

## Chapter 289: Speechless

“Happy eighteenth birthday!”

The unified shout of a dozen girls echoed through the hall.

“Damn, girls.”

Asahi turned around to see black and white frills everywhere, which only covered a bare minimum of flesh on the girls’ bodies. The dazzling number of erotic maids almost sent him into heat. The girls who were supposed to be inside the dungeon were also here. Saya, Shizuka, Yuriko, Leme, and Maya were here too. Maya carried herself with elegance not less than Grayfia. Shizuka, Aimi, and Nao’s outfit made him a little sad. Instead of wearing the maid dress, they stick to their usual *tame* dresses.

*‘Can’t force them if they are uncomfortable in it. Still, this is my best birthday party ever.’*

He thoroughly captured the brilliant moment in his eyes.

“Guess who~?”

Someone covered his eyes, playing the old-school guess who prank.

*‘This voice is Saya.’*

But, Saya stood before him in a maid dress.

“Could it be... Haya?”

“Well done~.”

She spun him around, giving him a full view of herself.

“Holy...”

He couldn't see any difference in them, other than their eyes, and well, her french maid dress was a cut above the rest. A little too erotic for a birthday party.

“Come here.” She hugged him forcefully. “Embracing you feels the same.”

“What did you expect?” Saya mumbled behind Asahi. Her alter ego shared the same sensation as her, so a hug would be the same whether inside or outside this place, which Klyscha called her ‘Dream Hub.’

“Klyscha did it?” Asahi asked.

“She is too good to us.”

Asahi nodded and spun around with Saya in his arms. Shiori stepped forward and bowed gracefully as though trying to emphasize her D-cup boobs almost slipping out of her dress. Her purple ponytail fluttered around her head.

“Master Asahi, tell us your order. We'd do anything.”

*‘This is my birthday gift?’* Asahi mused.

“What is your order... Master?” Saya asked and clasped her hands on her lap.

Shizuka gave a wry smile. “Aa-kun, sorry. I couldn't... wear the maid clothes.”

Even when others called her beautiful, she didn't like herself in the maid dress. She knew Asahi wouldn't like it if she forced herself to wear

something uncomfortable. She much preferred being herself in front of Asahi instead of putting on a mask.

“It isn’t a problem, Nee-san. You look beautiful no matter the clothes.”

Rika hugged Shizuka from behind and rubbed her cheeks against her. “Aa-chan is sooo right about it. This cinnamon roll looks good with anything...”

Rika bounced toward Asahi, showing off her maid dress at every chance. “Hey, sorry for lying about the dungeon. We wanted it to be a surprise.”

“Hah. Your apology isn’t sincere enough,” Asahi said with a wolfish grin. “Come to my room after this.”

“Yes sir~!”

“Where is Klyscha?”

Asahi couldn’t find his loli goddess, who loved cosplaying. Though her laziness got in the way sometimes.

“Looking for me, my love?”

Klyscha’s voice echoed around before she walked out of a translucent door. Like everyone else, she was wearing a maid dress.

“Happy birthday, my love. It’s your first one with most of us here... so we wanted to make it special.”

“It’s plenty special, alright. A dream birthday party inside a dream.”

Shiori chuckled and nudged Maya. “Girl, get the cake.”

“Ah, understood,” Maya said and dragged Saya outside the hall. Haya winked at Asahi before following the two.

Yuriko watched Haya’s back with a smile. “I have two daughters now, and a grandchild in a few months... It feels a little unreal.”

It wasn’t long before she was busy managing the Takagi business. Then another moment, she was entangled with her son-in-law. Before she knew it, she had opened a fashion store in another world far more advanced than hers.

And now, she was in a dream, celebrating the birthday of her lover, who also happened to be her son-in-law.

On top of that, they had the support of the strongest goddess in the universe.

It all seemed like the plot of some movie.

“Oh lord,” Asahi said and slid his arms around her waist before tugging her into his embrace. “Stop worrying, or you’ll start looking like a grandma.”

Yuriko pursed her lips. She tried everything to look younger. Well, she could always take the easy route with Klyscha’s Amrita potion if she showed signs of aging. Until then, she wanted him to preserve his karma points for something more useful.

“You’ll be an eighteen-year-old grandpa. Wouldn’t you, dear?”

Asahi bit the top of her ears. “Blame your daughter for seducing me every day. What do you say about giving Saya another sister?”

Yuriko felt a surge of heat in her chest. “Not now. I’ll tell you when I’m ready.”

Sure, she wanted a child to relive the time of being a mother. But Saya’s pregnancy fulfilled that dream. She had all the time in the world to bear a child later; she just wanted to enjoy this warm time with her new family.

Leme poked Asahi’s cheeks. “Can Leme get pregnant?”

Klyscha snickered. “Why else do you think I gave him the high human bloodline?! There is no woman in this world my love can’t impregnate!”

“Wow! Leme also wants a child after everyone’s turn is done.”

She had a lot more fun stuff to do before that.

“Umm, sure.”

He had no problem with it. Leme might be the laziest person around, but she became serious when it came to her family.

“Yay!”

Shiori grinned at the bold declaration of the first wife. “These goddesses got one hell of a fetish.”

Saeko shook her head. “I’m starting to think Shiori isn’t the most perverted woman in our family.”

“I never was.... Imouto, don’t you want a baby like Saya?”

“No... my sword will grow dull...”

She didn’t know if she could cut down Asahi’s enemies while being the best mother.

“Who says you can’t be a swordswoman and an amazing mother?”

“Then, you go first,” Saeko said with a teasing smile. “Onee-chan.”

Shiori looked away and clicked her tongue. Saeko had seen her bait from miles away, so her plan to get Saeko first failed.

“The cake is here!”

Asahi’s eyes went wide at the cake. The cake had a whopping fourteen levels, each one a seemingly different flavor.

Maya peeked her head from behind the cake. “One for each bride and the base one is for Onii-sama.”

“Um um. My love is the pillar of the family. It was my idea to put his favorite chocolate flavor on the bottom.”

Maya and Klyscha left him speechless with their logic.

So the party started.