriario-born, right? Kali Familia, is that it? Was that place as nurturing as all other Amazons say?”

The three girls cringe at his words as the pink kitten cries out weakly all of a sudden before falling unconscious.

Woof

The Husky looks at Jackal worriedly as he nods, “I guess that’s my cue to leave. So... this was great? Oh, yeah! If you three aren’t too pissed, you can stop by the store tomorrow like usual. I’ve gotten better at cooking. Here, Ais, look alive!”

A glimmering lime gemling flies in the air, only for Ais to leap and catch it quickly.

He gently picks the pink kitten in his arms and walks away with the husky following him, leaving the three top adventurers of Loki Familia to stew in his words in silence.

“If that doesn’t get ‘em to stop bothering others ‘bout their past and stuff, I don’t know what’ll!” Gareth chuckles as he stands on one of the many bridges connecting several towers of the Familia estate as Finn stands alongside the hearty dwarf.

The blonde pallum smiles calmly, “Loki sure likes to mess around. I sensed Allen following Loki and Jackal with you-know-who.”

Gareth’s eyes widen briefly before he bursts into laughter, “Gahahaha! Better make sure to get some more of Soma’s goodness from him before that nutty Goddess destroys Jackal.”

“Hmm, don’t tell Riveria about it,” Finn muses, “Not yet, anyway. She is already stressed about teaching Lefiya for now and taking care of Ais. If she has to worry about Loki, things will get unnecessarily tough on her.”

“Ho?” Gareth’s small eyes glimmer mischievously, “Maybe we should break the news for those exact reasons. Say, yer more than calm about this.”

“My thumb didn’t twitch,” Finn half-shrugs as he leans against the railing of the bridge.

“Hmm,” Gareth blows through his nose before adopting a solemn look. “We need to step our speed, Finn. We still don’t have an 80% success rate in reaching the 50th Floor every Expedition.”

“There are new items in the market that should cut the time of traveling and storage for the long term.”

“And ye had to raise its price to 100K valis!” Gareth snorts.

Finn frowns, “I didn’t think Jackal would be this shameless.”

“The boy fucked Loki and called her the worst way to lose his virginity. Not shameless? He bloody butchered that level of insult and strolled into unknown levels of shamelessness!”

Familia’s captain shakes his head and sighs, “My mistake. I would have asked Loki to use her recent relationship with Jackal to look for a discount, but... they seem to be at each other’s throats even more.”

Gareth stares at Finn in shock.

“Yer kidding me, right? Bete’s got better sense than you.”

“What do you mean?” Finn looks back at Gareth in confusion.

“They aren’t at each other’s throat!” Gareth grumbles and pats Finn’s back, “Be it Tione or your hope of a pallum harem, dude. Just get laid for once.”

Finn rolls his eyes and follows up with Gareth as they walk away.

“By the way, what’s up with Jackal’s kitty?” Gareth’s voice echoes.

“Yeah, she’s a strange one,” the pallum hums in agreement. “You should have seen the husky move like an imp. Both of them are strange, in fact.”

Alternate Title: Is It Wrong To Cuckold Goddesses For The Dungeon?; Allen’s Got Handful of Sisters; Freya Imouto Edition; The Song of Rebellions Intensifies... so Does Divine Cuckoldry; Finn, Allen, and Freya Saw it All; The Hidden Truths of the Freya Familia; The Pouty Freya; Ishtar and Olal; The Magical Peacock Feather; Holding the Reigns of Monsters; Three Heretic Merchants; A Heathen’s Entertainment; Un-enchanted; Free the Nipples!; The Desired Throne of Ishtar; The Fertile Goddess in Silent Wait; Wine Business is Lucrative; Soma Reject Hoe Grounds; Tione Bites; The Scaredy Cat; The Hate Boner Shall Not Fade!; Frustrated Virgin and

Un-Virgin; Soiled Lap; Ais, The Representative of 'There, There' Comforter; Tiona, Ais, Husky, and the Kitty: The Spectators to the Great Debate; Bete Gets Shaded on For No Reason!; Tione's and Jackal's Understanding; Finn Needs to Get Laid; Gareth, The Speaker for Unheard Masses; Freya Gets Voldemort Treatment; Mysterious Pets; Ninja Dog, and Pissing Kitty; Jackal Can Play the Same Game; Some Explanations are Naturally Hard; The First Harem Member?; Will Loki's Stallion Rut Again?; Jackal is in For Some Verbal Lashings From a Chibi; Jackal-Sama no Ecchi Intensifies; Jackal Avoiding His Issues Skillfully!

Ishtar

Samira

Allen Fromel

Ryuu Lion {I forgot to add her image before.}

Side Story: 2

Title: A Jealous Expert

Allen has seen Freya act in several different manners over the years. Everyone has masks—a face for friends, another for enemies, one for their parents if they are still alive, a resting-bitch one for siblings, and maybe a self-loathing one for a mirror. Freya, similarly, isn't free from such masks, too.

But Allen will be damned if he does not enjoy her current dilemma. It's almost hilarious. No, not almost. It *IS* hilarious.

Allen isn't into voyeuristic kinks, so his entertainment is derived from Freya biting her thumbnail while on the edge of her metaphorical seat. It is ironic, really, for a mortal to be entertained by a Deity's antics.

This time they have a closer seat to the action, but Allen hasn't fallen from grace so harshly that his life consists of watching another man's dick. Instead, he idles beside Freya. His choice of idling tonight is a fidgeting trinket that clicks a satisfying sound at a consistent pace.

The truth is, the Freya Familia has followed one too many men and women in Freya's search for her Odr. Over time, the top members of the Familia tasked with such acts started spending their time stalking said men and women with something else in hand. Some bring a book or two, another four carry materials to form jewelry—and many more. Only Ottar can spend his entire day attentively stalking someone and memorizing everything about the mentioned target.

Allen holds no illusions about the captain of the Familia, thinking that if Ottar were here tonight, the mighty Captain of the Freya Familia would have enough knowledge about Jackal to sketch out the latter's cock to the last visible vein.

The Vice-Captain of the Freya Familia ignores Freya's ghoulish muttering and presses the trinket in his hand again.

Click

Ah, sweet mother of satisfaction.

"No, no, no, no, NO! This isn't how you handle my Odr!" Freya pays no heed to her child's works. After all, she has more sense than other deities to vent her anger on her children needlessly. What should she ask Allen to do at this point? Jump Loki and Jackal?

'Wait... it is a feasible course of action,' Freya lets go of her thumbnail and stares at the dark of the alley with a complex look of jealousy, envy, need, and... lust.

Jealous of Jackal finding passion elsewhere, envy for Loki to be the lucky slut whom her Odr finds desire with, a need to be at his side shoots jolts of familiar tingly sensation down her spine, and her lustful self now imagines herself with Loki serving her Odr in any ways he may wish, in any clothes he may desire, and in any positions, he might deem fit for both of them.

Her sparkling silver eyes stare at Loki crouching in front of Jackal. Loki's knees purposely splay wide open as her slender frame balances itself on the balls of her toes. The vermilion-headed prankster covers her Odr's recently acquired husky and kitten with a blanket retrieved from the almighty Frollet.

Freya would obsess over her Odr's luck in obtaining notable pets with brilliant souls if not for her eyes tracing and drooling upon the sight of Loki's teeth pulling Jackal's zipper with a throaty moan. The Goddess of Beauty is a mere bystander in the wake of the couple's eager passion kindled by Soma's wine, or so the duo will claim for the rest of their mortal lives.

"Haaa~!" A hot exhale from her desiring lips makes Allen tilt his head with a roll of his eyes. He would have snapped at Freya like usual if he didn't know any better. In fact, she won't bat an eyelash if he leaves, but he can't. No one in the Familia trusts Freya when it comes to her Odr.

Freya has pulled one too many stunts to regain their trust on this matter. *Ever.*

"Hnf, yer pretty excited to see ol' me on down here, huh? Want me to show you a magic trick and make it disappear in my tiny little mouth?" Loki's drunken slur is all the encouragement Allen needs to finally converge his senses.

Unlike amateurs like Jackal, who are only dealing with heightened senses recently, beast people like Allen and many others have had years riding this particular dragon, and they learn to converge their senses at will. And Freya has no such problem. She can barely hear a word Loki says, which gets Jackal harder than anything ever. She can only see... from a distance.

Freya watches with bated breath how Loki's slim fingers run up and down Jackal's cock, her fingers teasingly tracing his thick veins and pulling back the skin to reveal an eager bulbous head with a thin coat of delicious translucent seed that Freya wants her mouth wrapping over instead! Her lips part and close, her throat dries a little, and her fingers ball into the fabric of her cloak. The silver-haired Goddess of Beauty feels conflicted about her desires!

One part of her wants to punish her Odr with a twisted sense of authority she feels she would have on him for letting the prankster wrap both her hands around his shaft and giving him slow pumps as his cock throbs with a life of its own in her hands.

The other part, however, basks in the glow of a rebellious torch burning in his soul. Her heart shudders at the notes of his soul, his breathless origin, and the sight of his lust-clad expression magnified by his hazy red-gold eyes that would enchant hundreds of her at a glance. She gulps softly, her hand soon clamping on the iron railing as she edges against the rooftop as if wanting

to appear by Jacka's side at once! A hand beside's Loki to appropriately service her true lover, her knees scraping the dirty floor, and if she assumes a crouching position like Loki, then her fingers pleasing her dripping cunt as she services Jackal with a hand—

'No, how presumptuous of me. He deserves all my attention.' Freya affirms.

The sight of Loki exhaling hotly on Jackal's cock magnifies the emotional cocktail of lust, anger, desires, and envy in Freya. And like any other deity, she is quick to use her mental prowess of imagination to replace Loki with herself.

And when it comes to imagination, she can ONLY be below the likes of mischievous deities. Not even Athena can boast an imagination greater than hers!

"What are you zoning out for?" Freya snaps her attention upward. Her lilac-tinted silver orbs stare into his inquisitive red-gold hues. She feels her skin touch the grimy alley as her hands and delicate fingers feel her Odr's pulsating cock radiate unimaginable heat.

"Nothing," Freya's smile broadens briefly as she holds his gaze and starts working her soft hands back and forth on his girthy shaft. Each stroke makes his breath hotter and heavier with lust. His red-gold eyes aren't the least bit bothered by her upturned gaze. The thinly-veiled intensity of her eyes fails making him feel uncomfortable as he clenches and opens his palms closer to his thighs.

She leans her head forward and exhales on the tip of his drooling cock. An eager one, undoubtedly. But Freya knows she can make him last nights if she wishes to. But this isn't about her.

This entire imaginative dream in her head, including the most realistic sensations of his cock she can imagine, is not about her wanting to live her dreams but her wanting to prepare for him.

Her lips don't hesitate for a second to cover his cockhead, tongue flicking forward with a mind of its own, and pouty pink lips glide ahead alongside the firm pump of her grip on his veiny shaft. Her eyes briefly threaten to roll back, just to please Jackal, to cement the fact that he is all she desires, but it would be dishonest.

Freya refuses to be dishonest in one of the things she knows her Odr will achieve using his own might.

His thick handle widens her mouth further as Freya cares little how deep he's already hitting. Her gag reflex knows no limits as she is soon kissing her lover's crotch with sputtering, spit-stained lips. A nasal grunt escapes her features as she keeps eye contact, refusing to break the intimate moment at any cost!

Her hands lovingly coil around his waist as she firmly sheathes his shaft in her throat, her flesh flexing around his head as she struggles to breathe through her nostrils while her eyes willingly seek Jackal's permission to... breathe. His gaze, however, keeps her pinned in her spot.

Would he forgive her? Not for simple reasons of not waiting for him for thousands of years when she should have.

No.

Would he forgive her for her deceit?

She needs to prepare for all of it. What if he doesn't forgive her?

"Following me," he snarls, "Thinking you have some dumb right over me just cause you can see my soul or some shit? My hands are right here." He crosses his arms over his chest, despite his urge to hold her scalp in place and frantically skullfuck her—she can see it all too clearly. "Move your head when you think you've repented enough. It's not like I'm desperate for another Goddess of Love of Beauty."

'No, don't say it,' Freya's eyes widen pitifully as she lets out choked gasps on his shaft, making him throb in her throat at a furious pace. A little more, and he will reward her with his seed. She awaits it!

"But that's not even the worst of it," His perfect lips would sneer above his perfect jaw, "How dare you think little about my women? I made them mine long before you. You're just a cheap, wanton, dumb—"

His eyes widen as he suddenly pulls her head back before she can... bite him?

'Eh?'

Freya comes to be as Jackal pulls Loki away before she sinks her teeth into his cock.

"Allen... did something happen?" Freya blinks, not understanding the sudden change. She is sure that Jackal's and Loki's relationship isn't that of physical torture but a verbal one.

"Hmm?" Allen looks up from his clicker, "Let me check." He speaks plainly, ignoring the obvious scent of sex in the air around him as he stands up and peers ahead. His furry ears twitch as he picks up on the conversation of the quarreling couple.

“Oh, your dumbfuck Odr senses Shakti from Ganesha Familia and thought it was a good idea to catch up to her in the middle of getting his dick handled by another dumbfuck of a Goddess. Well, that’s the gist of it. Are you sure you don’t want him to read some material about dating or stuff? Any man should know not to speak of another woman at a time like this.”

Freya gives Allen a sidelong stare before issuing a husky sigh, “Let’s leave. I... desire the presence of my chamber. And... a bodypillow.”

Allen stares at Freya quietly before speaking, “You did that on purpose.”

“I might have.”

“Tch, let’s just leave. Besides, today is the last day of my shift. I can go to the Dungeon again starting tomorrow.”

Freya smiles slightly as she climbs her Vice-Captain’s back and hugs him tightly with a playful groan, “Ah, your back is always so warm~! I’ll miss it when I have my Odr’s back!”

Allen stills for a moment as Freya giggles, “Aw, jealous, Allen?”

“Shut up, woman!”

Alternate Title: All Deities are Down Bad; Daily Life of Freya Familia; Allen is a Connoisseur of Clicks; Tying Loose Smut Ends; Freya’s Imagination Gets her Anywhere!; The Cock Biters; Samira’s Position is in Trouble; Shakti’s Life is Tribulation Given Form; Imaginary Jackal is a Harem Menace!; Chad Cocksucking Loki V Masturbating Incel Freya; Allen ‘Bout to Wear his Wife Sister Beating Vest

A/N: Just had to make this short side story to cover why Loki almost bit Jackal off.

Title: A New Problem

Why would Jackal sleeping with Loki be an issue? If anything, his natural charisma swept everything under the rug with ease!

Lili accepts Jackal's dick promoted from a hand-baiter to *Babel*. Eina and Rose are more than happy to see their man get the divine experience of manhood. Maria takes his song of conquering the embodiment of chaotic pranks to her children, Naaza's tail wags at his mere sight, and Mia will get wet every time he sets foot into her establishment from now on.

Well, no.

If anything, Jackal knows he lost his brownie points with Mia after his moment of a hissy fit. Lili did pay for everything, of course. But he has yet to enter her fine establishment again. As for the rest?

"Wow, so everyone's at the shop?" Jackal blinks in surprise as he returns to the store with a pink kitty pocketed in his vest, her fuzzy head sticking out, and a sharp-eyed husky following him calmly.

"Worried sick for you!" Hermes pouts with his hands set on his waist before adopting a relaxed expression as he gestures around everyone in his store. "I assume that's what others want to express." He adjusts his hat and smirks, "But would you imagine that? You're just fine after a drunken night."

Jackal blinks, startingly similar to the wide-eyed emerald-hued kitten, as he questions, "No, I meant, Naaza, don't you have a store to run? And Eina, Rose, uh, Misha's really working hard for the two of you, huh?"

"Is that all you have to say?" Eina stares at Jackal strangely calmly.

"Hmm..." Jackal works his jaw, feeling his intuitions blaring crazy alarms as he looks over to Maria questioningly, expecting some assistance. But she stares at him equally blankly. He then looks at Shakti.

Wait.

Shakti?

Jackal stares at the blue-haired captain of Ganesha Familia before voicing his doubts, "What's exactly going on here?"

“Jackal,” Maria sighs softly, “You should know better even when drunk.”

“Look, I know it was Loki!” Jackal sighs explosively, “And I’ll never forgive myself for stooping so low! But she just got on me without warning!” He speaks with honest emotions while watching others’ expressions deform into confused frowns of their own as Lili’s lips twitch constantly. “And that’s not the reason you’re here.”

“We don’t care if you sleep with a goddess,” Naaza snorts coldly.

“Sounds like you do,” Hermes hums playfully.

“Hermes! Out, now!” The silent Asfi drags Hermes out of the store as Jackal sidesteps to give them a way out.

“Well, I do!” Eina retorts to Naaza and glares at Jackal.

“Wait, just give me a second,” Jackal waves his hands dismissively before questioning, “Did you guys know I slept with Loki?”

“Now we do, Jackal-sama. After all, we wouldn’t believe a word Hermes-sama said.” Lili scoffs sharply and slumps in her seat.

“Oh... well, it wasn’t even that—”

“Jackal,” Maria thins her lips.

“Right. Who am I even kidding?” He shrugs as he sets the pink kitten on the counter under Lili’s watchful gaze while noting the muggy atmosphere in the store.

“Are you guys mad or not? Cause this is getting a little confusing for me,” Jackal starts with a confused tone. “I mean, after all, I did say I would do these things.”

“I think it’s how you did it,” Rose hums thoughtfully, feeling equally annoyed for reasons she is trying to comprehend.

“Doggy style? You have problems with that position?” Jackal stuns others.

“No!” Eina hisses, her cheeks turning bright red as she balls her fists, “I- tch! Nothing!”

“Ohhh! You mean,” Jackal looks around, “with whom I slept, is that it?”

Rose nods slowly.

“So all of you have a problem with Loki?”

“NO!” Everyone, including Take and Shakti, snaps at the same time, startling Jackal and the pink kitten.

“Alright, I’m lost then,” He shrugs and takes a seat.

“They mean you didn’t do them first,” Hermes sticks his head in, “I don’t know about Takemikazu—” A hand from hell grabs his neck and drags him out again as the interior of the store falls into a deafening silence.

“Oh,” Jackal blinks, “Take, I don’t know I can—”

“For the love of god,” Shakti rolls her eyes, feeling herself nearing her limits. As Jackal stares at her, the woman warns him, “And no. Don’t think anything stupid about me. You have caused yourself and those around you quite the trouble.”

Jackal straightens his back with a curious expression, “How so?”

“Our Familias have received warnings, disruption of which would net us getting exiled,” Take sighs softly beside Maria as Jackal frowns.

“Why?”

“Because you decided to become indecent in public with Loki!” Naaza snaps with cold fury.

Meeaaaa

The pink kitten yowls softly as Jackal calmly pets her little head, “Don’t be scared. Naaza won’t hurt you.”

“Jackal,” Shakti stares at him seriously. “Someone of prominent influence wants to smother you out of business and possibly out of Orario. I’ve come here to inform you of things out of goodwill and prospering relationship between your store and our Familia. But chances are, Ganesha Familia will suspend their business with Humble Jackals for an indefinite period.”

She doesn’t wait for Jackal, but he still stops between her and the door.

“What?” She arches her eyebrow,

“Just wanted to thank you for the notice, is all,” Jackal smiles. “And just so we’re clear, the Ganesha Familia is suspending its business with my store. That’s it, right?”

Shakti sighs and remarks, “You won’t have my goodwill if you pull a stunt like last night.”

“It was Loki’s idea.”

“Somehow, I doubt it,” Shakti scoffs and waits for Jackal to move away.

Once she leaves, Jackal looks at everyone else besides Take. “So... did Hermes get it right?”

“Not really,” Eina responds sharply, “Jackal, we didn’t come here by missing our work. We were sent here by the Guild.”

Jackal sits again and gestures for her to continue.

“As Shakti said, someone pulled the strings, and almost all low-leveled stores across Orario are threatening to leave the City if you do not close your shop.” Before Jackal could get a word in, Eina adds, “And I’m not talking about your competitors, who are very mad about your production of Butterfree Era. I am talking about 60% of the entire low-level market boycotting Orario if the Guild does not deal with you.”

“Deal with me? How?” Jackal questions.

“We read some of the petitions,” Rose frowns, “They were extreme. Many condemn you for not being decent in public, but that’s the least of it. Some claim your actions against the Soma Familia were unjust. Others want every Familia and store dealing with you out of Orario.”

Jackal narrows his eyes thoughtfully and nods, “Hmm, got it.”

Eina hesitates a little, “No, you don’t. The guild wants to take action because—”

“Because I’m a big, fucking wild card whose information is unknown aside from the years of service in the Guild. There’s a big bad wolf rallying a herd of annoyed sheep against you guys and me, with whom I’ve been dealing and sharing profits. That’s about it, right?”

Jackal starts tapping the counter before looking at Maria, “Did you get any threats?”

The woman hesitates before nodding.

“Lili, did someone try to thrash the store in my absence?”

“Yes, Jackal-sama! But I punctured their limbs with my spear!” Lili perks up, and the pink kitten trembles more intensely!

“Takemikazuchi, did your familia get into some trouble in the Dungeon?”

He nods and questions, “How did you know?”

Jackal shakes his head and looks at Naaza, who sighs and responds, "My store didn't receive any threats, but my customers declined quite a bit."

"Hmm," Jackal nods and looks at Take again, "How's your familia?"

"Safe," he replies calmly.

"Well, the good news is I know how to make the Guild back off," Jackal smacks his lips. "The bad news is, in removing the Guild from the equation, the big-bad wolf likely will toss away all semblance of civility and do everything in his means and power to take me out for reasons only he knows why."

"And how do you know all this?" Naaza questions.

"I know how thugs work," Jackal shrugs with a smirk before quelling any more questions, "Before we begin, I have something very important to ask. But even before that, I'm sorry you guys got into trouble because of me."

"No, Jackal-sama!" Lili stands and bows to others, "It's possible things got this bad because of Jackal-sama destroying Soma Familia and me further contracting Soma to our shop. It's all—"

"Nobody's fault but the person behind all this," Takemikazuchi interrupts with a serious expression.

"That's right," Maria reveals an apathetic look, "We aren't here to blame you. We want to resolve the situation just as much as you are."

"And customers always return after a while, so there is no point getting angry." Naaza half-shrugs.

"Very well," Jackal grins, "Now, to the important task!" He claps his hands, attracting everyone's attention.

"What should we name my pet kitten and dog?"

"Huh?"

Ting-a-ling

The door of his store opens as Hermes and a stony Asfi walks in, the blonde deity laughing without missing a beat as the smell of potion wafts from him, "Well, is that even a question? The adorable kitten is obviously Anya, and the serious and silent canine is Loid!"

Jackal raises an eyebrow before looking at the two pets.

“Sounds good to me,” he shrugs.

“Wait!” Takemikazuchi frowns, “What about Nekokitane for the kitten and Okami-no-Yusha for the canine?”

Ruff

The blonde husky let out a throaty grunt in disgust for the first time as the pink kitten visibly recedes in Jackal’s hand while staring at Take with horror.

“Nope, Anya and Loid, it is.”

He then looks at everyone, “So... you guys really aren’t mad about Loki?”

Their stares condense into him as Takemikazuchi chuckles and stands up, “I will be in the orphanage.”

“Oh, I would love to see you train them,” Hermes chuckles and turns around smoothly.

“We would like to have a word when you are done here, Jackal.”

“Wait!” Jackal calls out with a resolute look, “Take Anya and Loid out. They have seen enough atrocities for the day.”

“An admirable choice,” Rose nods calmly. Her yellow-gold eyes laced in annoyance for the first time in a long while.

Gaslighting is a form of interrogation known usually to women, who are born with this art inherently maxed out commonly. Jackal still doubts Hermes' claims of other women sleeping with him. Maybe Eina and Rose, sure. But others, Jackal doubts it. Maybe Lili, too? Wait... just maybe, Maria, too? And what about Naaza? These are the thoughts Jackal would love to consider in calm silence, but he wouldn't get any in this judgment zone layered with gaslighting of supreme proportions.

Why doesn't Naaza shout if she's irritated?

Why doesn't Eina just open up about what's getting to her?

Why is Lili just grumbling under her breath?

Why doesn't Maria points out what seems to be the issue?

The answer is—gaslighting. And Jackal can notice it all too well.

It's entirely her fault, isn't it?

“So, we agree that Loki is a problem?” Jackal concludes as their collective groans echo.

Like hell, Jackal will let any gaslighting rouse him!

He snorts a chuckle as he addresses the impressive potential in the store. “So, I can assume you're all gathered here to fuss over me?”

“Keep dreaming,” Naaza is the first to stand and make her way towards the door. But instead of stepping out, she stops and looks at him, “We need to go out if you're available later. I'll let you know the details. But aside from that, I can't let Blue Pharmacy continue any dealings with your store. But as Shakti said, Miach and I will—”

“I know,” Jackal cuts in with a broad grin, “Thanks, Naaza.”

Her cream-furred rounded ears twitch a little as she turns and leaves.

“We should be leaving, too,” Eina looks at Rose, who nods reluctantly. Before they leave, however, Jackal smiles wryly at them, “I really wanted to have fun with you at the party, you know? And I probably could have handled whatever Tiona did better.”

Rose and Eina share a look, their expressions easing before Eina smiles sweetly, “Well, I hope this isn't your last leveling party. After all, I wouldn't like getting drunk without cause.”

Rose slightly inclines her head and adds, “But don't force yourself. Not only with the level-up but also the situation with the guild.”

His smile softens as he nods, “I'll take it easy. Um...” He looks at Lili and Maria cautiously before half-shrugging. “I'll catch up with you guys later.”

They nod with short smiles of their own before bidding their farewell to the group and leaving the store silent.

“Jackal-sama?” Lili pouts.

“Yeah?”

“Your pervertedness has no limits!”

Jackal looks at the pouting girl before grinning wolfishly, "Hmm, and you sleeping next to me. Says a lot more about you than me, don't you think so, Maria-san?"

The mature woman rolls her eyes at their antics as she adopts a serious expression, "Jackal... read this."

She hands him a stack of rolled papers, watching Jackal and Lili read through them with a worried look. She observes their expressions morphing from shock to fury.

"How dare they?!" Lili vibrates anxiously as she scowls, "I should have killed them!" Red glinting in her chestnut hues.

Jackal, however, frowns as he pockets the threats of the worst kind toward Maria and the children, "I'll take care of it?"

"Can you?" Maria chews her lips in worry. "I mean, alone. What if my children get hurt? And I'm not just talking about the ones in the orphanage. What if they attack others in the Dungeon?"

Jackal grows silent.

He will end up with the responsibility of too many people on his back if he promises their security to Maria, but can he even say no? He likes her and the children, and these things are in no manner exclusive. He would still end up taking a liking to the children without Maria.

"Lili," Jackal suppresses the burning anger in his heart. The individual behind this mess right after one of Jackal's grandest nights will pay in time. But for now...

"Yes?"

"We're going to stop selling Butterfree Era for the time being."

Lili's eye widens.

The limited sale of Butterfree Era means low profits to the store, but the product is already a brand item for their store. Such action is equivalent to—

"I don't want you to give up your dreams because of me..." Maria lowers her head with a guilty expression as Jackal blinks before cackling, "I'm already going out with Eina and Rose. I think Naaza asked me out, too. So, what dream am I giving up on?"

As Maria looks up, still not giving into Jackal's attempt at changing the topics, he musters with a grin, "My dream isn't money. This store's existence and your lives are more important than some product. Besides, this is only to calm things for now. As I said, I know how to handle the Guild."

“And the other person?”

Maria inquires.

“Dunno. Chances are I’d kill him on sight, but the gods won’t like it for some unknown reason. I’ll have to ask around, starting from Hermes and other high-level adventurers I know.”

Maria nods quietly, still not leaving.

Lili and Jackal look at each other before the former chimes, “This time Jackal-Sama won’t be alone, Maria-san! I can help out, too.”

“Yeah, you can take care of the store in my stead. I’ll have the new items on hold for the time being.”

“No!” Lili cries out with a huff, “In fights! I’m getting better!”

“Hmm...” Jackal looks at Lili suspiciously before shrugging, “If you say so.”

“I’m not lying!”

“I didn’t say you were!”

“I can smell your disbelief!”

“That’s just the smell of Anya’s piss on me.”

“Ew!”

Maria watches their banter before breaking into a soft smile.

Alternate Title: Promotion to Babel; Worried Group; This is Not an Intervention; Asfi Has Mastered the Art of Potion Beating; Failed Gas Lighting; Jackal V The Big Bad Wolf; Beginning of a Storm; Recognized Goodwill; The Guild Signs of Moving; Hermes Gets it Right; Pet Names; Scared Anya and Ninja Loid; A Stack of Threats; Straightened Priorities; Anya’s Piss Smells of Disbelief

A/N: So this should straighten out whom the cat and dog are based on, right? I have a hazy idea for their background, and I have mommy killer ready to appear at a moment’s notice, kek. Now just imagine Anya’s expression on a cat’s face, and you’re gold. And this arc will be slower

because of two reasons: More development of characters which will tie into Jackal's progression, and more revelation of the Gekai plane as a whole to introduce some interesting '*merchants*.' By the way, if it still isn't clear, Olal Shen is based on two characters: Lalo (from breaking bad) and Shen (Kung Fu Panda 2) Hence the grey-white hair and mustache.

Title: Maria's New Protection

“So, I say it from my heart, my dearest, my loveliest—”

“Oh, shove it with the bullshit,” Mia scoffs with a roll of her eyes as she crosses her thick arms under her equally thicc breasts while letting a ghost of a smile swim over her lips at Jackal’s antics. Then she stares at other girls watching them with amused and catty smirks of their own, including May, as she finally snorts, “Enough fun! Learn from Ryuu for once and get to work.”

“But she’s on dish duty, nyaa! Her work is within the kitchen!” Anya protests while petting Anya. The duo’s fuzzy ears fold inward, and tails sway gently—a sight Jackal truly feels worth keeping Anya alive.

Again, the pink-kitten flinches for a second before mewling under Anya’s care. Leave it to a catgirl to know a kitty’s needs.

Chloe watches the duo bond with a flicker of envy. After all, dogs and cats, normal ones, are a rarity in Orario.

“Get. To. Work.” Mia seethes as everyone except Jackal flinches. As the girls scurry away, Syr flashes Jackal a playful wink, and Lunoise pats his shoulder with a *‘don’t mind’* smile.

With Mia back to cooking and Ryuu returning to her dishes with her long elven ears still processing their conversation, Mia sighs softly and mutters, “Come here.”

Her dwarven palm pets Anya as her tiny head shrinks into herself. Not minding the kitten’s fears, she watches Jackal step forward with ease.

“Look, kid—”

“Jackal,” he corrects her.

“Until you can get to level four or grow a full beard, you’re a kid,” Mia chuckles mockingly before shaking her head, “I don’t know what got you riled up.”

“See, now that’s a lie,” Jackal frowns.

Mia narrows her eyes, “You think I spied on you and Tiona?”

“I think you won’t let us wrecks get drunk without surveillance. I wouldn’t.”

Mia huffs loudly. Her other palm lands on his shoulder with a mix of rough grab and pat. "Everyone's got their reasons for things they do. And I get the feeling you don't need any word of advice, too."

Her hand squeezes her shoulder tighter, but it doesn't hurt. Instead, she frowns and reveals an empathetic look, "But don't lie to yourself, kid. That's how you die from within. Our life is too short for lies."

Jackal silently looks at her while working his jaw. He tosses a glance at Mia and Ryuu, who are working, but their speed is knowingly sluggish.

"I don't like it either," Jackal mutters softly, "But lies protect you sometimes, right?"

"Not for long," Mia lets go of his shoulder before chuckling, "I guess you'll still be a kid to me no matter what I call you or how long your beard grows."

He clicks his tongue before picking Anya up, "Keep saying that. I will force you to take me seriously. Oh!" He stops in his tracks before changing topics, "You didn't get any threats, did you?"

"Hah!" Mia laughs, "The only threat to me is my lazy daughters, who sometimes forget to cook and wash the dishes!"

May and Ryuu begin working instantly as Jackal smirks and walks out before taking the stairs and entering the reserved lobby for the night. He sets Anya near Loid as she practically scoffs her food from her tray under Loid's exasperated gaze, while Jackal sits next to Lili across Hermes and Asfi.

"Now I'm free," he huffs while sitting.

He's already visited other vendors he deals with, including the Hephaestus Familia. As one would expect, the Hephaestus Familia received a *'tip'* from the Guild to distance themselves from the Jackal. Their captain, Tsubaki, did not find such notions appealing once the news of Jackal being Soma's sole contractor reached her sharp ears.

Jackal can practically envision contracting Tsubaki as his blacksmith with a few more pieces of good news like this!

Adriana, however, did feel wise to distance herself for now. She was merely a simple tailor without any sort of protection. Though disheartened by the news, Jackal couldn't really hold it against her. But he knew damn well he would have never made the same choice as his lovely tailor.

And here he is, finally chatting with Hermes.

"If you still say you don't have anything to do with Olal, and this isn't his doing, I'm going to walk out," Jackal looks at Hermes with a huff.

"Hmm, are you sure your dear assistant should be here?" Hermes smirks teasingly, leaning forward to glance at Lili with interest.

"Sure, she should know everything that affects me. After all, we live together."

Lili smiles beside herself, barely keeping her composure as Hermes adjusts his hat and nods. His smile transitions into a solemn look not any worse than his Familia's captain as he leans back.

"As rumors suggest, Olal Shen is a merchant despised by Deities of Orario for many reasons, but the most prominent of them is their inability to affect him in form and manner. I, for one, find his indifference to the Divine quite refreshing."

"What does he deal in?" Jackal questions, "I've heard that Olal has his fingers dipped in many businesses, but he must have something he does for himself, right? He didn't strike me as the kind of guy who loves taking a seat in the background and letting his employees run things for him."

"These kinds of questions are worth quite a lot," Hermes smiles.

"Then why did you want to talk with us?" Lili retorts sharply.

"To conduct business," He replies with ease before giving Asfi a look.

The bespectacled captain adjusts her glasses before retrieving a small, green colored, the surface of which is riddled with hieroglyphs, as she proceeds to stick a small magic stone in the carved indent of the disk. The pitch-black hieroglyphs whirl to life as a soft green dome covers their table and perimeters around them.

"A spy-sealer disc from Altena," Hermes informs with a smile, "Costs a fortune, but when you talk about someone like Olal in the open, magic items like this become a necessity."

"Which we wouldn't have used if you didn't accept Olal's deal!" Asfi finally speaks up with a frown. Her sidelong gaze makes Hermes shrug, "A deal is a deal, right? That in itself is not an evil thing to do."

"So, that's what we should do, you think?" Lili stares at Hermes, "Make a deal with someone who brought this problem to Orario?"

“If you want information on Olal, yes,” Asfi replies instead of Hermes, who enters into a staring contest with Jackal.

Lili sinks in silence as Jackal starts tapping the table.

“Did he truly come here because of Soma Familia’s defeat?” Jackal questions.

“Why would you ask something like that?” Hermes chuckles.

“I met him outside Hephaestus’s Office. I didn’t think much at the time, but I feel he has other business he is here to attend to. And I don’t think he’ll be here for long. He killed a Guild’s prisoner. The Guild will issue a quest to drive Olal out sooner or later.” Jackal leans back on his chair and ponders aloud, “I suppose I can quicken the process by greasing a few hands in the Guild. But I really don’t want to make my store some joint fucking venture.”

Since he’s living a pretty ‘Solo’ life when it comes to his objectives, why should his store be any different? He didn’t dream of running a store that any dick in the city could bully.

No.

He’s all the bullies this city will ever need!

Jackal leans against the table, exhaling loudly before smiling broadly, “Let’s hear it.”

“Hmm, very well.” Hermes tips his hat for a moment before chuckling. “As you can expect, Butterfree Era for my children, all of them.”

“What?” Lili hisses.

“And?” Jackal waves past her and wags his brows in question.

“I understand you bring a new product with every monster you kill—quite a terrifying skill, if you ask me. But ludicrously luxurious, too. Did you not reach the end of the upper floors? I would like to enter into a contract for more materials as I see fit. We’ll pay, of course. But at a discount of 30%.”

The same discount they have with Soma—Jackal and Lili think simultaneously.

Jackal shakes his head.

“Not enough.”

“What?” Asfi questions.

"I'm saying that price is much too pricey for a dead man," Jackal lets out a bark of laughter while staring at Hermes, "Go on, sweeten the pot for me, will you?"

Hermes blinks and then purses his lips with a thoughtful expression on his face.

"You cannot kill Olal."

"Oh, I will," Jackal retorts with a shrug. "So, what is it going to be? Are you going to make a deal in good faith, or did you waste this Spy-Stealer Disc for nothing?"

Hermes shoots Asfi a glance, "And you thought we should make amends for our mistakes. How is it not the same thing as Olal."

"Deal or no deal?" Jackal cuts in.

"What do you have in mind?" Hermes sighs.

"Her," Jackal looks at Asfi unflinchingly. "I want to hire her to protect Maria's Orphanage as long as Olal breathes in Orario."

Asfi frowns.

"Deal!" Hermes grins.

"Wait a minute!" The Captain softly hisses as she smacks the table, "I didn't agree to any of it!" She doesn't hear Hermes retorts, knowing him all too well for that, and stares at Jackal, "I empathize with your situation."

"My situation?" Jackal stares at her calmly, "Let me clear your situation for once. In this plane, gods and goddesses mean squat until they have a strong familia captain. They are forced to work jobs and sometimes live on handouts! So anything Hermes does, he does by using your strength as his confidence. Anything happens to Maria or her children, and I mean her children living on their own, too, I'll make it my mission to have my hands rip Hermes apart starting from his mouth *AFTER* I deal with you and your half-assed empathy."

Anya stops scoffing at her food for once. Instead of her usual fright, she mewls at Asfi before letting out a soft cough that sounds more like a scoff to human ears.

"I'm sure things will not go that bad if we all work together, right?" Hermes smiles calmly.

"You lack the necessary skillset to request assistance, do you not?" Asfi interjects and stares at Jackal in a hostile manner.

"Request? I'm paying your Familia for the service you render," Jackal smirks.

Asfi frowns and looks at Hermes with accusation clear in her gaze.

“I will only look over Maria’s Orphanage and the children she cares for presently.”

“I think she cares for all her children.”

“Physically.” Asfi and Jackal stare at each other before he nods.

“Fine,” he accepts with a cold smirk, “I’ll deal with the rest of them.”

“What?” Lili stares at Jackal inquisitively while Hermes clears his throat.

“If I may, I think I understand what my dear friend is trying to imply.”

Jackal scoffs at his words while Hermes smiles at Lili, “With Asfi taking care of Maria, of course, me included, since the poor old I will have to live close by, Jackal is free to take care of those who can harm your friends in the Dungeon—the adventurers, or in this case, Familias itself.”

“Which is crazy because the Guild will not stand for such acts constantly.” Asfi completes and stares at Jackal with dissatisfaction clear in her gaze, possibly due to their previous conversation.

“Don’t bunch your panties over simple things,” Jackal snorts at her, unwilling to give her any form of respect for the trouble she and her Deity has brought on to Maria and Takemikazuchi especially.

“What?” Asfi flares up.

“I said,” Jackal raises an eyebrow while Hermes and Lili think the same thing simultaneously.

‘He is going to say it, isn’t he?’

“Don’t bunch your tidy whities over nothing.”

Asfi falls into a daze before clenching her fist. If looks could kill, Jackal would lose a few limbs at the very least.

“Do not try my patience, Jackal.” She warns stoically.

“Hmm, ‘kay. Now, can we continue this discussion? What I do is none of your business. All you have to do is make sure nothing happens to Maria’s Orphanage.”

Asfi huffs at that while Hermes sighs softly, “Well, Olal is an interesting topic.”

“Ottar.”

‘There it is again,’ Ottar calmly thinks as he watches his Goddess sip one of Soma’s rare divine brews without showing anything on her face but curiosity. ‘Every time she has this tone...’

“Wouldn’t it be great if we could just destroy the No God’s Land?”

“We cannot, Lady Freya,” replies Ottar. “You were the one who stopped us from killing Olal the first time he disrespected you.”

“I did not say we should. I asked wouldn’t it be great?” Freya sighs before taking another long sip of her wine, whose scent fails to make Ottar any different than he usually is.

She doesn’t question Ottar anymore. Instead, she starts musing while letting herself get drunk ever so slightly.

“Olal Shen, a soul filled with malice so abundant that his very soul is a sight of disgust and venom,” her scowl fails to mark her beauty in any imperfection. The sight of her disgust would drive other men and women to eradicate its very source. But she can easily imagine a few men and women who won’t be affected by such ‘*measly*’ looks.

“It is correct. We cannot kill Olal. Well, we cannot kill him without offending whom he represents. And they might be weaker than our Familia in this plane, but he is still too troublesome. Not even some deities from the Far East or Kali, for that matter, are so troublesome.” Freya’s shoulders slump as she recalls the monstrosities who willingly entered the No God’s Land because it looked ‘*fun*’ to them.

“Hmm, maybe I should kidnap everyone and escape from Orario~!” She musters in a slightly giddy tone.

“Lady Freya.”

“I know, Ottar,” she sighs and drawls lazily, “I have to stay here, caged against my will by my very children.”

“That is not what I meant,” Ottar lowers his head and speaks softly.

“Are you saying I am wrong, Ottar?”

“I’m saying you’re drunk, Lady Freya.”

“How can’t I calm my nerves when my Odr is out there worrying for the safety of so many people,” Freya retains her calm and sighs again, “I just feel so helpless. Ottar, go. Protect everyone for me, will you?”

She looks back slightly, revealing her hazily glowing silver-lilac eyes as she whispers seductively, “Won’t you?”

“If you wish so, Lady Freya.”

“Speak your mind, Ottar.”

Ottar looks up at her, matching her gaze with ease before admitting, “I will end up thinking low of Jackal if I, or anyone from the Freya Familia, has to assist him in dealing with the consequences of his actions. Men have been tempered by losses and victories since ages ago. While Jackal has proven himself more than capable, not as an adventurer, but as a man, it is simply a never-ending struggle. As your Odr, I expect him to be a man who doesn’t lose himself in this struggle. And from what you have spoken of him, Lady Freya, Jackal would not appreciate a savior swooping in and helping him out of his mess.”

Freya admits that Ottar knows a few things about men, their primal urges, more than she can ever get a grasp on. Men can be surprisingly simple yet complicated to be fully appreciated.

But Freya cares little for Ottar’s expertise on his gender.

“My Odr doesn’t lose? What notion is that? Everyone loses, even deities. We are not free from the nature of life itself because we, too, have a form. I don’t care if he appreciates it or not. He must live!”

Ottar stares at Freya with confusion.

“I’m sorry, Lady Freya. You told me that if he dies, you will follow his soul and make it yours. I did not want to ruin his soul by helping him, as you would say, usually.”

Freya frowns to herself before looking at her glass.

Setting it aside, Freya regains her calm.

“You’re right, Ottar,” she stares beyond the glass wall. Her voice returns to its sweet tone as she chuckles gently, “I would like to be left alone now. This chat has been the most productive.”

Yet, as Ottar silently leaves, Freya’s gaze reveals her confusion and deeply sated conflict.

“Was that it?” Jackal rolls his eyes, “That was the most unimportant shit I heard!”

Hermes’ eyes widen as he defends the honor of his information, too, “I spoke of his supposed allies beyond Orario and the few Dark Familia in contact with him within Orario. Not to mention, I told you his main line of business—finding talented adventurers for the right Familia and forming connections. Similar to how he employed Zanis within the Soma Familia and earned a fortune by the cut he got from Zanis as he sold Soma’s Wine! How is any of that unimportant?”

“It’s not good enough!” Jackal frowns and crosses his arms.

“It should be!”

“No!”

“Well, what else do you want to know in this situation?”

“His past. Where did he come from? What the fuck is his favorite food? Which woman does he sleep with within the Ishtar Familia? Stuff like that!”

“Ah,” Hermes shakes his head as Lili’s and Asfi’s expressions darkened. “His origins are not known to me. I tried and failed, but only one deity knows everything about him, and I told you about the said deity. He eats all kinds of things, but his favorite is anything with lots of chilies. And I don’t believe he is sleeping with anyone in Orario. Not even Ishtar can charm him.”

Jackal frowns before grumbling under his breath.

“Fine, we’re done then. I expect you two to hurry away to Maria’s Orphanage.”

“What are you going to do?” Asfi questions.

“Did you two read what letters Maria got?”

Lili recalls the contents of the letters and shudders with rage, while Hermes and Asfi frown, too. In Hermes’s humble opinion, the contents of the letters were a tad bit too indulging.

“We did,” Asfi nods softly.

“I’m going to do just that,” Jackal mutters calmly.

“Jackal-sama! Some Familia have Level 5 adventurers!” Lili shakes her head, “You absolutely cannot turn the situation worse. You promised Maria-san!”

“I promised her everything would be alright. I also promised I’d handle the guild. I intend to do just that, among other things. Don’t worry. I’ll first find protection for myself before doing anything stupid.”

“So, it is a stupid venture nonetheless,” Asfi scoffs.

“Now, now. A man’s adventure is often considered stupid at first,” Hermes chuckles, “May I know your supposed protection? I could refer a better one if possible.”

Jackal stares at the duo before shaking his head, “I don’t know if... ehm, that person will agree. I’ll have to lay my charms.”

“Ruff!” Loid barks a snort.

“I have charm, alright, you punk,” Jackal snorts in return.

Alternate Title: Jackal Woos to The Loveliest Maiden; The Lazy Daughters; Mia’s Advice; Finally Free to Chat; A Deal; A Contract Loki Wishes; The New Escort; Does Asfi Wears Tidy Whities?; Anya Pets Anya, But it’s not the Anya that Pats Anya; A Drunk Goddess? A Conflicted Goddess?; Ottar Knows More About Men? *Among Us Theme*; Jackal’s Opposing Force; Olal Loves the Spices; Stack of Prophecizing Letters; The Menace to the Society is at it Again; Finding a Protector; Jackal Has Charm... Loud Disagrees; The Ninja Canine’s Astute Observation? Freya Disagrees