**Chapter 183: Penis. Hang in there.**

The drunken haze that had been wandering in my head vanished in an instant.

What kind of insane nonsense did that woman just spout?

“What did you say?”

“That... that woman... Ah, make her peak as a female.”

When Balkan asked again in a dazed voice, Intertt replied with a face that was half filled with self-awareness and half self-reproach.

It didn’t seem to be a joke; she appeared to mean it seriously.

“If you heard that, would you do it?”

“...”

I abandoned any pretense of politeness. There was no reason to care about such things with someone saying something like that.

Intertt couldn’t easily respond to what was effectively a refusal. As expected, there was no way she could.

Intercourse isn’t something you can just do casually.

Of course, if I wanted to fool around with my dick, it wouldn’t be impossible at any time.

The surroundings were teeming with females who lit their eyes on fire to take my dick and beasts aiming to turn males into breeding machines.

But as with everything in life, the issue arises after the act is done.

“And to begin with, if someone you met on the street suddenly told you to have sex, would you just obey?”

“It doesn’t necessarily have to be sex.”

“What?”

Intertt shifted her gaze back to the empty air and nodded a few times.

*Swish—*

The four mechanical arms moved intricately, pointing at her lower abdomen... her womb.

One pair of arms settled as if supporting her lower belly, and the other pair pressed on it firmly as if to stimulate it.

“L-like this... They said just pressing down on the lower belly is enough...”

Balkan looked at Intertt’s belly.

Her lower belly, with the flesh gathered into the shape of a heart.

“Hah.”

He let out a hollow laugh before he could stop himself.

Intertt couldn’t even lift her head and lowered it in shame.

The expression she wore, usually cynical and composed, now carried a deep sense of self-awareness.

“This isn’t even the issue right now—”

“Master. Master.”

*Tap, tap.*

He turned his gaze at the touch interrupting him, and there was Denshi, blushing faintly, clinging tightly to his arm.

*Squeeze, press...*

She slightly bent her knees to lower herself, subtly rubbing her lower belly against his thick hand.

*Thump. Thump.*

Each time her womb seemed to “knock” against the thick veins on his hand, her heart raced faster.

“I-I don’t particularly mind...”

“Hah, Denshi.”

“Y-yes—”

*Tap, tap.*

Balkan sighed and lightly tapped her cheek.

He didn’t hit her hard, but just enough to make her feel she was being reprimanded.

“Are you in your right mind?”

“Uh...”

*Stiff.*

At his cold tone, Denshi’s body froze.

“Whose side are you on?”

“I-I’m, of course, on Master’s...”

“And yet you’re getting swayed by the words of some woman and shoving your womb at your master’s fist?”

*Clench!*

Balkan immediately moved his hand to grab Denshi’s lower belly.

“Huuuh...?!”

Just below her navel, her smooth and flawless pale belly was gripped tightly in his hand.

As if he were about to pull out her womb, his firm grip made Denshi’s lower body tremble uncontrollably.

“Stand straight.”

“Y-yes, sir...”

“Hands behind your back.”

“Haaah...”

Denshi, now in a position of attention with her hands behind her back, pressed her trembling lower body close.

She looked up at him with quivering eyes.

Their gazes met through his helmet—two pairs of eyes locking.

Pain from his pinch, fear from his cold stare, and...a mix of affection and loyalty.

Denshi’s devotion, whether in the past or now, had never been in question.

But this situation was... a bit much.

“Denshi, if someone else pointed at my dick and told you to force it to climax, would you just say ‘Yes, sir’ and obey?”

“Well, honestly, that would be a reward...”

“Don’t talk back!”

*Clench!*

“Hiii...!”

When he twisted his hand as if pinching her lower belly, Denshi bit her lip hard, her body trembling.

A normal person would have cried from the pain, but this woman was different.

A natural masochist.

She didn’t process pain as pain; her brain transformed it into pleasure.

As he firmly re-established discipline in the lazy female slave who had grown lax over their time apart, a thin stream of fluid began trickling down between her tightly pressed thighs.

*Slap!*

Releasing his grip, he let his hand fall away from her lower belly, which was now red and marked.

Softly caressing the spot left changed by his broad and strong hand, he moved his hand up to stroke her hair.

“Denshi.”

“Y-yes, sir...”

“I want you to be happy.”

“...Hic...”

The sweet words that resonated in her chest caused an even greater flow of fluid to seep from between her thighs.

Balkan continued, gently patting her reddened cheek.

“Not just you, but everyone around me—I want you all to live happily without having to go through awful hardships. But you know...”

“...”

“It doesn’t go as smoothly as I’d like. I can’t afford to settle down and live peacefully myself.”

“...”

“I just want to save one dear sibling, but endless bastards keep blocking my way. Look at this. She shows up out of nowhere and tells me to destroy your body to make you peak as a female. Does this make sense? I get so disgusted with people who try to control my decisions. Sometimes I just want to kill them outright.”

But he didn’t have that kind of power.

‘If I were one of the strongest in the Labyrinth City, would she have made such a demand?’

He shook his head.

‘No way.’

She would have carefully concealed it behind bribes, debts, and extreme caution before timidly bringing it up at the very end.

It wasn’t just Intertt. Recent encounters with Perkins, Bio, and other rotten criminals also came to mind.

Trash who betrayed their party, injured their members, and tried to sell them as slaves.

This city was teeming with people who saw others not as humans but as tools.

“So, I’ll do it my way.”

If anyone saw him as a tool, he’d gouge out their eyes.

*Shiiing—*

Balkan removed his hand from Denshi and drew the axe strapped to his back.

“I’ll help, my lord.”

Belle stood up abruptly and glared at Intertt.

[You. Are you going to fight?]

Bunny sent a telepathic message directly into his mind, having instantly assessed Intertt’s level.

[If you charge in now, you’ll die.]

[I know.]

He nodded nonchalantly. It was a matter of course.

At his current level, even attacking ten times wouldn’t guarantee victory.

The level difference was nearly double.

However,

[Even if I run now, I'll die just the same.]

‘As a man, I die. As a warrior, I die.’

He would become no different from the men of this world who resigned themselves to the situation and gave up.

Would he endure such humiliation simply because he couldn't win?

He could not.

‘If nothing else, I’ll flail and struggle like hell.’

If ten attempts wouldn’t work, then a hundred. If a hundred failed, then a thousand.

He would fell anyone blocking his path to his sole purpose like trees cut down by an axe.

*Sring!*

The axe blade pointed at Intertt, and his gaze locked on her.

Faced with the sharp killing intent, Intertt remarked,

“Indeed, your spirit is commendable.”

She appraised him with a smile tinged with admiration, placing her mechanical arms over her four swords.

Seeing how much he had grown since their encounter in front of the armory months ago, she couldn’t help but feel impressed.

It was almost hard to believe that this was the same man she had met back then.

To achieve such growth in such a short time—it was unbelievable, yet he had done it.

“But… it was arrogant.”

Though he had experienced explosive growth in a short period, Intertt was a seasoned warrior who had honed her skills over decades.

Between the two stood a wall that could not be surmounted with mere rapid development—a wall of experience built over time.

*Sreung—*

“I’ll subdue you gently, so behave and make Denshi reach her climax—”

—Stop.

She froze.

The four swords emitting their ominous aura stopped halfway as they emerged from their scabbards.

“...What?”

Intert’s gaze lifted again to the empty space.

A delicate, beautiful, yet mechanical and emotionless voice.

The Puppeteer.

The one master Intertt obeyed without question.

Once again, her voice reverberated in Intert’s mind.

‘As expected.’

Balkan watched Intertt gaze into the void and felt a conviction solidify in his mind.

‘Intertt is communicating with someone right now.’

It was a perfect moment to strike, but he held back.

For some reason, his intuition told him that waiting would lead to a better outcome.

“Now that you’re satisfied, let it be, you say? What could that possibly mean...?”

Intertt’s expression grew more flustered as she spoke to the unseen entity.

Her face showed a hint of doubt, as if she were questioning whether she had heard correctly.

“...Understood.”

After a brief moment of hesitation, Intertt nodded.

With a small sigh, she resumed her actions.

*Clink.*

The blades that had been drawn halfway returned to their scabbards.

“...It seems that person holds you in quite high regard. In time, you too shall serve as a sacrifice for the ‘Great Wish.’”

“The Great Wish?”

“That’s enough. More importantly, where is the doll that person gave you?”

A doll?

“...Are you talking about the doll the Puppeteer gave me?”

“Watch your words. When you speak of that person, use honorifics. So, where is the doll?”

The doll that had been given with instructions to keep it close…

‘Looked cheap as hell, so I tossed it in the closet along with Jeremy’s girlfriend’s mannequin head.’

Intertt read Balkan’s expression.

“You don’t have it with you right now, do you?”

“...”

She observed his silence and let out a small sigh of admiration.

In a way, his judgment had been sound.

The doll was, in fact, a surveillance tool.

It was a cursed doll designed to monitor those the master’s puppeteering curse could not reach.

But such a tool would no longer be necessary.

A higher-performance doll was already prepared for deployment.

“Denshi.”

“What?”

Intertt turned her gaze to the woman, then tossed something toward her.

*Thud!*

Catching the object, Denshi looked at it.

A meticulously crafted black orb.

“What’s this?”

When Denshi gestured at the object and asked, Intertt gestured with her chin.

“When that orb turns white, come back to the underworld. It’ll take at least a year. Until then, you’re free to do as you please.”

Denshi’s eyes widened at the notion of a year of free activity.

“R-Really?”

“Though your level is still lacking, it seems staying by his side will help you grow faster.”

With those words, Intertt shot Balkan a sidelong glance.

–Hmph...

As she gazed at him, a voice once again echoed from the void.

A tone both languid and imbued with a peculiar amusement, as if savoring the lingering euphoria after intimacy.

It was a tone Intertt had never heard before—a tone so filled with satisfaction it left her feeling strangely hollow and fearful.

Without another word, she hurriedly fled, blending into the night crowd.

As she walked away, she questioned her master in her heart.

‘Is this enough, my lord?’

All her actions up to this point had been orchestrated by the Puppeteer’s orders.

The command to make Balkan bring Denshi to her climax.

The directive to ensure Denshi—a valuable resource with a high compatibility rate for the Link—stayed by Balkan’s side for a while.

Yet, she couldn’t understand why her master insisted on keeping Denshi near Balkan.

In fact, she found the initial command the most perplexing of all.

Why had her master issued such an order?

Then, a memory from earlier surfaced in her mind.

–Ahh, ooh... There, there… right there…♡

The vulgar moans that echoed somewhere when Balkan pinched Denshi’s uterus.

–Hoo, hooo… Hoooh…♡

The plaintive cries that sounded as he gently stroked her abdomen.

At the time, she dismissed it as mishearing.

She couldn’t have possibly imagined that the lewd cries of a lowly woman could belong to her master.

But now, having just executed her master’s orders to keep Denshi by Balkan’s side, a small question arose in her mind.

‘Could it be… my lord…?’

Intertt shook her head vigorously to dispel the thought.

‘Surely not…’

No, it couldn’t be.

It had to be nothing more than a trick of her mind.

She prayed it was just her imagination.

Because the idea that the Lord of Greed, who had been dormant for decades, desired nothing more than a mere man… was unthinkable.

…But what if it wasn’t just her imagination?

“...”

After long deliberation, Intertt shook her head once more.

She could only pray that it wasn’t true.