**Chapter 147: Heeheehee...Ddu-ddaa...Puhihi... (2)**

A dark elf with black skin, grayish-white hair, and blue eyes stared at me as if expecting an answer.

“You mean work?”

“Yes. Work. Work with me on a commission.”

I received a sudden offer to collaborate but first, I had more questions.

I looked away from Nuer for a moment, and then at Joy Hog.

Fortunately, Joy Hog was quick on the uptake.

“I'm Nuer Erencia, a mid-level Alliance explorer who has just returned from a deployment with the Deputy Alliance Leader. I’m quite a veteran among the mid-level explorers.”

She's got to be good to be given a private office in the Alliance building.

Joy Hog was giving Nuer Erencia a trusting glance.

‘Deployment.’

So, the other day with the outlaws was part of the deployment?

I thought of the time when I met her.

The disdainful way she spoke of outlaws and the reformed explorer's sash around her waist.

I wondered if she was a spy, infiltrating the outlaw organization and bringing it down from within.

No way. That was a real thing?

“Ugh. How flattering.”

Nuer Erencia smirked and slapped Joy Hog on the shoulder.

Her hand was quite spicy, and Joy Hog patted her shoulder.

“Mm-hmm. Anyway, I heard Ms. Erencia was quite interested when I reported what happened on the 12th floor this time.”

“Right. Right.”

Nuer nodded to Joy Hog's words and sat down at the reception table with her legs crossed.

“Well. Let's sit down and have a chat. I see you have some questions of your own.”

“Hmmm. No.”

“Why are you being so rude? Didn't you call me a slut or something last time?”

To be fair, I did call her a slut.

At the time, I thought she was just an outlaw running around in front of Diana's inn.

“Slut??!!”

“Mmm. Definitely⋯”

Joy Hog beside me flared up again, and Jubeel nodded at Nuer's udder.

“Well…honestly, it was a situation that could have been misunderstood.”

I stammered out my excuses, sweating profusely.

If I'd known she was worthy of being sent out with the Deputy Commander in the first place, I'd have kept my mouth shut.

“Well. I'll give you that. It was a bit of a situation.”

Nuer didn't seem to take it to heart.

“Well, just listen. It's not too late to decide whether you want to accept or reject my offer, is it?”

Certainly not.

I was curious as to why a veteran mid-level explorer in the Alliance would suddenly offer me a commissioned collaboration.

Along with great excitement, there was the smell of money in the air.

 After a moment's hesitation, I joined the table.

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The 12th Floor, the entrance to the middle floor and the land of snow.

“That's not where succubi are supposed to be.”

The labyrinth's dream monsters are spread out in five-floor units, centered on the 25th floor.

 As a result, the most common places for them to appear are the 20th through 30th floors.

They rarely descend below the 15th floor, but one such monster appeared on the 12th floor.

Three succubi, too.

“Something cheap, huh?”

“I see.”

This is not an ordinary situation.

You might think it's false testimony, but there's no reason to tell such a lie.

The Joy Hog Party may be a junior explorer party, but they are veterans who have fulfilled many requests and descended into the Labyrinth many times without incident.

There was no reason not to trust their word.

The best proof of a succubus attack was in Balkan's hands.

“Besides, the report said that one succubus fainted and suddenly disappeared.”

“Yes. It's true.”

Unlike the two that had shed their soul stones and scurried away, the other one had ended up as if it had been summoned back.

This meant that there was someone who could turn a mid-level succubus into a service horse.

If there really was such a person, he or she would be strong enough to compete with any high-level explorer.

“I'll just walk away.”

With that thought, Balkan stood up with a grimace.

It didn't smell like money, it smelled like shit.

I had no desire to have anything to do with such a monster when I was already struggling to get to and from the twelfth floor.

“Eheh. Why already? I'm not finished yet. Listen to me a little longer.”

“What's there to hear? I can already smell the stench.”

“Yeah. It is. It's fucking stinky. But everyone knows that the dirty, shunned jobs pay better, right?”

Nuer opened her mouth to speak when she saw Balkan looking back at her with an odd expression.

“The other two can go now, thanks for your trouble.”

“⋯Yes.”

“Ugh. I’m a baby. It’s a difficult and complicated job.”

Realizing that Nuer's attention was solely on Balkan, Joy Hog and Jubeel quickly left the office.

A hush fell over the office, leaving them alone.

No, had she called them in here in the first place to get them to come with him?

Realizing that Nuer's stare was unnerving, Balkan hesitated for a moment before sitting back down at the table.

“What the hell is going on here, and why did you want to talk alone?”

Balkan looked at Nuer through his helmet, his tone questioning.

She wasn't sure if he was asking because he didn't know, or if he knew and was just trying to boost his own value.

So Nuer calmly recited what she had personally researched about him.

“You've only been an explorer for a little over half a year, and you've traveled to the 12th floor with a party of junior explorers, been attacked by intermediate succubi, and returned safely.”

So far, so amazing.

“You declared yourself her pupil, received a weapon forged for a month by a master blacksmith in the depths of the city, and even befriended the inn's owner⋯you're acting like you don't know anything?”

What followed was beyond amazing, beyond absurd.

Nuer chuckled in disbelief at her own words.

What low-level explorer in the world had a bio like that?

“⋯⋯”

That man with such a ridiculous, literally monstrous background⋯stared at her, his helmet covering his face so that she couldn't read his expression.

“You know about the devil worshipers, don't you?”

“⋯Not really.”

Balkan shook her head at Nuer, who spoke as if she knew of course.

Devil worshippers.

Professor Mankostil had warned me in a letter once to be careful, and I felt a twinge of bitterness when I saw Bernie refer to herself as the Demon of Gluttony, but that was it.

I knew nothing more.

“⋯In the labyrinthine city of Valerus, there is a group of psychopaths who worship dangerous beings called demons and follow them like gods.”

“Is it like the Cult of Earth Mother, which worships the Earth Mother Goddess?”

“Well, sort of, but don't make that comparison in front of the Order. They'll froth at the mouth and ask you how you're comparing them to some lowlife scum. More importantly, do you really not know?”

‘With a background like that, is he protected?’

Nuer muttered quietly, then turned his attention back to Balkan.

“So, are you aware that succubi have been running amok in the Outlaw District lately?”

“You mean succubi?”

“Yep. The ones with the horns on their heads and the heart-shaped tails wagging. So far, we’ve found four mid-level succubi. There are also double-digit numbers of men who have been turned into idiots by them.”

Huh.

Balkan sighed and stared at the talking Nuer.

“I believe it was done by the worshippers of the demon of [Lust]. And, of course, what your party went through in the Labyrinth.”

Succubi and Lust.

-This lecherous, wet magi, a remnant of Lust?

Suddenly, I remembered Bernie's words about facing the succubus in the Labyrinth.

“I don't know why they've suddenly become more active, but I guess we'll find out when we catch them and torture them a bit.”

“Then why don't you just catch them? The guards take care of what happens on the ground anyway.”

“Well, maybe if it's a simple crime like murder, but it's different when it comes to demon worshipers. The guards turn the case over to us and the location is a little tricky for the Guard to handle.”

Nuer scratched the nape of her neck in embarrassment as she continued her friendly explanation.

“Succubi don't go after women.”

“What?”

“They don't go after women.”

What the hell does that mean?

“Unless there's a very special circumstance, they're quick to leave when they sense the movement of the yin energy. But when they sense male energy, including cock, yang energy, and sperm, they react differently.”

“⋯⋯”

“With their wombs dilated, they can't think about fighting back with force, and all they can think about is getting fucked, which makes them easy prey.”

Nuer swallowed hard and looked at Balkan.

“And yet you've survived a succubus dick attack and fellatio, and you're still sane. That's not possible for most men, because the mere sight of a succubus turns them into idiots, like they've been raped by a beast.”

That's why Nuer was so thrilled when she saw Joy Hog's report.

How many succubi had she narrowly missed?

You could look around the entire city and not see a single male who had survived a succubus' cock attack…except me.

Only this male, who stunned a succubus with his throaty conquest piston, and killed the other two succubi!

As a male, he must both attract succubi and hold his own against them, solving two seemingly incompatible challenges.

“What do you say? Don't you feel a little bit like defeating the bad guys that move under the water and saving innocent citizens?”

Balkan looked at Nuer, who was looking at him with eager eyes, and shook his head.

“No.”

Even with the information he'd gotten about the demon worshippers, it didn't change the risk he was taking.

‘It's not like I'm some kind of hero.’

I might have had a tenuous connection, but I had no intention of taking unnecessary risks for men I barely knew, especially in the Outlaw Zone.

I'd never been there, but I was sure I'd get into trouble.

“Yeah. You must be, since I didn't tell you the reward.”

With that, Nuer pulled a box from the pouch at her waist and set it on the table.

It was small, about the size of her palm.

Nuer slowly opened it and smiled.

“If it's as good as this, I wonder if you'd be interested in working with me?”