**Chapter 152: Deal (1)**

*Click.*

The puppeteer felt the link with the doll she was trying to connect to severed.

More precisely, she had severed it herself.

"Wh-what just happened to that...fellow?"

The beautiful doll's hand trembled as it clutched its pale face.

How could she forget that day?

The memory of spending more than two days in an abnormal state of pleasure, leaking fluids, and rolling on the floor with an uncontrollable body.

And the person who had caused her to experience such things with just a few punches.

Though the helmet was different, the unique atmosphere, the large and sturdy body, and the tightly clenched fist perfectly matched the memory of that day.

*Crack.*

The puppeteer unconsciously bit her finger.

"...I need to...check again."

The puppeteer instinctively tried to reconnect, then stopped.

'What if I feel the same sensation again?'

What if she rolled around on the floor again for days, moaning like a beast, her mind consumed by pleasure?

'......'

*Gulping.*

With a tense expression, the puppeteer swallowed hard and shook her head vigorously.

'No. Absolutely not.'

It was a sensation she must never experience again.

She was absolutely certain, on an instinctive level, that if she felt that pleasure again, she would never be able to turn back.

"Ms. Nuer?"

The puppeteer looked at him, using only the eyes and ears of the doll she had forcibly disconnected from.

This doll had a 'low compatibility'.

Unlike the one she had used before, the connection with her senses was very faint.

In fact, because she had forcibly severed the link with the doll, it had overloaded and would be unusable for at least half a year.

But that fact didn't matter much to the puppeteer.

What was more important was the man in front of her.

"I want to study him."

The puppeteer's desire escaped her lips.

This man was different from other males.

With just one punch, he could make a female species scream in agony like that.

More than half of the world was female.

And the puppeteer herself was, at its core, just a female.

'If I could make this man my puppet...'

Someday, when her 'ultimate desire' was fulfilled, this man could be of great help.

*Click.*

The puppeteer clicked her fingers and connected all the puppets nearby to herself.

*Thud.*

The puppets connected to the puppeteer began to act like puppets in a puppet show, losing their own will.

"First...let's kidnap him."

Once upon a time, I heard a baby babbling.

With a short tongue, it couldn't pronounce words well, and it didn't know many words.

But the baby kept making sounds, trying to express its will.

"...Pupau... Woo..."

That's right, just like that.

I looked at Nuer, who was babbling like an infant.

"Dutta... Jaaji..."

A childish babble came out of the mouth of a mature dark elf.

"Ms. Nuer?"

"Aw!"

Fortunately, she seemed to remember her name as she nodded her head up and down.

"...What the hell?"

I blurted out a swear word at the sudden and confusing situation.

Something just keeps going wrong.

Let's think about this slowly. Let's start with why this happened.

I came to capture the succubi, but they welcomed me instead.

They even left me a secret letter, wanting to maintain a relationship with me.

And then Nuer turned into this idiot.

*‘Could it be that Nuer became like this because of the succubus' aphrodisiac spell?’*

No, it couldn't be.

While aphrodisiacs can increase sexual desire, they can't turn a person into an idiot like this.

–The higher the compatibility the better the link...

I recalled what Grumpy had said.

The cursed could 'link' with the being called Puppeteer.

*Link*. A word that means to connect with something.

–Woo, awww, aaak...!

I remembered how Nuer had grabbed her head and writhed in pain before turning into an idiot.

Her body moved awkwardly, as if strings were attached to it.

A terrible guess formed in my mind.

Perhaps Nuer...

'Had she resisted the puppeteer's 'link' and become an idiot?'

I didn't know exactly what the 'link' was, but it probably failed.

Nuer was sitting on the floor like a doll whose strings had been cut.

"Pawu...Paw..."

She crawled towards me on her hands and knees, like a baby who didn't know how to walk.

*Splash!*

She accidentally fell face-first into the pool of semen I had spilled on the floor.

"Paw, paw! Pawuu!"

She flapped her arms and legs, splashing around.

Her bikini bottom was getting wet.

"Pahoo, puheu..."

She lay on her back and tapped her clitoris with her fingers, looking up at me.

I saw a glimpse of shame in her eyes.

I thought of Joy Hog, who looked up to Nuer.

If Joy Hog saw Nuer like this now...

-Ugh. I can't believe I used to admire that retarded bitch. Worst choice of my life. How can a female who gets so excited at the mere mention of falling into a pit be an explorer? Jubeel seems more intelligent.

She might have spat on Nuer's face and walked away.

I shook my head to get rid of those thoughts.

Thoughts were thoughts, and reality was reality.

Nuer was here, now, in this pathetic state.

And I was the one who had caused it.

"This is ridiculous..."

I muttered to myself.

I had no idea what to do with this situation.

Nuer, who had once been a confident explorer, was now just a babbling idiot.

"Ms. Nuer, are you alright? Can you stand up?"

"Aw! Taaaw!"

She nodded vigorously.

I could see in her eyes that she didn't want me to leave her here.

Since she hadn't been eaten by a monster and turned into an idiot, there was a chance of recovery.

If Nuer ever recovered, I'd have to talk to her properly and clear up the misunderstanding.

*'...Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if she just stayed like this forever.'*

When I thought about it, it didn't seem so bad.

"Okay, Nuer, little... no, Ms. Nuer. Spread your arms."

"Taa!"

I accidentally called her 'little' because she was acting like a baby, but Nuer nodded and spread her arms wide.

I didn't know how old Nuer was, but with a body like that, she must be quite old unless she was a half-elf like Ellie.

*'What if she commits suicide when she comes to her senses?'*

It would be quite tragic if a noble dark elf ended up as a babbling idiot.

Considering she had called herself a slut even when she was sane, maybe she would be fine with it.

"Okay, spread them wider."

"Taaaah..."

"Good girl, Nuer."

I looked around with the plump, bouncing body of a baby on my back.

The back alley of the red-light district.

There was no reason to stay in this place reeking of semen now that I had lost the succubi.

*'...Something's weird.'*

It was strangely quiet.

It was too quiet for nighttime. After all, this was the red-light district.

Just a moment ago, I had walked through this alley, hearing the intense sounds of people fucking inside and outside the buildings.

"..."

"Taouaa..."

As I left the back alley, I saw a scene that looked like time had stopped.

Everyone in the street, from the women hiding in the corners buying men to the men selling their bodies for the night, from the drunkards stumbling around to the ordinary people walking down the street, was frozen, staring at me.

"Haha."

I just laughed. I was used to this kind of thing.

I calmly looked at the people, or rather, the dolls, who were staring at me.

[◆ 1118th Puppet's Curse]

[◆ 9112th Puppet's Curse]

[◆ 42919th Puppet's Curse]

[◆ 39193rd Puppet's Curse]

[◆ 19112th Puppet's Curse]

[◆ 2365th Puppet's Curse]

Countless status windows popped up and I could see the curses on them at a glance.

There was only one person who could do something like this.

I looked into the countless eyes staring at me and said in a low voice,

"Nice to meet you...puppeteer."

*Startled.*

The people, or rather, the dolls, trembled.

Was it just my imagination?

For a moment, I felt like I saw the females writhing in pleasure.