**Chapter 137: Nightmare (7)**

“⋯⋯”

I listened to the chatter, and remained silent.

I didn't even ask, “Did I hear you wrong?”

After the succubus attack, the way she'd looked at me had been so intense and eager that I could tell she had something to say.

⋯I just didn't expect her to ask me to ditch the party and go with her.

“Denshi.”

Her shoulders shook at the sound of her name after all these years.

Biting her lower lip slightly, the corners of her mouth parted in hesitation.

“Even now, looking at you like this, I often think of that time. When you were so far away.”

At Denshi's words, my memory began to retrace its steps.

-Piiiiiiiii

The deafening roar of the transfer trap rang out, so violent and urgent that it shook the entire floor.

The battle that broke out due to the sabotage of the reformed explorers and the desperate struggle to escape the transfer trap.

I managed to narrowly escape, but it was too much for Grumpy and Jeremy.

-Pfft!

So I pushed them away.

-No! Don't go! Don't go! Don't go!

After being pushed out of the trap, Grumpy was frantic and yelled at me not to go.

At that time, I replied.

“Take care, I told you that I would never see you again⋯”

Denshi clenched her fists as if overwhelmed with emotion.

Her black hair and pure white shoulders shook.

“⋯I wanted to save my master somehow⋯I didn't want to experience⋯that again⋯so I tried to get stronger⋯over and over again⋯”

[Denshi Lv.31]

[Stamina:(7) Strength:(10+2) Agility:(21+15) Wisdom:(2+10) Finesse:(7)]

Denshi's stats were skewed toward agility to the point of being deformed.

Perhaps the heavens had granted Denshi's wish to never repeat such a thing again.

“But even when I get stronger, even when I get incredibly strong⋯ suddenly, I feel like my master will disappear in a flash. Like a mirage.”

Watery purple eyes looked up at me.

“⋯It's a selfish favor. It is my own personal desire. It's too presumptuous for a slave to ask. But, nevertheless⋯”

With a motive stronger than any other, Grumpy turned to me again.

“Wouldn’t it be okay if you came with me⋯?”

I was silent for a moment, listening to her request.

Denshi told me that she needed to go to the 15th floor to meet with a woman named Master.

She suggested that I go downstairs with her instead of returning to the surface, because there would be some sort of penalty for not following the Master's words.

As I pondered, I sighed heavily and sat down against a tree.

“Denshi, sit down.”

I patted the snow off the ground beside me, and Denshi didn't sit down, but instead settled her butt on my thigh.

Not even with her back to me, but directly facing me.

I let out another unnecessary sigh, but she didn't move from my lap, staring at my face the whole time as if she wanted to stay with me just a little longer.

Purple and black eyes met.

“Come here.”

Squeak!

I opened my arms, and Denshi jumped straight into my arms as if she'd been waiting for me to say it.

With the leash on, I felt like I was hugging a large dog.

Her body was still warm despite the snowy weather and her breasts were pressing gently against my leather armor.

I could smell the soft, natural scent of her body, even though she didn’t wash.

Feeling Denshi's warm body, I patted her back, so small and thin compared to mine, and asked.

“How are you feeling?”

“⋯⋯”

“Are you warm?”

“⋯Nope⋯”

Denshi, burying her face in my arms, nodded gently.

“Someone said that. You can feel body heat because that person is next to you.”

“⋯That makes sense.”

“It is. It's obvious. It's as natural for me to be near you as it is for you to feel my temperature.”

“⋯⋯!”

Denshi's body jumped as if she was genuinely surprised.

Her heartbeat was clearly audible through her chest, pounding wildly as our bodies clung together.

“I have no intention of letting you go, you're mine, so what makes you think I'll abandon you first?”

“Hmph, th-that's⋯⋯”

I know. I've heard the reasons.

It's just, you know, insecurity.

I've been through something similar once.

I hugged Denshi even harder, if only to ease her anxiety.

-Pat.

As I gently patted Denshi's white back with my palm, I could feel her body trembling slightly.

I just moved my hand, endlessly reassuring her that I'm beside her.

Our bodies pressed together, sharing each other's body heat, reminding her that we are together now.

“⋯⋯”

Denshi's breathing has finally stabilized.

Still clutched tightly in my arms, Denshi asks softly.

“You can't come with me, can you?”

I nodded in silence.

Even if my intentions were put aside, there were many limitations that were realistically impossible.

Having shaken off her anxiety by sharing my body heat, she was no longer pushy.

However, she did ask for one small favor.

“Then, please hug me a little longer⋯ harder⋯ before I leave⋯”

Something like that.

“Hmph.”

Denshi moaned in bliss as her soft breasts were crushed and her lungs squeezed.

After a few minutes of hugging her to the point of breaking, Denshi stepped out of the thick leather armor and looked up at me with a dazed expression on her face.

The look of someone who wants something badly, but can't quite bring himself to say it.

“Kiss, do you want to?”

“⋯Yes, can I?”

“You touched my balls.”

“Hmph. Well, that, too.”

Smiling with embarrassment, Denshi half-lifted my helmet.

My lips and jaw were exposed, and Denshi's face was immediately close.

Her lips, warm and moist, gently pressed against mine.

Denshi's lips and saliva warmed my cold lips.

The kiss was short and to the point.

After a brief moment of bliss, Denshi's lips moved to my neck.

“Kkkkkk.”

The sensation of teeth and lips nibbling lasts for a moment, and then Denshi raises her head and wipes her lips with her thumb.

Her eyes reflected my neckline. There was a clear kiss mark.

“⋯When you leave the Labyrinth, I want you to look at this and think of me. Please. Don't forget.”

“Okay.”

She's a worrier, after all.

“⋯Finally, before you go, can I ask you one more thing⋯?”

She's greedy.

I smile bitterly and nod, and she grabs my arm.

Her small, warm hands curled around my large, thick fingers, forcing me to make a fist.

Denshi placed that fist over her lower belly⋯ her womb.

“⋯Here, please leave a mark that I belong to you.”

Koo-koo-koo!

I moved my fist and crushed her womb with all my might.

“So that anyone who sees me will know that I belong to you.”

The most precious place on a woman's body, the place that should be tenderly patted, was mercilessly crushed by a large, hard male fist.

“Rough enough to not be erased, clear enough⋯♡”

Denshi's face was flushed with excitement as she said that.

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In a space filled with darkness, a woman with a doll's body opened her eyes.

It had been hundreds of years since she had unintentionally taken on the body of a numb doll.

Still, she had never gotten used to the languorous feeling of standing up.

Unable to move herself, the woman stretched long threads of magic to animate the doll's body.

Her hair bounced and her body moved smoothly without awkwardness.

Who could possibly think that the woman's body was a doll?

To the vast majority of people, it would simply be a beautiful woman rising from her bed.

As the woman stroked the thousands and tens of thousands of dolls in front of her, her eyes were suddenly drawn to one in particular.

It was one of the few dolls that had grown especially strong recently, and one of the few that she had contracted herself.

“⋯This child, can she reach the top?”

The talent was there. The motivation was compelling. With a trusted figure attached, growth would be no problem.

However, it will take more effort to reach the woman’s ‘secret desire’.

Recently, she's been distracted by other things and didn’t keep track of her growth.

If she had already stopped growing, she might have to consider 'retiring' the doll.

‘Let's plug it in for a while and see.’

This child has an exceptionally high compatibility, making their link far more sensitive than that of other dolls.

This meant that she could feel the five senses of a real person in the body of an insensitive doll.

In a way, this child was the closest to the woman's vision.

The woman casually took the doll into her hands and connected the blessing.

Immediately, the woman's vision changed to a snowy landscape. It was the 12th floor.

The 'link' connected the cursed doll and all five senses.

She could manipulate the child's body by stretching the threads, but for a child who was still growing, forcing the body could tear off limbs.

So the woman tried to match the child's movements as much as possible.

In the middle of the snowy landscape, she saw a man in a helmet.

She wasn't in battle and the surroundings were peaceful.

But why was there a man in front of her?

Just after a small question.

Pfft!

“Kechhhhhh?!”

An ugly groan escaped from the normally relaxed woman's mouth.

But before she had time to react, a shudder ran down her spine.

The sensations the puppet must have felt were transmitted to the linked doll's body.

The sensation of a tightening womb that shouldn't be there.

Her hips, which had only been attached for aesthetic satisfaction, instantly became hot.

'I've been hit. What did I get hit by? A fist. A man's fist. A fist, did I get hit? Me? This me?'

My head began to twist in strange ways as I calmly continued to think.

I was definitely hit by a fist, but I didn't feel any pain.

Technically, I could feel it, but it was very mild.

And something huge, something very huge, fills the void of that pain.

-Pfft!

“Khhhhhhhhhhhh?!”

A waterfall of pleasure.

The likes of which I'd never felt before, not in life, not even as a doll⋯

A head-splitting, enormous pleasure.

-Chiiiiiit! Chiiiiiit!

As the man's fist roughly crushed her uterus, the same sticky liquid squirted out of her unattractive buttocks.

The dolls in front of her were drenched in the slimy, chewy substance that had aged for so long.

'This, is, weird, this, is, weird, something, is, wrong, hmm, okay, I, need, to, break, the, link-'

She was about to break the link when she instinctively sensed something was wrong.

'Pfft!’

“Heeeeeeeeeeeee??!♡”

The woman's eyes rolled back in her head as another fist was thrust into her womb.

The pain and the pleasure seemed to knead her brain into a coarse paste.

Chick, chick, chick!

Her pussy, finally beginning to do what it was supposed to do, shot out a stream of clear, sticky fluid like a broken faucet.

The thread, now out of the woman's control, twisted strangely, tugging at the thread with each spurt of water from her cunt and flinging her pelvis skyward.

The woman's legs were already spread wide open, stretched to their limits.

Even the tips of her white, shoeless toes twitched convulsively.

“Mmm, stop, heh, stop, heh, stop, heh?”

The woman's mind, her thoughts racing with pleasure, turned to the fist resting on her womb.

-Kuung.

The woman's heart sank into the depths of the abyss.

Instinctively, she realized that this wasn't the short, concise punch to the womb she'd been used to.

It was slow and deliberate, a fist that crushed the female's womb.

A fist that turns a woman standing on top of a man, into a rug female.

“Please, please stop⋯”

Koooooooooooooooooooooo!

“Heeeeeeeeeee!”

Chiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

A stream of chewing gum poured out from between her thighs that were spread to the limit.

The doll's body twisted this way and that as she writhed in pleasure, her face contorted like an idiot.

-Ding!

The link was accidentally broken in the process.

The pleasure that had already been imprinted on the woman's 'brain', not the doll's body, had destroyed her mind, not her body.

“Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, je, bahaal⋯♡”

-Chiiiit!

The doll's already functionally destroyed body periodically shot out a stream of gooey liquid.

The water shot out of thin air and splashed all over the woman's face and body.

After several convulsions, the woman fell to the floor like a doll with a broken thread.

It was two or three hours later that the puppeteer regained control of the situation.