**Chapter 209: Getting Ready to go Home (2)**

Nuer's palm, covering her red-flushed face, was shaking.

"Khung. Huk, heu..."

Crouched on the reception sofa, she buried her face in a posture that seemed to scream she couldn't possibly look up.

"Khem..."

Balkan was sitting on the sofa facing her, but he was a bit worried.

After pondering for a moment, he carefully opened his mouth.

"Um... Lady Nuer."

"...Just call me Nuer. We're similar in rank now, so what's with..."

"Then I'll speak comfortably, Nuer. Is your head okay?"

"Wh-What...!"

Isn't he speaking too casually?

Nuer blushed deeply, greatly flustered.

But for Balkan, it was a genuine concern.

"No, earlier you were 'doing that.'"

"......"

"I wonder if you didn't fully receive the healing effects of the grand fountain."

Though he tried to phrase it carefully, he essentially meant to ask if she'd lost her mind.

Indeed, it was something that couldn't be done unless there was a problem with one's head.

'A grown adult, and an elf who lives longer than other races at that, wearing diapers and playing baby like some age regression...'

-Osooso.

As goosebumps rose slightly on Nuer's skin, her shy clitoris hidden beneath the diaper became slightly erect.

It was because the memory of being treated like a child and receiving all sorts of care from Balkan came flooding back.

Quite some time had passed since Nuer recovered from the side effects of the puppet curse and returned to daily life.

Though it was short compared to the time she spent as a 'baby,' it was enough time for self-reflection.

And Nuer had realized that over the past few weeks, she had long since crossed a river of no return.

When she regained her memories at the grand fountain and heard Balkan's orders.

When she unknowingly crawled on all fours like a baby in front of Idelbert.

When she masturbated to relieve her sexual desires while resting, and unknowingly climaxed while shouting "ddutta."

Though her stupidity was completely cured, Nuer, who had received Balkan's full course of infant care service...had already become a ruined woman.

She had become someone who would feel an unbearable thirst if she didn't periodically act like a 'baby' in her daily life.

'...There's no way I could tell anyone about this.'

An adult dark elf voluntarily sucking on a pacifier, shaking a rattle, wearing cute diapers, and feeling sexual arousal while looking at herself in the mirror...it was something she could never tell anyone.

It was a sexual preference that had to be buried until death.

'Why couldn't I endure that moment...no, why did you come in without knocking in the first place...!'

Though she grumbled internally, what's done was done.

Nuer had to respond to Balkan's question.

Did she dress up as a baby and shake a rattle in the office of her own will, or did she act like a 'baby' because she lost her mind?

Among these deadly binary choices, Nuer...

"I received the healing effects of the grand fountain. But...I don't think I'm completely healed yet."

Choose the latter.

It was a bright red lie.

She had already lost face. But if she chose the latter?

'...If I use my mental state as an excuse, couldn't I act like a baby a bit more legitimately?'

It was a crazy idea, but to Nuer, it seemed like an attractive option.

"Hmm. Well, since you were a baby for such a long time... it's going to be tough."

"......"

Nuer didn't take Balkan's words kindly.

His tone sounded as if he had the upper hand.

His expression seemed to ask, how long can you last without my baby care and coddling?

Nuer trembled at that confident demeanor.

The feeling of being manipulated by a male who held her weakness was incredibly thrilling.

Though cold reason desperately cried out that it wasn't like that, that he was just worried... Nuer had long since been consumed by instinct.

"Should we monitor your progress? We're planning to head up to the surface soon."

"Th-Then I'll accompany you too. I need to report to the Vice Union Leader about my recovery, and handle the tasks the Union Leader assigned me...Ah, right."

Nuer took something out of her pocket and placed it on the table. Balkan looked at it intently.

It was a few papers and a pouch heavy with coins.

"This is the contribution points and arrest bounty for the back alley turf clan members you caught last time. They were all mid-rank or higher, so it should be quite substantial."

Since promotion to mid-rank adventurer was confirmed once they went to the surface, he wasn't particularly interested in the contribution point papers.

He immediately opened the coin pouch to check, and among the abundant silver coins, there were quite a few gold coins mixed in.

Counting revealed 41 gold coins and 70 silver coins.

At this amount beyond imagination, money he'd never held in his life, his mouth fell open in a daze.

With this money, how many thousands, no, tens of thousands of bowls of Diana's soup could he buy?

"If you give out this much, what's left for the Union?"

"What are you saying? You took down the boss and main members of a mid-sized criminal clan of nearly 40 people in one go. Though quite a few remnants remain, you dealt them a devastating blow, so of course you deserve at least this much."

Balkan swallowed hard and pocketed the money pouch.

Though he should reinvest in elixirs or equipment for the future, he couldn't help but smile, never having held this much money before.

"Cleaning up trash seems quite profitable."

"Right. There's even worse trash here. If you catch the vermin that gather around them too, you can get even more. And society becomes cleaner too."

At Nuer's words, Balkan began seriously considering Idelbert's proposal.

The work of cleaning up trash and exterminating pests.

Both Idelbert and Diana said they built their practical experience hunting such people, and if it provided such definite returns...it really was attractive work.

Moreover, for one of the Demon of Sloth's requests, he needed the information Idelbert and Nuer had to catch the Sloth worshippers trying to resurrect her.

It seemed not bad to help with such work and share information.

"I understand for now. If you're accompanying us, does the schedule work for you?"

"Since the Sloth worshipper experiment records I received from the Union Leader aren't an immediate problem either, anytime is fine."

Fortunately, it seemed there wouldn't be any schedule conflicts.

After telling the time and leaving Nuer's office, Balkan looked around the Union lobby and headed toward a table where familiar faces were gathered.

"Amel Drexia's party and...Ms. Fusilini?"

"Hmm. It's you."

"Prrrr! Long time no see! Did you use the anal plug well?"

"Dduru ddu para papa!"

"Aldente says she's here too."

The black mage Amel Drexia wearing an eye patch, and her party member Kentarina, a horse beastkin who sells adult goods, along with the mage Fusilini and the slime Aldente were sitting at one table talking.

Though the faces were familiar, it was an unfamiliar combination.

As he looked on with a puzzled expression, Fusilini explained the situation.

"I happened to form a party with Amel Drexia for a while, looks like we'll stay in Eden for some time. Hope and Gellen caught a mental illness so we need to earn some money."

Hope. A priest of the Earth Mother church who was raped by the back alley turf clan members.

It seemed they were trying to earn money for treatment of Gellen, their former party leader.

"Are they doing better?"

"Though the male priest who maintained his chastity all his life seems deeply hurt from such an incident, he seems to be somehow overcoming it. Gellen...his stupefied state has gotten worse."

"Dduru ddu ppubap pi..."

The situation didn't seem entirely good.

Though Fusilini tried to maintain a positive expression while speaking, Aldente's expression wasn't good.

The deflated slime was stuck to the desk listlessly.

Balkan could understand the words Aldente muttered weakly.

Bicorn tears was an ingredient that could somewhat neutralize the stupefied symptoms of males who were violated by monsters.

It seemed they would have to really tighten their belts to obtain it.

No wonder, since it was an ingredient worth 25 gold coins.

Even as a mid-rank adventurer, they couldn't immediately gather such a large sum.

Hope was one of the few normal men worth looking at in this world where there weren't many, so it was a bitter situation.

Perhaps because his pocket had become more comfortable, unnecessary sympathy sprouted.

Balkan fidgeted with the heavy money pouch he had just received.

'...Hah...'

And let out a deep sigh.

This must be why people say to save money right away when you get it. Having it on hand makes strange feelings arise.

-Jingle.

He took his share from the money pouch received from Nuer.

And

-Clank!

He placed a money pouch containing exactly 25 gold coins in front of Fusilini and Aldente.

"Uh..."

"...Dduru ddu?"

Fusilini and Aldente, who had been staring blankly at the money placed on the table with their mouths open, turned their eyes.

Seeing their surprised expressions, he spoke calmly.

"It's a hell of a lot of money, but use it. It'll help."

"...Don't people usually say it's not much money?"

"Honestly this isn't a small amount, right? Look. My hands are shaking."

It's killing me how precious it is. Not copper coins, not silver coins, but 25 gold coins.

To be coldly honest, Hope wasn't an exceptionally skilled man.

Since he didn't show particular potential for growth either, coldly speaking, he wasn't worth helping with such a large sum.

Gellen goes without saying. He was just a disgusting fellow full of jealousy.

But their party members, Fusilini and Aldente were different.

"...Still. After all the help you've given us until now, we can't just take this much money..."

"Who said I'm just giving it? Pay me back later. And get me as much of that magic amplification elixir you gave me last time as you can. The performance was quite good."

I had fully experienced the elixir's performance while hunting the chimera.

It was an item that nearly doubled the wisdom stat so was worth investing nearly 30 gold coins in.

Right. This is an investment. It's not that I particularly want to save people. I'm giving money because there's something in it for me.

Balkan thought this as he looked at Fusilini.

Fusilini looked at the money pouch with a complex expression, then bowed her head in thanks.

"Thank you so much Balkan. But...we can't accept all this money."

"...Why not?"

"The elixir isn't worth this much, and we've already received so much help from you, if we receive more help here...our party will never be able to move forward."

They had their lives saved by Balkan, who rescued them when they were about to be taken as slaves.

They had already received much help from him, and hadn't even fully repaid that debt yet.

And to receive more help here?

Fusilini shook her head.

That would truly be unconscionable.

Balkan looked into Fusilini’s eyes and faced her determination.

And finally, he retrieved the money pouch and took out only about 10 gold coins to stuff into her pocket.

"I don't know about Gellen, but I can help Hope. Please think of it as an offering to a temple priest."

"...Another debt has been created."

"Pay it back slowly. Slowly."

"Thank you. Really thank you."

"It's nothing."

Fusilini bowed deeply at the waist toward Balkan who waved his hand as if it were nothing.

To think he could do this much for others not related by blood.

She thought anew about where else such a genuine male adventurer could be found.

Probably nowhere in the adventurer industry or anywhere in the labyrinth city.

She couldn't just stay still after receiving help.

"Dduru ddu ppupapa!"

"Aldente says she wants to express her gratitude."

At those words, Balkan looked at the green slime Ain.

Something was vigorously wriggling in her small gathered hands.

-Pyororong.

What appeared in her hands with a small sound effect was a slime-shaped sphere.

-Porong. Porong.

The bouncing slime's pupils sparkled like stars.

It was a cute slime doll design reminiscent of the slime mascot from a certain normalization game.

"Dduru ddu dduddutta...!"

"She says it doesn't have any special functions, but looking at it makes you feel good."

"Dduru ddu!"

The slime Ain Aldente putting her hands on her hips proudly.

She was saying 'Thank you Balkan! A token of friendship!'

Balkan smiled softly and gently stroked her head with his large, thick hand.

"It's a cute doll gift. Thank you."

"Dduru ddudu..."

Seeing Aldente melting into a puddle at the warm touch, Balkan smiled slightly inside his helmet.

Though none in the adventurer union lobby knew the face inside the helmet, the moment he smiled and said thank you.

"......!"

"......Heut..."

The wombs of the females soaked in that warm and cozy atmosphere began throbbing all at once.

Fusilini, who unknowingly let out an aroused moan as her womb tightened, suddenly thought of her party members.

'Are those ones really women?'

Just seeing him up close made her womb throb and declare defeat like this, how on earth did they maintain their sanity?

For her part, she simply couldn't understand it.