**Chapter 149: Heeheehee...Ddu-ddaa...Puhihi... (4)**

Tonight, the night sky was exceptionally dark.

Even the starlight, which usually shone dimly and illuminated the streets, and the moonlight, which gently embraced the body, hid behind the clouds and disappeared from view.

When Diana checked her wristwatch, the hands were pointing exactly at midnight.

Normally, at this time, Diana and I would be wrapping up our work at the tavern, cleaning, and chatting to unwind after the day.

"Oppa. Oppa. Where are you going? Won’t you have a drink with me before you leave? Hmm?"

"Wow. What the hell? A syringe to prevent menstruation? … How does it writhe like that just from walking?"

"Haa…I just want to take off my helmet and go wild…Hng, my womb…"

"Phew. I’ll hold back since it seems like there’s a main girl nearby."

Now, I am walking through the streets of a crude, lawless zone.

Women dressed provocatively, almost exposing their breasts, spoke to me like they were hunting, while others rubbed their thighs suggestively, staring blatantly at my crotch. The gazes of women observing from afar all focused on me and Nuer as we walked.

"… By the way, what are those people scattering around?"

"Not sure. But doesn’t it smell like really thick semen?"

Even in the explorer’s district, I always attracted attention, but it was worse here in the lawless zone.

Maybe because it’s literally a lawless area where the guards won’t patrol unless a major incident occurs.

The behavior and expressions were much more blatant and daring.

"… You. You're attracting way more attention than I expected. When I walked around alone, no one paid much notice."

It seemed even Nuer didn’t anticipate this situation.

"But if this makes us more noticeable to the succubi, I’m all for it."

The goal of this mission was to capture a succubus roaming the lawless zone.

"If you think it’s not going to work, we’ll have to kill it, but if possible, lead it toward capture."

"Yes, understood. So just keep scattering that stuff."

"…"

However, hunting a succubus, especially capturing one, in this vast lawless zone is not an easy task.

Succubi, with wings on their backs, have excellent mobility, and even intermediate dream demons in a sane state are no pushovers in terms of combat ability.

What method can capture a quick, greedy succubus who only seeks men, semen, and yang energy?

‘You just have to announce, “There’s a man here!”’

*Plop!*

A drop of semen slipped from the condom in my hand and hit the ground in the lawless zone.

Soon, the thick scent of semen began to waft faintly through the air.

With the aphrodisiacal enhancement from the succubus curse and semen matured deeply over several days, its scent was unbelievably potent.

This was the semen that Ellie had kept lovingly with preservation magic.

I had barely managed to retrieve just two of them after much begging.

– “Later, you’ll give me more to replace what you took, right…?”

– “Of course.”

– “Hey, you promised, okay?! Hehe…”

Remembering Ellie’s face, smiling innocently as she asked to do it again later, I couldn’t help but feel a little nostalgic.

"… Are we really doing this?"

Nuer, holding the condom filled with my semen, asked with a confused expression.

"Yes. It’ll work perfectly. I was caught by a succubus in a labyrinth once, and she nearly lost her mind trying to drink it."

I recalled Lurelin, the succubus who I defeated back then.

I still couldn’t forget how she had clung desperately, kissing and sucking on the glans for even a drop of precum.

If she was that desperate for a little precum, this time, it’s full-blown semen.

Even if it wasn’t Lurelin, any succubus would undoubtedly go mad and charge.

"Even if succubi love semen, they wouldn’t go as far as greedily picking up what’s fallen on the ground."

"My semen is a little different."

At this point, it was more of a certainty.

Even if it weren’t a random male, my semen had considerable value to succubi.

"…"

*Gulp.*

Nuer gulped as she stared at the condom, sloshing with my semen.

"Did you produce all this semen by yourself? You didn’t ask any male explorers for help?"

What kind of disgusting imagination…Was she crazy?

"It’s all from me."

"Then how long did it take to collect all this? A month? Two?"

"…"

"Don’t tell me. Three months…?"

"I ejaculated it all at once a few days ago."

"…!!!! Wh-what the…insane…"

Nuer stared at the heavy condom in her hands with genuine astonishment.

Though she’d mentioned that aphrodisiacs that reduce sexual desire would work well, it seemed she hadn’t realized the extent of my libido.

Anyway,

By scattering the traces that an SSS-grade semen-producing male was here, I wouldn’t have to search for the succubi—they would come to me.

But simply standing still and waiting wouldn’t be effective.

It would work better if we were stationed where succubi were likely to gather.

That’s why, like Hansel and Gretel, we scattered drops of semen as we walked through the streets of the lawless zone, heading for the brothel district where the most victims had been reported.

"… So, this is the lawless zone…"

"Yes. One of the infamous landmarks and crime dens in the lawless zone: the brothel district."

I wandered the brothel district, staring blankly and looking around.

It wasn’t just one famous, large brothel. Every building on this street was a brothel.

Even at the entrance to the street, the offensive stench of vaginal secretions and rancid semen assaulted my nose as I passed each building.

The pungent smell and the pink and red lanterns hanging from each building made my eyes hurt.

"Damn it. Ugh, did you bump into me? Bumped—Ahem. Hmm. Just walk away while you can, before I change my mind."

Those who were drunk on drugs and alcohol staggered around, picking fights with every few steps.

"Smooch, smack—smack, puff… How was that? My tongue skills. Haha, look at that shriveled-up dick."

"Four silver coins per shot…Ugh…"

"Cheh. Acting all expensive like some gigolo. Fine, spread your legs wider and tense your ass more if you don’t want me to crush your balls…"

In the corners of the street or hidden alleys, some engaged in quick, short sexual encounters.

"Harder! Harder! Come! Come in me! Fill me up with that 7 cm rod of glory!"

"Ugh, ngh, ugh—"

"Ahh… I can feel it pouring into my womb… such superior genes…"

There were also those whose frenzied mating cries echoed loudly enough to be heard outside the buildings.

"Ah, hey, Dark Elf sister! Come over here…Oh. S-sorry."

Men in disgusting, perverted outfits clung to women’s arms, begging and pleading.

It was hard to believe how many were indulging in a night of pleasure in a place like this.

And what was even harder to believe:

[◆ 99,118th Puppet’s Curse]

[◆ 9,112th Puppet’s Curse]

[◆ 42,919th Puppet’s Curse]

[◆ 39,193rd Puppet’s Curse]

[◆ 11,112th Puppet’s Curse]

[◆ 2,365th Puppet’s Curse]

Every one of them bore the Puppet’s Curse.

Not just in the brothel district, but from the moment I entered the lawless zone, most people I checked had this curse.

[Nuer Erencia LV45]

[◆ 298th Puppet’s Curse]

Even the person standing right next to me was no exception.

"Ah, seriously. Ugh. Disgusting."

Nuer rubbed her arm roughly, the one the gigolo had grabbed, with a grimace on her face. Feeling my gaze, she turned toward me.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"…No. Um. Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Tsk. Enjoy it? Only those rotting away at the bottom would get aroused by trash like that. They don’t even think about rising above and just survive each day, clinging to one-night pleasures as their refuge. Vermin."

Her sharp words were harsh, but I didn’t bother denying them.

"Enough. Let’s keep moving."

"Yes."

We continued to endure the revolting stench of semen and bodily fluids from the brothel district as we dropped small amounts of semen from the condom along the alley, heading deeper into the backstreets.

*Plop!*

"…Ah."

A drop of semen from the condom fell on Nuer's thigh.

"…"

For a moment, Nuer stared at the sticky fluid running down her leg, then absently wiped it off with her hand.

"Nuer."

"Huh, uh, yeah. What? Why?"

She seemed to be in a daze, staring at her finger smeared with the fluid, but I pointed forward.

"We've got company."

There was a man slumped against the wall, trembling violently.

Nuer wiped her hand on her armor-like panties and approached the man.

"…Too late. But he's still warm. The semen and bodily fluids around him haven't dried. The succubus attack happened less than thirty minutes ago. They're still nearby."

A succubus was close.

That meant they would soon find me, just like they did when they ambushed me in the labyrinth but unlike back then, when I was defenseless and asleep, I was fully alert now.

I had come into their territory prepared.

We moved the man out of harm’s way and proceeded down the alley to a dead-end.

"Stick to the plan, got it?"

"Yes."

*Swoosh.*

Nuer, the dark elf with black skin, blended into the shadows of the dim alley.

Soon, even her presence became almost impossible to detect.

[◆ Blessing of Presence Removal]

– Erases the target’s presence. However, movement is restricted while in this state.

– Magic can be controlled while hidden.

Thanks to her blessing, she vanished completely, making it impossible for even the keen senses of a succubus to detect her.

*Plop!*

I squeezed the condom, letting a significant amount of semen spill onto the ground.

A puddle of thick semen pooled on the floor, releasing a scent designed to lure the succubi.

"…"

For a brief moment, I thought I felt Nuer’s gaze on me, but it vanished as quickly as it appeared.

The "plan" was simple: lure the succubus to me.

I would stall them while Nuer cast binding magic to incapacitate them. We'd repeat this until we captured all four.

Then—*zap!*

An unfamiliar yet familiar presence entered my perception range.

A succubus.

Two of them.

'Starting off strong.'

Then—*zap!*

Three.

'Still manageable.'

Nuer was a highly skilled magician, and she had enough magic stored to take care of them. I just needed to hold them off.

Then—*zap!*

Six.

"Oh, crap."

That was…a lot.

Two figures appeared in the alley, their bodies moving with eerie grace, while four more hovered above, flapping their wings.

"Hee-hee."

Black horns, black wings, heart-shaped tails. Their luscious lips, shimmering from the semen coating, curled into sly smiles.

"We found you."

Their hazy eyes locked onto me—the man who produced that potent scent.

"Incubus."

As expected of succubi, they recognized my condition instantly.

No matter. The plan remained unchanged.

"Alright, you little devils. Bring it on."

No matter the numbers, I just needed to swing my axe a few more times.

*Schwing!*

The succubi giggled as they saw me wield the axe.

And then—

"We're here to escort you."

One knelt, bowing deeply before me.

"Please, come with us, Incubus."

Something…wasn’t right.