

312 - Declaration of Slave Subordination

Here is the English translation:

I felt the changes stirring within my body as I clenched and unclenched my fist.

[Nam Sujin LV.51]

[Health: (17+18) Strength: (20+11) Agility: (20+11) Wisdom: (10+14-3)
Technique: (21+16)]

[Free Points: 0 points]

The moment all three physical stats broke through the wall of 30, a tingling sensation spread through my muscles along with a subtle pleasure.

As I took a breath and flexed slightly, my newly strengthened muscles bulged visibly under my armor.

While stats don't affect muscle size, I could tell their density had increased significantly.

'I'll be able to lift heavy things more easily and move faster now.'

Indeed, I immediately felt the weight of Bunny on my back and the Scale Armor around my body become lighter.

Given that my equipment consisted of a 2m giant axe and full-body armor made of hammered Relic Alloy, the weight was considerable. But from now on, it would be much less burdensome.

That wasn't the only change.

Without delay, I immediately opened my status window.

I'd been through some pretty shitty experiences on this Labyrinth trip too.

If Kkachili had died while facing the Elder Lich, I would have fallen into the Heart Demon.

I was also tricked by the illusions shown by the Jealousy Worshiper.

And I endured all kinds of torture while drugged by Lilith.

So I was worried I might have been cursed or something.

[◆ Blessing of the Victory-Leading Flag] NEW!!

—The flag wielded by the Hero who ended the Great War raised the morale of allies and struck fear into enemies.

—If the target feels 'fear' towards the caster, the effect is doubled.

As if congratulating me for overcoming all those crises and returning alive, the Labyrinth bestowed a new blessing upon me.

—Creates a field within a 200m radius.

—All stats +3 for 'allies' within the field

—All stats -3 for 'enemies' within the field. If conditions are fully met, this applies permanently even after leaving the field.

And it was quite an outrageous blessing at that.

"Holy shit."

A curse involuntarily escaped my lips the moment I confirmed the details of the blessing.

I had no other way to express my amazement at the contents that far exceeded my expectations.

A blessing with wide-area buff and debuff abilities.

And not just some barely noticeable buff, but an insane +3 to all stats.

Converted to levels, it could close a gap of nearly 7 levels... No.

Considering the debuff applied to enemies, it could reduce the gap by almost 15 levels.

'Right. The enemies!'

—Creates a field within a 200m radius.

This wasn't just applied to me alone.

A blessing that divides allies and enemies based on my judgment within the field, and applies to all of them...

'Not just humans, but maybe even monsters...'

If this blessing functions as I think it does.

It might be comparable to the highest-tier miracle that Serif was going to bestow upon me, one that would draw upon the church's resources...

No, it might even surpass that in performance.

Twitch. Twitch.

Realizing I had gained a blessing beyond imagination, I felt the fatigue from all the hardships I'd endured completely vanish.

At the same time, my body tingled with the urge to test out this blessing as soon as possible.

For a brief moment I considered going back into the Labyrinth to try it out, but I could test it on the surface too.

In any case, all that suffering had paid off.

"Phew..."

I looked at Diana, who let out a small sigh of relief beside me.

There were no notable changes visible in her status window.

"I'm not sure if I should say this is fortunate, but you didn't receive anything this time."

Perhaps sensing my gaze, Diana smiled softly and waved her hand as if to say not to worry.

Due to the Curse of Lust, even if she gained new blessings they would be applied as lewd curses, so for her, not receiving a blessing was actually a relief.

"More importantly, Balkan has now provided a solution."

I smiled back at her smile.

That's right.

Now we can normalize all the curses that have been tormenting Diana until now.

"Ugh, uuugh—! ——!"

We heard the screams of Lilith, the one responsible for normalizing Diana's condition.

"Eek! W-What's happening all of a sudden?!"

"Set down the backpack for a moment."

Kkachili, who was carrying the backpack, was startled by Lilith's thrashing kicks from inside.

I slightly opened the backpack that Kkachili set down and checked the status window of Lilith, who was trembling after being trained by the Cunt

Vibrator for the past week.

[Lilith lv.60]

[◆ Curse of the Cunt-Defeated Succubus] NEW!

— Since ancient times, succubi were a superior race that dominated and toyed with males.

— However, you have been so hopelessly defeated by a male's cock that you have become the first succubus to be subjugated in both body and mind.

— You will feel happiness the more you act for the sake of the male who has become your only master, and deep sadness the more you betray your master's virtue.

— Health -5 Strength -5 Agility -5 Technique +10

Lilith, who had reigned as the master of succubi, became the first succubus to be completely subjugated to me in both body and mind.

The Subjugation Cuntmark engraved on Lilith's lower abdomen, marking the first case of a succubus being defeated by a male, darkened further and turned pink.

The moment I saw that cuntmark, my incubus instincts told me.

Finally, that arrogant succubus had completely submitted to me.

"Ugh—, ugh——"

Lilith seemed to have fully realized this fact as well, letting out sounds from behind her gag that were hard to tell if they were laughs or cries.

It was a bit disappointing that her physical stats decreased while her technique increased, as if to say a cunt-defeated succubus's final destination was to be nothing more than a baby-making onahole.

But it was quite pleasing that the curse eliminated even the slightest possibility of Lilith betraying me.

"Ugh! Uhuugh—!!"

Lilith cried out through her gag, as if saying that was enough now, please remove the Cunt Vibrator.

"How dare you raise your voice before your master?"

"...!! Ugh, ugh— ugh—"

Lilith flinched at my voice and quickly lowered her tone, but it was already too late.

I immediately tied up the backpack again, restraining Lilith's movements, then covered the bread bag over her face as I closed the backpack flap.

"...Won't she die like this?"

Kkachili, who had felt Lilith climaxing from the Cunt Vibrator on her back for the past week, quietly expressed her concern.

"Did you suddenly feel like forgiving her?"

"No. Absolutely not."

Kkachili immediately shook her head with a serious expression.

She had also heard about what Lilith had done to me.

Ellie and Diana found out too, so it would be unfair if only Kkachili didn't know.

"Now that you've captured her like this, Master, we should make the most use of her. But I'm worried she might die too quickly if she keeps climaxing like this..."

"Despite how she looks, she's on par with me in pure strength. She won't die just from repeated climaxes."

Right now she's experiencing repeated uterine climaxes from a Cunt Vibrator shaped exactly like my cock, but Lilith is a level 60 monster.

Even I couldn't guarantee victory in her domain, the Tentacle Maze.

If Lilith hadn't been defeated by my cock, it would have been truly impossible to subjugate her like this.

After confirming Lilith's changes, I looked around at the other party members.

"Wawawa! This sensation is definitely...!"

"My udders are tingling...!"

The blonde twin-tailed tank Rubia and the cow beastkin swordswoman Jubel had also gained quite nice blessings.

It must have helped that they were at the very front lines during the Elder Lich subjugation, facing death.

"Tch. Am I the only one who didn't get a blessing? And it was my first Labyrinth trip in a while..."

Only the dark elf mage Nuer complained about not receiving a blessing, clicking her tongue.

[Nuer Arencia LV. 48]

But that's not to say her contributions were small.

Her experience and judgment at nearly level 50, along with her excellent magical technique, helped solidify the core of our party even further.

"We can go again next time to get one."

The rewards for completing the Elder Lich subjugation posted by Deputy Union Leader Yonel Freya included not just money, but also a long-term party contract with her.

"Next time, huh... Alright. When are we going on the next Labyrinth trip?"

"For now, let's settle the rewards today... and I was thinking we should watch the situation for a while."

"Situation?"

"The Labyrinth's precursor cycle is coming up in a little over a month."

"Ah."

The precursor phenomenon that brings changes to the Labyrinth.

Unless there was a special reason, there was no need to deliberately enter the Labyrinth during a period when unpredictable changes occur.

Idelbert always said:

Don't become endlessly arrogant just because you've gotten stronger.

You had to humble yourself and always remain modest before the Labyrinth.

Otherwise, you'll die prematurely before achieving your goals.

In addition to my goal of rescuing my little sister, now that I had more precious people I wanted to protect... I didn't want to throw away my life like an old shoe either.

"Then we'll be staying on the surface for a while. Well, with the money from selling breast milk this time, we won't have to worry about starving."

"Checking our blessings and taking time to adapt to our new powers is absolutely necessary for explorers aiming for deeper levels! I'm all for it!"

"Then I guess I'll drop by the academy after a long time..."

Fortunately, the party members went along with my opinion.

When you decide not to enter the Labyrinth for a while, there's usually pushback for various reasons including livelihood.

Though they acted strangely at times, they were party members who respected and followed the leader well, which was really good for me.

"Then let's go to the Explorers' Union right away to settle up."

"Hehehe! Sounds good!"

The money-grubbing Jubel nodded vigorously with a sinister laugh.

Though we'd meet occasionally to coordinate as a party before entering the Labyrinth, it was better to settle accounts as quickly as possible.

"Since we've returned to the surface after a long time, I should prepare a delicious meal for tonight."

"Then we'll head home first!"

Diana smiled as she prepared to host a feast, while Ellie waved at me, excited by the fresh air of the surface she hadn't smelled in a long time.

"Okay. I'll come after finishing up here."

I waved back with a smile.

Even though we'd returned to the surface, there was still much to do.

Settling the Elder Lich subjugation reward, long-term party contract with Nuer.

I also needed to get Jirnier to repair the weapons and equipment that got wrecked in the Labyrinth, and most importantly...

"Master. What should we do with her? Take her to the inn?"

"No. Hand me the backpack since I need to form a Familiar Contract. You've worked hard, so go home and rest."

"Yes sir!!"

I had to prepare for the Familiar Contract with Lilith.

"What? So you brought her all this way to form a Familiar Contract? I know someone who's good at mediating contracts."

Just then, Jubel raised her voice after overhearing my conversation with Kkachili.

"...Familiar Contracts require deep magical understanding, but Jubel knows someone like that?"

"Wow. That's a bit hurtful. I may not look it, but I have pretty wide connections, you know?"

"It's amazing your relationships haven't been destroyed with that eccentric behavior..."

As the party members naturally started to brush off Jubel, I asked her:

"Who is this person?"

"Someone you know well too."

"Someone I know well?"

She chuckled and tilted her head along with her udders.

"Just follow this big sis."

The central area of the Explorer District.

The commercial strip lined with weapon shops and other stores catering to explorers.

[Congratulations on opening! May you be buried in money!]

Jubel barged through the door of an herb shop with a large wreath out front.

"Customer incoming!!!"

"Aw shit... Huh?"

The woman who was about to curse upon hearing Jubel's voice tilted her head when she saw me wearing a helmet.

"Balkan?"

The former explorer and retired ex-party member.

The harpy beastkin mage Ramel was looking at me.

Author's Note:

Updated the female move illustration collection and general illustration collection.

313 - Declaration of Slave Subordination (2)

The harpy beastman mage Ramel was one of the few trustworthy figures in this Labyrinth City.

With her mid-level explorer skills, she had never committed trolling in the Labyrinth, nor had she revealed her desires out of selfishness.

Above all, even though she could have drained the party's lifeblood, she recognized her own shortcomings and encouraged us to venture deeper, making her a moral person who left the party on her own.

“Familiar Contract?”

“Yes. I was hoping Ramel could help facilitate the contract.”

I could speak my intentions to Ramel without reservation.

The Familiar Contract with Lilith.

The possibility of Lilith, who had even been cursed, refusing my wishes was almost nonexistent, but making her my familiar would bring several advantages.

“If I establish a Familiar Contract, I’ll be able to summon my familiar anytime, anywhere.”

Just like when Lilith's Nightmares appeared or when Idelbert summoned his cat familiar, Shuding.

For example, it would mean I could call Lilith, who is in the Labyrinth, with just a gesture while I’m on the surface.

Also, if Lilith were to suffer a fatal injury during battle, she would automatically be recalled to my side.

I would be able to use a level 60 Nightmare much more strategically.

“There’s no reason not to establish a Familiar Contract.”

Since Lilith had also formed a contract with her Nightmares, she could facilitate the contract, but there was always the chance she might pull some trick during the contract.

In that regard, Ramel was an excellent choice.

“Alright. Since it’s your request, of course, I can help.”

Fortunately, Ramel readily agreed to my request.

“Phew. I was actually wondering who to ask for help with this, so thank you.”

“Thank you? If it weren’t for the severance pay you gave me, I wouldn’t have even had enough to open this shop.”

Ramel chuckled as she looked around the shop.

I followed her gaze and examined the store.

The interior wasn’t particularly special, but the potions and herbs displayed on sturdy metal shelves caught my eye.

“High-grade potions? You’re selling these at this price?”

There were high-grade and top-grade potions, as well as high-quality herbs that helped with Mana and even Divine power recovery.

The top-grade potion was six gold coins. The set of herbs for Divine power and Mana recovery was four gold coins.

It was an expensive price, but considering it as the cost of an extra life, it was quite reasonable.

Thinking back to when I had overpaid five gold coins for a high-grade potion during the potion hoarding incident, I still felt my head getting hot.

“A friend from my academy days secured a position at the Claysia Trading Company. Thanks to that, I managed to get these... Well, still, the best sellers are those over there.”

As I turned my eyes to where Ramel pointed, I saw items displayed in a regular glass case.

[Mid-level Stamina Enhancement Herb]

—If you brew this for your weak husband, you can enjoy a hot night for two hours!

* No refunds after consumption as there will be no change in size.

[Low-level Erection Enhancement Potion]

—For 30 minutes after consumption, the male organ will not soften!

* No refunds after consumption as there will be no change in size.

[Labyrinth Mountain Pregnancy Confirmation Ovulation Induction Potion]

—This potion starts ovulation immediately after consumption, attracting and pulling in sperm that enters the vagina, guaranteeing 100% pregnancy!

* No refunds after consumption.

These items, with detailed descriptions attached, seemed far more useful in everyday life than the top-grade potions.

“I had about 50 of those prepared for today, but they’re already sold out, and those are all that’s left.”

“That’s incredible sales.”

The items in the display were at most two or three. Considering the sun was still high in the sky, it was truly astonishing speed.

If I were to compare it to a restaurant, it would be like running out of ingredients before lunchtime.

It was nice to see that the business she started after retirement was doing well.

“The Pregnancy Confirmation Ovulation Induction Potion...”

“.....!”

“Th-That...”

I felt the subtle gazes of my party members at my mumbling.

Ramel instinctively glanced at my lower half, then quickly cleared her throat, her face turning red.

Perhaps she recalled the sight of my belongings that she had inevitably seen during our Labyrinth explorations.

“Um, um. You might not need it, but most women living in Labyrinth City absolutely need those to have a satisfying night.”

“Tch. I’ll only buy it if I ever need it.”

Jubel, who had crouched down and was staring intently at the Pregnancy Confirmation Ovulation Induction Potion, clicked her tongue.

“Well, it seems like Jubel will never need it in her lifetime.”

“What...!”

At my calm reply, Jubel’s eyes widened in shock.

“To be honest, I agree with Balkan’s opinion...”

“So do I.”

“Ugh...!”

Caught in the wave of ridicule from Rubia and Nuer, Jubel reached for the potion and headed toward the register where Ramel was.

“Alright. With this, I’ll lose my virginity in three years... no, three years is too short... in a year, no, even a year is too short... I’ll do it in three years!”

“Jubel, are you finally trying to become a criminal?”

“Damn it. I’ve signed a long-term contract, and I’ll lose the party’s inspection in three years...”

Ever since Jubel had been breastfed by me, I had developed a slight animosity toward her.

Rubia and Nuer’s combined efforts to ridicule Jubel were quite sharp.

“Ugh... Balkan! They’re making fun of me...!”

“Well, why did you do such things? Accept it with a repentant heart since it’s karma.”

“Ugh, you too...!”

Jubel clung to me, shaking her legs, but all I could say was that.

“Pfft...!”

Ramel, watching our party, burst into laughter.

“This party hasn’t changed at all. Just like the old days.”

“If you miss us, come visit the inn and tavern sometimes. I’ll be on the surface for a while. Oh, and please give me seven recovery herb bundles

and about two ovulation induction potions.”

While I was on the surface, I planned to check my blessings and focus on training in Mana and Divine power, so Ramel’s herbs would be a great help for my training.

As for the Pregnancy Confirmation Ovulation Induction Potion...

Even if it’s not now, there will be a time when I’ll need it later.

“Ha, cough...! As expected, Balkan. You’re quite generous.”

Ramel flinched at my gesture pointing to the ovulation inducer, but now that she had become a merchant, she smiled as she packed the potions and herbs.

“If you buy this much, I’ll have to repay you, right?”

Ramel added one more top-grade potion and herb bundle, as well as an ovulation induction potion.

It was a service worth nearly ten gold coins.

It was a kindness that didn’t betray the friendship we had as former party members.

Moved by this, I rushed over to Ramel and tightly grabbed her harpy claw.

“Whew.....!!!”

“Oh my. So much... thank you.”

“Cough. Cough!! Well, this is nothing.”

Then, with her face flushed and clearing her throat, Ramel moved her harpy wings to sneak another top-grade potion into the wrapping, then glanced at the backpack strapped to my back.

“Is that...?”

“Oh, this is the one I’ll be forming a Familiar Contract with.”

I set the backpack down and showed Ramel the Lilith inside.

“Whoa...!”

The moment Ramel caught a whiff of the slick pool of fluids in the waterproof backpack and the arousing pheromones of the demoness wafting in, she gasped and fell backward.

“Ugh— ughhh—”

The damp bread bag was now half-torn and no longer functional, and the continuous pleasure had left her pupils dazed, indicating that Lilith was barely conscious.

“Is it possible?”

I placed my hand like a support on Lilith’s shoulder and asked, and Ramel, who had been staring blankly at us, opened her mouth.

“The Familiar Contract requires preparation.”

“Preparation?”

“Yes. The target you want to form a Familiar Contract with must fully recognize you as their master...”

At Ramel’s words, I tapped the palm of my hand resting on Lilith’s shoulder.

Flinch!

The trembling Lilith looked up at me blankly.

I moved my hand to loosen the gag in Lilith’s mouth and gently tapped her cheek, calling her name.

“Lilith.”

“Yes, Master...♡”

Her pronunciation had become slurred after being disciplined for over a week.

Having completely become Lilith’s master, surpassing even the title of Balkan, I quietly looked at Ramel.

“Is this enough?”

Ramel nodded blankly.

“As the master of the familiar, you have the duty to control, govern, and care for her. Do you understand?”

“I understand.”

At my answer, Ramel, who was facilitating the Familiar Contract, nodded.

She also spoke to Lilith, who was kneeling at my feet and bowing her head.

“As a familiar, you must serve, respect, and dedicate yourself to your master for life.”

For an ordinary person.

“Whether in joy, sorrow, pain, or hardship... your will does not matter. You cannot defy your master’s absolute commands. You will dedicate your entire life to one master from now on.”

Expressions that might cause even a little hesitation in front of someone truly loved.

Moreover, these words were not just simple expressions; they would become the pillars of Lilith’s life going forward.

She would serve her master unconditionally, even if it meant enduring the most painful tasks, remaining absolutely loyal, and serving her lord as a

familiar.

“Even so, will you dedicate everything to your new master?”

“I dedicate all of myself to my new master...♡”

Without a moment's hesitation, Lilith nodded and kissed my feet in submission.

Wuuuu—

At that moment, I felt a sensation as if my heart and Lilith's womanhood were connecting.

No, beyond the heart and womanhood... it felt as if our souls were intertwining.

In that instant, Lilith and I clearly recognized each other's existence.

Lilith's soul was integrated beneath my soul.

It was the moment I welcomed my first familiar, who would be with me for a lifetime.

314 - Catching the B.J. Thief

It was a strange feeling.

The sensation of souls intertwining, Lilith's and mine, spiritually mixing.

It was a feeling difficult to express in words, a sensation beyond human perception.

Male and female, master and slave, and so on.

In that moment, far removed from the relationships humans have established through language, Lilith's very existence intertwined with my soul.

——!!

Aside from me, I faintly sensed the presence of another being that held a stake in Lilith's soul.

The one who had been Lilith's sole master before me.

The one who had directly bestowed a part of their womb upon Lilith.

The demon of lust.

Suuuu—!

The remnants of the demon of lust still lingering in Lilith's womb spilled forth wicked magical energy.

‘...What is this?’

I tilted my head as I felt that magical energy.

The response of the presence was surprisingly faint.

The quality of the magical energy itself was quite high.

It was as chilling as the demon worshiper of wrath, Goth, whom I had once clashed with... no, even more so.

However, I felt no particular hostility or murderous intent emanating from the magical energy.

‘Is it unable to move as it wishes due to being sealed?’

That seemed highly likely.

If not, there was no way a subordinate who had given up a part of their precious womb would remain silent while declaring lifelong slavery to a complete stranger.

As I gradually embraced the soul of Lilith, which was becoming subordinate to me, I shouted toward the magical energy of the demon of lust.

“Sorry about that. I'll make good use of your subordinate from now on.”

In truth, I wasn't really sorry.

Wasn't it the demon who cursed and tormented Diana?

There was no reason to like it, and plenty of reasons to hate it.

Even my words about swallowing the subordinate that had merged with a third of your womb elicited no special reaction from the sealed demon of lust.

It merely trembled and spilled forth lewd and lascivious magical energy.

Eventually, the strange sensation of our souls connecting faded, and when I opened my eyes.

Smooch...♡

Lilith was planting kisses on my feet.

“Lilith.”

“Smooch, smooch. Smooch...♡ Ah, hehe, Master...”

As she mindlessly kissed my feet, she finally regained her senses and looked up at me, and I roughly patted her head.

“Ugh... Hehe...”

As I roughly patted her head and even her face, Lilith's eyes were pricked, but she accepted my touch with a smile on her face.

Indeed, the results of the vaginal training using a dildo modeled after my own penis were remarkable.

Even in a desperate situation, Lilith, who had been trying to find a way to survive, had become so corrupted by pleasure that she ended up forming a Familiar Contract that she would have to dedicate her life to.

“Hand.”

As I extended my right hand and said that.

“Yes!”

Lilith, panting, placed her right hand on top of mine.

“Other side.”

“Yes...!”

The same went for the left.

“Good. Good. Well done.”

“Hehe... Did I do well...?”

“Yep, yep. Good girl.”

As I roughly patted the head of the now obedient Lilith, she squatted on the floor and playfully rubbed her soft cheeks against my thigh.

“...What, is the Nightmare like a puppy...”

As I was testing how much Lilith would follow my words, Ramel, who had stayed behind to mediate the Familiar Contract while the party members were outside, watched the scene with a dazed expression, rubbing his thighs.

Well, this level of achievement wasn't too bad.

‘At least now I won't have to worry about being backstabbed by Lilith.’

If I had managed to subdue her mind and form a Familiar Contract only to be backstabbed, that would be a betrayal close to fate, and I would have no choice but to accept it humbly.

“Thank you for helping with the contract mediation, Ramel. It was urgent, and thanks to you, we finished quickly.”

“Uh, uh. Yeah.”

Ramel, who grabbed my outstretched hand in a daze, nodded.

“I'll stop by whenever I have work. You sell such good potions and herbs.”

“If you do that, I'll be grateful. If you come often, it's rewarding to procure good items. These days, the streets are a bit chaotic, so it wouldn't hurt to carry extra potions.”

“Well, the Labyrinth City is always like that.”

As I casually smiled and shrugged my shoulders, Ramel shook his head.

“Still, it's a bit serious these days. Last week, even the Union Leader was attacked.”

“Excuse me?”

My thoughts momentarily halted at the unexpected words.

What did I just hear?

“The Explorer Union Leader... my mentor was attacked?”

“Oh, not the Union Leader. The Deputy Union Leader... Wait, you didn’t know?”

A small sense of relief washed over me at the fact that Idelbert hadn’t been attacked.

In response to Ramel's question, I could only nod blankly.

After all, we had just arrived on the surface a few hours ago.

“Ah. Well, we did look like we had just returned from the Labyrinth... I should let the others know.”

“Last week was when we had just set out from Eden, so what happened in between?”

“Well, I don’t know the details since I’ve been retired... I picked up bits of conversation from guests who come by, but I heard that there was an ambush while he was sleeping at the mansion? The culprit hasn’t been caught yet.”

“Wow...”

Hearing that the Deputy Union Leader had been attacked by an unidentified assailant brought an unnecessary sense of unease.

‘Is there really such a crazy bastard out there?’

It meant that someone insane enough to ambush a power figure of that level was active in this Labyrinth City.

But the worse point was...

‘I have to report the Elder Lich subjugation reward to the Deputy Union Leader...’

Not to mention, I had also left the safe that I had taken from Bio, the leader of the territorial clan in the back alleys and a servant of the Sloth worshiper, with the Deputy Union Leader.

The Deputy Union Leader had boasted that he would unlock it, but I was curious if there had been any progress.

‘Speaking of which, Lilith mentioned that the Sloth worshiper headed to the surface...’

Could it be that they ambushed the Deputy Union Leader to retrieve that?

I shook my head at the overwhelming thoughts.

I still couldn’t be sure of anything, so I needed to check on the Deputy Union Leader’s status first.

“Is he conscious?”

“Yeah. I heard he even went to work at the Union not long ago.”

Fortunately, it seemed he wasn’t seriously injured.

Well, after all, the Deputy Union Leader, Yonel Freya, was a person with the peculiar power of the Blessing of the Protected Species.

It would be very difficult to kill that girl, who attracted all sorts of gentle small animals and whose hostility diminished the closer one got.

“Thank you for the good information.”

“Don’t mention it. Buy a lot next time.”

“Heh. Just make sure to have plenty prepared.”

Waving goodbye to Ramel as he handed me the packaged items, I pulled on Lilith's leash, who had completed the Familiar Contract, and left the store.

And as soon as I stepped outside, party members with anxious expressions, like puppies waiting for their owner, approached me.

"Hey, hey, hey. Balkan. We just overheard some serious talk from the explorers passing by..."

"They said the Deputy Union Leader was attacked."

"Oh, how did you know? Did you hear it from Ramel too?"

As Jubel stepped forward as the representative and tilted her head, I nodded while looking at them.

"Let's head to the Union first."

In the center of the Explorer District.

The building of the Explorer Union, standing taller than other structures, was enveloped in a strange silence unlike usual.

Although the atmosphere of the Explorer Union had changed to a somewhat calmer one with the Deputy Union Leader managing the surface branch instead of Idelbert, it was now even more pronounced.

The reason could be guessed from the entrance of the Explorer Union.

Clank!!

"Identification first."

An explorer from the Union, fully armed and on guard, stopped us as we tried to enter the building.

Glancing.

I felt a gaze trying to pierce through the visor.

The guard explorer seemed to recognize me to some extent.

After all, for an explorer on the surface, it would be harder not to know me, Idelbert's disciple.

The fact that I was being blocked like this was proof that the security was more stringent than I had imagined.

“...Since when has the security of the Explorer Union been this strict?”

“Recently. It seems you just returned from the Labyrinth?”

“I was in the Labyrinth for quite a while.”

“I hope you understand. There’s the matter of the Deputy Union Leader’s attack... and right now, a rather high-ranking individual is here.”

“A high-ranking individual?”

“Sorry, but I can’t disclose that.”

The guard explorer slightly bowed his head.

Feeling their polite demeanor, I realized once again that I had grown stronger.

‘Before this trip to the Labyrinth, there had been subtle signs of disdain.’

Perhaps it was because the atmosphere and energy I exuded had changed?

A bead of cold sweat trickled down the foreheads of the observing explorers.

Tap, tap.

I gently patted the shoulder of the guard and handed over my Intermediate Explorer badge.

“Alright. Good work.”

“...! Thank you. Intermediate Explorer Balkan, Nuer. And the other party members. Confirmed.”

As I offered words of encouragement without engaging in any special power struggle, the startled female guard explorer smiled slightly.

“...Did you see that just now? They’re worried about me? Ha. What should I do? I might be a little popular?”

“You’ve gone crazy. Haven’t you been to the tavern where that guy works? As long as you don’t act like a randy beast, they treat customers really kindly.”

“...You mean someone with that kind of energy works at a tavern? Goodness... Is there a secret menu there?”

Leaving behind the excited chatter of the guard explorers, I entered the Explorer Union, and the lobby, which felt slightly less crowded, came into view.

“I’m here to see the Deputy Union Leader.”

“Ah. The Deputy Union Leader is currently unavailable...!”

Since there was no long line that usually stretched out, I went straight to the counter staff, but the flustered employee made an X sign with their arms.

“What do you mean unavailable? Has she arrived?”

“Y-Yes, she has, but... it’s not possible right now!”

I tilted my head at the employee, who was desperately shaking their head.

From the atmosphere, it seemed the Deputy Union Leader was indeed present.

“Are you saying it’s not possible even though I’m here?”

“Eek! Y-Yonel?!”

As Nuer peeked her head out from behind me and glared at the counter staff, the employee shook their head vigorously.

“W-Well, it’s still not possible! I’m sorry! There was an order not to let anyone else in today...! Kyaah?!”

Chirp, chirp!!

A yellow chick landed on the head of the counter staff, who was shaking their head.

A small animal used by Yonel Freya to keep watch.

Chirp, chirp!

As the chick pecked at the counter staff's head, the employee tilted their head as if to ask if this was real.

“Ah, d-does that mean I can let them in...? Just Mr. Balkan...?”

Chirp, chirp!

As if to say, “Can’t you understand that?” the chick continued to peck at the employee's head, and I felt a strong sense of unease.

“...Why just me?”

Today, why did the Deputy Union Leader, who had ordered that no one be let in, revoke that order just for me?

That question was answered as soon as I stood in front of the Deputy Union Leader’s office.

‘...Is that what it meant by a high-ranking individual?’

Bowing slightly.

The members of the royal knight order, clad in armor, standing in front of the Deputy Union Leader's office, gave me a small nod.

Creeeak.

As they opened the door, the scenery inside the Deputy Union Leader's office came into view along with...

Two plump girls sipping tea.

The person sitting in the guest seat was none other than Deputy Union Leader Yonel Freya.

With bandages wrapped around her head, she waved at me.

"Oh, you've come, Balkan. Let me introduce you. This is..."

"No need to be so formal."

A calm yet haughty voice.

"I know her... quite well."

Drawn in by that voice, I looked again at the girl seated in the main seat.

"O-O-Oh, long... time... hick...!"

She had tried to speak casually but ended up biting her tongue, and tears welled up in her nature-infused green eyes.

The blonde girl, who had ruined her plan to greet me naturally, turned her flushed face away and waved her hand at me.

"O-Oh, it's been a while... B-Balkan..."

In response to that gesture, I deeply bowed and lowered my head.

"It's been a while indeed, Your Highness."

The knight who saved me and the second princess I saved.

Celsia smiled softly.

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Sluuurp.

Celsia poured me a bright yellow liquid.

"Woah, it's tea brewed with Moonlight Flowers. Sip it slowly and savor the aroma."

"Thank you, Princess."

"...So, how is it?"

"...I haven't even tasted it yet."

"Ah, right..."

I detached the lower part of my helmet to drink the tea, and inhaled the aroma of the tea Celsia had poured.

I didn't know what Moonlight Flowers were, but the fragrance was so luxurious that I couldn't believe it was just brewed from a few petals.

As I took a sip of the tea, which smelled like refined lavender, my body and mind relaxed.

The comfort of the warm tea and soft fragrance calmed my mind, which had been confused by Serif's sudden appearance.

"It's good, this..."

"Right?! Hehe. I'm glad it suits your taste."

Celsia smiled slightly after confirming my reaction.

I took a sip of tea and glanced at her.

'Has she adapted to the Blessing's stigma?'

After collecting the [Blessing of the Weak and Useless Magician], Celsia had struggled to adapt to her constantly changing body.

But seeing her wearing clothes that suited her current form, it seemed she had succeeded in adapting.

'Besides, she even came outside...'

After her body shrunk due to the Blessing of the Weak and Useless Magician, I heard that Celsia had been living the life of a shut-in, confined to her room.

She could remotely control her armor, but that was it.

She looked visibly uncomfortable even at the last birthday party...

Seeing Celsia's calm demeanor in front of the Deputy Union Leader, it seemed her social skills had returned quite a bit.

Sluurp. Sluurp.

...Although she occasionally glanced at me, her face slightly flushed, and then quickly turned her head away.

"Hoo...?"

The Deputy Union Leader, who had been watching the scene with interest, put down her teacup and said to me.

"I heard the story from the Union Leader who arrived earlier, but how was this Labyrinth trip? Balkan."

"The Elder Lich subjugation was successfully completed, and we succeeded in subjugating the Jealousy Worshiper Karellos. Here is the proof."

Thud.

The eyes of the two petite women turned to the object placed on the table.

The Soulstone that appeared after beheading the Jealousy Worshiper Karellos.

The Deputy Union Leader nodded after confirming the Soulstone filled with ominous Magical Energy.

"This filthy and sticky Magical Energy... Yes. It's definitely the Jealousy Worshiper's Magical Energy. I heard that those who were brainwashed by the Jealousy Worshiper are also receiving treatment."

"The temple is working hard. There are a few remnants left, but one of them is imprisoned in the temple's dungeon."

"Good work. I don't know if there's any more information to be gleaned... but I'll have to check. Oh, and."

Snap!

The Deputy Union Leader snapped her fingers, and a yellow chick waddled over and placed a thick money pouch, a wooden box, and a piece of paper on my lap.

30 gold coins. A necklace-type Stamina Enhancement Artifact. And.

"This is the reward for subjugating the Elder Lich and the Contract document with Nuer. Nuer's seal is already stamped on it, so feel free to use her until you get tired of her. And the reward for capturing the Jealousy Worshiper—"

"Our royal family will handle that, not the Explorer Union."

Celsia's lips were slightly upturned as she said that.

"The Queen praised you personally."

"...The Queen, me?"

"Yes. You caught a demon worshiper after decades, and you took the initiative to eliminate one of the kingdom's greatest dangers, so there should be a reward commensurate with that achievement... The reason I came to the Explorer District was to convey the Queen's words."

I was wondering why Celsia had come to the Explorer District, but I never dreamed it was to give a reward for eliminating a demon worshiper.

Celsia smiled slightly at my reaction and reached into the air.

Whoosh.

After rummaging through the subspace for a moment, she held a scroll with the royal seal.

That scroll must be the scroll containing the Queen's words and rewards.

Swish.

Celsia stood up smoothly from the sofa and unfolded the scroll with a serious expression.

I immediately got up from the sofa as well.

The person in front of me was Celsia, but not Celsia.

The monarch of the kingdom to which Labyrinth City belonged, a being who represented the Queen.

There was no one in this city with higher authority than her, and I, a mere Intermediate Explorer, had to kneel before that lofty being.

As I knelt in front of the petite Celsia, I could see her meager chest and slightly hollowed-out cute belly button.

"Intermediate Explorer Balkan."

I immediately lowered my head so that my trembling eyes would not be noticed, and listened to Celsia's voice.

"Yes."

"In your capacity as an Intermediate Explorer, you have succeeded in eradicating the forces of one of the seven demons who brought the kingdom to ruin."

The image of the old woman I had seen before overlapped with Celsia's face as she recited the Queen's message in a solemn voice.

What would that Queen, who had seriously considered my reaction when she asked me to marry her daughter as soon as we met, prepare this time?

"To dream of the resurrection of the demons sealed by the previous Hero, and to destroy the faction of those who seek to plunge the world into chaos once again... is truly like a great mark left on the world by a new Hero."

From Celsia's lips, who took a short breath, came words I had never expected.

"I bestow upon you the fourth rank of the Five Orders of Nobility, Viscount, along with the surname of the previous Hero, Auster."

Nobility.

In this world divided by status, it was the most certain hierarchy and class.

No matter how scarce Intermediate Explorer-level personnel were, they were not as valuable as nobles with their own achievements and titles.

Nobles were a select few born with chosen bloodlines.

At this moment, I, who had received the title of Viscount and the surname Auster.

I had become a noble with a surname and title that I could pass on to my children.

Houses, Artifacts, Relics.

These were valuable assets and items that everyone wanted, but they could be bought with money, and they were just items.

But status was different.

Status was not clearly visible, but it was simply ingrained in people's hearts and minds.

Why else would there be the saying, "Even if they're fallen, they're still nobles"?

Even if a wealthy nouveau riche and a fallen noble were in the same space, people would line up next to the noble.

There was nothing bad about having a lot of money, but once wealth reached a certain level, its value gradually faded.

But a noble bloodline alone revealed a significant difference from others, and its value shone even more brilliantly as it went higher.

Money, fame, power.

By the standards of ordinary people, two of the three elements that symbolized success could be solved simply by obtaining a title.

'Of course, there's a significant difference even among nobles...'

The fact that they could be lumped together and called 'nobles' was a huge merit in itself.

'If someone threatens me, it would really be risking their own life to threaten me, and if they try to kill me, they'll be executed for murdering a noble.'

Just imagining such things made my heart flutter.

If the rumor that I had obtained a noble title spread.

In Labyrinth City, as well as inside the Labyrinth, those who dared to talk trash to me, pick a fight, or try to plunder me would all be extinct.

I wouldn't bother picking on vulgar words like "I want to get pegged" or "I want to dive in and kiss your dick," but if they had any sense, they would take care of themselves.

"Are you happy? Balkan... No, should I call you Lord Auster now?"

It was none other than Deputy Union Leader Yonel Freya who woke me up from my happy reverie.

Celsia, who had recited the Queen's message, seemed to want to talk to me more, but she checked her wristwatch and left the Deputy Union Leader's office.

Perhaps she managed the cycle of her body changing by time.

She whispered as she left that she would be in the Explorer District for the time being, and I could only hope to see her again.

"Haha... Just call me as usual."

"Hmph. I see. It's been a while since I've seen someone receive a surname and title directly from the Queen. Was it... the first time since Diana stopped the resurrection of the Demon of Lust?"

"Diana received a noble title?"

I asked blankly at the news I was hearing for the first time.

Could it be that Diana was a noble?

"No. I don't remember her receiving one. Instead, she was told to draw attention so that she wouldn't be dragged around for troublesome matters after her retirement. In front of all the other nobles and ministers."

"..."

"Well, Diana was young back then."

I stared blankly at the Deputy Union Leader, whose appearance was that of a petite child, but whose voice sounded as if she was reminiscing about a distant past.

The more I heard about Diana's past, the more surprised I was by her vigor and toughness.

I think I know why Diana has so much lust.

She lived like a flame, so all of the ripened and matured woman's vigor was focused on lewdness.

"It would have been difficult to refuse the Queen's gift in a public setting..."

"So she ended up receiving the surname Ordia. Come to think of it, you received a better surname."

"...Is this surname good?"

Auster.

Balkan Auster.

I don't feel anything special.

"The previous Hero who ended the Great War... Isn't that the surname that Mother Earth used before she ascended? The previous King personally bestowed a new surname after seeing her raise the flag of victory with the south wind. The church will be horrified when they hear this news."

At the Deputy Union Leader's words, who was suppressing her laughter, I blankly opened my status window.

[Nam Sujin lv.51]

[◆ Blessing of the Victory-Leading Flag]

—The flag wielded by the Hero who ended the Great War raised the morale of allies and struck fear into the hearts of enemies.

What caught my eye was the Blessing I had newly acquired.

A Blessing with the Hero's description, the newly bestowed Hero's surname.

Moreover, rumors had begun to spread in the Eden branch of the church that I was the Saint of Mother Earth, the being to which the Hero had ascended.

"...Tsk..."

My mouth felt dry for no reason.

Even I thought the situation was incredibly coincidental.

Would the church dismiss this situation as a coincidence?

'Or would they overreact and revere me as the Saint of Mother Earth?'

I would be relieved if it was the former, but the latter would make the situation a bit complicated.

'If I'm not careful, they might try to restrict all sorts of sexual acts, saying, "A Saint wouldn't do this!"...'

The church I had seen so far might really do that, so I was deeply troubled when.

"—kan. Balkan?"

"Ah, uh, what."

"...I don't mind if you speak informally, but are you trying to treat me disrespectfully as soon as you become a noble? That's a bit..."

"Ah, no. I was a little dazed for a moment... What's wrong?"

I waved my hand at the Deputy Union Leader's words and asked back, and she made an awkward expression and lowered her head.

"As the Deputy Union Leader of the Explorer Union, it's embarrassing to say this... but I couldn't keep my promise to you."

I had guessed this from the rumors that the Deputy Union Leader had been attacked and the bandages wrapped around her head, and now those words flowed from her mouth.

"The Demon of Sloth's worshiper stole the vault you entrusted to me... or rather, the orb inside it."

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The Deputy Union Leader told me about what had happened on the surface a few weeks ago.

"We succeeded in unlocking the vault you entrusted to us."

Yonel Freya was referring to the vault I had left with her.

They had succeeded in unlocking the vault that I had seized from Bio, the head of a turf clan in the back alleys and a minion of the Sloth Worshiper.

The item inside the vault was none other than the Sloth Worshiper's Orb.

Even someone who had never been exposed to Magical Energy would gain the enlightenment to use it the moment they held it.

And for those who already wielded Magical Energy, it was a precious artifact that allowed them to wield even more powerful Magical Energy.

'It was because of that that it was more dangerous when I caught the Jealousy Worshiper.'

Like the state of Divine Sword Unification, the Jealousy Worshiper, who had directly embedded the orb into his body, became one with the artifact and unleashed even more powerful mental attacks.

"Since it was a dangerous object, we were going to coordinate opinions on destroying the orb when you returned."

Since such an item was in the vault, Yonel Freya, as the Deputy Union Leader of the Explorers, had no choice but to make a decision.

She vowed to destroy the orb as soon as possible, and...

"And that night, the Sloth Worshiper launched a sudden attack."

Before they could even prepare, the Sloth Demon Worshiper, along with Chimera beasts, raided the mansion.

"We fought back as best we could... but we couldn't stop the injured one from escaping with the orb."

The Deputy Union Leader, with her innocent appearance, let out a sigh filled with self-reproach.

"I'm sorry. As Deputy Union Leader, I can't hold my head up, having failed to protect an item entrusted to us by a member of the Union."

I looked at Yonel Freya, who was deeply bowing her head in apology.

"Peep, peep..."

The yellow chick on her head also bowed to me, chirping.

"...You don't have to bow so deeply. How could you have known about the Demon Worshiper's attack?"

I smiled faintly and waved my hand at the Deputy Union Leader, who was showing deep remorse.

Before considering noble status.

As a mid-level explorer in the explorer industry, I was lower in rank than her, who had risen to the position of Deputy Union Leader.

But she was offering me a sincere apology.

'This is an opportunity.'

An opportunity to gain someone's trust.

She already had a good impression of me as an explorer.

At Celsia's birthday party, she promised to give me 'unsparing support,' and the reward I actually received for subjugating the Elder Lich was

considerable.

There is no one more precious than a superior who is willing to offer a sincere apology to a subordinate and generously reinvests in them when they make great achievements.

When such a person humbles themselves and apologizes for their mistakes.

Which would be more impressive: to spew out curses, demanding compensation for the apology, or to generously understand that everyone makes mistakes?

"..."

Looking at the Deputy Union Leader, who blankly raised her head, her mouth slightly open in admiration... the answer was obvious.

"The Union Leader really has a good disciple... I will definitely repay this mistake soon."

I nodded, seeing the trust in me deepen in her eyes.

"Yes. More importantly... what happened to the Sloth Worshiper who escaped?"

"For now, Idelbert's familiar, Shuding, and three shadows are chasing the Sloth Worshiper who fled into the Labyrinth."

"Not your master, but your master's familiar?"

"The Union Leader is currently in the Outlaw Zone."

Come to think of it, I had also heard from the Beastfolk Priest Jellish in Eden that the situation in the Outlaw Zone had been unusual recently.

It seemed that Idelbert had personally stepped in to resolve the matter.

'Then I don't have to worry too much.'

No matter what anyone says, Idelbert is my master.

I can't even imagine her getting hurt or losing.

'...No, can I win?'

Maybe on the bed, but I have never won against her in combat.

I had barely managed to draw a few times.

'But now, wouldn't I be able to win one or two times out of ten?'

It had been quite a while since I last trained with her.

Once the repairs are done, it would be good to have a serious training session with her for the first time in a while.

"Anyway, we'll launch a counterattack as soon as we get information on their movements."

While I was continuing my random thoughts, the Deputy Union Leader subtly watched my reaction.

Reading the intention of her gaze, I smiled faintly.

"I'll help if there's anything I can do."

"I'm grateful that you said that. I'll make sure the reward is more than satisfactory."

In any case, I had to kill the Sloth Worshiper.

'Because I have to fulfill the Contract with the Sloth Demon sealed on the 15th floor.'

If I kill the Sloth Worshiper and complete the Contract, I can receive a portion of the demon's power.

After deciding to receive follow-up information about the Sloth Worshiper, I finished various reports and left the Deputy Union Leader's office.

Explorer Union Lobby.

"Keuk, hek, keuheek..."

Jubel, gasping for breath, trembled all over as she looked at the items placed on the table.

Each drop carefully squeezed out with the mindset of an artisan.

The gold coins, which far exceeded the profits of Firm Milk, which was sold while being chased by consumers who had been hit in the back of the head, were distributed as her share.

The amount, which was the settlement of the reward received for defeating the Elder Lich and the harvest obtained from this Labyrinth trip, greatly shook the reason of the money-crazed explorer.

Shiver, shiver, shiver...

Jubel held the gold coin pouch with trembling hands, gauging its weight.

"Heok, heok, heoeok...! Heok...! Hek, heeek...! Huceek...!"

She panted like a beast, then stared blankly at me, stood up abruptly, and rushed towards me.

"I love you! Balkan! Ububuk—!"

I grabbed her lips with my index finger and thumb, as she naturally hugged me and tried to plant a kiss.

Jubel, whose soft lips were grabbed as if grabbing a duck's beak, struggled in embarrassment.

"Don't act up, Jubel."

"Uu, uuuu?!"

"Don't rub your breasts against my armor while pretending to apologize. Breast milk is hard to remove from black armor."

I calmed Jubel, who had lost her mind and was trying to hug the leader's body, who had brought her a huge profit, and shake her waist.

"Crazy bitch... how can she do that to a guy who just became a noble..."

"She's out of her mind... but maybe that's why she's not easily swayed by the malice in the Labyrinth...!"

Even after telling them that I had received a baronet title and a surname, the party members' reactions didn't change much.

'It would have been troublesome if the atmosphere suddenly became awkward, as if they were dealing with a high-ranking person...'

It was a little disappointing that there seemed to be no difference at all.

Rubia was also a noble, the granddaughter of Professor Mango Steele, so except for the fact that the queen had personally bestowed the surname, she didn't seem very surprised.

Nuer had seen many people as a member of the Explorer Union, so she didn't seem very impressed by nobles.

Jubel was just...

"Ubu! Ubububu!"

She was just Jubel.

But the reactions of other explorers who overheard our conversation were different.

"Crazy. A commoner explorer received a noble title...?"

"That's the first time that's happened in almost ten years..."

"Oh, no...! Does that mean I can't compliment the tavern staff by their surname anymore...?"

"Looking at that cow Beastfolk over there, it doesn't seem like that's the case..."

"Idiot. That's a party member. Are strangers and party members the same?"

"...Aren't they usually the same? How many parties are like that?"

Seeing the gazes of the explorers, who were gossiping in astonishment without even having time to feel jealous, I thought that this rumor would spread in an instant.

Explorers are, on average, very loose-lipped.

Without even waiting until tomorrow, I thought that the rumor that I had obtained a noble title would spread throughout the Explorer District by tonight.

And, as expected.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't our noble lord?"

The destination I arrived at after finishing the reward settlement with the party members.

The Weaponry Street in the Explorer District.

In the underground smithy of the most prestigious Weaponry shop on that street, a blonde half-dwarf greeted me with a bottle of alcohol in her hand.

"...If the First Princess calls a mere baronet 'noble lord,' how should I react?"

At my reply, Jirnier tilted the bottle and chuckled.

"Who cares? How much do you think I care about that in business?"

"Usually, people care a lot."

"Shut up. Take off your armor. You've wrecked it again."

This Labyrinth trip had been long, so Jirnier's armor had suffered a lot.

"What is this white stain...? I've never seen it before. Was there a Monster that left this kind of mark?"

"..."

"And there are one, two, four holes... oh? What is this crude patching?"

"A hole was pierced in a vital spot, so I had an emergency repair done by a blacksmith I found in Eden—"

"You've branded my newborn baby with a hot iron? Haa..."

Pierced by poisonous tentacles, cracked in places after being hit against walls and hammers.

Jirnier shook her head at the sight of the armor, which was comprehensively tattered.

"Can it be repaired?"

"It's so severe that it can't be restored even with self-repair magic, so it'll take some time, but..."

Jirnier, who had been dragging out her words, raised the corners of her lips.

"It's not like I can't repair it."

Indeed, it was the confidence of a blacksmith who was one of the best in Labyrinth City.

"Ah, Jirnier. Just a moment."

"Hmm?"

I stopped Jirnier, who was about to turn on the furnace and repair the armor, and asked her a question.

"Do you happen to know how to make rings? Something pretty..."

"Huh...?"

Glance.

As soon as she heard my question, Jirnier's gaze turned to the ring finger on my left hand.

After being frozen like that for a while, she...

"N-No way. You...?"

She looked at me with an expression that showed she was completely sober.

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“No. Please pretend you didn’t hear that.”

I swallowed the words I had just uttered.

Jirnier is the undisputed best blacksmith in Labyrinth City.

She hates making tools for archers and Magic Users.

And she really dislikes effeminate Weaponry like rapiers...

She’s the type of blacksmith who goes crazy for rough, tough, and wild Weaponry.

Asking her to do delicate work like a ring might be too much to ask.

“Ah, no! Why?!”

Contrary to my expectations, Jirnier strongly protested my withdrawal.

“I’ll make it for you! Your ring!”

“Well. But I thought you didn’t like this kind of thing, Jirnier...”

“No! I like it!”

Jirnier shouted, staring at me for a moment.

Whether it was an impulse due to the alcohol or some other feeling she harbored in her heart.

The half-dwarf’s cheeks were flushed red.

“...Engraving! I like engraving! Didn’t you see the axe design I made for you?! How much effort I put into that!”

“Well... certainly...”

Sensing the strange atmosphere, Jirnier hurriedly added.

I had no choice but to nod at her words.

There was a slight difference between ring engraving and Weaponry patterns, but they ultimately met in the broad category of engraving.

It would be best to entrust the work to Jirnier, who was skilled in anything she made.

If she strongly demanded it like this, it was a good thing for me, the one commissioning the work.

[I just hope she's not good at making babies.]

“That's rude, Bunny.”

While I was scolding Bunny, who had been quiet for a while before blurting out another shocking thing, Jirnier stared blankly at me and Bunny.

“You can communicate with it smoothly now? Seems like you've gotten closer?”

“Ah, yes. Somehow.”

“Hoo...”

Jirnier's attention, which had been focused on the ring, shifted back to Bunny.

Her eyes were still full of interest.

“A Weaponry made from the byproducts of a demon has a consciousness. That bitch holed up in the Outlaw Zone, too. Demons are really amazing.”

“...That bitch holed up in the Outlaw Zone, you say?”

When I quietly repeated the words Jirnier had casually muttered, she covered her mouth with a look of realization.

“Pretend you didn’t hear that. I shouldn’t have said that just now.”

“Could that bitch holed up in the Outlaw Zone be Puppeteer... the Demon of Greed?”

“...Huh?”

At my question, Jirnier looked back at me with a dumbfounded expression.

“Wait. How do you know that, Balkan?”

That was what I wanted to ask.

How did Jirnier know about Puppeteer...

As I was thinking that, I realized her identity again.

The First Princess of the kingdom.

A blacksmith who had reached The Depths.

Even though she had left the royal castle to pursue her dreams, she would naturally be aware of the general situation.

‘Then... could I ask for help?’

A way to remove the Puppet Curse from Kkachili.

I might be able to get a hint from the mouth of a royal family member who held various pieces of information.

“Well, the truth is...”

In the most gloomy and powerless voice possible, I told Jirnier about the conversation I had with Puppeteer, who had possessed Kkachili.

Puppeteer, who was trying to make Kkachili into a puppet and take her into her own hands.

Her obsession with the ‘Unfulfilled Wish,’ and so on.

Recalling that time again, the anger towards the plunderer who insisted that my personal slave was hers slowly boiled up from the depths of my heart.

And when the story ended, Jirnier’s expression was...

“This is troublesome...”

It was literally filled with bewilderment.

“Your slave caught Puppeteer’s eye?”

“Yes. She seemed to want her quite a bit. She even tried to bind her with a Contract.”

“.....”

Jirnier rested her chin on her hand in front of the blazing furnace, pondered, and then opened her mouth.

“You know the Outlaw Zone has been very noisy lately, right?”

“Yes.”

The Beastfolk Priest Jellish and Deputy Union Leader Yonel Freya had both mentioned it.

I heard that the scale of the commotion was quite large, with several members of the Royal Knights and guards, and even Idelbert, going there.

“Recently, Puppeteer released some of the low- and mid-level outlaws who were afflicted with the Puppet Curse.”

“...That Puppeteer, with her own hands?”

“Yeah.”

I could understand two things from Jirnier’s words.

First, Puppeteer could undo the Puppet Curse with her own hands.

Second, she had released all the low- and mid-level outlaws.

‘Strange.’

This didn’t make sense.

Most of those afflicted with the Puppet Curse didn’t even know they were cursed.

They didn’t have a status window like me, nor did they check for blessings one by one, so how would others notice a curse that they themselves didn’t know about?

‘Then, that means there’s a noticeable characteristic that even those who can’t see the curse can recognize.’

I knew of a similar case.

Nuer, the unfortunate dark elf magician who resisted the Puppet Curse and eventually became a Ttu-ttai.

“Don’t tell me. ‘Release’ doesn’t mean release in the sense of gaining freedom, but...”

“...They’ve all become idiots.”

Damn it.

I held my head at Jirnier’s agreement.

There were tens of thousands of people with the Puppet Curse.

Even if only thousands, or even hundreds, of them were ‘released,’ it would cause a really troublesome situation.

“In a state of idiocy, they’ll move according to their instincts. Most of them will regress to infancy and babble, but some of them...”

“Will move according to their instincts from their outlaw days.”

“...If it’s not just dozens, but hundreds or thousands, it’ll be difficult to deal with.”

Infantile idiot Ttu-ttais and outlaws who had lost their reason and were acting on instinct were mixed together.

The current Outlaw Zone must be a complete mess.

“I couldn’t figure out why the guy who was revived during the Late King’s era and made an inviolable Contract suddenly did something so drastic, but maybe your slave stimulated something in Puppeteer...”

I recalled the conversation I had with Puppeteer at Jirnier’s words.

“A lowly outlaw birth reaching the point of being close to an Unfulfilled Wish...”

What on earth did Puppeteer, who had turned the Outlaw Zone into a mess, see in Kkachili?

My intuition as an explorer who had overcome numerous crises was telling me.

That the answer to that question contained Puppeteer’s purpose.

That if I wanted to protect the slave who had sworn allegiance to me, I had to poke and prod at that itchy spot.

‘Besides, the Late King’s era...’

From what I heard, the Demon of Greed Puppeteer had been unsealed quite a long time ago.

‘What kind of Contract did she make with the Late King? Did the royal family know about Puppeteer’s existence and condone it?’

Jirnier, who had been watching me continue to ponder, shook her head.

“...Don’t think too deeply about it. It’s a bit late to say this now, but if you get involved with such a being, you’ll be in too much danger.”

“There’s someone baring their fangs to steal my precious person, I can take on any amount of danger.”

I stared at Jirnier with determined eyes.

I have to protect my people, I can’t just stand by and hope that someone else will solve it for me.

If you want to protect your precious female, the male has no choice but to go into battle himself.

Perhaps sensing my determination.

“Haa. You really...”

The blonde, tanned half-dwarf in overalls sighed and held her forehead.

Soon, the corners of Jirnier’s lips twisted into a bitter smile.

“...That tough side of you, I really like it.”

Jirnier, with a mischievous smile, said while pounding her shoulder with a hammer.

“In a few days, Idelbert and the Royal Knights... my younger sister will be in the Outlaw Zone to have a meeting with Puppeteer about the Contract.”

I couldn't help but be a little surprised by what she said as if it were nothing.

‘Was the reason Celsia said she would remain in the Explorer District even after the noble title conferment ceremony because of the meeting with Puppeteer?’

The Outlaw District is more barbaric, lewd, and rough than the Explorer District, but not everyone who lives there is a conscienceless piece of trash.

Regardless of the details of the Contract, they must be trying to have a meeting with the demon to return those who had unfairly become idiots to their original state.

“My sister wanted to see you anyway... have a conversation with her.”

“Thank you for the good information.”

“What. I was just muttering to myself, I don't know if anyone heard me? Oh, and.”

Kwaaaaaaa!

Jirnier, who had smirked, activated the furnace and pointed to the tattered Weaponry with a hammer.

“I'll have my babies all dolled up by then, so come back at the right time.”

At her confident appearance, I also chuckled and rummaged through my gold coin pouch.

Jirnier always refused, saying she didn't need my snot-nosed money, but I had to show my sincerity at times like this.

“Ah, by the way.”

Jirnier, who had glanced around as if she had forgotten something, approached me with an embarrassed expression, her confident appearance from just now nowhere to be found, and whispered.

“How many... rings should I make...?”

The key to solving the Puppet Curse on Kkachili lies with Puppeteer.

If I could pester Idelbert or Celsia enough to get a seat at the meeting, I could convey my intentions to Puppeteer even a little.

But before that.

Paeeng!

“Keheuk...!”

“Lilith. Are you sure about this?”

“Y-yes, Yehehe...! R-really...!”

Beneath Lilith, who was nodding her head vigorously with her leash pulled tight, was a Magic circle so elaborate that it was difficult for me to follow.

And in the center of that Magic circle.

“Are you really sure this will undo the curse...?”

Diana stood there with an expression that was half gratitude and half worry.

It would take Lilith at least two weeks to undo the Curse of the demon of lust on Diana.

I wanted to make her comfortable before more time passed.

318 - Reorganization (3)

In the cozy winter night, at the Balerius Inn.

Unlike the inn newly built in Eden, the inns on the ground didn't have useful spaces like underground warehouses.

Therefore, the exorcism ritual was held in Diana's room.

"Are you sure this will... lift the curse?"

Diana, standing in the center of the magic circle drawn in the room, glared at Lilith and asked.

Distrust of Lilith was evident in her eyes.

She couldn't possibly trust the words of a demon worshiper, so her instinctive wariness was understandable.

"Don't worry, Lilith."

"Yes!"

I called Lilith's name to soothe Diana's mind.

Lilith scurried over at the call and stood respectfully by my side.

Even without trying, she exuded a sexy aura, modestly covering her womb with both hands, awaiting her master's command.

Truly a model of a loyal and sexy maid.

'Maybe I should get her a change of clothes later.'

The leotard suit with a paizuri hole in the center of the chest, combined with that sexy body, had a devastating effect.

For my personal desires and the eye health of others, having her wear a maid outfit might be a good idea.

Tap! Tap!

The Succubus's tentacle tail instinctively hit the floor, revealing some resistance... but what could she do?

It was a matter of adaptation.

Lilith, who had fallen from a ruler to a familiar in an instant, had no choice but to obey my words.

Lilith knew this very well, so she controlled her tentacle tail to avoid offending me as much as possible.

"See? She listens well now. She'll definitely be able to perform the exorcism."

"...I guess she does..."

Diana frowned, watching the Succubus, who looked exactly like her old self, attending to me.

She seemed to have a lot to say, but didn't voice it.

Taking that as agreement, I refocused Lilith on the task and asked Diana.

"You'll have to stay inside this magic circle for two weeks. Are you okay with that?"

Lilith could draw on the power of a demon of lust to lift the curse engraved on Diana, but exorcism was never an easy task in the first place.

The more powerful and long-lasting the curse, the more precise concentration and powerful force were required.

Lilith said that she could perform such tasks more efficiently inside the magic circle she had designed.

Diana, looking at the magic circle drawn with Ellie's help, smiled faintly.

"If this curse can be lifted, what can't I do?"

She had longed for this for a long time, and now that it was finally happening, she wouldn't be bothered by such a small thing.

"There will be inconveniences in daily life, but Bell has agreed to help, so it's okay."

"It is only right to help the benefactor of my master."

Bell, the worshiper of gluttony, who was in the corner of the room, nodded vigorously.

"Not just because you want a sandwich, are you?"

"...gulp."

Bell swallowed hard with an excited expression at my question.

Bell, who had devoured hundreds of sandwiches made by Diana before going to the Labyrinth, was plump and chubby.

Who could possibly imagine that this was the mummy who used to eat human flesh?

Moreover, Bell, fascinated by Diana's cooking, had greeted her most enthusiastically as soon as she returned to the inn.

'I'd protect Diana, not put her in danger.'

Bell was a demon worshiper in her 50s, even if she looked like that, so she would be able to handle most situations skillfully.

"I should be helping you, but I'm sorry."

I told Diana that I would be going to the Outlaw Zone for a while.

To be exact, to Idelbert, who was in the Outlaw Zone.

'To participate in the 'meeting' to meet the Puppeteer, I need permission from a powerful figure like Idelbert or Celsia.'

Diana smiled bitterly and waved her hand at my words.

"I'm fine. It's unavoidable if it's to save Densi."

Diana used to be wary of Kkachili.

However, after hearing the story of Kkachili sacrificing herself to save me during the Elder Lich subjugation, Diana completely abandoned her wariness of Kkachili.

Since it was to save such Kkachili, Diana told me to go without hesitation...

But there was a hint of sadness in her expression.

"Instead, promise me you won't get hurt and come back."

"Of course."

When I spoke confidently to her worried voice as usual, Diana carefully opened her arms.

I immediately rushed into Diana's arms and hugged her tightly.

Strong enough to instantly dispel any sad feelings she might have.

"Hnn..."

Her full breasts and firm pectorals pressed down, and Diana's breath escaped.

I held Diana tightly in my arms and whispered softly in her ear.

"....."

Diana, who had seen Balkan off, felt her heart pounding wildly and gathered her hands over her chest.

Thump, thump.

In her chest, where his warmth still lingered, the words he had spoken continued to echo.

"Auster..."

Diana murmured the new family name he had acquired.

The family name of the first Hero? Such historical significance was of no importance to Diana.

Only one thought filled her mind now.

"Diana Auster..."

As she murmured that thought softly, her heart began to beat faster.

Diana, repeating and savoring that thought over and over again, lowered her face, which had turned as red as an apple.

'...I wanted to make him Balkan Ordia...'

It wasn't bad that she, not him, was receiving a new family name.

"I'm sorry, Mister..."

Ellie, with a gloomy face, got into the carriage and lowered her head.

Ellie, who had become a royal mage, had followed along to the Labyrinth for experimental purposes, but she had been away from her position for too long.

To organize the experimental data on Portal magic obtained from the Labyrinth, she had to return to the royal palace.

"Don't be sorry. You have a stable job, so it can't be helped."

"Should I quit being a royal mage and just go into the Labyrinth with you, Mister...?"

"You're saying that even after going to the Labyrinth this time?"

"Honestly, it's scary, but it's okay if I'm with you, Mister. Because you're you..."

I tapped the top of her head with the edge of my hand as she whined about not wanting to go to work.

"Ugh..."

"I can't stand to see you in danger."

Ellie was an excellent half-elf mage, but still too young.

...No, that's an excuse.

She had been an outstanding mage since her academy days, and now she was a full-fledged royal mage.

This trip to the Labyrinth proved that Ellie was more than capable of holding her own in the Labyrinth.

Why was I trying to keep her away from dangerous places?

It was clearly because she was a woman who had shared her body with me, and yet...

"...Just now... you looked like a dad, not a Mister."

Ellie said to me, meeting my gaze as I looked down at her with a subtle expression.

Not a Mister, but a dad.

Did she feel paternal love for the male who had tapped her womb?

"I don't even remember my real dad anymore..."

I could see Ellie's smile under the wide-brimmed hat, smiling with a complex expression.

"Somehow, this is... not a bad feeling."

Ellie, perking up her elf-like pointed ears, hugged me tightly.

I was about to pat Ellie's back, who was bored, when the horse pulling the carriage whinnied, unable to bear the boredom.

"Ugh. It's already time...!"

Startled by that, Ellie pulled away from my arms and got into the carriage.

Soon, she opened the carriage window and peeked her face out.

"I'll be back soon. Oppa."

"Mister, Dad, and Oppa all mixed together is a bit confusing."

Ellie smiled brightly at my murmur.

"What can I do? I like all three titles too much."

"...Come back safe. Don't skip meals because of research. Sleep well. Be careful of strange people. If a stranger talks to you, you have to escape with Portal magic."

"...That last part really sounded like a dad."

Ellie smiled at my overly worried words, but I wasn't joking.

Ignorion, the worshiper of Oman.

That terrorist, who had a history of attacking the royal palace, was looking for Ellie, who knew how to use Portal magic.

I wanted her to just stay holed up in the inn and do research, but Ellie's situation as a royal mage wasn't that easy.

Neigh!

The horse raised its front hooves and started moving the carriage.

"I'll be back!"

"Come back safe!"

Ellie waved her hand out the window.

I also waved back until Ellie became a dot and disappeared from sight, then I proceeded with the next task.

"Are you ready?"

"I finished it a long time ago, Master!"

Kkachili, carrying a backpack, placed her leash on the palm of her hand and handed it to me.

A slave who hands over her lifeline with such a calm expression.

Stroking Kkachili's head wildly at her loyal and lovely attitude, I thought of the raider who was trying to steal her.

'Puppeteer...'

I had to firmly hammer my intentions into that spiteful face.

Don't you dare touch what's mine.

The time when the sun rose in the middle of the sky.

Outlaw Zone.

A temporary camp set up to stop those who had been turned into idiots and rioters by the Puppeteer.

Following the guidance of a guard who recognized me, I arrived at Idelbert's bedroom, where she shook her head with a just-awakened expression.

"No."

"...I haven't said anything yet."

"Disciple. It's been almost a year since I saw your face. I can tell what you're thinking just by looking at the atmosphere."

"....."

"And I know very well that you're not the type to easily bend your will."

Haaam.

Idelbert, who yawned widely and stretched, got up and wiggled her cat tail and hands at me.

"I should see how much my disciple has grown after a long time."

It meant that if I had grown enough to satisfy her, she would take me to the meeting with the Puppeteer.

I thought back to the last time I sparred with Idelbert.

'At that time, I was... level 30 or 40.'

[Nam Sujin LV.51]

[HP:(17+18) Strength:(20+11) Agility:(20+11) Wisdom:(10+14-3) Skill:(21+16)]

[Free Points: 0]

[Current Blessings and Curses: 7]

Whenever that was, it was weaker than I am now.

319 - Reorganization (4)

To stop those turned into idiots and rioters by the Puppeteer, a camp was set up on the outskirts of the Outlaw Zone.

At the entrance of the brothel district, rife with signs of copulation.

Dozens of guards stood watch over the camp, and occasionally, Royal Knights could be seen taking the idiots and rioters into tents.

Inside the tents, like in a guard's prison, the idiots and rioters, limbs bound, were locked in iron cages.

There weren't enough cages, so three or four were crammed into each.

"Aua, aaaua..."

"Ttu-?ttai! Bua bua!!"

"Tta-ttai. Tta-ttai good! Tta-ttai!"

"Grrrr! Grrrr!"

"Krrr! Krrrkrr!! Krr!!"

The idiots simply patted each other's breasts or buttocks and didn't cause much trouble, but the rioters, having lost their minds, were in bad shape, throwing punches and scratching each other.

Few were as skilled as the Dark Elf mage Nuer, who could cast spells in the Ttu-ttai state, but many were naturally physically gifted.

It wasn't uncommon for Outlaws of the warrior class around level 30 to throw punches.

Those had to be knocked unconscious or have their tendons temporarily severed to completely immobilize their limbs.

In that chaotic situation.

"Here, we caught more rioters."

"What? More here?! We're running out of cages! We need to transport them to the guard's underground prison again!"

"It's already full there too! We have no choice due to the lack of detention facilities. As a temporary measure, we'll cut the tendons of the rioters to completely immobilize them. We can compensate those with minor offenses later with healing or Potions."

The sound of the Knights arguing.

"May the grace of Mother Earth be with you. Miracle of healing—"

"Priest! We've brought more people injured by the rioters' rampage!"

"Put them over there for now! There are too many injured people already!"

The sight of priests dispatched from the Mother Earth Order healing the injured kept catching my eye.

"Disciple."

Turning my head at the voice calling me, I saw Idelbert walking ahead.

Unlike usual, Idelbert, with her long hair not tied up, wearing a comfortable sports bra and dolphin shorts, was looking at the same place as me.

That is, the blood-soaked camp.

"Yes, Master."

"What do you think when you see that?"

"...I wonder why the talks with the Puppeteer haven't progressed yet."

The scale of the damage was greater than I thought.

Hundreds of idiots and rioters were caged like chickens, and many civilians were injured by the rampaging rioters.

This was not a situation to be so leisurely.

We had to either deal with the Puppeteer, the person who caused this situation, or negotiate to calm this mess, anything.

"I don't know where you heard that news... but there's a reason why the situation is dragging on."

"Reason?"

"It doesn't seem like this will end with just suppressing the rioters or talks."

Talks are an act where people with problems gather and coordinate their opinions.

The fact that it won't end with such talks soon means.

"Are you saying that a clash of arms is the only answer?"

Idelbert nodded at my question.

"The Puppeteer has clearly crossed the line, so our old hag Queen seems very pissed."

A section of the Labyrinth City was completely thrown into chaos, so how could she not be pissed?

I examined the equipment of the Royal Knights suppressing the rioters.

Each of them was wearing armor and weapons.

The fact that their atmosphere seemed sharper than when I saw them at the Royal Palace before was not just my imagination.

"So. Why did you bring your slave?"

Idelbert's sharp, cat-like gaze turned to Kkachili.

"Hiek..."

Flinch.

Kkachili instinctively trembled her shoulders at the sight of that wary gaze.

Compared to Idelbert, Kkachili was much weaker, and she probably remembered the fist massages she had received under the guise of training.

I pulled on her leash slightly to soothe Kkachili and said.

"The Puppeteer keeps coveting Kkachili."

"...What? Her? Why?"

I organized and told Idelbert what I had experienced and thought, with an expression of incomprehension.

"It's just a guess... but it seems like Kkachili is needed to fulfill the Puppeteer's 'Unfulfilled Wish'."

"....."

"She also has the Puppet Curse."

Halt.

After hearing my words, Idelbert looked around for a moment.

Looking to see if anyone was listening.

Soon, after confirming that no one was particularly listening to our conversation, she stared intently at me and Kkachili.

"...Really?"

Nod nod nod!

Kkachili nodded desperately.

"Why would I lie to my one and only Master?"

"Ha."

I replied calmly.

"You sly fox of a disciple."

Idelbert, as if dumbfounded, yet with a blush on her cheeks as if my answer wasn't bad, tapped and stroked my helmet with her black cat tail.

And then she approached a wide open space where there were no tents.

It was hard to call it a training ground... but the ground was flat and wide, so it was adequate for a decent sparring session.

"Ugh...!"

Idelbert, stretching and yawning, tied up her long hair and opened her mouth with a nonchalant expression.

"My sin of having a bewitching disciple is great. I'm very worried about taking such a disciple to a place where a fierce battle might occur."

"Would a disciple raised by Master die a miserable death in just such a battle?"

"You never know. Even a guy who seemed like he would never die can die from a minor mistake in a battle against a strong enemy."

"Still, please take me. Who knows? Maybe the disciple and the disciple's slave can prevent the countless blood that will be shed in battle."

Idelbert stood in the open space and looked at us without saying a word.

The reason she didn't say anything was probably because my opinion wasn't exactly wrong.

The Puppeteer's abnormal obsession with Kkachili so far.

—I couldn't figure out why the guy who was resurrected during the Late King's era and made an inviolable Contract suddenly did something so bold, but maybe your slave stimulated something in the Puppeteer...

Even Jirnier made such an assessment.

Kkachili's existence could be used enough as a bargaining chip in this complicated situation.

"Alright. If what you say is true, it seems like your slave can definitely be used."

Idelbert nodded after a long deliberation, as if she was convinced by those words.

"Then—"

"But."

Thud!

"It could be that I'm the only one who thinks that way, disciple."

Idelbert interrupted my words and stomped on the ground, causing the wind to spread widely, shaking Idelbert's ponytail and scattering sand around.

It wasn't just sand that was scattered.

A murderous intent concentrated to the limit.

If you were a living being.

A tremendous sense of oppression that would instinctively make you step back and be afraid if you were a living being.

The gazes of those who felt that tremendous energy were focused on the open space in an instant.

The dispatched priests, the guards on duty, the Knights executing the Outlaws, even the rioters who had lost their minds.

All of them raised the hairs on their bodies in the face of that tremendous sense of oppression and stared at us.

"If you want to climb to a high place and assert your opinion on important matters, you must show the martial prowess to match it."

The words of the powerless have no meaning, and no one listens.

If you want to make your voice known to the world, you need the power and authority to match it.

'...Her love for her disciple is truly unique.'

Even though she said that, Idelbert's true feelings seemed different.

This was a kind of show.

A show to let people know that she, the head of the Explorer's Guild, listened to and judged my opinion as an Explorer of the Explorer's Guild.

'Even if the work done after listening to my opinion fails, it means that if you want to hold someone accountable, hold the head of the Guild, not me.'

My Master, who is full of affection and concern for her disciple, is scattering a murderous aura that would make me shit my pants so that her disciple won't be caught later.

As her one and only disciple, I had no choice but to repay my Master's grace.

Woo-woong—

Immediately activating [Blessing of Radiance] and [Blessing of the Dragon's Heart].

Drawing up the Divine power and Mana accumulated in my dantian and heart, I took a step forward.

It was a tremendous murderous aura that would have made me tremble like the others in the past.

"Are you ready to be 'persuaded' by me?"

Now, the steps I was taking forward were not trembling in the slightest.

This was also evidence of growth.

It meant that I had achieved the minimum achievement to assert my opinion, as Idelbert had said.

"Alright."

The Master, delighted by the growth of her disciple, smiled wildly and took a step forward.

I also walked towards Idelbert, matching her pace.

Sreureung—

Before I knew it, a huge battle axe was in my hand, and gauntlets were on Idelbert's fists.

The distance of dozens of meters was narrowed in just a few steps.

And then.

Kaaaaaaang!!!

With a chilling explosion, the Master's and disciple's strikes met.

320 - Reorganization (5)

Here is the English translation of the Korean novel excerpt:

Kaaaaang—!

The gauntlet and giant axe collided, creating a sharp explosive sound.

Small sparks and a gust of wind rushed through the eye holes of the helmet.

From that first clash, I couldn't hide the corners of my mouth turning up.

'Idelbert is wearing gauntlets.'

Until now, Idelbert hadn't used her weaponry in our sparring matches.

Her body, trained like steel, was a weapon in itself, but she hadn't wielded the actual weapons she used against "real enemies" against me.

But now, she was facing me wearing the gauntlets she had used to hunt Jealousy Worshipers.

This was proof that I had surpassed the level where she could face me barehanded.

Feeling a small joy at having drawn out Idelbert's true strength, I tilted my head to the right.

Whoosh!

A fierce gust of wind tore through where my face had just been.

I wished she would go a little easier, but that wouldn't make for proper sparring.

I too had to face her seriously.

Whoom! Whooom!

At a glance, it looked like light jabs being thrown, but the power contained within was extraordinary.

The wind pressure following each strike felt like being cut by a blade just from grazing the skin.

Once a close-quarters fighter was allowed to approach, the long reach of the giant axe became a weakness.

The basics of combat are minimizing your weaknesses and maximizing your strengths.

Fwap!

I pulled my body back to widen the distance from Idelbert, but...

"Where do you think you're running off to?"

Idelbert wasn't one to just stand by and watch.

As Idelbert closed the distance between our bodies with the force of someone about to ravish their disciple, about to throw another punch, I raised my foot towards her fist.

I stared intently at the fist coming towards my solar plexus.

'My condition is good.'

Even without using [Blessing of Judgment Time], everything around me seemed to move slowly.

The conversations, breaths, and atmosphere of the people who couldn't take their eyes off our battle despite being startled by the sudden sparring match.

The killing intent flowing from Idelbert's fist as it dug deep into my solar plexus.

My right foot, extended to block her strike.

Flinch.

Even Idelbert's slight hesitation at that move.

All of it flowed leisurely in a single breath.

Just before Idelbert's gauntlet and the sole of my foot made contact.

Wooong—

Mana drawn from my heart enveloped my flat shoe, transforming into mana armor.

My Technique stat, currently the highest of my abilities, helped me utilize not only my body and mana, but even reverse the opponent's strength.

Idelbert's fist was blocked by my kick before reaching its impact point, but its momentum remained.

The impact, neither too strong nor too weak, was neutralized by the mana armor and pushed my body further away.

The distance created was about 2 meters.

This gap, this moment, was exactly the timing I had been waiting for.

Swoosh!

The giant axe I swung in a semicircle from behind my back fell instantly towards Idelbert's crown.

Idelbert grinned as she faced the sword energy sharply raised on that axe blade.

Fwoop!

Whether it should be called fortunate, regrettable... or shocking.

Idelbert raised her gauntlet above her head, grabbing the axe blade with her muscles and stopping its advance.

Red blood trickled down from the edge of the severed gauntlet.

Idelbert had defended against my strike at the cost of her own arm, even when I had aimed for the optimal timing.

The sword energy had cut through Idelbert's gauntlet and half-embedded itself in the smooth arm beneath, but failed to behead her.

The grip of the muscles holding the axe blade was so strong that no matter how much force I applied, the axe wouldn't budge.

'Where does such monstrous strength come from in that slender body?'

Shaking my head, I released the axe handle.

"Today is also my defeat—"

"Today, I lost."

Interrupting my words, Idelbert nodded with eyes full of satisfaction and excitement.

I tilted my head in confusion at that sight.

"Pardon?"

"Why do you look like that?"

"You're saying it's my victory?"

"...Are you trying to properly deceive me by claiming this is your first win? Look at my current state."

I examined Idelbert's appearance once again.

One gauntlet had been cut off by the sword energy, and her arm had nearly been severed in half... but Idelbert still had strength left.

'If this had been a real battle?'

Idelbert would have sacrificed her arm, pulled me in while I helplessly gripped the axe having lost control of my weapon, and pierced my heart with her fist.

And then she would have calmly poured a potion on her severed arm and waited for it to heal.

Only after running the simulation in my head did I realize.

That what I had thought of was the most ideal move for Idelbert.

'Just as Idelbert had strength left, I too had strength remaining.'

If this battle had continued to the end, who would have been standing at that end?

"My praiseworthy disciple."

Pat pat. Rub rub.

Idelbert rubbed my cheeks with her cat tail.

"This victory is worth a hundred cat tail praise stamps."

Those who witnessed Balkan and Idelbert's sparring match spoke about what they had seen with their mouths agape.

"What exactly did we just see?"

"Honestly, I couldn't see it properly. It was over in the blink of an eye..."

"...Did the Union Leader really lose? For real?"

Within their common sense, the battle just now was truly unbelievable.

Despite the presence of many royal knights and even guards, few had properly captured that high-speed battle with their eyes.

It was proof that each of their exchanges was powerful enough to slaughter even fairly skilled knights before they could even perceive it.

"...How is something like that even possible?"

"That person is the rumored Knight of Light, right? I think I saw light armor appear and disappear for a moment when blocking the gauntlet earlier..."

"I guess that's the skill befitting a knight who protected the princess?"

"I thought it was just luck when they said he blocked the Wrath Demon Worshiper's strike, but it seems his fame isn't just for show..."

Those who witnessed the rumored figure who had protected the princess expressed their amazement at skills surpassing the spread rumors.

"It's just sparring after all. Why make such a fuss?"

"Right. And they're in a master-disciple relationship. A vulgar adventurer who makes a living in the Labyrinth. They might be trying to establish dominance over us royal knights by showing off their strength..."

Some sent envy and jealousy towards martial prowess far beyond their expectations, but...

"So, can any of you withstand even one exchange of those blows you just saw, even in a formal sparring match?"

"...W-well, that's..."

"We are knights who serve the king and are the face of the royal family. Swallow your ugly emotions and look only at reality. There's nothing good

that will come from badmouthing the Union Leader, her disciple, or the Adventurers' Union."

"....."

Their mouths were shut by their own comrades.

Balkan looked down at that noisy scene from the temporary infirmary building attached to the Outlaw Zone camp.

And while drawing up divine power, he asked Idelbert:

"It seems to have gotten too rowdy."

Idelbert, who could now skillfully handle the received miracle of healing, smirked.

"If you're jealous, come at me."

"What if I don't heal your arm? How will you face me then?"

"If my foolish disciple commits the unfilial act of cutting his master's arm and coldly leaves, wouldn't I close off my heart and commit suicide in the Labyrinth?"

"...Why are you saying such chilling things?"

"It means never betray me in the future."

Thud.

Idelbert, leaning her soft body against him as if tired, muttered quietly.

"...How did things go with that succubus?"

"Were you curious about that?"

"...Hmph. No matter how I think about it, the reason I lost this time is because I couldn't sleep."

Only then did Idelbert's eyes, which looked more languid than usual, come into view as she clicked her tongue.

The faint dark circles under eyes that seemed more drowsy than usual.

'Idelbert went up to the surface without even seeing me rescued.'

Though she said this and that, was she so worried inside that she couldn't sleep?

"You already know everything from the smell, even if I don't say anything."

"...Still, I want to hear the result from my disciple's own mouth."

Idelbert muttered in an anxious voice, perhaps worried that the male she cherished might have received a harsh lesson from another female.

Seeing Idelbert like that, something ticklish welled up inside.

"...Master, you really do have cute sides too."

Bang!

Unable to hold back and speaking his true feelings, Idelbert's cat tail slapped the floor hard.

As he silently looked down at Idelbert, her reddened earlobes caught his eye.

"...You crazy disciple. Don't get arrogant just because you finally won once in a sparring match with your master. Keep striving forward."

Idelbert, who had hurriedly muttered, absolutely refused to show her face.

...Though he could roughly guess what kind of expression she was making right now.

As he smiled slightly while imagining that sight...

"Master! Master!"

Kkachili, who had been standing guard outside the door, called out urgently.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, some kid keeps saying nonsense about being a princess—"

"Nngh—! Mmph!"

"Tsk. Stop struggling, kid. This isn't a place for children."

"Nngh, mmph!"

At the faint groans heard from outside, Balkan, who had been sitting on the bed, jumped up and ran out the door.

d1YvQXA1Wk80MHRHUTNWSVVNOW10aFIVWFJiZzBLMDZHMDJ
qb1UvZkxaRXhUSzIzclFIclZlOXlRcmQ1VW9DMw

Bang!

And there...

"Nngh, mmph!"

Was a blonde, green-eyed girl struggling with her mouth covered by Kkachili.

"...Uh..."

Seeing Balkan's face frozen in shock, Densi blankly looked down at the girl whose mouth was covered by his hand.

Pwaah!!!

"I told you! Huff... already!"

The girl... the 2nd princess Celsia, who had finally regained her freedom after being released, shouted with her cheeks puffed up.

"I'm not a kid!"

Author's Note: In honor of Children's Day

321 - Reorganization (6)

Chubby cheeks.

Celsia, puffing her cheeks like an angry pufferfish, was glaring fiercely at Densi, who had brought her the greatest humiliation of her life.

Balkan diverted his gaze from Celsia's soft, plump cheeks, which would surely feel delightful to touch, and looked at Kkachili instead.

Densi, unaware that Celsia was a princess, was being punished for disrespecting her by covering her mouth and calling her a "little one."

The name of the punishment executed by the princess herself was... standing with knees bent and hands raised.

"I'm sorry..."

With her knees on the ground and arms raised high, she spoke in a sulky voice.

It seemed that Densi did not feel any pleasure from the punishment given by someone other than her master, as she was pouting her lips.

Thwack!

"Ugh!"

Balkan flicked Kkachili on the forehead.

As soon as Kkachili felt the warmth of her master's touch on her forehead, her cheeks flushed red, and she bowed her head towards Celsia while holding onto Kkachili's leash.

"My slave has committed a grave offense."

Celsia was the second princess of the kingdom.

'What if others had seen the incident just now?'

Even though Densi had acted without knowing, excuses would not be accepted.

'Kkachili could have faced the harshest punishment at that moment, and I, as her master, might have been held responsible as well.'

No matter how noble her title, owning a slave who insulted a princess and covered her mouth would not allow her to escape collective responsibility.

"Ugh... I'm sorry...!"

As her master bowed her head, Densi, whose face had lost all color, shouted louder and lowered her head.

She must have realized again that even if it was the slave's fault, the master bore the responsibility.

Though she occasionally caused trouble, the heart of a slave who thought of her master was genuine.

"Hmph... It's okay. With an appearance like this, you might not know."

In that sense, Celsia's punishment was lenient.

Though her cheeks were still puffed up, perhaps her emotions had not completely settled.

She accepted the apologies of those who bowed their heads to her.

'Whether it was because Kkachili regretted her mistake or because she felt softened seeing me bow my head seriously, I couldn't tell.'

What mattered was why Celsia had come here alone.

"Idelbert. If Balkan had come, he should have informed me first. How could he cause such a commotion?"

As expected, Celsia's reason for coming seemed to be related to the sparring that had just taken place.

"Is it such a big problem to have a spar with my only disciple?"

Idelbert shrugged nonchalantly even in front of the princess.

Just as I was thinking that one must have strong power and authority to be addressed with honorifics by a princess.

Swoosh—!

Idelbert wrapped his tail around his disciple's waist.

The instinct of a cat that always jumps onto the stove first quickly sensed the relationship between the disciple and Celsia.

"Ugh...!"

Seeing that, Celsia flinched.

With a look of disbelief, she glanced at Balkan, Idelbert, and Kkachili before continuing.

"...Of course, it's a problem. We have only a few days left until the meeting with the Puppeteer, and it would be troublesome if someone like you got injured in a spar."

"That injury has already healed, so it doesn't matter now."

Idelbert raised his arm, which had been healed thanks to a miracle of healing.

"Sigh..."

Celsia sighed, pressing her forehead at Idelbert's nonchalant demeanor.

Though her appearance was somewhat childish, the sigh she let out was oddly mature, but I could understand it since I had seen her in a more adult-like state before.

"It seems your injury isn't fully healed yet, so it would be best to rest more. I have something to discuss with him."

Celsia stepped closer to Balkan and tugged at his arm.

"Ugh..."

Pulling and tugging, Celsia was trying hard, but her arm, wrapped around Idelbert's tail, did not budge an inch.

With Celsia's strength in her not-puffed state, it was questionable whether she could even push Balkan, especially since Idelbert was holding on tightly.

"Hiiiiii..."

Exhausted from pulling, Celsia looked up at him with weary eyes.

Her eyes, slightly glistening with moisture, showed her fatigue and disappointment.

Seeing that expression, Balkan once again gestured to Idelbert.

"Don't look at her like that. I was just teasing her a bit."

With a smirk, Idelbert released his tail from around her waist, and Balkan's body naturally leaned towards Celsia, who was pulling on his arm.

Swoooooosh...!

Celsia's small frame was pressed against Balkan's chest, her head almost touching his.

Though the lightweight armor wrapping around Celsia's body prevented direct contact, the warmth and scent of a male were unmistakably

conveyed.

"Huff...???!!"

Startled by the sudden influx of male pheromones into her nostrils after a long time, Celsia blushed without realizing it.

Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around the man who had embraced her.

"....."

"....."

Idelbert and Densi stared at Celsia, who was in that state.

"...!"

Celsia felt the gazes of the two women but only let out a small whimper without reacting much.

For Celsia, who had begun her first experience with Balkan through outdoor exposure, the attention of the two women only served to heighten her excitement.

"...Sigh."

Only Balkan, caught in the strange atmosphere among the three women, let out a small sigh.

Since it seemed like there would be no more conversation in the treatment room where Idelbert was, Celsia headed towards the tent where she was staying.

In front of the tent, about a dozen members of the royal guard assigned to protect Celsia were standing in a thorough formation.

"Your Highness, the light of the kingdom!"

The curious gazes of the royal guards, who pledged their loyalty to Celsia, turned towards me as I followed her, but I ignored them and entered the tent.

Clack.

As soon as I sat down at the table in the middle of the tent, a maid brought in tea and retreated outside, observing the etiquette of a servant.

Seeing that, I thought about whether to give Densi and Lilith such training later.

"The sounds inside this tent won't reach outside, so you can speak freely about anything."

"Understood, Your Highness."

At my response, Celsia puffed her cheeks slightly.

"Now that there's no one around... call me like you did before."

"Got it. Your Highness—"

"....."

Puff.

As I was about to tease her a little, Celsia's soft cheeks puffed up again.

I held back a smile at her cute appearance and called her name.

"Celsia."

"Hmph."

The moment she heard her name being called, the air that had filled her cheeks escaped, and a pleasant smile lingered on her lips.

"Now, the other guards and people don't seem surprised by that appearance anymore."

Though I had encountered several guards on my way to Celsia's tent, they bowed or knelt before her without showing much change in expression.

Considering how many were surprised by her soft appearance during her birthday party, it was quite a remarkable change.

As I asked, Celsia looked down at her soft body and smiled faintly.

"Now I can walk around in this body. People have accepted my body and gotten used to it."

Back during her birthday celebration, Celsia's self-esteem had been at rock bottom.

She couldn't even argue if someone called her a shut-in.

The body bestowed upon her by the [Soft and Stretchy Blessing of the Clumsy Mage] had been the source of her self-loathing.

But the Celsia I was facing now was different from then.

Her shoulders and waist, which had been slumped due to low self-esteem, were now straightened, and her eyes, once clouded with gloom, sparkled brightly.

Perhaps due to her confident demeanor, even in her soft and cute body, one could sense the dignity of a princess and the spirit of an explorer who had traversed the lower levels of the Labyrinth.

"All thanks to you, Balkan."

More than anything, she smiled while looking at her soft body.

That sight reminded me of the time we had talked in the moonlit garden after overcoming the attack of the demon worshippers of wrath and arrogance.

"That day, you told me not to hate myself anymore."

The armored knight.

Celsia was the benefactor who had saved me first when I almost died in the Labyrinth.

If it hadn't been for the kindness I received that day, I wouldn't be who I am now.

I couldn't just stand by and watch such a benefactor wallow in her own depression day by day.

"Whether it's my small body or my big body... both are me. I won't hate my small body anymore."

Both the soft Celsia and the chubby Celsia are Celsia.

Realizing that there was no reason to reject either side, Celsia's face looked the clearest and most at ease I had ever seen.

With that golden appearance, we smiled at each other and shared updates about our lives.

"Why haven't you used the hand mirror communication artifact I gave you last time?"

"I've been too busy in the Labyrinth..."

Now that I think about it, I had received such an item.

I hadn't had time to contact her due to various incidents.

"If you had contacted me first, I would have received it—"

"...I, I thought it would be embarrassing to contact you first... and I was worried it might be a nuisance..."

Even after regaining her positive demeanor, Celsia's timid nature hadn't completely disappeared, as she tapped her fingertips together, expressing her embarrassment.

As we shared various stories we had experienced, the topic naturally shifted to the recent incident.

"You want me to take you to the meeting with the Puppeteer?"

"Yes."

I nodded seriously at Celsia's question.

I had already received half-permission from Idelbert, but if Celsia allowed it too, there would be no downside.

"...If you want to go, I have no reason to stop you. No matter how much of a spar it was, anyone who has the strength to defeat Idelbert would be welcomed."

And Celsia granted my request to accompany her more easily than I had expected.

"But remember one thing."

However, she insisted that I keep one thing in mind.

"This isn't just a simple meeting. We're going to deliver a warning."

"A warning?"

"Yes. A warning for breaking the contract with the late king."

I had a rough idea of what she meant.

The tense atmosphere of the royal guards I had seen before the spar.

It was only right to uphold the last wishes of ordinary people, but since the Puppeteer had broken the contract with the late king...

If the situation twisted even slightly, it was highly likely that it would escalate into a battle.

But I was already prepared for that.

To stop the one trying to steal my precious slave, I would do anything.

Nodding, I showed Celsia my resolve and asked one question.

"But what kind of contract did the Puppeteer have with the late king?"

"Ugh, that..."

Celsia, who had flinched slightly at my question, gazed at me intently for a moment.

"...I can tell Balkan."

Whispering that, Celsia opened her mouth again.

"The contract that the late king made with the Puppeteer is a Mutual non-aggression pact."

"A Mutual non-aggression pact?"

"Yes. First, I think I should tell you a bit of old history."

With a thoughtful expression on her soft face, Celsia rested her chin on her hand and began to choose her words carefully before slowly explaining the history of the kingdom to me.

"Centuries ago, during the Great War, the king summoned a Hero... and Mother Earth ended the Great War and sealed the seven demons in the Labyrinth."

"...Summoned?"

I asked, dumbfounded by Celsia's words.

I had heard that Mother Earth had sealed the seven demons in the Labyrinth.

But this was the first time I had heard that the king during the Great War had summoned that Hero.

'Summoned, huh?'

The more I mulled over that word, the more a strange sense of dissonance pierced through me from head to toe.

'Does that mean the Hero is not a person from this world, but a being summoned from somewhere?'

If so.

The Hero, Mother Earth...

What exactly does it mean to say they were summoned from 'some world'?

322 - Reorganization (7)

The Hero, the Mother Earth... what kind of being was summoned from another world?

Suddenly, a memory surfaced: the moment I first fell into this world.

The bizarre magic circle that I had never seen in modern times, as if it had swallowed the hospital room along with my younger sister, So-eun.

‘...No way.’

No way. No way. No way...

Countless hypotheses flickered in my mind, only to fade away repeatedly.

But my intuition was telling me something.

Why was I the only one who could see the Fragment of the Earth Mother when I fell into the fountain of the 5th multiple tier?

Why was I the only one experiencing strange physical reformation phenomena at each multiple of 5?

When I faced my inner thoughts through the Nightmare's ability, who was that being watching over me from a great distance?

‘If... if my assumptions are correct. So-eun...’

As anxiety and worry filled my mind to the point of bursting, a thin thread of relief appeared at that moment.

“...Khan, Balkan?”

I faced Celsia, who approached me with a worried expression, shaking her body.

“Are you okay? You were sitting there blankly for quite a while...”

“Ah...”

It was then that I realized I had been lost in thought for nearly ten minutes.

The reason I hadn't reacted to Celsia's actions, despite my eyes being open, was that I had received such a shock that my brain couldn't process or recognize it.

The fact that the Hero... the Mother Earth was a being summoned from another world was a tremendous shock to me.

“By the way, you mentioned you sparred with Idelbert today. You must be quite tired, so you should go rest—”

“No. Please tell me more. I want to hear more of the story that Celsia shares.”

“Uh, um, okay?! Well... then I guess I have no choice...?”

As I nodded vigorously, Celsia scratched her cheek with her fingertips and smiled shyly.

Perhaps she was happy to be able to share the knowledge she had learned during her days of being cooped up like a hikikomori in her room; she was smiling too.

Once again seated at the table, Celsia continued.

“The king from the Great War era who summoned the Hero was said to have an extraordinary talent for portal magic. He was the one who created the portal connecting to the Labyrinth.”

The king from the Great War era, who was an ancestor of Celsia.

He was said to be capable of handling portal magic, much like the demon worshippers of Elina Oman.

Moreover.

“Directly creating the portal?”

“Yes. The original purpose was to create a passage for easier management of the Labyrinth, but... the Labyrinth of today is practically an uncontrollable demon realm.”

The portal.

The only way to enter the Labyrinth and traverse its tiers.

I had somewhat anticipated this since Elie and the demon worshipper of Oman handled portal magic, but indeed, the portal was a legacy born from human hands.

Time changes many things.

The Labyrinth, which once imprisoned demons, has now become a living hell filled with monsters, traps, and malicious environments.

The portal must have also lost much of its original purpose and regularity.

‘Is that why every time I cross a portal in the Labyrinth, I’m sent to a random place?’

As I processed the new information, I asked Celsia.

“But... I’ve heard that portals are mysteries beyond human understanding.”

“That’s right. He was special.”

Celsia nodded matter-of-factly.

“For hundreds of years, no one has emerged who could handle portal magic better than the king from the Great War era, and the knowledge has not been fully passed down, leading to the practical decline of portal magic.”

I vaguely remembered hearing somewhere that the emergence of an exceptionally talented genius could change the course of history.

At least from what I was hearing now, the king from the Great War era seemed to belong to that category of unparalleled genius.

A genius of portal magic so extraordinary that there were no precedents for his successors.

While there were issues with proficiency, Elie could barely maintain portal magic for more than ten minutes.

Considering that the portal created hundreds of years ago is still functioning, albeit unstable, it truly could only be described as unparalleled.

‘What a pity.’

I felt regret.

Truly, I felt genuine regret.

‘If only portal magic had developed further...’

If portal magic could summon beings from other worlds into this one.

‘It might have been possible to send beings from this world to another.’

Returning home.

Spending deep time in this world, I had subconsciously forgotten... no, given up on.

A goal different from finding my younger sister.

As the possibility of returning crossed my mind, I shook my head vigorously.

‘Let’s think about that after finding my sister.’

The house where memories of my sister remained.

It wasn't that I had no desire to return there.

However, I could not abandon what I had built up in this world.

Not as Nam Sujin, the brother who lived for his sister.

But as the explorer, Balkan, whose home is... in this world.

“The story of how he summoned the Hero who saved the world, tainted by demons, is clearly recorded in the royal library's history books.”

It was certainly the kind of content that would only be found in the royal library.

I hadn't seen any books detailing portal magic or the Great War era in the temple library or the academy's grand library.

But looking at Celsia's expression, it was clear that what she had just said was not an illusion.

Perhaps it was information known only to a select few, including the royal family, while the majority of ordinary people remained unaware.

“Is it okay for you to tell me such stories?”

“...I can't ignore the curiosity of someone I saved, and who saved me...”

Startled by her small but firm voice, I turned my head to see Celsia blushing deeply and bowing her head.

A glance.

“.....!”

As our eyes briefly met through the eye holes of the helmet, Celsia turned her head slightly, embarrassed.

I wondered if this was really the armored knight who had saved me.

Along with that thought, the desire to poke her soft and delicate womb with my thickened member, fueled by her cute feminine behavior, coexisted in my mind.

Suppressing the impulse of the incubus wanting to elevate the social skills of the hikikomori princess who had been cooped up until meeting me through sexual interactions, I waited for her to speak.

After enduring a moment of awkward silence, Celsia cleared her throat and changed her expression to a serious one.

“Ah, anyway... it has already been hundreds of years since then, and since the time of the Late King, the seals of the demons have gradually begun to break.”

“The first to break the seal was the Puppeteer... the Demon of Greed.”

Celsia nodded at my words.

“The Demon of Greed, resurrected during the Late King’s era, retained its full power. We hastily organized a subjugation force, but immense damage was anticipated.”

Although victory or defeat could not be guaranteed, if a battle were to occur, it would undoubtedly lead to numerous sacrifices.

“Then the Demon of Greed proposed a contract.”

It was the Puppeteer, the Demon of Greed, who extended the hand of reconciliation before a battle that could not be ignored.

“Is that the mutual non-aggression pact you mentioned earlier?”

“Yes. It was a contract in which, under the condition of guaranteeing minimal freedom in the Outlaw Zone, the Demon of Greed would kill only three people in its remaining lifetime and then die itself.”

Hearing Celsia's words, I asked back with a blank expression.

“...The Puppeteer made a contract to kill only three people and then commit suicide?”

Did the demon, who was so obsessed with life that it broke the seal, really say it would commit suicide?

“It's true. This incident was orchestrated by the Puppeteer using the loophole in the contract that only specified ‘killing others.’”

Those cursed by the Puppeteer in the Outlaw Zone had turned into fools and rioters, but they did not die.

Distorting the contract and exploiting its loopholes.

“If the Puppeteer tries to exploit any gaps in the contract with the Late King again, we cannot just stand by.”

We must strengthen the contract to prevent such incidents from happening again and ensure that the Puppeteer adheres to the contract.

And we must restore the rioters and fools who have already crossed the point of no return back to their original state.

“That is the will of our royal family.”

Celsia said this with a voice full of determination.

[Hmph. That's the most ridiculous thing I've heard in a while.]

Bunny mocked Celsia and the royal family with a voice full of disbelief.

[Balkan. Do you know why demons are called demons? Because they can commit any evil act without hesitation for their own purposes.]

Bunny, still possessing the dignity of a demon, raised her voice even more.

[Even if the Demon of Greed has become a bit deranged after meeting the Earth Mother, it is still a demon. There's no way it would carelessly utter a contract that includes its own death...]

Just as Bunny was about to laugh for a while, she suddenly stopped.

[No, wait a minute. Could it be...?]

“...Bunny?”

At the sudden stiffness in her voice, I called out to her.

Swish!!!

“Your Highness!!”

A knight, sweating coldly, burst into the tent and urgently shouted to Celsia.

“The... the Puppeteer's main body! It has come right up to the camp!!!”

The Puppeteer recalled a distant past.

A woman who wielded a massive flag, traversing countless battlefields.

A warrior who gained divinity in a human body, both delicate and brave.

Clink.

As she opened the necklace fastened around the neck of the main body doll, inside were carefully preserved strands of hair, nails, barely visible fine scales, and weak divine power that had been stored for a very long time.

The traces of the woman she had cherished, just moments ago.

Sss... Huh.

The Puppeteer took a deep breath as she gazed at them.

Once again, her sole purpose in life and her “Unfulfilled Wish” stirred in her mind.

—Hero. How can you be so noble? Don’t you resent those who drive you to the battlefield? I’ve heard rumors that you search for someone called ‘brother’ every day. Don’t you want to see your family again?

In response to the mocking question, the Hero calmly replied.

—If it’s a brother, he wouldn’t turn a blind eye to the unfortunate.

That one statement changed the purpose of the Demon of Greed’s life.

An intense attraction to an existence that was utterly incomprehensible.

More than any other being, she wanted to possess that one person she could not understand.

And she was curious.

Whether the unfortunate people the Hero tried to protect were truly worth saving.

Whether those base individuals, struggling in the most vulgar and primitive places, could indeed become beings capable of saving someone, like the Hero.

“Puppeteer.”

She collected her thoughts at the voice calling her and looked ahead.

Countless people were gazing at her, but in her eyes, only two beings were captured.

A woman born of base outlaw origins, merely a slave, but who had sacrificed herself to protect someone precious.

And, her master... though linked, the man who had filled her with his essence.

Thump. Thump.

She felt the body of the puppet, truly controlled, tremble unknowingly.

‘Ah...’

Now that she faced the main body directly, she felt she understood for certain.

The essence that had filled the linked woman that day and the traces of the Hero stored in the necklace...

Both emanated a very similar aura.

“It’s the first time seeing your face directly, isn’t it?”

The Puppeteer said with a sly smile, waving her hand toward the male before her.

And she moved her lips slightly so that only he could see.

As the Hero’s brother, she said.

323 - Reorganization (8)

The sudden appearance of the Puppeteer turned the camp into a cacophony in an instant.

“There are still a few days until the meeting...!”

“Could it be an ambush?!”

Some of the less experienced knights were babbling in confusion.

“If it were an ambush, she wouldn’t be standing up there in the sky like that.”

As I watched a senior knight calming the panicking newcomers, I too gazed into the air.

A woman with black hair and black eyes, beautiful like a frail girl.

Just as one knight had said, she was standing in the sky.

Her figure, backlit by the blue sky and sun, resembled a total solar eclipse.

Her hair was long enough to reach her toes, naturally arranged to modestly cover her naked body without a single thread.

No, it was somewhat misleading to say she was completely unclothed.

Creak. Creak...

The woman’s body.

At first glance, it appeared to be the ordinary body of a human woman, but there were gaps at her joints, like those of a doll, and threads of Mana connecting her joints were moving her body.

[So she's not just 'linked' but has come in her true form.]

According to Bunny, that was the Puppeteer's true body.

At least, she wasn't like Kkachili, who was linked to the Puppeteer through the Puppet Curse.

However, strangely, I was engulfed in a bizarre sense of discomfort as I looked at the Puppeteer's true body.

'That thing... looks familiar.'

Though not identical in every detail.

There were aspects of the Puppeteer's doll-like body that resembled my younger sister.

For instance... the curves of her body.

An ideal breast size that was neither too large nor too small.

The line of her body, which looked frail and pitiful, exuded an atmosphere that stirred a nurturing desire.

[I really can't understand that guy's taste. I heard he lost his real body in battle against Mother Earth and barely survived in a doll's body, yet he made a doll modeled after the body of the one who almost killed him.]

"....."

I gripped Bunny's handle tightly as I heard her voice.

If I didn't hold onto something tightly, I wouldn't be able to calm my racing heart as I approached the truth.

[Ugh... what's this? Why are you gripping so tightly all of a sudden?]

"...No."

I shook my head at her question about my sudden outburst and looked around.

Though they were flustered, there were few who forgot their roles and were running around in confusion.

The elite knights of the royal order gathered in front of their lord, Celsia.

None of them acted rashly; they simply waited for their lord's command.

Some glanced at me, standing next to Celsia, but there were few who expressed dissatisfaction.

‘It's because my skills were proven in the duel with Idelbert.’

Even if they felt inferior and a desire to rise up at the sight of someone stronger than themselves standing ready to protect their lord with an axe, there were no fools here who would openly voice their complaints.

“Master!”

“Densi?”

As I turned my head at the voice calling me, I saw Kkachili approaching me, equipped with a dagger and crossbow in preparation for battle.

“Are you feeling alright?”

“Yes. It doesn't feel like I'm 'linked'.”

Kkachili nodded immediately and knelt before me, presenting the collar around her neck.

She was simultaneously appealing to her harmlessness and that she was not under the Puppeteer's control.

“It's fine, so get up. Load the crossbow with bolts; there might be a battle, and what about Master?”

“She’s observing the Puppeteer’s movements from the building above the relief station. She told me to report the situation and respond immediately if there are any signs of an attack.”

I was glad I had healed Idelbert right after the duel.

Idelbert, the strongest asset in this camp, was the most flexible card to respond to any unforeseen circumstances.

“Got it. Lady Celsia.”

“Okay.”

Celsia nodded as she listened to my conversation with Densi and glared at the Puppeteer.

“Puppeteer. How brazen of you to show yourself first.”

Celsia spoke to the Puppeteer in a cold voice.

Her calm yet restrained voice was not that of a recluse or a shy person...

It was the voice of a princess enraged at the terrorist who had broken the promise with the Late King and committed tyranny once again.

Perhaps reacting to that chilling voice.

The culprit who had caused chaos in the Outlaw Zone looked down at Celsia.

I drew upon my Mana from the hand gripping the axe, preparing for any unforeseen events.

And at that moment, the Puppeteer’s gaze turned towards me.

A grin.

Her lips curved into a smile.

“It’s our first time facing each other directly, isn’t it?”

At her friendly-sounding voice, the senior knights murmured softly.

“...Did she just say that to the princess?”

“To turn so many people into mindless fools and thugs, and then speak so casually...!”

“Truly a demon. They don’t respect humans at all; they just use them as they please...!”

Their voices were mixed with animosity and fear towards the demon.

Cold sweat dripped from their foreheads, and they bit their trembling lips, likely due to the palpable magical energy emanating from the Puppeteer.

The moment I saw the Puppeteer, recalling a total solar eclipse was not a mere illusion.

The Mana flowing within her formed a black sphere, rippling around her.

It was not a vague aura; the Mana that flowed from her was affecting reality even as she breathed.

—The Demon of Greed resurrected during the Late King’s reign retained its full power. An urgent expedition was organized, but immense damage was anticipated.

I understood the Late King’s decision to accept a non-aggression pact without subduing the Puppeteer.

If we were to engage in a full-frontal battle with that, hundreds or thousands of sacrifices would follow.

Not just any random explorers, but the royal elite knights and mid-to-high-level explorers.

While gauging the Puppeteer’s strength, I was locking eyes with her.

‘That wasn’t directed at Celsia.’

This was not an overinflated self-awareness or intuition; it was a clear fact.

The Puppeteer had been keeping her eyes on me since Kkachili had rushed towards me.

The words about it being our first time facing each other directly.

And now.

—Hero’s, brother.

The words she conveyed with just the movement of her lips.

All of it was directed at me.

“.....”

Kwaaaah—!!

I gripped Bunny’s handle even tighter.

[.....]

Bunny, who had been gazing at the Puppeteer alongside me, was also enveloped in silence.

Had the Puppeteer mistaken me for someone else?

‘No.’

I immediately shook my head at the fleeting doubt.

There was no way she could say such a thing when I didn’t even know what I thought about the Hero.

I suspected that what the Puppeteer said was a pure truth without any room for lies.

‘In other words, it means that the evidence that I can be called the Hero... the brother of Mother Earth is in the Puppeteer’s hands.’

I wasn’t sure if it was an object or a memory.

Moreover, the Puppeteer’s words aligned with the vague suspicions I had harbored.

The one who sealed the demon in the Labyrinth was Mother Earth.

The Hero who ended the Great War hundreds of years ago.

The being that many now call a fairy tale legend and a hero is none other than...

‘So-eun...’

My younger sister.

“This, damn...”

Kkadudududududud—!!

Even though I bit my tongue to suppress the curse that was about to spill out, a fierce sound escaped as my teeth ground together.

In an instant, my head grew hot, and it became difficult to control the overflowing anger.

‘What responsibility does that frail girl have...’

My younger sister, who had been frail since childhood, had to bear the heavy burden of being the Hero.

Did she have to face beasts that scattered ugly desires just by being near them?

‘What sin did she commit to show a pure smile for her brother, who struggles every day...’

How much pain did she endure, and how many trials did she withstand before she could seal the demons?

I couldn't even imagine what my sister had gone through.

All I could do for her as a brother was to be angry in her stead.

Drip. Drip.

Blood dripped from my hand gripping the oversized axe.

Even as my skin was crushed against the solid handle and a faint scent of blood spread, I had no time to care about such things.

The moment I gained an answer about what my sister had experienced, my head became a mess.

What should I do?

What on earth should I do?

What can I even do?

Is there any meaning in being here anymore?

What value is there in a brother who couldn't even protect his sister?

I might as well just die—

“Master.”

Tight.

At the moment when extreme thoughts filled my mind.

Densi grabbed my wrist.

She looked at me, trembling with rage, blood dripping from the handle of the axe I held.

And.

“Master, I am here with you.”

With a confident expression, she patted her chest.

...Could it be.

Did she think I was scared of the Puppeteer?

“...Ha!”

For some reason.

The moment I saw the proud yet brazen appearance of my slave, a hollow laugh escaped me.

At the same time, I felt a sense of relief as my heart, which had been filled with complicated thoughts, felt clear.

Right. What was I even thinking?

Now, my life isn't just about my sister.

There are people who protect me.

And there are many people I want to protect.

It's wrong to think about death when they are here.

Don't be frozen.

If you've recognized and accepted the situation, just move forward again.

“Thank you, Kkachili.”

“Hehe.”

Paaang!

As I playfully tugged on her collar with a smile, Kkachili grinned widely.

After ruffling her hair, I turned my gaze back to the Puppeteer standing up in the sky.

‘That expression...’

The moment I reacted intensely to hearing that I was the Hero’s brother, the Puppeteer’s smile stretched beyond a crescent to hang by her ear.

—I heard you were firmly captivated by some woman. Later, it turned out that it was the Hero.

—I thought the greedy one, who had been robbing everything around him and gluttonously filling his own belly, had finally gone mad when he suddenly stopped plundering and jumped into every battlefield the Hero participated in.

—I also heard that he invaded the field base where the Hero stayed alone to collect scraps of skin or hair.

—The obsession of the Demon of Greed was abnormal. It was as if all desires were directed towards Mother Earth.

Recalling the Puppeteer’s appearance that I had heard from Bunny earlier, it was clear that the Puppeteer was obsessively fixated on the Hero.

‘Not only do I need to resolve Kkachili’s curse, but I also need to gather more information about the Hero.’

The Puppeteer was a demon who had been obsessed with the Hero for hundreds of years.

She surely knew everything that happened until the Hero became Mother Earth.

I had to know and feel everything my sister had experienced.

That was the responsibility of a brother.

‘And I need to go to her, who is still in the depths of the Labyrinth.’

To do that, I first had to sort out the situation before me.

I had thought of many actions and words to say to the Puppeteer, but my head became so cluttered that I couldn’t articulate them well.

“Come down to the ground, you bitch.”

At my short utterance, the surroundings froze coldly.

324 - Reorganization (9)

Sreureung!

The knights hastily drew their Weaponry and glared at the helmeted warrior standing protectively in front of the princess.

'Is that guy crazy?!'

No one voiced it, but they were mostly thinking the same thing.

Calling her a 'bitch'.

Calling the Puppeteer a 'bitch'?

It wouldn't be strange if the enraged Puppeteer rushed in and severed his head with that eerie Magical Energy.

The knights anticipated the worst-case scenario and began to gather their Mana to respond.

However.

"Pfft."

The knights heard a voice that sounded like someone trying to suppress laughter.

The knights blankly raised their heads.

The woman standing high in the air, the Puppeteer, was covering her mouth and stifling her laughter.

"Hehe, pfft...! Ahahaha!"

The suppressed laughter soon turned into an explosion of mirth.

Moisture welled up in the eyes of the doll, which were as intricately detailed as those of a real human.

After laughing for a long time, unable to contain her excitement, the Puppeteer wiped the tears from her eyes with her fingers and muttered.

"Is being shameless and haughty a family trait...?"

As suspicious glances were exchanged among the people, the Puppeteer's body slowly began to descend to the ground.

Sreureuk.

Feet that had the texture of a soft human woman, despite being a doll, gently stepped onto the dirt floor.

The knights stared at the Puppeteer and Balkan with shocked expressions.

Despite hearing an insult—"bitch"—that no ordinary man could even conceive of...

The demon before them did not retaliate at all, but obeyed the man's words and descended to the ground.

Before the shock of the demon willingly listening to a human could subside, the Puppeteer, now on the ground, looked around at those who were wary of her and smiled.

"Weren't you going to do something with me?"

A seductive voice flowed from her crescent-shaped lips.

"I'm talking about the negotiation."

"Suspicious."

Before sitting down at the negotiation table with the Puppeteer, Celsia frowned and rested her chin on her hand.

Celsia, Idelbert, Densi, and I were gathered together, discussing the situation.

Outside the tent, the knights were guarding the Puppeteer.

"After escalating things this far, she came to us before we even went to her."

The Puppeteer had been 'liberating' those afflicted with the Puppet curse in the Outlaw Zone, turning them into Ttu-ttai idiots and rioters.

The royal family was demanding an explanation for the Puppeteer's violation of the Mutual non-aggression pact and attempting to hold a meeting.

As a result, a chance to speak with the Puppeteer had been created, but there was a strangely unsettling aspect to it.

"Isn't she just scared and running over here?!"

Kkachili raised his hand enthusiastically, stating his guess, but

"If she were really scared, she would have stayed in her base. Besides, she's not the type to be intimidated by this many troops in the first place."

Idelbert shook his head, giving him a look that said, 'Don't talk nonsense.'

"It's more likely that she has a reason to come to our camp."

"I think so too."

I nodded in agreement with Idelbert's muttering.

This was strange.

'Because the Puppeteer came out of her own base.'

Depending on the outcome of the talks, a battle could break out.

Everyone thought so.

And if a battle were to occur, it would naturally be advantageous to fight within one's own territory.

They could use the familiar environment, traps, and equipment more freely.

'But the Puppeteer came out of her own base.'

This wasn't just about confidence in her power.

"A reason for the Puppeteer to come first, and so urgently..."

Celsia said, looking at Densi and me.

The reason why the Puppeteer, who would be safer and have a higher chance of winning if she stayed hidden, came out.

The only changes that had occurred in the camp in the past few hours were...

"It must be because of us."

It was because Densi and I had come to the camp.

And the Puppeteer had a desire for Densi.

She had probed me, calling me the Hero's brother, and smiled brightly.

Whether she had spied through Densi's Puppet curse or learned through the Ttu-ttai rioters.

Immediately after realizing that we had come to the camp, the Puppeteer must have come here as well.

"....."

Crunch...

Celsia bit her lower lip at my answer.

If the Puppeteer's goal was truly the two of us.

What would be the most sensible choice for the royal family, which aimed to restore those who had turned into idiots and rioters and strengthen the Mutual non-aggression pact with the Puppeteer?

It would be to hand Densi and me over to the Puppeteer.

Because that would be the way to achieve the greatest result with the least amount of damage.

"Celsia."

When I called her by her name, even with others present, her green eyes, which seemed to contain a prairie, looked at me.

I conveyed my intentions in a calm voice to the woman with a hesitant expression.

"Please make the right decision as a princess."

Obtaining the maximum benefit with the minimum sacrifice.

That was the virtue of a leader who led an organization.

"But, but..."

Celsia's green eyes, which seemed to contain a prairie, wavered with hesitation.

It was proof that she was thinking of me more than the battle with the demon or the sacrifices that would follow.

"Disciple. Do you have something in mind?"

At that sight, I smiled faintly, and Idelbert stared at me intently and asked.

"You're not one to take a loss without any compensation."

"...I'm not sure, but at least there won't be a threat to my safety."

"How can you be so sure?"

"I've met the Puppeteer before. At that time, she didn't inflict the Puppet curse on me and let me go."

When I threatened to kill myself, the Puppeteer had backed down and changed her goal to monitoring me.

The same was true when I encountered the guy who stole Kkachili's body in the 15th floor, Eden.

He had many opportunities to target me directly, but he didn't draw his sword.

Even now, he was willingly trying to agree to the talks.

'The Puppeteer is obsessed with the Hero, So-eun.'

Collecting her younger sister's hair and skin cells.

Participating in every battlefield where her younger sister was and acting violently.

A crazy stalker who was so obsessed that she used a doll body modeled after her younger sister as her main body.

'Then, what about me, the Hero's brother?'

If I recalled the Puppeteer's face lighting up as soon as she realized my identity...

"The Puppeteer would protect me, not harm me. The problem is... other people, not me."

I said, looking at Kkachili.

Not only Kkachili, but all the people afflicted with the Puppet curse.

Their end was to become either idiots or rioters and move according to the Puppeteer's will.

Then, what would be the best choice to not only undo Kkachili's curse but also save the others...

"You're saying we should hand you over to the Puppeteer and demand that she release me and the others from the curse?"

"...That's right."

"Ha!"

As soon as I nodded at Kkachili's horrified words, Idelbert let out a hollow laugh and gritted his teeth.

Perhaps recalling the time I was handed over to the Nightmares in exchange for helping save Serif, Idelbert's expression was twisted harshly.

"I'm sorry, but this master is against it. I can't let my disciple go through something shitty again. I'd rather kill the Puppeteer myself than let something similar happen again."

His voice contained the determination of a master who had vowed not to sacrifice his disciple again.

"...I'm against it too. I, I was trying to gain strength to protect you, but if the result is sacrificing you... no. Absolutely not! If that's the case, I'd rather become the Puppeteer's puppet!!"

The slave, who had risked his life to protect his master, desperately shook his head at his master's sacrifice.

"Besides, there's no way the Puppeteer would accept such a proposal—"

"Oh, really?"

Flitch.

Everyone turned their heads at the voice that suddenly came from inside the tent.

"Wait! Stop!"

"Keuk...! I can't move...!"

Along with faint Magical Energy, the voices of the knights outside could be heard through the gaps in the tent.

"People have different values. How can someone who is willing to sacrifice themselves to save others and a bug that wastes their life without any meaning have the same value?"

The Puppeteer, who had subdued the guarding knights with strands of Mana in an instant, said as she sat down at the negotiation table.

"99999 puppets. Excluding those who have died so far, I will release all 47218 puppets without leaving any aftereffects. Of course, the Mutual non-aggression pact as well. I will never commit an act that exploits the loopholes in the Contract again."

The Puppeteer's eyes, gleaming with greed, turned to me.

"So, give me the most noble and valuable man among you."

Hearing the Puppeteer's words, I took a step forward.

And.

Grasp...!

I felt a hand grabbing my wrist.

Turning my head with a questioning gaze, I saw.

"...I'm sorry, but."

The girl with green eyes, no... the woman.

Celsia, who had grown from a small and frail girl who wanted to be protected into a warrior of similar height to me... stepped forward protectively and glared at the Puppeteer.

"I can't accept that offer."

The Armored knight who had saved me in the harsh Labyrinth was now glaring at the enemy, equipped with thick armor and a greatsword.

"How can I trust a demon who has already stabbed us in the back once?"

Celsia's eloquence, having regained her original body and confidence... was quite rough.

325 - The Puppet Master

Subjugation Battle

Instinctively, I felt it.

This meeting, barely five minutes underway, was heading for disaster.

Judging by the looks in their eyes, neither side seemed willing to budge.

Watching Celsia step forward protectively, puffed up like a balloon, I thought:

—How can I trust that demon bastard who already stabbed me in the back once?

Trust isn't something that appears and disappears so easily.

You might barely earn it even risking your life together exploring a Labyrinth, but the Puppeteer had already betrayed the thread of faith woven by the Contract.

It takes a very long time for fractured trust to recover.

Having already caused a major ruckus once, the outcome of this meeting might have already been decided.

'Is now the chance?'

The Puppeteer had left the base on his own, alone.

I surveyed our forces.

Celsia, a greatsword warrior in her 50s with experience in the lower levels of the Labyrinth, Densi, a versatile supporter, and, most importantly, Idelbert, who had finished recovering.

In addition to the Knights and guards scattered outside.

Celsia must have thought:

It wouldn't be strange if the Puppeteer, who had already broken the Contract and changed his mind once, changed his mind again later.

Even now, one zone is in chaos and many are suffering because of the Puppeteer.

Why not eliminate a clear evil, worthy of being called a demon?

It might be better to execute the Puppeteer now and eradicate the unpredictable danger.

"I see."

The Puppeteer, hearing Celsia's words, murmured with a look as if he were looking at someone pitiful.

"Hundreds of years ago or now, the royal bloodline doesn't know its place."

Click.

The moment the Puppeteer snapped his fingers, Magical threads flashed.

Clang!

Celsia, raising her greatsword, barely managed to block an attack aimed at her neck, and the battle began.

KWA-AAAAAAAAANG!

The oversized axe imbued with Divine power and Mana and Idelbert's gauntlets slammed into the table where the Puppeteer had been sitting just moments before.

The clear explosion and the dust from the dirt-floor camp obscured the view, but I caught the Puppeteer's movements within my range of

perception.

WHOOSH!

The bolt Densi fired pierced through the cloud of dust.

My gaze followed its trajectory, fixed on the Puppeteer at the end.

The Puppeteer's body, moved by Magical threads, tore through the tent ceiling and was suspended in the air as before.

The bolt Densi fired was also frozen in mid-air as if time had stopped.

I clicked my tongue, using Weakness Detection magic on the Puppeteer, who had caught Densi's bolt with Magical threads.

'What is this?'

Swoosh— Swoosh—

The focus of the Weakness Detection magic, which had been targeting like the crosshairs of a sniper rifle, lost its way and bounced around when it touched the Puppeteer.

Even Idelbert's weaknesses had been detected, but this Weakness Detection magic wasn't working.

There were cases where my skills were lacking and I couldn't see the weakness, but this was the first time a weakness bounced around like this.

'Does this mean there are no special weaknesses in that puppet's body?'

No, that wasn't it.

Something was wrong.

[Don't look at the body. It's just a puppet.]

I listened to Bunny's briefing in my head.

The exterior was a beautiful human woman to anyone who looked, but when you took it apart piece by piece, the Puppeteer's body was very different from a human body.

The redness and softness of the skin were just elaborate finishes.

Even the slightest movements of the joints were perfect puppets controlled by Magical threads.

[Then isn't it impossible to kill him completely?]

The Puppeteer can possess those afflicted with the Puppet curse in the form of a 'Link'.

As long as tens of thousands of puppets exist, isn't the Puppeteer immortal unless they are all killed?

[Heh heh. You still don't know something.]

He chuckled softly at my question.

[The fact that you can't see the weakness means that the weakness is hidden that much more cleverly. Widen your view, Balkan. It's your specialty.]

As I was thinking about Bunny's words, the Magical threads the Puppeteer launched came to capture me.

—Let's go together.

The Puppeteer's voice was conveyed along the threads.

—Let's go together. Come to me with your slave.

The voice was filled with intense obsession and greed.

—Tell me about the Hero's appearance that I haven't seen. I'll show you the Hero's appearances that you haven't seen. Don't you want to see the Hero, Mother Earth? I can show you. In return, your...

Slash!

I swung my axe in a straight line, cutting the threads that carried the voice of the vile younger sister stalker, and took a step back.

I stepped back from the flow of battle and once again surveyed the situation.

Outside, I could hear the sounds of battle from the Knights who had realized that a battle had broken out inside the tent and that the negotiations had failed.

Perhaps the Puppeteer was moving the imbeciles, the rioters, and the other puppets in the Outlaw Zone to prevent their joining.

Inside the tent, the battle was still in progress.

PA-A-A-A-ANG!

Idelbert and Celsia, the warriors, were trying to drag the fight into close combat by unleashing gusts of wind or jumping, but the Puppeteer remained suspended in the air, not giving them any distance.

Even when they occasionally rushed in with explosive speed, their approach was limited because countless threads bound their bodies.

WHOOSH!

Even when Densi, who had a proper means of ranged attack, fired his crossbow, it was only blocked by Magical threads.

'First, I have to attack those threads.'

The Magical threads that moved the Puppeteer's puppet body, attacked us, and blocked attacks.

I had to cut those threads first to approach the Puppeteer.

'...Huh?'

Only then did I feel a strange sense of incongruity.

'A body without weaknesses. Why is he blocking attacks?'

If it really was a body without weaknesses, there was no need to block our attacks.

The Puppeteer could ignore the puppet's body being damaged, cut down the others with Magical threads, and then possess Densi and take me away, and that would be the Puppeteer's victory.

But he wasn't possessing Densi, and he was focused on preserving the puppet's body.

'...Power source?'

Mana to manipulate the Magical threads.

A place to contain the scattered Magical Energy.

Just as I kept Mana and Divine power in my heart and dantian and drew them out whenever I needed them.

'If that puppet's body is acting as a kind of power source and warehouse?'

Weakness Detection magic reacts when there is a clear weakness, and a power source can clearly be seen as a weakness.

But if that power source is evenly and delicately divided throughout the body.

Weakness Detection magic would have no choice but to bounce around without catching any one clear weakness.

'There's no reason to protect the puppet's entire body so desperately.'

If I had a hypothesis, I had to test it, and to do that, I had to break through his defenses.

"Injure him!!"

At my shout, Idelbert's cat tail and Celsia's armored body twitched.

"Just make one small wound!"

Hearing his disciple's cry, the master immediately slammed the black cat tail into the ground.

KWA-A-A-ANG!

When the ground was struck so hard that it created a small crater, large rocks flew into the air along with the dirt.

"Huuuuh—!"

Celsia swung her giant greatsword like a baseball bat, smashing the rocks floating in the air.

KA-A-A-A-ANG!

The sound of metal and stone colliding created a huge explosion, and dozens of sharp stone fragments shot towards the Puppeteer at a fierce speed.

"Tsk."

The Puppeteer clicked his tongue and swung the puppet's arm, causing the Magical threads to move in clumps and pull something in.

"Kuh-heuk?!"

"My body, my body is moving on its own!!"

Three unnamed guards with Magical threads piercing their entire bodies were pulled in front of the Puppeteer.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

"Kuaaaaak!"

The stones hit the armor they were wearing, making a cheerful sound.

The armor hit by the stones was dented in several places, but it wasn't a major injury.

The guards, thrown away again by the Puppeteer's gesture, rolled on the ground.

"..."

The Puppeteer couldn't laugh, even though he had successfully blocked the attack.

"Heh heh! I grazed him!"

Densi reloaded his bolt with an excited voice.

In the timing when the Puppeteer was using the guards as meat shields to block the attack, Densi had succeeded in hitting the tip of her toe.

Pshhhhh...

The Puppeteer's Mana and Magical Energy leaked out from between the severed little toe.

According to Bunny, the Puppeteer's 'real body' had already been destroyed by the Hero.

The puppet in front of me now was a kind of power source, a warehouse to store the Puppeteer's Mana and Magical Energy.

If the puppet's body was destroyed and all the Mana and Magical Energy escaped...

What would happen to the Puppeteer?

"...Ah, really..."

Judging by the low murmur as if he was angry, it seemed that at least some proper damage could be done.

"Since you're the Hero's brother, I was going to take you as gently as possible..."

Shhh!

The Puppeteer's Magical threads instantly sealed the wound, suppressing the escaping Mana and Magical Energy.

At the same time, an eerie Magical Energy began to be contained in the Magical threads she was moving.

"...It's all your fault if you're dragged away roughly like a dismemberment dildo."

"Alright. Then you."

Swish—

I pointed the axe blade at the Puppeteer and shouted.

"It's a dismemberment onahole type. You stalker bitch."

And, I activated the newly acquired blessing.

326 - The Puppet Master's Subjugation Battle (2)

It wasn't only Balkan and his party who realized that the battle had begun.

“Thud, thud!”

“Grrr! Grrrr!!!!”

Bang! Bang bang!

The idiots and rioters, either trapped in cages or bound, all suddenly began to thrash about, their eyes rolling back in their heads.

Having received prior warning, the high-ranking knights who had somewhat predicted the outcome since the Puppeteer entered the tent began issuing commands.

“Negotiations have failed! Everyone, draw your swords!!”

“They're being controlled by the Puppeteer! Don't kill them! Just subdue them and keep them alive!!!”

Kwah!

At that moment, the rioters who had been locked in the cage began to bend the bars with their strong bodies and moved towards somewhere.

The gaze of the unruly mob was directed at one place.

The tent where the meeting had just taken place.

The location of the Puppeteer and the princess's party.

The knights felt the ominous tremors of magical energy and the clash of power emanating from within the tent.

“The Commander and the Princess are inside! Support their battle!”

“Stop the rioters from entering the tent! They must not be allowed in!”

To the knights, the Puppeteer was truly a terrifying presence.

If they allowed the puppets to invade the tent, the balance of power would be immediately shattered.

Their mission was to prevent the puppets from breaking through.

Swish!

Kaaang! Kaang!

Sounds of flesh being sliced and weapons clashing echoed from all around.

The rioters, moving without thought, threw themselves at the knights like monsters, indifferent to their own injuries.

The guards and knights continued to swing their swords to subdue the rioters, using their bodies to block their advance.

Subduing a single rioter from the Outlaw Zone was not a difficult task for them.

Two was not too hard either.

But with four, at least two had to respond just in case.

With eight, they had to move in an organized manner.

When it came to dozens, they had to cooperate as a group.

And when it exceeded a hundred, that collective had to swing countless weapons.

Swish! Swish!

As the knights swung their swords once, twice, four times, eight, dozens, and hundreds of times, sweat began to pour down their foreheads like rain, and heavy breaths escaped their lips.

Their bodies grew heavier with each swing.

No matter how many they cut down, the end was nowhere in sight.

Subduing a massive number of puppets brought extreme fatigue.

Unless one was an extraordinary being, no matter how strong a knight was, it was impossible to face hundreds or thousands of people alone.

In the face of overwhelming numbers, the human body inevitably reached its limits and began to plead for rest.

Thud thud thud thud thud!

From afar, the sound of countless footsteps echoed with the rumbling of the ground.

“Grrr! Grrr!”

“Thud! Grrr!”

“Grrr! Grrrr!!!!”

The idiots and rioters near the camp in the Outlaw Zone began to surge into this place, having not yet been bound or subdued.

“...Ah...”

The knight, staring blankly at the sight of countless people losing their selves and rushing like the undead, muttered.

“Is this the power of the Seven Demons...?”

Clang!

A sword, slick with blood, slipped from his grasp and fell to the ground with a metallic sound.

The exhausted knights found themselves faltering in the face of overwhelming numbers.

“There’s no end in sight...”

Literally, there was no end in sight.

Countless rioters filled the horizon at the edge of their vision.

No matter how many troops they had, it was impossible to stop that many—

Kuuuuuuuuuuuun!

“...Huh?!”

“What, what is it?! An earthquake...?”

As the ground suddenly shook violently, the expressions of the knights, who had been gradually succumbing to despair, hardened.

Could it be that something more was happening here—

“Look, over there!”

Despite their anxious feelings, their gazes turned to where the voice pointed.

Where their gazes landed.

Above the tent, where the battle with the Puppeteer was raging...

A large, enormous flag, at least 3 meters tall, was planted.

A giant flag wrapped in dazzling light, almost divine in its appearance.

Everyone who witnessed the flag could clearly feel the immense divine power emanating from it.

“Knight of Light...”

A knight, sensing the presence of the massive divine power radiating from the flag, muttered in awe.

“The one who protects the Princess, the future of the kingdom... has bestowed a miracle upon us...”

Like a general’s flag planted in the heart of the enemy, the enormous flag began to flutter fiercely.

With its sudden appearance, it began to resonate deeply within the hearts of the weary.

“Power... power is overflowing...”

Those who had dropped their swords gripped them tightly once more.

“My body feels incredibly light... This sudden change is the first since receiving a blessing in the Labyrinth...”

Those who had been exhausted suddenly felt their bodies lighten, and despite their confusion, an inexplicable exhilaration bubbled up from deep within them.

Kaaang! Kaang!

The sounds of fierce battle from behind could be heard.

“The Princess is still fighting!!!”

The male knight who had suddenly taken the place beside his lord was also in the midst of the fierce battle.

The knights, gripping their swords, instinctively thought.

“We must hold them back! We can protect the Princess!”

The eyes of those who had not been able to perform adequately when the demon-worshipping fiend attacked the royal family burned with fierce determination.

“This is our chance for revenge! Hold on with your lives!!”

“Uwaaaaaah!!!”

The flag, fluttering in the favorable wind, brought a new breeze to the battlefield.

In an instant, the morale of the knights was restored, and they swung their swords once more.

Swish!!

Feeling the presence and grace of the enormous flag supporting them from behind.

[◆ Blessing of the Victory-Leading Flag]

—The flag wielded by the Hero who ended the Great War raises the morale of allies and instills fear in enemies.

—If the target possesses the emotion of ‘fear’ towards the caster, the effect is doubled.

—Creates an area within a radius of 200m.

—All stats of ‘allies’ within the area +3

—All stats of ‘enemies’ within the area -3. If the conditions are fully met, this effect applies permanently even if they leave the area.

As the blessing activated, I felt the divine power I had stored in my lower abdomen being rapidly drained.

‘As expected, the consumption is too great.’

As an immense force drained away in an instant, I felt my eyes begin to close involuntarily from the backlash.

Creeeak!

But there was no time to relax and rest.

Gritting my teeth, I shook off the dizziness and focused my mind.

I tore my ears away from the sounds of the fierce battle outside and concentrated on the situation before me.

“Ah... indeed...”

As I activated the blessing, the Puppeteer was staring at me with sparkling eyes.

“How long has it been since I’ve seen that flag...!”

The Puppeteer, whom I had designated as ‘enemy,’ must have felt her power weaken within the debuff area of the flag, yet she approached me with an excited expression.

Her eyes, filled with greed and a desire to monopolize, narrowed as they turned towards me and the flag.

‘The current formation is sufficient.’

Idelbert and Celsia.

Both of them were holding their own against the Puppeteer quite well.

Compared to them, Densi was slightly lacking.

Swish!

Thanks to the massive buff from being designated as ‘allies’ by the [Blessing of the Victory-Leading Flag], I intertwined wind magic with a bolt and fired it.

‘Did she learn that from the wind spirit she was close with?’

While she had learned from the wind spirit she was friendly with, it seemed she hadn’t been able to do it due to a lack of mana stats until now.

Anyway.

Even though it wasn’t a chaotic battle, having three frontliners clustered together could mess up the timing of their attacks.

Thus, I took a step back to assess the battlefield.

‘Let’s do what I can do.’

Things that Idelbert, Celsia, and Densi couldn’t do.

Things that only I, a hybrid of various roles, could do.

Kiiiiiiing—

With the familiar sound of ignition, the Blessing of Radiance activated.

As I gathered the divine power that had built up in my lower abdomen and formed a miracle of healing in my hands, I heard—

“Dodge!!”

Kwahhhh!

The magical threads laden with mana from the Puppeteer struck Celsia.

The Puppeteer’s fist, formed by gathering the threads into a ball, smashed into Celsia’s armor.

At the moment of impact, the fist made of magical threads burst through Celsia's armor in an instant.

‘Insane...’

I held my breath for a moment at the sight.

Even in the debuff area, the Puppeteer squeezed out her strength to deliver a more powerful blow.

Celsia, struck directly by that powerful blow, momentarily lost her consciousness just before she was about to crash through the tent and hit the wall of the building.

Puhhh!

“Ugh...!”

I dashed out and caught Celsia with my entire body.

Though Celsia, who had grown plump and was thrown with astonishing speed, was not light at all, I successfully caught her without injury by using the momentum.

“Cough...!”

However, Celsia was not in good condition.

Whether her internal organs had been affected by that blow, she coughed up blood onto my helmet and her own face.

There was no time to stare blankly.

With my palm pressed firmly against Celsia's body, I sent the miracle of healing into her.

‘I can't heal from a distance like the true priests.’

I still wasn't accustomed to handling miracles to that extent.

But there was a significant difference between me and the priests.

When the priests came to the front lines, they were almost dead, but I was originally a warrior.

‘If I can’t give miracles from afar, then I’ll just have to get closer and give them.’

With no need to worry about injuries, the warrior could head into the heart of battle without hesitation.

“Ugh...”

As I unleashed a healing miracle packed with divine power at the level of a serif, Celsia soon opened her eyes.

“Balkan— I, my sword...”

Celsia, who had plumped up, was incredibly tough.

“Here you go.”

As soon as she opened her eyes, she searched for her great sword, and I handed it to her as she staggered towards the Puppeteer.

I grabbed Celsia’s shoulder and pulled her back.

“Where do you think you’re going? You just got hurt. It’s time for a shift.”

“Ugh, but...”

“You can still use magic in that state, right?”

“To some extent, I practiced...”

“Then leave the front lines to me from now on.”

I was starting to run low on divine power.

The duration of the flag was at most 10 minutes.

To subdue the Puppeteer within that time, this was the only way.

“Sorry, Balkan...”

“No need to apologize. It’s all that woman’s fault. Please take care of Densi and intercept her.”

“Leave it to me.”

Seeing Celsia nodding with a determined expression, I smiled and grasped Bunny, which I had stuck into the ground.

[Is it finally meal time?]

“Sure.”

Bunny, chuckling softly, transformed the axe blade to reveal its teeth.

I presented the soulstone mixed with magical energy that I had obtained by defeating the demon-worshiper Karellos to Bunny.

Crunch! Crunch!

The moment Bunny chewed and swallowed the soulstone infused with magic, an ominous aura began to rise from the oversized axe.

[Today is a special meal.]

“Are you already full?”

[No way!]

I added to the grinning creature.

“There’s still one more meal left.”

327 - The Puppet Master Hunt (3)

Aaaah—

An unsettling tremor emanated from Bunny, who was munching on the Soulstone and absorbing magical energy.

The immense pressure felt from the demon regaining its strength.

The Soulstone obtained from the death of the envious demon worshiper Karellos contained a magical energy so vast that it could not even be compared to the Soulstones acquired from the Elder Lich or the Chimera beast that the slothful demon worshiper had controlled.

Bunny, who had accepted such powerful and high-quality magical energy, began to change immediately.

Szzzz—!

The Divinity Chains that had bound and restrained her until now.

I felt the chains made from my Divinity fluid, crafted by Jirnier, burst apart.

It was a different sensation from when I had removed the chains in Bunny's mindscape before.

The Divinity Chains that had sealed Bunny could no longer suppress her existence and shattered.

[Hoo...]

Bunny, now completely liberated, let out a short breath.

Her voice carried an undeniable freshness.

[You are free now.]

I spoke to Bunny through telepathy.

[You no longer need to be bound by me. You can do as you please.]

If Bunny chose to move on her own and leave my side now, I, without proper armor or weapons, would be helplessly kidnapped by the Puppeteer.

It would be a satisfying outcome for Bunny, who had cursed me with all sorts of lowly insults during our first meeting.

[Ha!]

But Bunny snorted as if to say not to get too cocky.

Swoosh—

She then grabbed the Divinity Chains that had shattered like fragments and began to reform them back into their original shape.

Once she restored the chains that had constricted her, Bunny looked down at the chains that had controlled her.

Clank!

...She wrapped the chains around her wrist like a bracelet.

Even though she had regained the power to break free from me, and this was the perfect opportunity to escape...

Bunny chose to bind her wrist with my chains again.

[...Hmph. This is just... um, merely a trophy. I can escape your control anytime.]

[...You...]

[Don't get the wrong idea! I'm just indulging in the things you do out of interest.]

Though she said that, both Bunny and I understood what her actions implied.

[Thank you.]

[...Hmph! Be quiet and look ahead. It's coming.]

Whether it was out of embarrassment or awkwardness, Bunny shouted more brusquely than usual, and I chuckled softly while focusing on the Puppeteer's strike.

The magical threads, the core technique of the Puppeteer.

The threads wrapped in dense magical energy flew toward me, etching countless lines in the air.

The target was my entire body except for my neck.

It seemed the Puppeteer intended to turn me into a dismembered corpse.

‘Is it targeting my knowledge or memories rather than my flesh?’

—Show me the Hero's form that I have not seen. I will show you the forms of the Hero that you have not seen. Don't you want to see the Hero and Mother Earth? I can show you.

Recalling the Puppeteer's words, it seemed almost certain.

‘That cannot be blocked by Magical Armor.’

Even Celsia's relic armor could not withstand the strike of the magical threads coated in mana and was completely torn apart.

If I tried to block that attack with my magical armor's proficiency, my mana would be depleted in one hit, leaving me unable to fight properly.

“Bunny.”

But I had the best offensive and defensive weapon.

Aaaah—!

With my words, I felt a familiar tremor from Bunny.

The blade of the oversized axe, reflecting dazzling light, split open like the jaws of a beast, revealing sharp teeth.

“Eat.”

Crack!

Bunny's teeth, swung fiercely, glimmered sharply.

Magical threads became entangled between her teeth.

And the moment Bunny's mouth closed.

Kaaah—!

As if tearing through the fibers of meat, the threads caught in her teeth snapped and scattered in all directions.

Chomp. Chomp.

[Ugh... tough.]

Bunny, who chewed through the magical threads tougher and denser than ordinary Relic Alloy, swallowed the bundle of threads as nourishment.

“Indeed, I wasn't mistaken.”

The Puppeteer, watching Bunny, glared at the oversized axe.

“To think that the naughty demon who used to shove my puppets into her mouth has fallen to the level of a human servant. And trapped in an axe, no less.”

Hearing that mocking voice, Bunny smirked.

[What's the difference for you?]

Bunny's voice, having grown after consuming the Soulstone, reached not just my mind but also the Puppeteer.

The Puppeteer's expression, which had been furrowed, wavered for a brief moment.

I could almost guess what memory she recalled upon hearing Bunny's words.

It must have been when the Puppeteer seized Kkachili's body.

The memory of hiding her expression and swaying her hips to possess my manhood must have resurfaced.

Piiit!

At that moment, the Puppeteer's attacks began to accelerate.

Countless threads that had been strewn around surged toward me.

Far more than what Bunny had bitten earlier.

The Puppeteer, with memories of the woman called the Hero, unleashed an attack mixed with obsession and greed toward the male who had almost conquered her female hole.

Psh! Piiit!

“Ugh...!”

With each thread that drew lines in the air, more wounds appeared on my body.

Even if I had come wearing Jirnier's armor, the situation would not have changed.

The threads, upon contact, burrowed into my skin and muscles as if cut by a top-tier swordsman's blade, likely slicing through the armor as well.

It would have been better to wear nothing and move a bit faster.

Kaaah!!!

Even after swinging Bunny to sever the threads and creating distance, the Puppeteer's threads closed the gap in an instant with just a flick of her fingers, leaving red lines on my limbs.

Aaaah—

I stopped in my tracks, trying to draw upon divine power for a healing miracle.

The divine power granted by the Blessing of Radiance was barely enough to maintain the Blessing of the Victory-Leading Flag, making it impossible to use recklessly.

If I didn't heal, the injuries on my body would accumulate, but if I used a healing miracle, the buffs on us and the debuffs on the Puppeteer would be severed.

With no choice but to endure, I resolved to take as many of the Puppeteer's attacks as possible.

I was not alone, and the Puppeteer was alone.

‘Trust in Idelbert, Celsia, and Densi.’

Obsession and greed are emotions that hinder reading the overall flow of battle.

When one focuses solely on a single person, their perspective for analyzing the battle narrows, and they become more impatient.

Perhaps that was why.

A gap appeared in the Puppeteer, who had drawn all the threads that had been targeting others to unleash her attacks on me.

“Only the master can strike the disciple.”

Seizing that gap, Idelbert, who had been lurking behind the Puppeteer, swung his black cat tail fiercely.

“Guh—”

The Puppeteer, who had been hastily pouring threads toward me, attempted to switch to a defensive stance.

Whooooosh—!

I swung the axe in all directions, wrapping the magical threads around the 2-meter-long axe handle, and then drove the axe into the ground.

Thud!

The threads that were about to return to the Puppeteer for defense became entangled around the axe handle and were fixed in the air.

“This—!”

Hearing the Puppeteer's panicked voice, I gripped the axe tighter with my hands and pressed my legs against the ground.

Crack!

The threads, now infused with even denser magical energy, began to saw through the axe handle.

Aaaah—

I too infused the entire axe with sword energy to counter it.

I made sure the threads wouldn't break but would only bind my movements, using just the right amount of sharpness.

With precise sword energy, my mana was quickly drained.

I bit down hard on my tongue to endure the overwhelming dizziness.

‘You won't have a chance to defend.’

I would hold onto these threads.

Boom!

Ultimately, the Puppeteer, giving up on retrieving the threads, extended her arms toward Idelbert.

The puppet body of the Puppeteer, controlled by minimal threads, swung its arms to block Idelbert's attack.

Swoosh!!!

With a speed close to the speed of sound, the Puppeteer's arms were severed by the cat tail.

The immense speed created a shockwave that slammed the Puppeteer's body to the ground.

Kuuuuung!

Screech!

A bolt shot through the cloud of thick dust, leaving a sound that tore through the wind.

The wind magic carved a path in the air, further increasing the speed of the bolt shot from the crossbow, and the magical energy imbued in the bolt radiated a heat like flames.

The bolt, infused with Densi and Celsia's mana, surged toward the center of the dust cloud.

Kwahhh—!!!

With a deafening explosion that shook the surroundings, a fierce blast erupted.

The storm-like pressure rushed in through the gaps in my helmet, stinging my eyes.

“...Is it, over...?”

Perhaps having poured all her strength into the last spell, Celsia, with a fatigued face, stared blankly at the epicenter.

“...Mana and magical energy are leaking out like a deflated balloon. Seeing that there’s no movement, it must be at least a serious injury, close to fatal.”

Idelbert, panting and wiping the sweat from his forehead, replied.

Red blood flowed from the red lines etched on her chocolate skin.

Those were the injuries sustained while facing the Puppeteer alongside Celsia.

I too had almost no strength left.

Since that moment, my divine power had run dry, and I had used all my mana while employing sword energy to bind the Puppeteer's threads.

To endure the immense dizziness from mana exhaustion, I bit my tongue hard enough to draw blood.

Without that pain, I couldn't maintain consciousness.

“Shall we finish this?”

At that moment, Densi shouted to us.

“I'll finish it. That thing is almost dead, and you all must be exhausted, so let me take care of the finishing blow. Please let me do it.”

Before I could say anything, Densi looked at me.

“Master. Please let me be the one to kill that girl. Okay?”

Densi had her first experience stolen by the Puppeteer.

Considering how much she had anticipated that moment, her murderous intent toward the Puppeteer was sky-high.

Yet, in such a situation, she was still bound to act according to the Puppeteer's will due to the Contract and the Puppet curse.

“Alright—”

Boom!

Before I could even nod slightly, Densi dashed toward the Puppeteer.

In that moment, I felt an unsettling feeling.

How dare a slave... No.

It wasn't even a situation to punish her, yet the loyal Densi moved before I finished my words?

Having felt this unsettling feeling from Densi several times, I quickly concluded.

“Stop for a moment.”

“.....!”

Densi, who had been rushing toward the Puppeteer, halted at my command.

[Using Body Control Authority on Densi (lv.42).]

After raising Densi's obedience to 100%, I used the Body Control Authority, and Densi, frozen in place as she was running, trembled and asked in a shaky voice.

“M-Master? W-What is this, how...?”

“Why don’t you know?”

“...Huh?”

“Didn’t I use Body Control Authority on you in front of me, Densi?”

Speaking coldly, as if addressing a foreign entity inhabiting her loyal body, Densi's eyes, wearing her guise, flickered with confusion.

“Why.”

“.....”

“Did you realize right away, and now you’re a bit scared?”

Densi, no.

The Puppeteer's eyes, linked with Densi after sustaining a fatal injury, slowly turned toward her crumbling puppet body.

Boom!

I blocked that line of sight with the oversized axe and whispered to the Puppeteer.

“You're too high-headed.”

The Puppeteer, possessing Densi's body under the Body Control Authority, knelt and bowed her head at my words, but...

It was still too high.

Creecak!!

“Ugh...!”

As I stomped on the back of the Puppeteer's head with my shoe, her face was pressed into the ground.

However, unlike the Puppeteer, who perceived having her head stomped as ‘humiliation,’

Densi, a natural masochist who accepted any violent act as ‘pleasure,’

Drip, drip...

Began to leak a lewd juice from between her legs.

[Heh, how enviable. To fall to the level of a human servant.]

Bunny chuckled softly, mocking the Puppeteer.

[And trapped in a human body, no less.]

328 - I Was Wrong, Please Forgive Me

"Kuk...!"

Kuuuuuuugh!

As I stomped on the Puppeteer trying to lift her head, her face was slammed into the ground.

Seeing the woman with her head bowed to the ground made me feel uncomfortable.

Even if the Puppeteer was inside, that was originally Densi's body.

I wanted to smash her head right then and there, but I had to restrain myself since doing so would kill Densi.

Pak!

I lowered my leg that was stomping on the back of her head and grabbed her hair to lift her up.

"Ugh, ungh..."

There was Densi, no, the Puppeteer, with a dazed look in her eyes.

The Puppeteer's eyes were filled with deep confusion.

She clearly felt pain and humiliation, but Densi's body was receiving it as intense excitement.

Drip drip drip...

The body of the masochist, in heat from not having been touched for a while, was already expressing its aroused state through every part.

Her chest, still excited from battle, was pounding. Her nipples, erect from the shock of being hit, were poking out between the black bandages.

Her short shorts were soaked with moisture, messily dripping sticky juices between her thighs.

Slap!

"Kuh, huuungh...!!"

When I slapped Densi's right breast, the Puppeteer bit her lower lip hard and threw her head back.

Shudder...!

The Puppeteer instinctively clenched her fists tightly and pressed her trembling thighs together, barely enduring a masochistic climax.

"You made a mistake. If you wanted to Link, you should have done it with another puppet."

Now that her identity has been exposed, I can say it was a mistake to possess Densi, but what if I hadn't noticed?

'It's chilling just to imagine.'

The Puppeteer's acting skills were truly on another level.

Just looking at her hateful gaze, I really thought she was Kkachili.

If I had been completely fooled and the Puppeteer who took over Densi's body had retrieved the puppet body and fled, we would have been too exhausted to chase after her.

"A mistake, you say...? Heheh..."

The Puppeteer, drooling from the corner of her mouth, glared at me with unfocused eyes.

"Is that... kahaa... really so?"

"What?"

As I tilted my head at her unexpectedly defiant attitude, the Puppeteer glared at me with twisted eyes.

"You can't touch me now. I won't leave this woman's body."

The moment the Puppeteer declared that with a lewd smile, someone approached from behind.

"My disciple. Look at this."

Idelbert, who had been dragging something, threw it down next to me.

It was a cocoon about 2 meters in size.

A cocoon wrapped in black thread.

It had a creepy visual, like looking at a silkworm cocoon magnified.

Idelbert frowned as he pounded on the silk cocoon with his fist.

"She hid inside this before her body was completely destroyed. She's recovering magical energy and mana in there. It's a kind of defensive barrier."

Bang! Bang!

Even as Idelbert struck it repeatedly with his fist, the cocoon didn't budge at all.

"It's hard to break. Not just because of its defense, but because we've used too much power."

The battle with the Puppeteer had left us greatly fatigued.

In Idelbert's case, his injuries were quite severe, so it would take at least a week for his mana to fully recover.

I was also barely enduring mana exhaustion, so if I lost consciousness even for a moment, I'd be out for days.

[Bunny.]

[...That's impossible. I could barely swallow a few of those threads, but you want me to eat hundreds of threads bundled together? Ptooey. I'd rather eat your shit than that.]

When I spoke to Bunny just in case, she shook her head in disgust.

There was no way to deal with that cocoon right away.

I looked over the cocoon and then turned to glare at the Puppeteer who had taken over Densi's body.

"...What a dirty trick."

The Puppeteer's plan was to hide inside Densi's body to buy time until her broken puppet body recovered inside the cocoon.

In other words, she was using Densi's body as a hostage.

"To think a being once called a demon would be cornered by humans like this and try to extend her life in such a pathetic way... Aren't you ashamed?"

"Pfft. I threw away such emotions when I was defeated by the Hero."

The Puppeteer's eyes lit up at my mockery.

"I don't particularly cling to life, but there are two things I absolutely want to see with my own eyes. So I can't die until then."

As I clicked my tongue at her brazen attitude, Celsia, who had staggered to her feet, looked down at her.

"Is that why you made a contract with the Late King that you had no intention of keeping?"

Should I say her transformation was over?

Celsia, who had returned to a child's body, set aside her toughness and asked in a calm voice.

The Puppeteer in Densi's body nodded at Celsia's question.

She shared her thoughts as if bestowing a reward on us for winning the battle.

"I wanted to see those irredeemable lawless vermin hold even a speck of noble sentiment like the Hero's."

Then the Puppeteer opened her lips slightly, just enough for me to see.

As if giving a service to the best player who provided the decisive cause for her defeat.

—And I wanted to see... and take... the being the Hero called brother.

She said that while shuddering all over.

—I was always curious. Who was this brother that she searched for every day, never finding no matter how much she looked... To think he would only be discovered after hundreds of years. What kind of incident was he involved in?

"You fucking bitch!!!"

Bam!

With a heavy impact, my fist struck the Puppeteer's face.

Crunch—!!

As my fist caved in her face, the thread of reason I had been barely holding onto snapped.

"Die! Die you fucking bitch!"

Bam! Thud! Wham!

"Hik— Kuh—! Ugh...!"

Every time my fist pounded her, a violent reaction burst from her.

More precisely, the Puppeteer held her breath and endured my fists, but... Densi's body couldn't endure.

Every time my fists roughly pounded her body, Densi's body reached masochistic climax after climax without pause.

And when my fist, filled with rage towards the one mocking my sister, crushed down on Densi's womb.

Bam!

"Khooooonghut?!?!?!!!!"

Squirt!!!!

With the sound of urine and vaginal fluids gushing out simultaneously, Densi's shorts and the ground began to get soaked.

"B-Balkan?!!"

"S-Stop! Stop!"

Celsia and Idelbert rushed over urgently and grabbed my body, pulling me off the Puppeteer.

There was no point in hitting the Puppeteer who had taken over Densi's body.

The two of them, who had seen how much I cherished Densi, hurriedly stopped me as I lost my reason.

Fortunately, I was in a greatly weakened state.

If I had been at full strength, Densi's body would probably have several holes in it by now.

'Be patient. Be patient.'

I took a deep breath and suppressed the murderous intent boiling up from deep inside.

'The Puppeteer must have some way to show or share her memories.'

Otherwise, she wouldn't have offered to show the Hero she knew in exchange for me showing So-eun that I knew.

I can't kill her until I know that method.

If I see the Puppeteer's memories, I'll be able to determine a general direction.

What kind of being the king from the Great War era who summoned my sister was.

Whether my axe blade should head towards the Labyrinth, or towards the royal family that summoned my sister.

And to know that.

"...Huh, uuugh—? Kuhit...?!"

Drip drip drip...

I glared murderously at the Puppeteer who was rolling her eyes back and wetting herself due to Kkachili's masochistic body.

And after barely regaining my senses, I roughly grabbed the collar of the Puppeteer who was glaring at Densi's body as it leaked vaginal fluids while breathing heavily.

"Kuhit—"

Unlike Kkachili, a choking voice could be heard, but I ignored it and turned to Celsia.

"Ueh..."

She was blankly staring at the Puppeteer who had taken over Densi's body.

An expression that couldn't have imagined that the Puppeteer would show such a 'feminine' reaction.

I wouldn't have thought this either if I hadn't seen the Puppeteer steal Densi's first time and climax more obscenely than anyone else.

"Celsia."

At my call, Celsia's eyes turned to my fist.

The fist that made the demon of fear roll her eyes back and wet herself, and was now gripping her collar.

"Ah, uh, um, yes? What? What is it?"

Celsia, who had been standing there blankly looking at that fist, hurriedly asked back.

"Please lend me a space where no sound can leak out."

"Huh? What do you...?"

"And give me the right to punish the Puppeteer, 10 high-grade recovery potions, and four days' time. Also, there's a bag with intermediate libido-enhancing herbs in our inn, could you bring that?"

Celsia's cheeks turned red before I even finished speaking.

"A-A space where no sound leaks out, and punishment rights, and recovery potions and... l-l-libido enhancing herbs...?"

"Yes."

Celsia's eyes alternated between looking at the Puppeteer lying on the floor leaking nosebleed and vaginal climax fluids...

And the large confession syringe located between my legs.

Looking into Celsia's spinning eyes as she panicked, I said in a confident tone.

"In four days, I'll get all the information out of that pussy bitch."

329 - I Was Wrong, Please Forgive Me (2)

The battle in the Outlaw Zone had roughly come to an end, and all procedures were progressing very quickly.

About eight hours later.

I rode in a carriage towards a building located on the outskirts of the temple area.

The cushions in the carriage, stamped with the royal seal, helped to somewhat recover my weary body even as we raced along.

To recover my tired body as quickly as possible, I had even removed my helmet.

“Here.”

Celsia, who was sitting in front of me, handed me a backpack.

Just a few hours ago, Celsia had been in a rather flat state, but now, she had returned to her usual plumpness.

Thanks to that, her large breasts swayed with every jolt of the carriage, a sight not seen in her flatter form.

Though the shape-shifting armor she wore limited her movements, it was still quite an impressive sight.

“These are the items I requested... I brought even better ones than I mentioned. Think of it as royal support.”

Having successfully captured the Puppeteer, I received direct support from the royal family.

This meant that Celsia accepted my judgment and granted me the right to punish the Puppeteer, a significant achievement for capturing a demon alive.

Nodding at her words, I peered into the backpack.

Twenty top-grade recovery potions.

Seven top-grade stamina-enhancing herbs.

Seven top-grade mana recovery herbs.

And various other miscellaneous items.

These were things that even a decent mid-level explorer could not obtain.

“Nice.”

I took out one of the mana recovery herbs and ate it raw, without even bothering to dry it.

Buzz—

The effects were immediate.

As the mana contained in the herb was crushed and seeped into my body, my heart began to race.

The [Blessing of the Dragon's Heart] allowed me to absorb the mana I ingested without losing a single drop, rapidly restoring my mana.

“Phew.”

Only then did my head feel clearer, and my breathing became easier.

With my mana replenished, the fatigue from mana exhaustion was significantly alleviated.

Of course, this was merely a temporary measure to push back my fatigue.

To fully recover, I would need to rest for several days.

“Thank you, Celsia.”

I bowed my head to Celsia with a more relaxed expression.

To be precise, my proposal to interrogate the Puppeteer for information was somewhat forced.

It was the royal family that had set up a camp in the Outlaw Zone to manage the rioters and prepare for the Puppeteer's attacks.

Celsia was also one of the key forces in punishing the Puppeteer, so I could not unilaterally claim the right to decide the Puppeteer's fate.

“We should be the ones thanking you...”

However, Celsia shook her head at my words.

“If you hadn’t been there, we wouldn’t have been able to properly fend off the Puppeteer’s attack. We might have failed to capture the Puppeteer, or even if we succeeded in the operation, it would have come with terrible losses.”

Her eyes sparkled as if they were telling nothing but the truth.

“The knights who participated in this battle said that they felt like they were going to die and wanted to run away, but thanks to the flag that appeared in the sky, they were able to get back up and wield their swords.”

“...”

“Everyone wanted to give up and trembled in helplessness in front of the overwhelming number of puppets... but thanks to the miracle you provided, we were able to endure.”

“...”

“That was something only you could do. Everyone present saw your miracle and drew strength from it.”

Celsia gazed at me intently with her sincere green eyes before bowing her head.

“I, Celsia de Arlonia, will speak on behalf of the royal family. Balkan Austere, thank you so much for standing by our side in that battle.”

Though Celsia sometimes showed a reclusive, hikikomori-like demeanor, she could also display the dignity of a princess.

The strange sensation from the gap between those two sides mixed with sincere gratitude sent a shiver down my spine.

The man who once had his life saved by her had now grown enough to protect her.

Feeling a strange sense of embarrassment, I scratched the back of my head and replied.

“...It was the right thing to do.”

Celsia smiled slightly at my response.

“The right thing to do? Those who are lounging around in the noble district would be horrified to hear that.”

“Lounging around?”

At my question, she clicked her tongue.

“Some mid-level nobles are saying that it’s too much power to give to a man who just received a title.”

“Is it because of the right to punish the Puppeteer?”

Celsia nodded with a grim expression.

Hah.

I was about to let out a laugh at the absurdity of it all when Celsia clenched her fist with an even angrier expression.

“Such ridiculous talk. Power? If they had any conscience, or rather... if they had the intelligence to think for themselves, they wouldn’t say such things.”

Even in her plump state, Celsia’s words were much more forceful than usual.

“What you’ve done, and what you’re about to do, is undoubtedly a sacrifice. What man would willingly do such things? Yet those people...”

Celsia, who had been grinding her teeth, let out a deep sigh and looked at me with worried eyes.

“I shouldn’t have brought this up. Anyway, I’ll make sure to handle things so that various rumors don’t circulate, so don’t worry too much.”

“It’s fine. Not all nobles are clean, and there are plenty of ugly ones too.”

“They’re just jealous. It hasn’t been long since you received the title of Hero, and you’ve already achieved the feat of capturing the Demon of Greed, which has been a long-standing calamity. There’s no precedent for someone like you to grow so quickly and achieve such accomplishments.”

Jealousy.

Having seen the ugly face of that emotion while capturing the Jealousy Worshiper, I chuckled and said.

“Then I’ll have to achieve an even greater accomplishment that they can’t dare to be jealous of.”

Whoosh!

Just as I finished my response with a chuckle, the sound of horses neighing came from the front, and the carriage came to a stop.

Outskirts of the temple area.

A place secured by the royal family through the Mother Earth cult.

We had arrived at the entrance of a building surrounded by a grand barrier that suppressed magical energy.

“...As expected, you...”

Hearing my bold response, Celsia smiled slightly, opened the carriage door, and stepped outside.

Then she reached out her hand to me as I tried to rise from the cozy cushions.

“Well then, I should bring good news and new rewards.”

“Even though I haven’t properly enjoyed my noble title yet.”

“Hehe. Once this matter is over, I’ll make sure you enjoy the worth of being a noble.”

I stepped down from the carriage with Celsia’s escort.

Thud.

The masked woman who had been sitting in the driver's seat also followed me out.

“Lord Incubus.”

“Go ahead first.”

At my words, the masked woman nodded and entered the building with the barrier.

I stood in front of the building and faced Celsia.

“As a princess, I shouldn’t say this, but... don’t push yourself too hard.”

I understood well what her worried words meant.

‘She’s probably worried about my mental state now that I’ll be mixing with the Puppeteer.’

Hearing her words, I chuckled inwardly.

Is the person who should truly be worried me, the one who brought the worshiper of lust to her knees?

Or is it the Puppeteer trapped in Densi’s body?

I would soon find out the answer.

“Don’t worry too much, Celsia.”

“...”

Celsia stared at me intently.

More precisely, at my lips.

In her plump state, she could look me straight in the eye.

If she were still a child, she would have had to look up at me, but now we were gazing at each other from the same level.

Whoosh—

In an instant, she closed the distance.

Peck.

After a brief touch of her soft lips, she immediately pulled away.

Celsia’s cheeks turned as red as an apple as she cautiously asked.

“...Did you dislike it?”

I absentmindedly touched my lips where they had met hers and smiled.

“...How could I dislike it?”

I was just a bit surprised.

Plump Celsia was much tougher and more assertive than flat Celsia.

Had her desire also grown as her body had transformed?

“...Then, um, can I do it again...?”

Still, it seemed she hadn't completely overcome her shyness and embarrassment, as she asked cautiously, her cheeks flushed. I nodded.

“.....!”

Celsia took a deep breath and once again pressed her lips against mine.

Her soft lips met mine repeatedly, and our lips began to grow increasingly moist.

Celsia, blushing and shy, touched her moist lips with her fingertips as she got back into the carriage.

“See you again...”

“Yes. See you again.”

She peeked her head out from the carriage window and whispered softly.

As I waved my hand, she smiled and closed the door.

The next time I would meet Celsia would be after I had subdued the Puppeteer and obtained information.

After seeing Celsia off, the smile faded from my face as her warmth disappeared.

Creeeak.

I opened the door to the building surrounded by the grand barrier that suppressed magical energy.

On the outside, it looked like an ordinary house, but the interior was different.

“Welcome back, my disciple.”

“Ah, Balkan! It’s been a while!”

“Hmm. I heard that the Hero received a title...”

Inside the empty building, three people were standing guard.

The first to greet me was Idelbert.

The second was Rubia’s grandmother, a tank of the party and a professor at the academy, Manko Steel.

The third was a middle-aged female knight I didn’t particularly recognize.

[LV. 59 Elruo Rohart]

‘Was it Marquis Rohart?’

She was a skilled fighter who had faced the Demon of Wrath worshiper Gott and the Demon of Oman worshiper when they appeared at the castle alongside Professor Manko Steel.

An elite force deployed in case my plans went awry and the Puppeteer attempted to escape.

This was the best available force in Labyrinth City at that moment.

“I am Balkan Austere. I look forward to working with you.”

“I’ve heard the rumors. I hope nothing unexpected happens.”

After greeting Professor Manko Steel, whom I hadn’t seen in a while, and briefly introducing myself to Marquis Rohart, I nodded at Idelbert.

“I’ll be back.”

“...Alright.”

Though her expression was uneasy, perhaps sensing my determination, she didn’t say anything more.

She simply wrapped her black cat tail around my waist and led me to the stairs in the center of the building.

“I’ve placed a grand magical seal on the Puppeteer’s body as a precaution. Although she is technically your slave, I hope you understand that it’s necessary.”

“Yes. That’s fine with me.”

With this, unless some natural disaster occurred, the Puppeteer would be unable to make any violent attempts until her puppet body was fully restored.

Thud. Thud.

I descended the stairs toward the underground.

A place imbued with the unique dampness of the underground.

It wasn’t neglected, but it wasn’t kept clean either; a grand barrier and soundproofing magic were deployed there.

“No. 2.”

I called out to the masked woman while munching on a stamina-enhancing herb I had taken from my backpack.

“Yes, Lord Incubus.”

At my call, the masked woman with black horns on her head approached and handed me an item.

After the events in the Outlaw Zone had mostly concluded, I had spoken to Lilith, who was under Diana’s curse, and summoned a succubus from the Labyrinth.

She was one of Lilith’s elite succubi, known for torturing my daughter.

No. 2 was ranked second among Lilith’s Nightmare succubi, so I casually referred to her as No. 2.

‘No. 1 ran away.’

She had fled, unable to bear the sight of her true master, Lilith, kneeling, but as a servant, running away was futile.

Though I couldn’t summon No. 2 directly, they were still Lilith’s servants, so they followed my orders dutifully.

“Did you bring it properly?”

“I received it directly from Lilith.”

I checked the item I received from No. 2.

A small vial containing a thick pink liquid.

It was a potion extracted from Lilith’s tail.

‘I have no intention of being lenient.’

With all my strength.

I would definitely subdue the Puppeteer.

Hiss.

Taking a short breath, I continued down the underground stairs.

Eventually.

Creeeak—

I opened the door at the end of the underground stairs.

In front of me lay the center of the underground prison.

There, the Puppeteer, bound in chains like the old Bunny, was glaring at me intently.

...Completely naked.

A word from the author (Author's note)

Due to reports, important parts of Densi's illustration have been obscured. I apologize for that.

330 - I Was Wrong, Please Forgive Me (3)

Clang, clang—

Each time the Puppeteer, possessing Densi's body, moved slightly, the restraints binding her limbs clanged.

Restraints imbued with a considerable amount of Divine power.

'Those must be the anti-magic restraints Idelbert mentioned.'

It was clear at a glance that they weren't ordinary, but they weren't enough to completely restrain the Puppeteer either.

If the Puppeteer's true form were to recover, they would likely be torn apart like paper.

"...A Succubus, is it?"

The Puppeteer said, looking at No. 2, who was following behind me.

Even if it wasn't her own body, did she feel shame at being naked and bound?

Her face was flushed red.

"I can also sense an aphrodisiac synthesized from Succubus fluids. Very similar to what that lustful fellow used."

The Puppeteer smirked, noticing the presence of the aphrodisiac just by looking at my pocket.

"Now I finally understand."

"...?"

"I've seen and controlled countless life forms, but this is the first time I've encountered a body with such twisted senses and emotions. It was astonishing."

Had she felt something when she was subdued in the Outlaw Zone and beaten by me, reaching a masochistic climax?

The Puppeteer glared at me with Densi's face.

"You gradually tamed this doll's body and senses with that aphrodisiac. Making her accept violence and beatings not as pain, but as pleasure."

"..."

"I thought perhaps this girl's twisted senses and emotions were what set her apart from the other outlaws... but to think it was just artificial conditioning. That's a bit disappointing."

"Pfft."

"...?"

The one who snorted at the Puppeteer's words wasn't me, but No. 2.

The Succubus scoffed at the Puppeteer, who tilted her head in confusion.

"Even before Lilith and the rest of us Succubus came under Balkan's command, the person you stole the body from was Balkan's loyal slave."

Her cheerful voice contained respect and admiration for the Incubus who had subjugated her master.

And there was also a shallow calculation that if she showed such loyalty, she might one day receive the Incubus's grace... his seed.

And this directly refuted the Puppeteer's claim that Densi had been conditioned with Lilith's aphrodisiac.

"That can't be... It's impossible to corrupt a person's body to this extent without using drugs or aphrodisiacs."

The Puppeteer shook her head with a rare look of bewilderment.

I suppressed a laugh at the Puppeteer's reaction.

If Densi had heard those words, what would her reaction have been?

Would she have nodded, saying, 'My master is quite something'?

Or would she have boasted, 'Master, my body is so amazing that even that demon is surprised!'?

Imagining the reaction I couldn't see right now, I approached the Puppeteer, who had taken over Densi's body.

"Getting nervous?"

And I said it in a calm voice.

"What?!"

In front of the Puppeteer, who flared up at my words, I jingled the vial containing the pink aphrodisiac.

"Trying to rationalize it?"

"...You...!"

"The reason you pissed yourself from my punches earlier is all because Densi's body is soaked in aphrodisiac, and you're trying to rationalize that there's nothing wrong with you, right?"

"..."

"Already lacking a proper body and full of flaws, what are you so scared of?"

"..."

"Or, could it be... are you afraid? Of climaxing lewdly like before?"

"N-No...!"

The Puppeteer denied my words urgently.

"..."

But after the hasty denial, there were no further words.

Her plump pink lips were tightly shut, unable to utter any rebuttal.

No, she couldn't.

'Like a child caught red-handed.'

She had instinctively denied the words that stung her heart, but there was no rational reason to follow.

"...No. It's not... like that."

She just repeated the same words out of self-defense.

Seeing that, I was reminded of Bunny's rebuttal to the Puppeteer's taunt that a well-behaved demon had fallen to the level of a human pet.

—Are you any different?

The words 'Are you any different?' meant that Bunny thought the Puppeteer and she were in a similar situation.

The Puppeteer, remembering hiding her expression under the bed and swaying her hips to get my cock, had become even more agitated by that rebuttal and launched an offensive against me.

If the Puppeteer hadn't reacted so violently to Bunny's rebuttal?

She wouldn't have focused solely on attacking me, but would have been wary of her surroundings and dragged out the battle, focusing on capturing me and Kkachili, and we wouldn't have been able to stop the approaching horde of puppets and would have been defeated.

As a result, the Puppeteer was defeated like this without even properly using her greatest weapon, 'overwhelming numbers.'

Knowing her mistake, the Puppeteer couldn't bear the steady gaze of the man who had caused it and turned her head away.

"Look at me."

Slap!

But I grabbed the Puppeteer's chin and forced her to meet my eyes.

I had taken off my helmet while coming down the stairs, so I could look her straight in the eye.

"Kuh..."

The Puppeteer, facing my bare face, tried to avoid my gaze again, but I grabbed her chin even harder and forced her to look at me.

"Among all the threats out there, what reason would I have to specifically say I'd make you into a dismembered dildo?"

"..."

"Don't ignore your own dark desires and instincts. You've already been trying to consume me in a sexual way from the unconscious level."

That day.

The day the Puppeteer stole Densi's virginity.

Perhaps from the moment the Puppeteer's subconscious was filled with me, she was destined to be ruined.

Without anyone, not even the Puppeteer herself, noticing.

'...No. Maybe.'

Didn't the Puppeteer also know, unconsciously?

'She knew, but couldn't admit it.'

If she had fallen before a noble ideal like the Hero, she would have admitted her defeat.

But if she, a noble and exalted demon, admitted that she had been defeated by the pleasure of a mere human male's cock...

'Her pride as a demon would be shattered to pieces.'

Squeeze!

"Kuh-uh-uh...!"

As I squeezed Densi's soft breasts in one hand, the Puppeteer, occupying Densi's body, suppressed a pleasure-filled scream.

A rough breast squeeze, devoid of any gentleness or respect.

It was the intensity that Densi loved.

"Hoo, hee...!"

The Puppeteer, occupying Densi's body, also bit her lower lip tightly, enduring the pleasure.

Clang! Clang—!

Each time the restraints binding her limbs clanged, her emotions heightened.

The man's, the Nightmare's curse was whispering, urging me to dominate the woman trembling at my touch.

I moved according to that instinct.

When I took my hand away from crushing her breasts mercilessly, I saw the red handprint left on Densi's breasts.

Amidst the harmonious blend of pure white skin and reddened skin, there was a pink nipple that seemed to perfectly blend the two colors.

A stimulus that an ordinary woman would have taken as pain.

But Densi's body accepted it as pleasure.

Her body, even with my rough touch, swelled her areolas and made her pink nipples hard.

Thwack!!!

When I flicked her erect nipple with my gathered index finger, the Puppeteer showed an even more intense reaction.

"Hngh...!"

Clang! Clang clang!!!

As her already sensitive areolas and nipples were stimulated as if scratched by fingernails, the restraints shook even more violently.

My gaze went to her face, which was lifted sharply, and her tightly closed lips.

The moment I saw her defensive attitude, trying to endure and resist the pleasure, I felt like I knew which part of the Puppeteer to poke.

I whispered in a small voice in the Puppeteer's ear.

"Don't hold back."

"Ugh..."

As I gently breathed into her ear, her shoulders instinctively trembled.

"Accept the pleasure. Acknowledge it. The sensations you're feeling."

With her limbs restrained and her back bent, I gently stroked her spine from top to bottom.

As my touch started from the waist and went past the tailbone towards the space between her buttocks, Densi's body, which was weak to pleasure, reflexively began to tremble.

"Hurt... sound...!"

Demon or whatever.

The Puppeteer frowned and shouted, telling me to acknowledge that she was ultimately just a female who moaned at a nipple flick.

"I, I'm not... falling for such cheap tricks—"

Squish♡

"Hing?!!"

The Puppeteer's expression, which had been desperately trying to defend herself, instantly relaxed.

There was no sign of her twisting her body and resisting the pleasure, and her pussy, which had been as hard as a stone, was...

My middle finger was inside.

Twitch, twitch...♡

Unlike her stiff body, Densi's soft, relaxed flesh tightened around my middle finger as soon as it entered, giving me a warm and dreamy sensation.

When I pulled my middle finger out of her vaginal walls, which were sucking on it as if they were about to lick my fingerprints, the Puppeteer, who had been tense, reacted belatedly.

"Wh, what...?"

"Look."

I held my wet middle finger in front of her face, as if offering her candy.

Her pupils, which had been shaking violently and wandering, gathered in one place and stared blankly at my middle finger.

"A pervert even more depraved than a lustful demon who gets her pussy wet from a nipple flick, what were you saying?"

"...Th, this... it's my slave's body that's strange..."

"Let's say that's true for the body. Then why are you staring straight at this finger?"

"...Heuh..."

The Puppeteer couldn't bring herself to refute my words.

Although it was Densi's body that had become aroused by the breast pinching.

The one who was breathing rapidly and staring at the finger soaked in pussy juice with dreamy eyes... was clearly the Puppeteer's will.

I observed the Puppeteer, who had acknowledged her sexual arousal, and moved behind her.

Slide— Thud.

And I took off my pants and took out my confession dispenser.

"Huh...?!"

The Puppeteer swallowed her breath at the heavy weight placed on her buttocks.

"W, wait. Wait wait wait...!"

Was it because she had clearly recognized her sexual desires?

Unlike the night she stole Densi's virginity, when she swayed her hips seductively on the bed, the Puppeteer tried to shake off my cock by lifting Densi's buttocks.

But the Puppeteer, whose limbs were bound and unable to use Magical Energy, didn't even have the strength to remove the cock placed on her buttocks.

Rather, that slight stimulation became a trigger, and blood gradually gathered in my cock.

Thanks to the top-grade recovery Potion provided by Celsia, as well as the top-grade stamina-enhancing herbs I had eaten, my cock was in top condition.

My cock, which had been harmlessly soft and plump, became grotesquely erect to the point where veins were visible, and slapped against the Puppeteer's pussy mound.

Densi's body was already perfectly prepared to accept her master.

"Ah, ah..."

The Puppeteer, who had turned her head and looked at my cock, uttered an unintelligible murmur.

It seemed as if the memories of that night flashed through her eyes.

The memories of being pinned down by this cock, her pussy being roughly thrust into, repeatedly climaxing countless times... and being ruined as a female to the point where her brain burned.

And, the cock in those memories.

Squish squish squish squish squish!

It scraped roughly inside her vagina and pressed down hard on her uterus with its heavy head.

"Hoo-oh-geuh?!?!?!♡♡♡?!?!?"

Cheeeeeeeeeeee!!!♡♡♡

The Puppeteer, who had only felt the sensation of a raw cock vaguely through the doll's body, squirted a load of pussy juice with Densi's body.

331 - I Made a Mistake, Please Forgive Me (4)

“Ah...”

The moment his cock slid into Densi's pussy, a hot sigh escaped his lips.

Although she had lost the initiative of her consciousness, the body and subconscious of the faithful slave fervently welcomed her master's possession, embracing it tightly.

From her urethra to the shaft of his cock, to the base of his cock pressing against her soft, swollen pussy mound, the masochistic slave's pussy diligently twitched its walls, loyally serving its master.

"Hoo, hoo, heu, heueh..."

As if alive, her pussy wriggled on its own, rubbing sensitive spots against the glans, repeatedly tightening and loosening the entire vaginal canal, sucking his cock like a milking machine.

Tremble, tremble, tremble...

"Hoo, hooeuh...♡ Euh, euh..."

Perhaps it was because Densi's body was welcoming her master so intensely beyond imagination.

Even before he had moved his hips, the Puppeteer's eyes were wide, her lips pursed, exerting all her strength to endure the onrushing pleasure.

He had experienced it once while taking Densi's virginity, but judging from her reaction, she didn't seem to have gotten used to the sensation.

Tssbeubebeuk—♡

"Heueueueuk?!?!?!?"

Balkan slowly withdrew his cock from the pussy that had been chewing on it.

Not quickly, but slowly.

So that she could clearly recognize the presence of the cock that had filled her inside.

And so that she could realize the empty sensation when the cock, which had been thrust deep enough to lift her uterus, was pulled out again.

"Ohoeuh, euheu... Eut, ah...?"

As his cock slid out, the sensation of the shaft and glans scraping against the center of her vaginal canal caused the Puppeteer's pursed lips to gradually relax.

"Euh...?"

And what settled on those lips... a faint sense of emptiness.

The cock, which had momentarily destroyed her reason and made her do nothing but shamelessly spill pussy juice, had almost completely left her vagina, leaving only the wide glans precariously perched at the entrance.

"..."

As the sensation that had briefly burned her head and body faded, the Puppeteer wore a questioning expression.

And, forcibly turning her trembling head, she looked at the man who had taken her from behind, Balkan.

"..."

He was looking down at her with a blank face.

He had also removed the hand that had been gripping her buttocks for insertion, leaving only his glans perched in her pussy.

The Puppeteer stared blankly at him, unmoving, and clicked her tongue inwardly.

'Why isn't he moving?'

Tssbeueuk...

'Why? Why?'

Tssbeueuk, tssbeueuk...

Along with the question, what began to fill the Puppeteer's head was the memory of that night.

The Puppeteer recalled the memory of that night, full of aftereffects from climaxing for nearly three days.

A memory she hadn't felt even before losing her real body to the Hero and switching to a doll body...

A memory that made her realize that she was 'female' before she was a demon.

Sticking out her buttocks and pussy like a sex toy doll.

She had been shaking her hips seductively, focusing only on satisfying the sexual excitement she felt for the first time in her life.

Her head only grew hazier at his tongue's play, as he still thought of her as his slave and kissed her.

That night, the Puppeteer was thoroughly and unilaterally violated on the bed.

'I have to erase it.'

The Puppeteer had deliberately ignored the memory of that night, isolating it as much as possible so as not to recall it.

'If I don't ignore the memory... I'll surely collapse.'

The Puppeteer lived to fulfill her Unfulfilled Wish.

She wanted to see those whom the Hero had tried to protect grow up with even a fraction of the Hero's noble heart, only to be killed by her in the end.

She wanted to find the Hero's brother, take him away, and corrupt him, making the Hero regret only looking for her brother and not seeing her.

Her mad obsession with the Hero created a twisted Unfulfilled Wish, and the Puppeteer had lived to fulfill those two Unfulfilled Wishes.

She had lived only chasing after those Unfulfilled Wishes...

'Because of this cock...!'

Because she had been fucked until her brain burned out from this cock.

The Unfulfilled Wish that had been consistent for hundreds of years was slowly beginning to waver.

'I have to ignore it.'

She had tried to forget it countless times, but the overwhelming pleasure that had been imprinted on her brain that night made the Puppeteer's body move according to its instincts.

Tssbeueuk... Tssbeueuk, tssbeueuk...

She firmly grabbed her hips, which were unknowingly swaying, and shook her head wildly.

Tssbeueuk, tssbeueuk, tssbeueuk...♡

'Don't think about it. Don't think about it...'

But. The presence of the wide glans perched at the entrance of her pussy could not be easily erased.

Like falling into quicksand.

The more she tried not to think about it, the more she tried to ignore the memory...

The hotter the warmth and sensation she felt from behind, the more sensitive her body and mind became.

'...It's empty...'

Her sensitive body expressed intense regret.

Just a moment ago, his cock had filled her vagina, and it had felt so good it was driving her crazy...

Now it was so empty, and his cock was only perched at the entrance of her pussy, as if it would fall out at any moment.

'Fill me up, all the way inside...'

She wanted that thing to stab her uterus again.

Scraping her vaginal folds with his wide glans, rubbing her vaginal walls with his large cock...

She wanted him to fill her uterus with semen, pouring it out like urine.

'Cock... cockie...'

Don't just stand there.

Don't just look down at me.

Hurry up and...

Press your glans all the way into my uterus, like you did just now...!

Clang! Clang!

"Heueut.....!"

The Puppeteer snapped back to her senses at the sound of metal ringing in her ears.

'.....What was I just thinking...?'

It wasn't just thoughts.

She forcibly twisted her body, which was bound by restraints and unable to move, and pressed her waist down.

That is... in the direction of his cock.

As she became aware of what she had unconsciously done, her attention was further focused on the sense of discomfort that had appeared below.

"Ah...♡"

It came in.

No, it had already been in, but...

His cock was deeper than when it had only been perched at the entrance of her pussy.

Slightly below the middle of her vagina.

Slightly below the g-spot, the second most sensitive spot in Densi's pussy.

'If only it had gone a little deeper.'

The Puppeteer unknowingly sighed, thinking such thoughts.

His cock would have passed by, scratching the itchy spot, and then stopped and pressed down on it.

Instead of this ambiguous pleasure, she would have had a much more intense and pleasant experience...

The regrettable pleasure was quickly forgotten, and her attention was focused on the greater pleasure.

She knew because she had already experienced it.

If she lowered her waist just a little more, she could definitely feel much better than she did now.

"Keuk."

The Puppeteer's shoulders flinched at the faint sneer that came from behind.

Turning her head creakily, she saw Balkan wearing a mocking expression.

He didn't say anything, but the Puppeteer instinctively realized.

That Balkan would not take any action in the future either.

'The reason he thrust his cock in right away was simply to make me aware.'

—You're more of a pervert than a lecher, wetting your pussy with nipple flicks... What was that?

—.....T, this is... Your slave's body is strange...

—Let's say the body is. Then why are you staring straight at this finger?

The Puppeteer recalled the conversation she had had with him a moment ago.

Then and now, his purpose had not changed.

'He's trying to make it so I can't run away with the excuse that this doll's body is lewd.'

The one who had stared at the finger that had been poking her pussy as if possessed was also the Puppeteer.

The one who had genuinely climaxed through cock insertion was also the Puppeteer.

The one who couldn't forget that pleasure, and who, knowing that she shouldn't, craved his cock and gently lowered her hips... and fell into the cycle of pleasure again...

All of it was the Puppeteer's own choice.

By making the actor act on their own, he makes it psychologically impossible to escape.

'...It's the worst.'

And he firmly imprints it on her mind.

That she is nothing more than a female who is swayed by a mere cock and ruins important matters.

He makes the established fact with the cock that was only perched at the entrance of her pussy so that she cannot ignore it even if she tries to.

Even the Demon of Lust would not be so cruel.

'It's the worst...'

Tssbeubeuk, tssbeueuk...♡

Each time the Puppeteer's hips lowered slightly, her wet pussy made a lewd sound as it swallowed the glistening cock.

'I can't, stop.....♡'

The G-spot was long gone.

Amidst the pleasure that seemed to explode in her head one after another, the Puppeteer continued to lower her hips.

The hips that had been pushed down in that way were soon crushed against his groin.

"Heugeut—♡"

Having lowered her hips to the limit, swallowing his cock to the root, and having her uterus crushed, an uncontrollable moan escaped the Puppeteer's lips.

At the same time as the moans that she had desperately suppressed while swallowing his cock echoed, a wave of pleasure began to surge from the Puppeteer's uterus.

The Puppeteer, swept away by the waves of pleasure that surged from all directions, became aware of her fate.

'Yes.....'

Since taking the Hero's brother was part of my Unfulfilled Wish anyway...

Perhaps even this isn't so bad.....♡

'It's over.'

No. 2 muttered inwardly without realizing it as he looked at the scene before his eyes.

An upper-level Incubus that could only be called an irregular, who had even brought Lilith, the former master and worshiper who had inherited the Demon of Lust's womb, to her knees and received a pussy surrender defeat declaration.

Only two days had passed since he had come down to the basement with him to interrogate the Demon of Greed, whom he had miraculously captured.

Paang, pang! Tssbeubeuek, paaaang♡

"Geut, euek, eueuek, eut—♡"

"The things you've done so far, were they wrong? Or not?"

"I, I was wrong♡ I'm sorry... Heogeut, p, please forgive, heugeut...!"

He had succeeded in bringing even a demon to its knees.

332 - Interrogation

Tssubuubuk, ppoong—!

As he forcefully pulled his cock from the pussy that wouldn't let go, a lewd sound accompanied the thick semen that poured out of Densi's pussy.

He stared at her, having received his semen for two days straight.

Her lower belly protruded as if she were pregnant.

Since he had already taken precautions, he could ejaculate into Densi's womb without worry.

"....."

The Puppeteer, who had taken over Densi's body, showed no reaction and was limp.

Having repeated climax countless times, she had fainted and was dangling from the restraints.

Awakened to her lust, she eventually shook her hips herself, craving his cock, and towards the end, she regretted her sins and offered sincere apologies each time her womb was pressed against his glans.

Kkuuooooook...!

Balkan, watching this, pinched and pulled Densi's plump pussy mound with his index finger and thumb, as if disciplining a disobedient child.

"Ugh, ugh.....!"

Clang! Clang!

As her labia majora were suddenly pulled, the Puppeteer, whose stamina had been drained from repeated climaxes, rolled her eyes and twisted her body.

Ppureuk, ppureureuk...!

As air entered the pussy filled with semen, the semen that had filled it gushed out.

The white, thick semen poured onto the floor, already wet with pussy juice, like a topping.

Balkan checked his artistic creation and nodded with a satisfied expression.

"Haaa..."

A deep fatigue was evident in the sigh.

He had consumed most of his Divine power and Mana in the battle with the Puppeteer.

He was in a state where he could faint at any moment, but he emptied a few Potions and forced his body to move again.

It wasn't as difficult as the battle where he almost became a dismembered dildo, but the mating that followed his exhausted state brought considerable fatigue.

Of course, that didn't mean he didn't enjoy it.

'It would have been more difficult if the Puppeteer hadn't broken down.'

After persistent coaxing, the Puppeteer eventually crumbled before his cock.

Just like the night he experienced Kkachili's virginity instead of her.

The Puppeteer, broken by lust, shook her hips on her own and frankly expressed her lust, slamming her pussy down on his still cock to the root.

'Even if she's a demon, she can't be completely devoid of lust.'

As Bunny shows, even a Demon of Greed isn't completely devoid of lust.

It's just that they have desires they consider more important than others, desires they prioritize.

At that time, the Puppeteer craved lust more than greed, and she accepted herself falling into lust.

'Now it begins.'

But the main point is from now on.

'Get the information I'm curious about from the Puppeteer and break Kkachili's curse.'

That's why he didn't kill the Puppeteer, but made her kneel with her only weakness, sexual pleasure.

He needed to recover his strength to properly interrogate her.

"No. 2. Potion."

He gestured to No. 2 to bring the backpack containing the recovery Potion.

"Y-You're amazing! To suppress even the Demon of Greed with just your cock...!"

No. 2 rushed over as soon as Balkan gestured, chattering with a face full of excitement.

"A-As expected of Incubus-nim's cock...! I knew this would happen!"

No. 2's expression, as he desperately licked his master's ass, was filled with sincere admiration and fear.

Gulp.

No. 2's gaze turned to Balkan's still-erect cock.

His eyes held both longing and fear for the monster cock that had brought even the true demon to its knees, in addition to his original master.

But the most frightening part was something else.

'In just two days, without even using aphrodisiacs...!'

No. 2 had expected at least a month, and at least ten aphrodisiacs to be used during that time, no matter how well things went.

If he didn't put in that much effort, it would be impossible for even a high-ranking Incubus to make a demon kneel.

But he succeeded in corrupting even the demon's heart in just two days.

'He's unique...'

Basic specs as a male... the length and rigidity of his cock.

A wide glans cap and thick cock shaft optimized for destroying a female's pussy.

The Yang energy emanating from his large, heavy balls was also overwhelming.

'The way he accepts sexual acts is completely different from other males or Incubi.'

While other human males or Incubi regard sexual acts as 'a bothersome task that isn't very pleasant', 'punishment', or 'a means to become stronger'.

'He's truly... enjoying it.'

The difference started from the attitude of accepting sexual acts.

No. 2 saw it.

The smile Balkan wore when he spanked the Demon of Greed's ass and pointed out her faults.

To smile and violate a demon who had taken the body of someone similar to a lover?

Impossible for most talented people... no.

It was only possible for him.

'If I were to embrace that cock that made even a demon kneel... what would it feel like?'

"Shut up and give me the Potion."

"A-Alright...!"

No. 2 handed Balkan the Potion, continuing the fantasy that any Succubus, any female, would instinctively have.

Balkan gulped down the stamina Potion Celsia had provided like water.

Gulp. Gulp.

He felt his entire body's stamina forcibly recovering the moment the Potion went down his throat, and he forced himself to get up.

Then, he smacked the ass of the female who was still limp and unconscious.

Tzzaaaaaaaak!

"Heugeut——!!!"

Ttchoreureuk...

As he struck Densi's masochistic female ass hard enough to leave a handprint, a small, weak stream of water poured out of her urethra, which was on the verge of dehydration from repeatedly squirting pussy juice.

"Ugh, ugh..."

The Puppeteer, who had been unconscious from the shock, slowly opened her eyes.

Perhaps she no longer had the strength to turn her head herself, as the Puppeteer was limp and barely looking at the ground.

Balkan, who had been behind the Puppeteer to stick his cock in, moved in front of her to face her.

Then, her face, which had become more disheveled than he had expected, came into view.

Her lower lip, bitten by her teeth as she desperately swallowed the moans she had repeated countless times and tried to suppress, had turned blue.

The area around her eyes was moist with tears that had flowed down as she struggled with unbearable pleasure.

Her white cheeks were also flushed red due to the lingering afterglow of pleasure that still remained vivid.

"...Heh, what a mess you're in."

A provocative voice flowed from her lips.

".....?"

No. 2, who had been watching Incubus-nim and the Demon of Greed from a step back, tilted his head.

'Who's talking to whom?'

Even if you didn't look at it from a Succubus's point of view, it was obvious to anyone that the Puppeteer was the one who was more of a 'mess' right now.

The pussy juice she had shot out like a water gun every time she had her womb kissed by his cock had created a large puddle on the dungeon floor, emitting a strong, lewd smell.

Her pussy, violated by him, had jelly-like, sticky semen dangling from the cracks, dripping one drop at a time.

There was no need to even mention her wantonly ruined face.

"Heh."

Balkan chuckled as soon as he heard the Puppeteer's words.

'It's a self-defense mechanism.'

As he had seen on the night he stole Densi's virginity, during battles, and even when he had just subjugated her with sexual acts.

The Puppeteer was basically a brazen person.

A cynical, arrogant, self-centered, and selfish person.

Even during battles, if you said something that stung her, she would pretend to be fine on the outside but would be inwardly furious.

If she was in an unreasonable situation where only the glans was caught in her pussy entrance, she would rationalize it herself.

Presumably, the self-rationalization she would have made this time was.

"You slammed your pussy down so hard that you shot out so much semen... even if you're Hero's brother, you're nothing special."

'She's deceiving herself into thinking that I shot out a lot of semen because I lost to my cock, not because she lost to my pussy.'

If she didn't do that, she wouldn't be able to admit that she had lost her mind over just a cock and had wiggled her hips for a mere male.

Flinch.

The Puppeteer felt an unknown tremor the moment she saw Balkan's eyes.

A sensation as if her innermost thoughts had been completely seen through.

Thump, thump.

'Ugh.....♡'

The moment she felt that arrogant, mocking gaze, her pussy, which had been roughly thrust into by him, throbbed.

But it wasn't just simple pain.

A hazy, dizzying, lewd...

Perhaps the perverted sensation that the original owner of this body was feeling.

Due to several Links and the pleasure engraved in her mind and heart, that lewd sensation was transferred to the Puppeteer's mind.

'I've already crossed the point of no return...'

Perhaps now, even if she switched to another doll's body, she would obediently wet her pussy if she was slapped or punched by him.

It was still just a guess, but the Puppeteer was inwardly convinced that it would be so.

Because of the ecstatic moment she had just experienced, a moment she would never forget for the rest of her life...

Because it felt better than obtaining any rare treasure.

'Now, no matter what body I switch to, if I just stand before him, I'll become a trembling female, recalling all the sex I've had until now...'

But the Puppeteer had pride.

She couldn't easily bow her head to a mere male, or wet her pussy and lower her womb, slightly parting her thighs as soon as she stood before him.

So, she thought.

'I didn't lose to that man.'

She let him win.

A male like that... if she fought 'seriously', if she fought by mobilizing all the dolls... she could easily win... really...

'It's not me who lost to lust, it's that guy...'

The fact that she wiggled her hips to get his cock.

The fact that she voluntarily spread her pussy and swallowed his cock to the root to be thrust into a more pleasant place...

'It's not that I lost to lust, it's to corrupt Hero's brother...'

Yes, that's right, the Puppeteer nodded inwardly.

'After all, seducing and corrupting Hero's brother was also part of the Unfulfilled Wish...'

She didn't particularly lose to his cock, she just had to allow him in order to fulfill her Unfulfilled Wish.

In fact, he had thrust into her so much that she felt a stinging and painful sensation in her lower body, and he hadn't ejaculated.

In other words, she didn't particularly lose her pussy or climax as a female.

She had made an unavoidable choice in order to seduce and corrupt Hero.

'And in the future... I have to make these choices.'

This also isn't particularly because of his cock.

Because she has to seduce him, because she has to tempt him and corrupt him...

So...

'It's all unavoidable...♡'

The Puppeteer, forcibly averting her eyes from the contradictory situation the more she thought about it, glared at Balkan's cock, which was wet with her pussy juice, and said.

"Even now, obediently— Hueht..."

Hiccup.

The Puppeteer gasped as she saw the cock suddenly thrust in front of her.

The veins clearly protruding on the cock shaft, as if angered by her brazen attitude.

The cock, glistening smoothly with pussy juice and semen, was thrust right in front of her nose, gently pressing down on the Puppeteer's face.

"Hueue, heu...?"

"Hey."

"Ah, ugh... yes..."

Was it because of the violent cock smell that seemed to rape her brain every time she inhaled?

Or was it because she was facing the cock that had defeated her up close?

The Puppeteer, who had unknowingly replied in polite language, blankly stared up at him with her nose buried in his cock.

It was a risky move, but Balkan was convinced by the Puppeteer's reaction.

That he now stood above this demon.

"I want to obliterate you right now... but unfortunately, there are many things I want to ask you."

"Th-Things you want to ask... me...?"

"Yeah. Things I want to ask."

Thud. Thud. Sararak.

The Puppeteer felt thick, hard fingers gently stroking her head.

For a mere mortal to dare to stroke her head so gently... as if handling a fragile female...

Thump, thump... kkooook.....♡

For some reason, her womb throbbed and her lower belly tightened.

It was clearly something that deserved death, but the Puppeteer could only fidget with her fingers, unable to get angry and blankly listening to Balkan's words.

"Hero, or Mother Earth... the whereabouts of my sister."

"....."

"Tell me. Everything you know."

The Puppeteer hesitated for a moment at Balkan's words.

This wasn't information that could be given away like this.

She had intended to only give selective information when she was in a clear position of superiority over him...

"If you tell me everything honestly, I'll spank your pussy again."

But perhaps it wasn't that valuable of information.

After all, he was Hero's brother.

It wouldn't matter if she told him everything.

Sseuup—

The Puppeteer, with his cock pressing down on her nose, took a deep breath and carefully opened her mouth.

"...Togeth. er..."

"What?"

"....."

This wasn't something she wanted to do.

It was all to seduce Hero's brother...

"...Cock sucking, too..."

Ugh...

Seeing the Puppeteer pursing her lips to suck his cock right away, Balkan chuckled at the completely corrupted Puppeteer.

But.

"Okay."

Ttchook, tchook...♡

Since she was asking for it herself, there was no reason to refuse.

333 - Interrogation (2)

Here is the English translation of the Korean text:

The Puppeteer reluctantly removed her lips from the now clean and shiny cock.

Not only the semen on the cock, but even the semen pooled in the urethra had been licked clean without a trace. Curly pubic hair remained on her lips like a medal.

Swallowing with a gulp and consuming the last of the semen in her mouth, the Puppeteer exhaled a sticky breath and inhaled the scent of the cock resting on her face.

And then.

d1YvQXA1Wk80MHRHUTNWSVVNOW10bHc1b3hDVUpsamsycTdzbl
dLZ015TkZvaGtKcld5TURXZDhHV3RJYTdQcA

Clank!!!

"Balkan Auster!!!"

With hurried footsteps, Marchioness Rohart came down to the basement.

Balkan faced the middle-aged female knight with a calm expression.

He had already sensed her presence through his perception, so he wasn't surprised by the sudden visit.

He had also put his helmet back on after receiving it from No. 2, so he was prepared to face the sudden appearance.

"Hah...!"

But Marchioness Rohart, who had rushed in urgently, gasped as she saw the scene inside the warehouse.

"What... what is this..."

The moment Marchioness Rohart opened the door to the desolate underground warehouse, she felt as if the surrounding scenery had suddenly changed.

It was like being instantly transported from a gloomy, lonely back alley to a red-light district filled with sticky sweet fragrances.

The musty yet fluffy scent that typically permeates places where love blooms and physical exchanges occur.

Marchioness Rohart's legs trembled at the intense male musk and female juices that cleared her sinuses.

'Is this... the kind of interrogation they meant?'

Marchioness Rohart had not heard about this.

She had only been told that the Demon of Greed had been captured, and that the man who received punishment rights was interrogating the demon.

'Balkan Auster...'

He had recently become quite a celebrity in the noble district.

Not only had he quickly made a name for himself as an explorer.

He had also confronted the worshippers of the Demon of Wrath at the princess's birthday party and made them flee, received a castle directly from the royal family as the Hero, and now even achieved the feat of capturing the Demon of Greed.

'I thought he must be skilled at torture and interrogation, given his reputation as a formidable warrior...'

But the scene before her eyes far surpassed what Marchioness Rohart had imagined as "interrogation."

"What brings you here so urgently?"

Slap. Slap, thud, thud...

He was slapping his massive member against the lips of the doll possessed by the Demon of Greed, as if shaking off urine after urinating.

Without the slightest hint of displeasure, rather with a refreshed look as if having accomplished something satisfying.

"Uu, uh, suck, huu..."

The infamous Demon of Greed, who had controlled over half of the Outlaw Zone, was being struck by the enormous thing that covered most of her face as she breathed heavily.

Slap, sluuurp...

Every time her sharp nose bridge and moist lips rubbed against the cock, the moans escaping her mouth were no different from a female who had spent a blissful night with a male without regrets.

'No, even more vulgar than that...'

The appearance of having abandoned all dignity as both a woman and a demon, reduced to a tissue for wiping the superior male's cock.

'Is that... really the fearsome demon?'

Marchioness Rohart, who had witnessed the contract between the Puppeteer and the Late King from afar when she was still just a capable swordswoman, felt a huge disconnect looking at the female before her eyes.

If it weren't for the overwhelming presence and terrifying magical energy that could be felt even in her restrained state, she would have mistaken her for a prostitute completely infatuated with a male.

"Marchioness."

"..."

"Marchioness Rohart?"

"Ah! Oh, yes."

"What brings you here in such a hurry? You're dripping with cold sweat."

Marchioness Rohart faced the man who was nonchalantly rubbing his cock on the face of that fearsome demon.

There's no way the Puppeteer was originally such a female.

'This man... made her like that.'

That demon who had existed for hundreds of years... like that...

The lower body of the middle-aged female knight who faced this unbelievable situation trembled for a moment, but she soon recalled her duty.

"The Puppeteer's silk cocoon has broken."

Balkan's eyes widened at Marchioness Rohart's words.

The Puppeteer had spun a silk cocoon to endure until her injured body recovered.

That cocoon was being monitored by Idelbert, Professor Mankostil, and Marchioness Rohart on the upper floor of this building.

But for it to break?

"But only the silk cocoon broke, she didn't show any special behavior. I wondered if something had happened in the basement, so the other two continued monitoring while I came down like this..."

What Marchioness Rohart saw was a scene more peaceful? than she had imagined.

Hearing Marchioness Rohart's words, Balkan turned to look at the Puppeteer.

"I undid the cocoon. She's mostly recovered now."

The Puppeteer readily answered Balkan's questioning gaze.

"Didn't you ask me to tell you about the Hero?"

Ahem.

The Puppeteer cleared her throat, glanced at Marchioness Rohart, then straightened her body that had collapsed from mating and maintained an upright posture.

As if there was only one person allowed to see her disheveled state.

Her voice, which had been panting while facing the cock, regained its imposing tone.

"Bring me the necklace around my main body's neck. The answer you seek is inside it."

A two-story building surrounded by a demonic barrier.

On the second floor were Professor Mankostil, who had stocked up on lightning magic, and Idelbert wearing gauntlets.

"Balkan, my boy. What on earth is going on? The cocoon broke much faster than predicted..."

Idelbert waved his hand at the perplexed Professor Mankostil.

"It's alright. Things seem to have gone better than expected."

"Alliance Leader. How can you be so sure? We should at least ask what happened..."

"I can tell by the smell, even without asking. How things unfolded."

Sniff sniff.

Idelbert raised his nose and firmly pressed Balkan's abs with his tail.

Squeeze. Squeeze.

"Right? My disciple."

There was no point in lying in front of Idelbert's keen sense of smell.

'He must have figured out what I did with the Puppeteer as soon as I came up to the second floor.'

So the only thing to do was to obediently nod.

"It ended well."

"...Tch. I knew it."

After a bitter smile at the clumsy expression of love and concern for his disciple, he approached the Puppeteer's doll body.

The doll body that emerged from the cocoon had its severed arms restored.

The traces of the explosion it had taken head-on were also gone.

'...The recovery was much faster than expected.'

He had thought it would take a little less than three days, but if he hadn't been able to break her within two days, he might have allowed quite a big counterattack.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he approached the doll body and tore off the necklace.

A necklace emitting the dazzling color unique to artifacts.

The necklace, which looked precious at a glance, maintained its intact appearance without any cracks or damage despite the intense battle that had taken place.

He tried to open it forcefully, but it wouldn't budge easily.

It seemed to be an item that only the Puppeteer could open.

"What's that? It looks like an artifact with quite a high level of defensive magic..."

Professor Mankostil furrowed his brow as he looked at the necklace.

"The Puppeteer asked me to bring this while interrogating her."

"Hmm? What for? Since the Puppeteer carried it, I can sense magical energy from the necklace too... Hm? I can also sense a bit of divine power. Anyway, isn't it dangerous?"

"Hmm..."

Balkan trailed off.

Trying to find out information about the Hero... his sister through the Puppeteer was purely a personal investigation.

The punishment rights granted by Celsia only allowed him to interrogate and torture the Puppeteer.

Professor Mankostil wasn't the type to nitpick over small things, but if he honestly said he was extracting information for a different purpose, it could create unnecessary noise somewhere else.

"You don't need to worry about that, Professor."

An unexpected person chimed in there.

"Hm? What do you mean, Marchioness Rohart?"

"When I just went down to the basement, I saw Balkan Auster 'interrogating' the Demon of Greed. ...At least from what I saw, it didn't seem like the Demon of Greed would be able to use him to do anything foolish."

Professor Mankostil tilted his head with a bewildered expression at Marchioness Rohart's defense.

"Hmm...? Weren't you the one among us who distrusted Balkan the most until just now? Saying we shouldn't leave such a dangerous demon in the hands of a mere explorer."

"Ahem. That's... true. I honestly underestimated his abilities. But after seeing how he was interrogating the demon just now, I don't think we need to worry. His interrogation was... well, perfect... ahem. Quite impressive."

Idelbert's eyes narrowed as he saw the middle-aged knight blushing and clearing her throat.

'She saw my disciple. That bitch.'

Barely holding back a curse, Idelbert looked at his disciple.

"Do you still have more to interrogate?"

"Yes."

"...Then go finish it. We'll keep watch here."

"Aah..."

Sniff. Sniff. Huu...

The Puppeteer, still bound in restraints, buried her nose in the necklace as soon as she received it and inhaled deeply.

When she had her nose buried in the cock, her expression was lewd and dreamy, but when she smelled the necklace, her pupils focused as if she had been given a sedative.

"Now I'd like you to tell me what that is."

"Wait. Just a little more... Sniff... Huh... Please..."

There was no one else in the underground warehouse they had returned to.

Even No. 2, who had been brought to assist with the sexual acts, had been sent back up, so the only ones here were Balkan and the Puppeteer.

Perhaps because of that.

Unlike when Marchioness Rohart was present, the Puppeteer's voice had softened considerably.

How many minutes had passed like that?

The Puppeteer removed the necklace from her nose and carefully opened it.

Click.

With a small sound, the opened necklace contained a tuft of hair, small skin flakes, and a lump of divine power emitting a faint energy.

'I thought there would be a photo or mirror attached.'

As his eyes narrowed at the unexpected items, his gaze was drawn to the divine power contained in the necklace.

'That divine power is...?'

It feels strangely familiar.

A divine power much purer and of higher quality than what ordinary priests of the Mother Earth Order handle.

'It's similar to the divine power supplied by [Blessing of Radiance] and the divine power Serif handles...'

The Blessing of Radiance was a blessing obtained from the Labyrinth, and Serif was a noble existence called the saint of the Mother Earth Order.

And the divine power trapped in the Puppeteer's necklace emitted a very similar energy to those.

What this means is...

"Take it."

At that moment, as he was continuing his speculation.

The Puppeteer plucked a single hair from the tuft in the necklace and handed it to me.

After receiving and holding it in my hand, I asked the Puppeteer.

"What is this?"

"It's the Hero's pubic hair."

"...What?"

And, at the unexpected answer, my mind went blank.

"...What did you say...?"

"The Hero's pubic hair... her pussy hair."

"..."

Thud.

With a sensation like something snapping in my head, my body moved reflexively.

Squeeeeeze!!!

"Kuheueueueuk...?!!!!"

Instinctively grabbing the Puppeteer's breasts as if to crush them, I glared at her while grinding my teeth.

"You, this fucking, hey. You bitch..."

After swallowing a stream of disorganized curses for a while, I finally managed to speak coherently.

"...Why do you have this?"

It was a question mixed with pure curiosity and anger.

"The, the Hero is mortal too. When she was in her prime on the battlefield, she relieved her sexual urges..."

"...So-eun relieved her urges with someone like you?!"

Squeeeeeze!!!

"Th-that's not it, uuugh...♡"

The Puppeteer's eyes wavered between pain and pleasure at my touch filled with anger.

"I, I secretly snuck into her outpost while watching the Hero masturbate... and collected these treasures...!! Uuugh...♡"

My head spun with each confession from the Puppeteer.

"You crazy, perverted stalker bitch..."

'How dare she peep at my sister masturbating and keep the traces?'

This was beyond the level of an ordinary crazy bitch.

How greedy does one have to be for a woman to keep another woman's pubic hair... pussy hair?

As I suppressed my confused emotions, at that moment.

"It, it's similar...!"

The Puppeteer, whose face had reddened from the contemptuous insults, cried out.

"What?"

"That hair... and the pubic hair mixed in the semen you ejaculated so much yesterday... The genes contained in it, even the shape... Now, it's not just speculation... I'm really sure..."

As Balkan listened to the Puppeteer's confession, he realized one thing.

The information that allowed the Puppeteer to guess that he was the Hero's older brother.

That was precisely this.

But the Puppeteer's answer didn't stop there.

"Wrap, wrap that around your hand... and hold hands with me."

"...Wrap this, this hair... around my hand?"

"Yes."

When I asked again in disbelief, the Puppeteer nodded with sincere eyes.

"Then... I can show you my memories of the person with these genes."

334 - The Puppeteer's Memory

“I can show you my memories of the person with this gene.”

Memory sharing.

The speculation based on the Puppeteer's words was not wrong.

“To be precise... it’s closer to a form of experience.”

The Puppeteer can show her memories to others and allow them to experience it.

However, Balkan could not easily open his mouth, even when he saw the opportunity to face the truth.

‘Is there any value in that memory to commit an inhumane act?’

The conditions for experiencing memory sharing were more complicated than he had imagined.

It was too difficult a condition for him, unlike for others.

“.....”

He precariously lifted that treacherous tuft of hair with the tips of his thumb and index finger.

The conspiracy of the younger sister he had been searching for tirelessly...

The most secret tuft of hair belonging to his precious younger sister, who always followed him around calling him “oppa.”

This was not just a simple sense of betrayal.

A feeling of guilt and remorse rose from deep within his heart.

But.

‘...I’m sorry.’

Even so, he had to overcome it.

‘It’s all for you... so please forgive this oppa.’

Taking a deep breath to gather his resolve, he unraveled the curly hair and wrapped it around his middle finger.

“.....Hoo.”

Then he exhaled sharply.

Struggling to overcome the overwhelming sense of betrayal that felt like it would burn his brain, he looked at the Puppeteer.

“.....Ah...”

The Puppeteer was staring blankly at the Hero’s brother, who had wrapped part of the Hero in his hands.

The Puppeteer thought to herself, taking in the beautiful sight with her two eyes.

‘This is the best...’

The Hero, the being she had always wanted the most throughout the past, present, and future, and the Hero’s brother, who had awakened her to new sensations, had merged into one.

Gulp...

She unconsciously swallowed, feeling as if she were facing a supreme treasure that could not be bought even with billions.

‘I want it. So much... I want it.’

But now was not the time to express desire; it was time to keep a promise.

Swoosh.

The Puppeteer wrapped part of the Hero around her own finger and extended her hand toward the Hero's brother.

"Take it."

Balkan looked down at the Puppeteer, who had spoken to him with honorifics without even realizing it, with disdain and took a deep breath.

Finally, their hands overlapped.

Is this what it feels like to float on the sea without a tube?

Balkan was familiar with this strange sense of buoyancy and dizziness.

'Is this a mental image...?'

The last bastion protecting the spirit of life and the deep sea of the dream world, or a space where consciousness and unconsciousness converge.

A place where the history of a person's life is reflected.

That was the realm of mental imagery.

It felt different from the time he had forcibly invaded the mental imagery of Seriph, who had fallen into brainwashing using the Nightmare's abilities.

Seeing the scenery around him change in an instant, it was more similar to Bunny's case than Seriph's... but it was not exactly the same.

His body was not taking any action, yet the world passed by at its own whim.

It was like looking down at a desert.

The wind blowing from the desert, which seemed to be outside Labyrinth City, swept through his bangs.

‘A first-person video...’

It was neither an interactive mental image like with Seriph nor a place where the owner of the mental image could control everything like with Bunny.

It felt like watching a video made based on the Puppeteer’s memories.

Piiing—

He felt a faint sensation as if threads were moving at his fingertips.

It was not just enjoying a typical 2D movie; the Puppeteer’s memories felt real, like a 9D movie.

As the Puppeteer had said, he was experiencing her memories.

Clack! Clack—

The mouths of the puppets hanging at the end of the threads opened with a clack, and the magical cannons loaded inside fired.

Boom! Bang!

“Graaah!”

“Hold on! Hold on! Endure as much as you can!!”

As the black beams of mixed Mana and Magical Energy swept forward, the knights at the front, gripping their massive shields, gritted their teeth and blocked the attacks.

However, such resistance easily crumbled before the overwhelming energy.

The Puppeteer’s puppets, having completed their assigned task, closed their mouths with a clack and began the cooling process of the overloaded

magical cannons.

‘...If there had been just one of those, the battle would have been quite difficult.’

That must be the Puppeteer’s true puppets.

It was sheer luck that she hadn’t used them in the last battle.

“Haah, it’s really annoying... the knights of the kingdom.”

As her mouth opened of its own accord, a voice laced with irritation escaped.

Had the Puppeteer said something like this before?

In that moment, when she was at a loss for words at the mysterious phenomenon.

“I’ll sweep away the rest—”

“Not so fast.”

In an instant, a chilling sensation ran through her body, and a powerful aura flew from behind her.

‘This isn’t the chill I felt.’

The emotions the Puppeteer felt at that moment were affecting him.

Kaaang!

The Puppeteer’s vision turned back as she let the magical threads dangle to block the intangible strike.

There stood a woman holding a spear with a flag.

As if gathering the light of the world, the woman in white armor slammed her spear into the ground.

“Is that the Hero, the one who sealed jealousy and arrogance, rumored to possess pure Divine power?”

The words the Puppeteer spat out upon seeing the woman barely reached her ears.

Balkan felt all his nerves focused on the woman before him.

With long black hair and delicate features gathered on a small face.

A modest chest that wasn't too burdensome, a slender figure that seemed to straddle the line between Ellie and Densi.

A familiar face and a familiar body.

“Yes, I am the Hero.”

With a somewhat delicate aura, yet speaking with firm conviction.

‘So-eun...’

...The younger sister he had longed to see stood there.

Though it was just a memory, the fact that he could see his precious sister's figure with his own eyes brought a lump to his throat.

“Is that so? Then die.”

Bang!

And with the Puppeteer's mutter, a fist-sized hole was pierced through his sister's solar plexus.

The Puppeteer had condensed the threads into a solid form and shot them like a drill.

‘...Huh?’

Balkan tried to move urgently but could not move at all.

In this memory, only the experience was permitted.

As if it were impossible to change a history that had already passed.

Thud—

With a terrible sound, his sister collapsed helplessly.

The thread projectile pierced through her back, leaving a fist-sized hole in So-eun's solar plexus, and she fell without being able to retaliate.

For an ordinary person, it would be a fatal injury.

‘Ah, ah...’

In an instant, his mind turned completely white.

His rationality knew well that she hadn't died yet... but watching his sister bleed and collapse like a corpse was not an easy thing to bear.

He would rather endure torture than witness a precious person suffer like that.

As expected.

“.....Ptooeey!”

A miracle of healing, expelled with pure Divine power, wrapped around So-eun's body once and then she stood up again, perfectly fine.

With a somewhat casual expression, she spat out blood-stained phlegm.

“If you were going to shoot, you should have aimed for the head, you idiot.”

‘...Huh...?’

Was it because she had rolled around in this world for quite some time?

The younger sister, who had always been innocent and kind in front of her oppa, raised her middle finger at the Puppeteer while spouting somewhat heavy curses.

Balkan saw himself, adrenaline surging to the top of his head, in the changed appearance of his sister.

“Oh.”

Piiing! Piiing!

Before he could even be surprised by her unfamiliar yet familiar appearance, the Puppeteer, slightly impressed, tried to control the puppet that had melted the knights with the magical cannon.

But the puppets hanging at the end of the threads did not respond.

Creecak, creak...

“What...?! How did this happen?!”

In that fleeting moment, the puppets pierced by the spear lost their function and, unable to properly utilize the Mana contained within them, began to sputter.

Bang!

They exploded from within.

In the midst of confusion, the Puppeteer lost control of the battle, and the spearhead loomed over her brow.

Thud—

There was no twist.

The sensation of her brow being pierced was vividly felt, and Balkan and the Puppeteer opened their eyes in a different place.

“.....Did I die?”

If she hadn't cast the spell to resurrect in the form of a puppet in case of death, she would have surely died.

Despite being caught off guard, the humiliation of having been defeated by a human in that fleeting moment made the Puppeteer tremble while twisting her lips.

“.....Unexpectedly, I might be able to obtain a good puppet?”

If she played her cards right, she could have a powerful human capable of killing her instantly.

She had heard rumors that he had already sealed two demons, but she hadn't expected it to be to this extent.

“Good. I want it.”

To create a new weapon, the Puppeteer sprang up and let the threads dangle.

It was the beginning of her twisted obsession with the Hero.

From then on, the Puppeteer visited every battlefield where the Hero participated in the form of a puppet.

The second battle ended in a draw.

The third battle was a victory.

There was no carelessness, and she prepared artifacts and puppets that could seal her agile movements by reviving the memories of the battles she had fought so far.

But the decisive defeat was not due to such reasons.

“Y-Your Highness! Your Highness...!”

“Cough, it’s because of us...! We couldn’t avoid the attack...! Your Highness...!”

“Uwaaaah! Sniff, hwaaaah!”

The faces of citizens and knights filled with guilt, and the cries of children in their parents’ arms echoed high into the sky.

And before them stood the Hero, who had been split in half while protecting those fleeing, bleeding from his mouth.

The Puppeteer was engulfed in deep confusion.

Why?

Why didn’t he abandon them?

Why didn’t he avoid the attack to protect those bugs?

The Puppeteer, who had extended her threads to turn the Hero into a puppet, was left speechless.

“.....”

After deep contemplation, she retracted her threads.

The moment she turned away in her chaotic heart.

“...Oppa...”

A small voice flowed from the Hero’s bloodied lips.

“I want to see you...”

Balkan heard the voice of his younger sister calling him through the Puppeteer’s memory vision.

Creecak—

Blood seeped from his tightly clenched fist.

335 - The Puppeteer's Memory (2)

It was a strange feeling.

Was it because my anger had reached its limit?

I found myself staring blankly at the scene unfolding before me.

The Puppeteer was stitching up my younger sister's body, which had been split in half.

If there were enough time, she would heal through a miracle, but a faster healing had become possible.

“.....”

My exhausted sister could only watch as the Puppeteer, without delivering a final blow, turned away.

And just like that, the perspective shifted again.

Was it that shocking that my sister had sacrificed herself to protect others?

The Puppeteer, lost in deep thought, continued to follow the Hero into battle.

It was a fight where lives were at stake, but at some point, the Puppeteer no longer pressed the Hero to the point of death.

She had already seen the Hero save hundreds, even thousands of people.

Then one day.

“What the hell, Greed! Are you insane?!!!”

A woman, clearly irritated at first glance, grabbed the Puppeteer's neck.

“I caught the Hero. The kingdom's strongest asset! The Hero has already allied with Sloth and sealed Lust! And you let him go for no reason? You crazy bitch...”

The Puppeteer had released the Hero, who was presumed to be held by the Demon of Greed.

“.....”

She didn't respond at all.

She was simply torn apart by the Demon of Greed, labeled a traitor.

Once again, the Puppeteer possessed a new doll body and looked down at herself.

Suddenly, she felt that her doll body was far too crude.

And manipulating the magical threads, she began to sculpt a new body for her ideal doll.

Her hair would be a bit darker and longer.

Her eyes would be innocent yet sharp in some way.

Her breasts were too large, so she reduced them a bit, and added a little more flesh to her thighs...

“...Ah.”

The Puppeteer snapped back to reality and looked into a mirror.

There stood a doll body sculpted very similarly to the being that had recently filled her mind.

A doll modeled after the Hero...

“...There are no nipples or a vagina.”

Unknowingly murmuring this, the Puppeteer fell into contemplation while squeezing her soft breasts.

Having never seen the Hero's genitals, it was inevitable that she would struggle to sculpt them.

“...I could just look.”

With a swish.

From that day on, the Puppeteer stopped wearing clothes.

There was no need to.

She felt that her newly sculpted body was a beauty that could not be compared to anything in the world, so there was no need to cover this treasure with mere fabric and feel ashamed.

The naked Puppeteer headed to a new battlefield, causing chaos and continuing her battle with the Hero.

Now, the outcome was naturally a draw.

After draining the Hero's stamina, the Puppeteer pretended to retreat and secretly headed to the Hero's tent.

“...Hoo...”

There, the Hero, soaked in the fatigue of battle, was wiping his body with a hot towel after removing the heavy armor that had wrapped around him.

Being able to indulge in such luxury in the middle of the battlefield was the Hero's privilege.

With every wipe of warm water, his pure white skin flushed a rosy hue, radiating warmth.

The Puppeteer held her breath, suppressing her presence, and observed the scene.

‘.....’

Balkan tried to close his eyes but could not.

The Puppeteer's memories vividly displayed events as they were, and he could not escape by turning his head or closing his eyes.

And he gritted his teeth as he looked at his sister's body.

“Ugh...”

The cloth soaked in hot water moved toward his sister's armpit.

There, a faint burn stretched from her left forearm to her heart.

What surprised Balkan was that the burn on his sister's porcelain-like skin was 70%, but the other 30% was different.

‘She has a healing miracle that can restore even a severed body, yet she has burn scars?’

Then, what had the initial burn she suffered been like?

Moreover, it was not an injury inflicted by the Puppeteer, who used threads.

“The burn from being tortured by the Demon of Greed...”

“Who are you?!”

“...!”

The moment he faced that burn, the Puppeteer in his memories bit down hard, and the Hero, sensing an unfamiliar presence, drew his spear.

But the Puppeteer's stealth was at an exceptionally high level.

“...Is it an auditory hallucination...? Huh. This has been happening a lot lately...”

So-eun sighed deeply, having searched everywhere but not finding the Puppeteer, and lay down on the bed.

Then she pulled something out of the void.

It was a frame.

A picture of a man... no, a photograph was stored in the frame.

The photograph captured a realistic scene, as if it had been pulled from her memories, showing a familiar-faced man grinning while stretching her sister's cheek.

Naturally, the man in the photo was...

‘...me.’

It was a memory from when they first left the orphanage and lived together...

Before her sister fell ill and was hospitalized, they often played like that in their small room.

It was the hardest time in modernity, but it was the time when they were closest.

Whether the photograph was created by extracting memories through magic or artifacts, it contained powerful mana.

As if it were something that must never break or be damaged.

Gently, gently...

With a tender yet nostalgic gaze, So-eun caressed the frame and hugged it tightly to her chest.

“Oppa...”

A small smile bloomed on So-eun's lips as she uttered that word.

“It's almost over now... After four years... Just a little longer, and I can return to you, Oppa...”

Playfully smiling, the woman rolled around on the bed with the frame, murmuring softly to it.

“I heard the queen improved portal magic a few days ago, so we can even go back to our childhood... What do you think, Oppa? Then I would become older in mental age... Would that make me your older sister?”

So-eun's face lit up with a smile as if the thought was amusing.

“Well, I’m not sure if that would work out...”

After self-deprecatingly laughing, So-eun muttered to the frame for a while, then suddenly looked at it with a sticky gaze.

With a swish.

Cautiously lifting her head, she looked around again and crawled into the blankets.

Peck, peck...

“Ugh... Oppa...”

From within the blankets came the sound of something kissing, along with a small, sweet voice.

Time passed.

In the Puppeteer's doll body, the Hero's nipples and buttocks were delicately sculpted, and she fought several more battles.

But this battle was different from the previous WWE-like fights.

It was an all-out war to seal the Demon of Greed.

Leading the kingdom's great army, the Hero fought fiercely, eventually succeeding in driving his spear into the heart of the demon.

Through various battles, the Puppeteer's gaze toward the Hero had changed.

She saw the Hero thrusting a spear into her doll body.

When looking at the Hero from the Puppeteer's perspective, it was as if a flower garden had blossomed around him in a hallucination, with a halo shining behind him.

It felt like a cartoonish expression of the feelings of someone in love.

Amidst the fanatic obsession and greed, another emotion began to mix in.

“I need to seal him quickly. Hero. Greed is a nuisance like a cockroach.”

The Demon of Sloth, a traitor among demons, spread the sealing formation to seal the Puppeteer and spoke to the Hero.

The Puppeteer, ignoring Sloth, gazed intently at the Hero.

“Why do you want to protect this world?”

And then, she suddenly asked.

“You have a precious family that you search for. In a situation where you don’t even have time to look for your family, why do you stand on the side of the kingdom to punish us and side with the weak?”

“.....”

“I thought about it every time I saw you. How can you be so noble? Why did you save others? Clearly, you were in danger of dying, yet why did you act for others? Why? No, how?”

The Hero stared blankly at the Demon of Greed, who was spitting out words.

She also knew that despite the Puppeteer pushing her to the brink of death, in the end, she did not kill her.

“Returning home is secondary.”

Thus, there was a hint of minimal respect in her voice toward her opponent.

“If it were you, you wouldn’t have turned a blind eye to those unfortunate people.”

‘No.’

Balkan, looking at her from the Puppeteer's perspective, simply shook his head.

Unlike his sister's thoughts, he did not possess such a kind heart.

He was too busy taking care of the precious people he could grasp.

He felt no need or reason to fight for the nameless masses, nor did he have to.

But his sister, who grew up watching her brother, had fought thinking of him.

She believed that her brother would surely protect the weak... others, just as he had fed and supported her when she was sick and frail.

“Ah...”

Only after hearing his sister's response did the Puppeteer realize the feelings she had for the Hero.

An intense attraction and desire for an existence that was fundamentally incomprehensible fanned her flames.

She wanted that one person, who was more incomprehensible than all others.

The vast greed that had wanted to possess the entire world now focused solely on one person.

“Then, I will definitely return someday to witness your vow.”

The twisted embodiment of greed muttered to the Hero.

“The unfortunate and vulgar humans you tried to save are creatures that are not worth living. That thought has not changed even now. There’s no need for a superior being like you to suffer losses to protect them. But... I became curious.”

The Puppeteer genuinely became curious.

“Were those wriggling bugs truly worth saving...? Will those bugs ever become beings that can make sacrifices as noble as your toenails?”

Having set a new unfulfilled wish for her life, the Puppeteer declared.

“I will definitely keep watch.”

With those words, she was sealed.

And the memory sharing ended.

“Ki—”

Puhhhhhh!!!

The Puppeteer's brow, which was about to ask how the memory experience was, was smashed into the distant wall by a fist.

Crack!

Her nose broke, and the binding that had restrained her body was torn away by the overwhelming shockwave.

Boom!

“Ugh, cough, hack— Ugh...!”

The punch that instantly caved in her face caught Kkachili's nerves off guard.

Pure pain devoid of pleasure.

As the Puppeteer struggled, frowning at the pain, Kkachili delivered a second shock to her nerves.

“Ugh, ugh, ughhh...!”

Blood dripped from the Puppeteer's nose, which had been smashed against the wall, and intense sensations beyond the limits of the blows began to spread like punishment in her mouth and vagina.

“Why, why... suddenly...”

“Why?”

Balkan scoffed at her absurd words.

“Why are you asking why now?”

“...Ah, no... I...”

“Huh...”

Balkan suddenly felt a sharp tug at the back of his head.

He had never wanted to smoke in his life, but now he felt like burning a cigarette on that woman's brow and tongue.

But simple venting of anger was meaningless.

“This is the price for the karma you’ve accumulated until now. Be grateful that it ended with just one punch.”

This punch was a price for having mercilessly wounded the Hero while claiming to be the Hero's brother.

“Y-yes...”

Just because her face was smashed didn't mean her intelligence was shattered.

The Puppeteer nodded urgently, understanding his words.

Pat, pat.

Feeling the heavy palm that patted her shoulder, the Puppeteer looked up to meet Balkan's emotionless gaze.

Balkan was not as furious as before.

Having experienced the memories of the Demon of Greed, various thoughts crossed his mind, but one thing was certain.

‘I must stop it.’

His sister, who believed that her brother would surely stop the wicked and protect the weak, had sacrificed her own body to seal the demons and save this world.

Though some questions remained, traces of his sister and her achievements still lingered in this world.

The sealing of the demons.

He must carry on the legacy of his sister's noble endeavor.

‘I will kill all the demon worshippers.’

Terrorists who would do anything to resurrect the demons.

‘I must endure all those who seek to diminish the meaning of my sister's achievements.’

Even if he tried not to get involved with them, he eventually fought them as if it were fate.

Thus, the task remained the same.

‘I still haven’t seen detailed stories about the kings or summons during the Great War through the Puppeteer’s memories.’

This was likely because the Puppeteer had not purely seen those memories.

Even if he asked Celsia or the queen using the debt he owed them, he would not be able to know their feelings at that time.

But he already knew how to resolve this question.

It was the same as what he had mentioned earlier.

‘In the end, I must go to the Labyrinth again.’

The layers of multiples of five.

The fountains of the 20th and 25th layers.

In the place where he could meet the Fragment of the Earth Mother that he had not yet entered... he would be able to obtain various answers.

And beyond that, there was also a fountain on the 30th layer.

To descend to deeper layers, strengthening his power was inevitably required.

So Balkan spoke to the Puppeteer.

“Puppeteer.”

“Yes?”

“I know that you were ultimately influenced by the Hero. I felt the emotions you experienced as well.”

“.....”

“You are a demon born of trash, but you saw the light of redemption through the Hero. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have been so shaken by seeing the Hero save others. You have awakened to the right path.”

Pat, pat.

Balkan patted the Puppeteer's shoulder and locked eyes with the woman who was staring at him blankly.

“To continue doing the right thing in the future, I need your help.”

“M-my help?”

“Yes. Your help.”

With a swish.

“Out of special generosity, I will leave your mind intact. Whether I imprison you and use you as a sex toy or use you as a makeshift toilet, it’s up to me.”

“...Huh?”

The massive, oversized axe, Bunny, drawn from behind Balkan, gleamed with its sharp blade even in the darkness.

“Calmly, transfer all the power you’ve accumulated until now to me.”

“W-what...?”

The Puppeteer, flustered, swallowed hard as Bunny's teeth loomed over her neck.

‘The hint for separating power was felt when I received the power of diligence from the Demon of Sloth.’

“Decide.”

Crunch, crunch...

Bunny's sharp teeth seemed ready to devour the Puppeteer, who wore Densi's body, at any moment.

“Will you die here and turn into a Soulstone?”

Or...

“Or will you transfer all your power and lose your life as a demon, living like an ordinary human?”

The corners of the demon's mouth trembled as it faced the two choices.

336 - Tara Denshi, the Puppeteer

Intert, a worshiper of the Demon of Greed and Denshi's teacher, looked up at the sky with a chilling sensation.

"...What is it?"

There was no particular change in the clear sky, but Intert instinctively felt that something strange was happening.

"Greed...?"

Intert, who was in the Labyrinth, blankly looked up at the ground where her master would be.

She couldn't even imagine that something would happen to her powerful master...

But the strange emptiness she felt now was enough to bring about a sense of unease.

"Master... Greed...! Great Demon of Greed! Has something happened to you?"

There was no answer to the question.

It was the Demon of Greed who always conveyed her will through Magical threads and telepathy.

She had never failed to respond for so long.

"...Could it be..."

Did something happen?

As anxious thoughts swirled in Intert's mind,

Wooooong—

The empty feeling inside her began to fill again.

".....?"

It felt as if her power had disappeared and then been replenished in an instant.

The emptiness was filled again, but Intert felt deep anxiety and embarrassment at the strange feeling.

'...Something happened on the ground.'

It was already a judgment close to certainty.

Her steps, filled with anxiety, headed straight for the ground.

"No."

The Puppeteer said, trembling.

"To me... to me, to live an ordinary life without any power...?"

It was expected.

For the Puppeteer, a life as an ordinary human was no different from death.

She would be living a life below the humans she had so despised and scorned, considering they had no power. Of course, she wouldn't like it.

"Yeah. You have to live that kind of life."

But he would make it so.

"Because that's the first step to washing away the sins you've committed and atoning for them."

The Puppeteer had killed many people.

Controlled by the desire for greed, she had plundered much and hurt many.

And her sister was also included in those who were hurt.

However, the Puppeteer pondered about humans little by little as she watched her sister's good deeds, and although it was because of her own desires, she stopped hurting the Hero.

As a minimum consideration for that, he decided not to take the Puppeteer's life.

"You don't have any regrets about death anyway. You just want to see your Unfulfilled Wish come true."

The Puppeteer's Unfulfilled Wish.

To see a lowly human born in the Outlaw Zone, whom she herself described as a bug, have the conviction to sacrifice himself for others.

And to kill the person who has such a noble conviction with her own hands.

He would never allow the latter, but he could fulfill the first Unfulfilled Wish to some extent.

"The Densi you possessed will definitely become the person you want. Even if she can't be the noblest person in the world, she's at least someone who can willingly give her life for one person."

Densi threw herself to protect her master from the Elder Lich's explosion.

There is no need to explain her spirit of sacrifice now.

The Puppeteer must have seen it too.

Densi was a lowly human born in the Outlaw Zone, but she had the conviction to sacrifice herself for others, and the Puppeteer's Unfulfilled Wish had already been fulfilled.

"So now, be satisfied and give up. Demon of Greed."

"My main body has already finished recovering."

The Puppeteer retorted to the question urging her to give up.

"Thanks to you smashing the restraints, I have enough power to leave this building with the Puppet curse on it. And you're still telling me that? Don't you know who's in the superior position now?"

"I know. I know very well."

Balkan pointed Bunny at the Puppeteer's neck and moved forward.

"You can't hurt me anymore. You know that better than anyone else, don't you?"

"....."

At those words, the Puppeteer remained silent and hurriedly wrapped her arms around her body... her chest, and closed her thighs.

Tap. Tap.

When he didn't stop at words and tapped her head indifferently, the Puppeteer's whole body trembled.

Seeing Densi's face trembling like that reminded him of Densi in her very prickly days.

The Densi from her Outlaw Zone days, who trembled every time he gave her medicine and pounced on her, only to be counterattacked and beaten up...

The Puppeteer, who had received two days and nights of Boji Pangpang re-education, was in a much more serious state than Densi at that time.

"If you can't hurt me, are you going to hurt the people around me? Go ahead. I'm confident I'll make it the most regrettable choice you'll ever

make."

Tap. Tap tap.

The Puppeteer suppressed her trembling body as she looked at Balkan, who was now tapping her cheeks and saying that.

His words were not wrong.

She had spoken words close to threats in her haste, but she knew her condition best.

Trembling...

Her body and mind, which had been defeated as a female after being injected with ecstatic pleasure for two days and nights, were refusing to resist his will.

Rather, it was urging her to agree to his words quickly.

In the end, there was only one action the Puppeteer could take.

"I, I'm sorry."

The Puppeteer hurriedly grabbed Balkan's leg, knelt down, and looked up at him.

"I apologize for everything I've done in the past, including harassing the Hero and everything I've done to you. I can't expect you to accept this apology easily... but I'm really, really sorry. I'll live atoning for it. So, so please... please..."

Did she hate becoming an ordinary person that much?

Balkan, who was looking down at the greedy demon in front of him with contempt, felt Bunny vibrating.

[Balkan.]

[Why.]

[This body doesn't know what you're thinking, but if you're seriously thinking about the future, I'd like to give you some advice.]

[Advice? From you?]

[...What, you don't want to listen to this body's advice?]

Bunny clicked her tongue as if dumbfounded at the question filled with absurdity.

[No, it's not that... Do you have something else in mind?]

When he asked again, Bunny said in a slightly grumpy voice.

[That guy is trash, but it's a waste to kill him. Even if you share power. Killing him right now... is a real waste.]

It wasn't compassion as a fellow demon.

Bunny was really saying that killing the Puppeteer was a waste for his future, that is, inefficient.

[The foundation of that guy's ability is Magical threads. He can draw out Mana so thinly that ordinary people can't even see it, and handle hundreds of strands at the same time. That technique is only possible because he's invested dozens or hundreds of years in handling Magical threads.]

Certainly, even if it was a puppet, it wasn't as simple as it sounded to restore the body on its own, shoot delicate threads like bullets, and even control others.

It was only possible with godlike Mana control skills.

'Even if I share power with myself or someone else, I'm not sure if I can use it properly.'

If he was an enemy, he was too threatening, and if he was an ally, he was a more reliable force than anything else... but the scariest thing was something else.

[More than anything, the Puppet curse that guy put on is the problem.]

[.....]

[If you kill Greed, tens of thousands of Puppet curses will be lifted. It'll be good news for some... but wouldn't it be disappointing for others? Not hundreds or thousands. Tens of thousands. It's a number that would be left over even if you ate until you burst. Well, it's not like this body would burst with just that much.]

Even in a world where there are people with superhuman powers, the power of numbers is still strong.

Who would win if 40,000 ordinary people fought against a high-level explorer?

Moreover, those 40,000 people are not just ordinary people...

Besides, it can also be used for the purpose of causing chaos, like the Outlaw Zone riot this time.

If there is an eyesore force, you can completely destroy it with a Puppet click.

It's truly becoming a one-man army.

[Today's friend may become tomorrow's enemy, and today's enemy may become tomorrow's friend. That's a power that's too good to disappear like this... Besides, look at that.]

Sniffle. Sniffle.

When he lowered his head at Bunny's words, he saw the Puppeteer sobbing with snot and tears on her sunken face.

"I'll never, never do that again... Please, please..."

[The sight of him begging for forgiveness while clinging to a male's leg and crying doesn't look like the infamous Demon of Greed, at least not in this body's eyes. He's already broken. You smashed him and made him submit. With your dick and fists.]

[.....]

As he pondered her words, Bunny said softly.

[Well, even so, it's just this body's opinion. It's up to you to judge the value of the spoils.]

[...No, thank you. It helped me make a decision.]

[.....Hmph. I, is that so...? Well, then I'm fine too...]

When he replied to Bunny, who had given him advice on his decision, in a gentle voice, she grumbled in a strangely embarrassed voice.

Yeah.

What he needed right now was not punishment, but practical benefits.

As Bunny said, separating the power from the Puppeteer had more demerits than merits.

In other words, he needed a way to preserve the Puppeteer's power, but prevent her from acting like a demon.

"It's a Contract. Puppeteer."

".....!"

"I'll reject taking away your power. Instead, from now on, you must not hurt a single person without my permission. You must not make them into puppets, and you must not kill them. The trickery to achieve your Unfulfilled Wish is over now."

"....."

The Puppeteer nodded without arguing.

She instinctively knew that this was the final compromise.

It was an unequal Contract that unilaterally imposed conditions on the Puppeteer, but considering the debt she owed, it was also a very generous Contract.

"If you break the Contract like last time, you know what will happen best, right?"

"Yes, yes..."

Trickle trickle trickle...

Yellow urine trickled out from the Puppeteer's lower body at the cold voice.

Her bladder, which had been loosened by constantly going for the past two days, released like a faucet when she heard the oppressive voice.

The Puppeteer, who had been trembling, stared blankly at the liquid she had just peed.

She had wet herself just from the fear of pleasure and violence firmly embedded in her mind.

The moment she realized that, the Puppeteer laughed hollowly inside.

Her life was now completely over.

"An unfamiliar ceiling..."

The first thing Densi saw when she opened her eyes was the ceiling of the shelter.

"You're awake?"

When she turned her gaze to where the gentle but heavy male voice was coming from, Densi's eyes were filled with the face and body of her master holding a recovery Potion.

The moment she saw that face, unlike the previous Link, the memories of when the Puppeteer had taken over her body slowly began to return.

The memories of the Puppeteer doing Mazo play with her master with her body, her uterus being crushed, her uterus being filled with sticky semen, and even signing a lifetime of subservient slave Contracts.

"Ugh, ugh.....!"

Just as she was feeling an emotion that made her want to go crazy with resentment at the fact that she had missed out on those ecstatic experiences,

"Densi. You may be embarrassed, but... I have something to tell you."

"A, something to tell me...?"

"Yeah. It's a chance for you to become as strong as me... or maybe even stronger. Of course, the choice is yours."

Densi's master said in a serious voice.

But Densi was embarrassed.

Sadly, the gap between master and slave was quite wide.

Even though she had made a Contract with the demon with the determination to protect her master.

But there was no way that gap could be easily narrowed...

But he said in a calm voice as if he wanted her to just trust him.

"Ride the Puppeteer. Densi."

".....Yes?"

The moment she heard that voice.

—...Hello.

A voice was heard from within Densi.

"Uh..."

The moment she heard that voice, Densi's heart pounded loudly.

There was no way she could forget this voice.

The voice that asked her if she needed the power to protect her master.

And the voice of the bitch who stole her body and enjoyed all sorts of play with her master.

"Y, you bi—"

The moment Densi waved her hands wildly in anger to catch the voice coming from her heart.

Peeeeeeeing!

A Magical thread flashed and split the ceiling.

"Ugh, ueet...?!?"

Densi's mind was flustered, but her body moved faithfully according to instinct.

She tried to hug him tightly to protect her master from the collapsing ceiling first, but the ceiling was collapsing a little faster.

The moment Densi hurriedly reached out her hand towards the ceiling.

—Put the target in the center... switch.

Peeeing!

Seogeogeogeogeok!

Once again, a Magical thread flashed, and the huge ceiling that was collapsing was diced into small pieces and fell down with a crash.

Tok, tok tok...

"Ugh, uh...? Huh...?"

Densi, who had been hit on the head a few times by the ceiling that had fallen from the ceiling... no, a few dice pieces, was full of embarrassment.

Densi, who had protected her master by accident and even diced the collapsing ceiling, looked at her hand with a dazed look.

"M, Master? W, what is this...?"

When Densi looked at her master with a bewildered expression, he was nodding with a somewhat satisfied face.

337 - Tara Denshi, the Puppeteer (2)

Before Densi woke up in the shelter.

Balkan, having subdued the Puppeteer, had the opportunity to meet Celsia.

“Really, you did it in just three days...”

“Because I promised.”

Given the circumstances, as soon as she heard the news that the interrogation was over, Celsia rushed to the underground warehouse and faced Balkan and the Puppeteer, who was kneeling with arms raised beside him.

It was as if a child who had misbehaved in front of an adult was being punished.

It was hard to believe that this was the same Demon of Greed who had fought for his life just a few days ago, such was the change in demeanor.

But that wasn't the only change.

“Please accept this.”

“Hmm? What is this...?”

“It's a letter of remorse.”

“A letter of remorse?”

“A letter of remorse written by the Puppeteer.”

“...Wait a minute, Balkan. Are you saying this demon wrote a letter of remorse?”

“Yes.”

Celsia stared blankly at Balkan, who calmly answered her question and handed her the paper.

She took the paper and examined its contents.

There were scribbled words that looked as if they had been hastily written by hand.

[=I have no intention of apologizing for breaking the contract with the foolish Late King=]

The first line was marked with two bold red lines, as if someone had edited it.

Seeing that edit, Celsia recalled her childhood when she was educated by the Queen as a princess.

Her kind grandmother was stricter than anyone else during lessons, and if she got a similar problem wrong more than once, she would hit her calves with a switch.

‘Could it be that the Demon of Greed...?’

She looked at the Puppeteer, who was still in Densi’s body, but there were no red marks on her calves.

Instead, there was a clear imprint of Balkan’s large hand on her backside.

[I violated the non-aggression contract with the Late King and occupied the Outlaw Zone, committing acts of rebellion.]

After the spanking, it seemed the Puppeteer accepted the edits, as below the crossed-out line, a longer letter of remorse was written in an even more crooked manner.

To summarize the content very simply, it went like this.

[I'm really sorry. Can we just forget about this? Instead, I'll stand by the kingdom from now on.]

In addition to the unilateral surrender, she proposed a contract not to engage in hostile acts against the kingdom.

This was not the loose non-aggression contract she had previously made with the Late King, which had penalties she could endure, but an absolute contract that guaranteed her life.

There was nothing bad in the content, but the phrase at the end of the paper caught Celsia's attention.

[However, the only being who can give direct orders to the Demon of Greed is the explorer Balkan.]

“This content...”

“They said that was something they couldn't compromise on.”

Balkan shook his head as he said this.

Upon hearing that, Celsia rested her chin on her hand.

‘Are they saying they won't recognize any orders unless they come from the one who made them kneel?’

Her instincts as a woman rang a peculiar alarm, but there was no other way.

The Puppeteer was not someone they could easily execute, and even if they imprisoned her in any facility, she was strong enough to find a way out.

Yet, this formidable being declared her intention to live obediently under one man.

‘There's no one more suitable than that...’

From the royal perspective, Balkan was a trustworthy figure.

He had enslaved the worshiper of the Demon of Gluttony, made a Familiar Contract with the worshiper of the Demon of Lust, killed the worshiper of the Demon of Jealousy, and had distanced himself from the worshiper of the Demon of Sloth. No one else in this world had such a record.

He even pointed a sword at the worshipers of the Demons of Wrath and Pride to save a princess.

He had humiliated the Demon of Greed, making her kneel and raise her arms.

In many ways, he was incredibly compatible with those related to demons.

“Well, there’s really no need for further judgment. Tsk...”

When Celsia returned to the royal palace and reported what had happened in the underground warehouse, Queen Teles de Arlonia chuckled and stroked her chin.

Seeing the smile on her face, Celsia anxiously asked.

“Your Majesty. Is it really alright to entrust the control of the demon to him? He’s just been captured.”

“You sound so worried, Celsia. Are you perhaps concerned that your lover might fall for the demon’s sweet talk?”

“Th-that’s not it! Ugh, it’s not like that...”

“Tsk tsk! What do you mean it’s not? Just hide that red face of yours.”

“Ugh...”

Seeing her granddaughter’s flushed face, Queen Teles chuckled softly, recalling the man she had seen before.

‘Back then, I should have forced a marriage between him and my granddaughter...’

Even though she had thought he was quite the warrior at that time, she never expected he would achieve such feats in such a short time.

It was a delightful miscalculation in many ways.

“Leave the matter of the Demon of Greed to him. With Diana by his side, there shouldn’t be any major issues.”

“Understood.”

“Oh, and... before you go, bring one of the royal mages.”

“A royal mage?”

“Yes.”

Queen Teles nodded with an expression full of interest.

“I heard Ellie Ordia has been researching Portal magic recently?”

Balkan openly shared with Densi how he came to have not only the authority to punish the Puppeteer but also the power to control her.

“So, the Puppeteer’s true self is currently trapped in the inn room, and you made it so that we can coexist through the Puppet curse?”

“She can be alone most of the time, but through simple words, you can accept the Puppeteer’s consciousness whenever you want and use her power.”

In other words, unlike before when the Puppeteer lost consciousness when using the Link.

Now, both the Puppeteer’s and Densi’s consciousness could coexist, allowing Densi to choose to connect or disconnect at will.

It was permissible to carry the Puppeteer's true self around, but she had voluntarily locked herself in her room, claiming she would accept at least minimal punishment.

'In truth, that's just an excuse; she probably just likes Densi's body.'

Thanks to having repeatedly linked with Densi's body several times, the Puppeteer had become familiar enough with her body to exert her power.

It was only possible for Densi, who had a high compatibility with the Puppeteer, to exert as much power as her true self.

"Then, it's not that I'm riding the Puppeteer, but rather the Puppeteer is riding my body, right?"

"It's all about the nuance. The one who permits the Puppeteer's Link is you, after all."

"Hmm..."

At that, Kkachili rested her chin on her hand.

To put it simply, the relationship between the Puppeteer and Kkachili was one of 'bad blood.'

After all, the Puppeteer had stolen Densi's first time like a thief.

"If you don't want to use the Puppeteer's power, you don't have to. You don't need to worry about being abandoned for such a trivial reason. I'm just letting you know that this option exists."

"No! No... It's still hard to forgive the Puppeteer, but if I can use that power, I should make use of it. It's just..."

Densi murmured in a slightly regretful voice.

"I wanted to grow stronger to protect my master and be recognized proudly, but... it feels like I'm using a shortcut, and that bothers me a bit."

Grrr...

Densi clenched her fist with a frustrated expression.

Having once lost her master, she was determined to grow stronger to protect him.

However, in the face of overwhelming growth, her efforts seemed insufficient, and she didn't like the situation of having to use the power of the being that had taken away her precious memories with her master.

"Densi..."

"...! N-no! Please don't say anything to worry about! If I apologize after receiving this, I'll really look like a fool! ...And besides, this is my vow."

As she was about to say something to comfort her, Densi desperately waved her arms and head.

"I won't remain as just a medium using the Puppeteer's power. I will be the arrowhead and shield that protects my master. I will thoroughly utilize the Puppeteer's power and hone it, and someday, I will definitely protect my master with my own strength! Let's give it a try!"

Densi said with a determined expression.

What more could be done in response to the admirable resolve of a slave who vowed to protect her master?

"Kid. I always believe in you."

"Ehehe."

Balkan ruffled Densi's hair messily.

Even though they shared the same body, the sensation of petting was distinctly different if a person's inner self was different.

With the Puppeteer's capture, the riot that had occurred in the Outlaw Zone was somehow brought to a close.

The rioters and the fools had been returned to their original state by the Puppeteer, but she couldn't heal the injured who had been harmed in the process.

"The temple can no longer accept any more injured. The shelter is full of them!"

"Due to the monsters that burst out with magical energy last time, the explorers who were injured are still healing, and there are just as many people hurt from the riot..."

"I heard that a low-level explorer who lost his left arm in the Labyrinth missed the healing opportunity because there were too many people at the temple. Unless it's a top-grade potion that only a few can use, the supply of mid to low-grade potions can't keep up with the demand, so now he'll be a one-armed man for life."

Even now, there were murmurs throughout Labyrinth City.

"How is Seriph doing these days?"

In the quiet inn, Balkan asked Idelbert as he brought him a beer.

"The higher-ups of the order are quite busy. They have to prepare the Pacification Ritual for the Labyrinth."

He had heard that the higher-ups of the Mother Earth Order were busy preparing the Pacification Ritual around the time of the Labyrinth's tumultuous premonitions.

'Speaking of which, High Priest Kulid invited me to the Pacification Ritual.'

"Are you curious about the Pacification Ritual, my disciple?"

Idelbert, having sensed his disciple's thoughts through smell and presence, tilted his glass.

“Yes.”

“It sounds grand, but it's nothing special. You just go into the Labyrinth, pour out Divine power, and pray. Please don't let anything bad happen during the premonition— that's all.”

“...Does that actually work?”

“It must have some effect since there haven't been any premonitions for the past ten years. This time, I don't know what will happen. More importantly, take this.”

Shrugging his shoulders, Idelbert glanced around before handing something over.

A gold badge shining brightly.

It was not just any gold badge.

It was an Identification Badge proving the status of a high-level explorer.

“You've accomplished things, so it's only right that you rise to a higher place.”

“.....!”

Balkan lifted the golden Identification Badge as if entranced.

High-level explorer.

A warrior who had reached level 50 was more than qualified to receive that shining recognition.

“My disciple... no, high-level explorer Balkan.”

And becoming a high-level explorer meant he had become a being who would delve deeper into the layers.

“You have a named request.”

The fact that it was not just any named request was evident simply from the fact that the person delivering the request was the leader of the Explorer’s Union.

“...Who requested the request?”

In response to that question, Idelbert pointed his finger toward the sky.

Understanding the meaning, Balkan suppressed a hollow laugh.

...It was a request directly issued by the royal family.

338 - Sweet Night

Balkan stared blankly, mouth agape, at Idelbert's explanation.

"...You're taking the citizens injured in the riots to the Labyrinth?"

"To be precise, we're taking them to the fountain on the floors that are multiples of 5 to drink the healing water. Up to the 10th floor only, as the 15th is too dangerous."

Moving citizens to the Labyrinth to heal them?

What kind of insane plan was this?

Not only him, but any other explorer would be dumbfounded upon hearing this plan.

Taking ordinary people who had never even set foot in the Labyrinth, and injured ones at that, into the Labyrinth?

"Isn't that overkill?"

Currently, the Outlaw Zone of Labyrinth City was half-paralyzed with the overwhelming number of injured.

With the number reaching hundreds, perhaps even thousands, it was a situation that couldn't be resolved by simply procuring Potions.

But to make such a simple and incompetent decision to soak the injured in the fountain to see the effects of the healing water?

And from the royal family, no less?

"It's more than overkill; it's tearing the belly open. That's how significant the real purpose is."

"So, healing the citizens is just a superficial reason, and there's another purpose?"

Idelbert nodded at his question.

"It's to restore the function of the paralyzed temple. You're aware of the wailing coming from near the temple these days, aren't you?"

"Yes, well..."

Where else would the injured from Labyrinth City go?

They would go to the temple that performed miracles of healing in the name of Mother Earth to receive treatment.

Back when they went to subjugate the Elder Lich.

The temple's infirmary was packed due to the hordes of Monsters tainted with Magical Energy, and that situation hadn't been fully resolved even now.

And then, a massive number of ordinary citizens who had become rioters and fools in the Outlaw Zone and sustained injuries were dumped there.

In addition, explorers who were injured in the Labyrinth or visited the temple to confirm blessings and curses joined the crowd.

Thanks to this, the Order of Mother Earth had become so crowded with people that there wasn't even room to set foot.

The priests who were healing people one by one were barely holding on, claiming that this was also a trial given by Mother Earth.

"With the Labyrinth Predicament not far off, we can't have the temple in chaos. They are an important force."

"Because of the Pacification Ritual?"

"That too, but during the Predicament, Monsters often flow backward out of the Portal, so it's to prepare for that. There's no guarantee that it won't happen this time either—"

"Wait a minute."

Balkan urgently moved closer, startled by the new information.

Idelbert's cat tail swayed slightly as her disciple suddenly approached, but she soon composed herself and asked.

"What, what is it, disciple?"

"During the Predicament, Monsters can come out of the Labyrinth through the Portal?"

"Yes. I experienced it once or twice when I was young. Historically, it's a much more common occurrence. Didn't this master tell you?"

"No. But, last Predicament, there weren't any Monsters coming out of the Labyrinth..."

"Just because it didn't happen last time doesn't mean it won't happen this time. If the Labyrinth were that simple, would it be called the Labyrinth?"

It was too true to argue with.

The Labyrinth was a place where the word unpredictable was embodied.

The way to survive there was not through thorough records and calculations, but through flexible responses and improvisation.

"When this master was an apprentice Paladin, a Monster from the 11th floor even came up to the surface."

"A Monster from the 11th floor came up to the surface...?"

"Due to the explosive proliferation of Monsters, the environment of the floors changes, and Monsters from the 30th floor head to the 20th floor, and

Monsters from the 20th floor head to the 10th floor."

The Predicament, which brought upheaval to the Labyrinth.

That change also included the number of Monsters.

The Monsters, whose numbers had become too great, continued to flow backward to the upper floors.

Hordes of Monsters pouring out throughout the one night when the Labyrinth entry Portal opened.

'...There was a reason why Diana and Idelbert told me not to enter the Labyrinth during the last Predicament cycle.'

Listening to Idelbert's story, Balkan realized how lightly he had taken the phenomenon of the Predicament.

If he had been swept away by the wave of Monsters when he was a pathetic newbie, survival would have been unlikely.

"In a situation where Monsters are flowing backward from the Labyrinth, the power of the Order is certainly needed. Whether it's healing miracles or anti-magic miracles."

In a war-like situation where Monsters from the Labyrinth flowed backward through the Portal, the role of the temple, which could save people, would become even more important.

However, if they continued to heal the injured one by one as they were doing now, the Divine power of the temple would be greatly weakened.

The higher-ups were trying to make the temple function properly, even if it meant being unreasonable, to prepare for such an event.

The answer that came out of that was the plan to take the injured to the healing fountain in the Labyrinth.

The healing water of the fountain evaporated the moment they left that floor, so they had no choice but to take people directly.

"Good, you understand quickly. If the injured are left as they are, there's a possibility of an epidemic, and more than 40% of the injured are explorers or people who know how to use force, so it's a waste to just let them rot. It's a somewhat extreme choice, but it can't be helped."

Balkan nodded at Idelbert's words and muttered softly.

"If the royal family is preparing for a crisis to this extent..."

"They must have obtained information that things are going to turn out badly. In fact, before capturing the Puppeteer, we heard news that there was a small crack in the seal of the Demon of Wrath on the 30th floor."

Balkan nodded at Idelbert's words.

The royal family seemed to have already anticipated that this Predicament would be quite significant.

"I heard that the Predicament cycle is in a month... If we're taking hundreds of people to the 5th floor within that time, it seems like time is tight."

"Of course, you're not doing it alone."

From the Union, there were three reliable high-level explorers and twenty mid-level explorers.

From the temple, there were thirty mid-to-high-level Paladins and priests.

From the royal family, there was one direct knight order battalion.

"It's a large-scale operation involving about a hundred mid-level explorers... but you don't have to worry about it. The task the royal family has entrusted to you is not transporting the injured."

Everything she had said so far was just to inform him of the situation and explain the outline of the task.

Idelbert said that the main point was from now on.

"Ellie Ordia."

And, an unexpected name flowed from her mouth.

"...Ellie, the Ellie I know?"

"That's right. Diana's daughter."

He felt dumbfounded.

Why Ellie suddenly in this kind of situation... No.

If he thought about it for a moment, the answer came quickly.

'Is it because of Portal magic...!'

There was no magic as convenient as that for moving people.

Idelbert glanced at Diana's room in the inn for a moment, then looked back at Balkan and said.

"The request the royal family has made to you is to escort the royal court magician, Ellie Ordia."

"I said I would do it. Her Majesty the Queen asked if I could help."

Two days after the conversation with Idelbert.

Ellie, who had returned to the inn from the royal palace after a long time, answered that way when asked why she had accepted such a task.

"It's an important task, isn't it? It's also a task that can save injured people, not just one or two, but hundreds, thousands... Of course, I have to help."

Her answer was so pure that Balkan, who was standing there blankly, unknowingly asked why?

"Yes? Why what? ...Ah. Is it because I went into the Labyrinth again?
...Hehe... I'm sorry about that. I decided to restrain myself."

"No, it's not that... Why did you say you would help those people?"

".....? Do I need a reason?"

His mind went blank again at that answer.

"Ah, the Queen said she would give me generous research support and compensation... But even if it wasn't for that, I should do it if it's something I can help with."

Ellie, with a pure expression, paused for a moment and then smiled brightly.

"Brother saved me when I was almost kidnapped, and he fought the demon to protect others this time too, right? You don't know how much your story is being told in the royal palace these days, do you?"

Ellie looked at him as if he were her admiration and pride.

The elven magician girl, who had been watching the back of the man who had saved, helped, and rescued her many times...

She also wanted to become someone who could show miracles to others, just as he had shown her miracles many times.

"Besides, thanks to Brother helping me with various Portal magic research during the last Labyrinth trip, I've become quite skilled at grasping the coordinates of Portal magic! Before, I used Portal magic with just a simple feeling, so it was very random, but now I'm so proficient that if I calculate the coordinates of the 7th floor and use it, it will accurately come out on the 7th floor! This is a really great achievement?!"

Watching Ellie, who was talking to her uncle and brother for a long time, Balkan made a decision.

And that day, he went to Idelbert and said.

"I'll accept it. That request."

The preparation period left until the injured transport operation was only 3 days.

Since the goal was to recover more than 70% of the injured before the Predicament occurred, quick preparation was necessary.

In addition to preparing the basic supplies for entering the Labyrinth, this request had come to Balkan's party, so the opinions and intentions of the party members had to be coordinated.

And the most important item for explorers entering the Labyrinth...
Weaponry.

[Armor repair is done, so you can come.]

Balkan opened the alcohol-smelling letter from Jirnier and examined its contents.

At the end of the content that made him laugh.

[The ring you requested is also finished.]

There was even more good news.

And, good news piled upon good news.

Lilith, who came out of Diana's room, said with a haggard face.

"The Curse of the demon of lust removal... is over."

339 - Sweet Night (2)

There was a lot to do, but first, I coordinated the schedule with my party members.

The reliable party members quickly gathered in the meeting room of the Explorer Alliance at the leader's call.

Perhaps because I had been promoted to a senior explorer, an alliance staff member approached and guided us to a spacious conference room.

“Wow... I can't believe the Explorer Alliance provides such services.”

“I was a bit embarrassed talking at the table because of Jubel, but I'm glad about this!”

“Why? What? Why was I embarrassing?”

“...Do I have to say that out loud?”

The cow-beastfolk warrior Jubel and the blonde, roll-haired noble tank Rubia looked around the meeting room in awe.

It wasn't a small, stiff wooden table, but a long, wide table that could comfortably seat at least ten people.

Not a rough-hewn chair without a backrest, but a soft and plush sofa.

It was truly a treatment we could never have received before.

“Being a senior explorer means you're a valuable asset to the alliance, with barely thirty of us. I'm jealous. You've already surpassed my rank.”

Now, perhaps wanting to show off her Ttu-ttai T-shirt, the dark elf mage Nuer, wearing a yellow dress and openly sporting a pacifier around her neck, lightly poked me in the side with a sly voice.

She informed the party members that she had become a senior explorer.

I had also told the cat-beastfolk priest Hitolis, but she was too busy with temple work to pay proper attention to the party's affairs.

Balkan, who naturally took the seat of honor, looked at the gathered party members and informed them about the request we had received.

“This request is from the royal family. Ellie will use portal magic to transport the injured to the fountain, and our goal is to protect Ellie and the citizens during that process.”

Upon learning that it was a royal escort request, the party members reacted in unison.

“This is a chance for Jubel to make a name for himself in the world.”

“The request from the queen...! Young lady! As a noble, I absolutely cannot disappoint the queen...!”

“Ugh... That royal mage Ellie from last time? That still young half-elf is going to do such a dangerous job... I can't just stand by as an adult elf.”

Jubel was as arrogant as usual, Rubia was burning with determination, and Nuer, perhaps wanting to show her maturity as an adult elf, carefully tucked her pacifier into her pocket.

It was a pleasant thing that the party members readily accepted the request.

‘...Should I say it or not.’

Balkan pondered for a moment and shook his head.

Originally, he had planned to suggest heading straight to the fountain on the 20th floor after taking on Ellie's escort request.

The reason was, of course, to contact the fountain in the labyrinth and witness the Fragment of the Earth Mother.

‘But the timing is just too bad.’

Considering Ellie’s mana recovery period, it would take at least two weeks to transport the over 300 injured people Ellie was responsible for to the labyrinth.

And two weeks after that, the premonitory signs would appear.

The premonitory signs that could bring forth countless monsters, surging like a wave.

‘As much as I want to see my sister... I can’t put my party members in danger because of my desires.’

If he were to sacrifice his party members due to his own desires, he would be disqualified as a party leader, as Joy Hog had passed on to him.

And above all.

He had seen what became of those who sacrificed others for their own selfishness.

‘I can’t fall to the level of the demon that So-eun has been sealing away.’

Balkan took a short breath and made a decision as the party leader.

For the time being, he would focus solely on Ellie’s escort request.

“Now that there are only two days left, make sure to recover your stamina and mana sufficiently.”

“Yeah! Hah. I need to spend a wild night with Prince!”

Balkan chuckled softly at Jubel’s boast.

Perhaps feeling oddly pricked by that laughter, Jubel suddenly raised his voice.

“W-What? Why are you laughing? I wasn’t talking to you; I was talking about the name I gave this guy?! Oh my, our Prince! Let’s show that mocking monster a lesson!”

With a scoff, Jubel drew the curved sword that was tucked at his waist.

The curved sword, of typical one-handed sword length, was gently curved, and the blade tip was finely sharpened.

From afar, the blue aura emanating from it was vivid, suggesting that he had likely purchased a new relic weapon with the rewards he had received.

“Oh... Looks like you spent quite a bit of money?”

“...! Hah! As expected, a warrior knows how to appreciate it! With the blade Jubel and Prince, even a monster from the 10th floor would be cut down in an instant!”

As I spoke in admiration to lighten the mood, Jubel, who had gotten excited, jumped onto the table and raised his sword high, laughing loudly.

“Oh, oh... Prince... Monster... Prince... Eee...”

“Ugh...”

Watching that, Rubia nodded blankly, and Nuer let out a deep sigh.

Truly, in many ways, they were consistent party members.

In Jirnier’s weapon shop.

“Wow.”

Balkan gaped as he saw the shining dark armor before him.

A vivid blue light filled his vision.

That pure and dazzling brightness indicated that the object before him had reached the level of a relic.

Not an artifact excavated from the labyrinth, but a relic born from human hands.

“How is it? I’ve restored it quite well from that ragged armor, right?”

“This is... not just restored; it’s completely newly made.”

“Ugh.”

Jirnier, a half-dwarf and one of the top blacksmiths in the labyrinth city, shrugged as she looked at the speechless Balkan.

Her coppery skin was reddened from staying up all night in front of the forge for the past few days, and she was drenched from head to toe in sweat, but Jirnier didn’t show any signs of weakness.

She smiled confidently at the warrior who was genuinely admiring her masterpiece.

The weaponry that was like her children would protect him from threats, and she was sure he would take her children to the very end of the labyrinth.

“I used wyvern scales last time, but this time I mixed in the claws of a black dragon from the 32nd floor. The weight is similar, but the defense will have increased tremendously.”

“The claws of a black dragon...”

Balkan smiled at the mention of such formidable materials.

The 32nd floor was only two floors away from the 34th floor, the end of the labyrinth.

How many explorers in this labyrinth city could receive weaponry infused with a week’s worth of work from a top blacksmith and precious materials?

Now he had become one of those very few explorers.

“Also, here’s the helmet.”

Balkan accepted the helmet that Jirnier handed him.

The new helmet, tailored to match the full armor, had the form of a closed helm with the sharpness of dragon scales.

To put it simply, it looked intimidating.

‘It would be the best for intimidation.’

With the claws of a black dragon included, perhaps even monsters would hesitate and think, ‘Uh, that guy seems a bit different’ when they encountered him.

Clank!

As he put on the helmet, which was perfectly fitted to his face shape, he felt as if he were in a brand-new car.

It felt like he was wearing a suit made just for one person in the world.

“Thank you, Jirnier.”

“Don’t mention it. If you’re really that grateful, buy me a drink later.”

A chuckle escaped him at the words of the half-dwarf, who lived and died by alcohol.

“Oh, and.”

Jirnier hesitated for a moment before snapping her fingers.

Clank! Clink, clink!

At her signal, Jirnier’s mechanical arms No. 1, 2, and 3 sprang into action.

The trio of mechanical arms, appearing as they kicked the ground with their fingers, brought a ring box while supporting each other.

The fingers of the mechanical arm trio were filled with dozens of rings that seemed to show signs of careful consideration.

“I made these whenever I had some spare time, and I chose the ones that looked the prettiest objectively, excluding my own color, and put them in the box.”

Just by looking at the number of rings hanging from the mechanical arms, it was clear that they had been made with great care, not just in spare moments.

“...Children?”

“Ugh. Yes. They’re my children, you flirt.”

“.....How am I supposed to repay this debt...”

Balkan, overwhelmed by the flood of emotions, couldn’t find the words as he looked at the rough-looking ring on Jirnier’s finger.

Unlike the other rings, it had a rugged and fierce form, as if it was heavily stained with Jirnier’s color.

“Well. You don’t really have to think of it as a debt... but it’s not exactly something I can just say in return.”

Jirnier showed the rough ring on her finger and said.

“...This one here, I wouldn’t mind if I took it, right?”

The blushing blacksmith hurriedly added.

“...Th-That’s a business ring. Like a friendship ring...? You know what I mean?”

Balkan hurriedly moved his feet, looking up at the darkening night sky of the labyrinth city.

‘Today, I absolutely wanted to prepare dinner myself!’

Last night, Diana had broken free from the Curse of the demon of lust.

Having been cursed for too long, she bore a slight mark, but thanks to Lilith’s efforts, she was almost 97% free.

Because of the long two-week period of unbinding, he had boldly declared that he would cook dinner for Diana today...

But while gathering supplies and preparing for the labyrinth exploration, time had slipped away faster than he expected.

He had hurriedly bought ingredients and even procured a special cake from the best bakery in the Explorer District using his noble privileges, which took even more time.

Time had now reached 8 PM.

Balkan burst through the inn’s door in a hurry.

Boom! Bang!

He stared blankly at the fireworks that exploded above his helmet.

And there, in front of the inn’s door, he faced Diana and Ellie, both wearing silly party hats and holding a cake.

“Ha, happy birthday... Balkan.”

“Happy birthday! Big brother!”

“I already knew today was the master’s birthday! Here, please accept this handmade king cake!”

Balkan couldn't bring himself to say that today wasn't his birthday in front of the smiling women.

Instead, he looked at Diana, whose face had turned even more flustered upon seeing his momentarily frozen expression.

"...Ah, um, last year today... was when we first met, right...?"

The blushing, embarrassed woman scratched her cheek with a shy smile.

"So, um... I thought it would be nice to remember even a little bit of the things we did together, and commemorate it— Hah!"

Balkan immediately rushed toward Diana.

"Ugh!"

As the cake fell between the two of them, Densi, who had raised his head, caught it.

At that moment, the two were sharing a passionate kiss.

340 - Sweet Night (3)

There's one thing I've realized after struggling like hell in this world.

It's that humans are emotional creatures.

While many blindly chase after money and material gains, people are swayed even more by emotions.

When your pockets are full and you're well-off, you think the lavish treatment you receive is only natural.

But the kindness of a bowl of soup received during poor and difficult times still remains deep in your heart.

And if it wasn't just a bowl of soup, but someone who supported you in every way whenever you were struggling and exhausted, even more so.

"Hah... Bal, kaan..."

As the sticky kiss ended, Diana opened her slightly closed eyes and let out an excited breath.

Balkan smiled gently at her.

"Why go through the trouble of preparing all this when you're not feeling well?"

"Hehe... The more good memories, the better, right?"

Diana, freed from the [Curse of the demon of lust] that had been eating away at her for years, chose to commemorate the day she met her precious person rather than focus on her condition.

How many people wouldn't be moved by such a gentle and pure heart?

"Besides, Ellie and Densi worked hard to help too..."

Diana nodded towards the two women holding cakes in both hands.

"We all prepared together since big brother left in the morning!"

Ellie puffed her cheeks slightly as she watched her foster mother and brother's passionate kiss.

"....."

Whether due to the influence of the netorare blessing or because it had now entered the realm of her preferences, Densi was gazing intently at the two closely embracing people.

Their kindness couldn't be ignored either.

On the table visible over their shoulders, an elaborate feast was laid out.

Imagining the two women cooking with clumsy skills alongside Diana, a warm feeling rose from deep within his heart.

Balkan approached Ellie and gave her a small kiss on the forehead.

"Ah, ahh..."

Ellie's red eyes widened instantly and her elf ears fluttered.

Her slender fingertips absently touched the forehead where his lips had made contact.

Though she showed a bit of jealousy, when she actually felt the sensation of lips after so long, Ellie's cheeks turned as red as her eyes and hair.

Seeing that cute reaction, he was about to give her a real kiss this time, but Densi, who had approached at some point, lightly poked his side.

"The food will get cold, Master."

"Ugh...!"

Ellie puffed her cheeks as the precious moment was interrupted, but Densi had a point.

Food made with kindness tastes best when eaten warm.

"Then... shall we eat this together too?"

Balkan held up the expensive champagne and cake he had gotten for Diana's curse removal celebration.

A feast wouldn't be complete without alcohol.

"Uuugh..."

Ellie, her red hair sprawled across the table, hiccupped and mumbled softly.

The now adult Ellie had confidently raised her champagne glass again, but before she could even finish one glass, she got drunk and collapsed face-down on the table.

She was originally weak to alcohol, but it was even more so in this kind of atmosphere.

In the dim night.

The scarlet light from the lanterns illuminating the inn's bar with just the four of them was enough to create a cozy mood.

Add to that delicious food and alcohol, and even meaningless chatter led to uncontrollable laughter as joyful emotions welled up.

Ellie, drunk on a bit of alcohol and the soft, dreamy atmosphere, soon began to snore gently.

The adults still at the table continued chatting as they popped open a second bottle of champagne.

Pop!

Densi skillfully removed the cork using the Puppeteer's magical threads and poured the champagne with precision.

Though Densi, coming from the Outlaw Zone, had never even tasted expensive champagne before, she had acquired basic serving skills while helping out at Diana's inn.

"Ooh—"

Clap clap clap.

Diana, in a good mood and slightly tipsy from drinking glass after glass, softly exclaimed in admiration at Densi's technique and applauded.

"You've already gotten used to using the magical threads, huh?"

Balkan marveled at how adept Densi had become at using the Puppeteer's power.

"The Puppeteer guy is quite cooperative... and it strangely suits my body well."

The reason Densi could use the Puppeteer's magical threads was because the Puppeteer supplied her with magical energy and mana and taught her how to use them.

In that process, while most people would feel immense strain on their brain and body, Densi experienced relatively less burden due to her high compatibility with linking to the Puppeteer.

'Even for Densi, it would be difficult to maintain the Puppeteer's power constantly.'

Still, she would be an even more reliable asset than before in emergency situations.

Of course, she would be able to contribute in various ways for this Ellie escort mission as well.

"The Labyrinth, huh..."

As he was briefly discussing the upcoming mission with Densi, Diana watched them and muttered softly.

There was a hint of lingering attachment in her voice.

The [Curse of the demon of lust] that had been placed on Diana was a curse that turned all the blessings she had obtained so far, and would obtain in the future, into lewd curses.

Thanks to Lilith, Diana's status window after the curse was removed now looked like this:

[Diana Ordia LV.65]

[Current blessings and curses possessed by Diana Ordia: 3]

[◆ Blessing of Ice Magic]

[◆ Blessing of Perfect Accuracy]

[◆ Curse of Sensitive Constitution]

The total number of blessings and curses, which was 6, has been reduced to 3.

The [Curse of rejection of inadequate penis intrusion], [Curse of breast milk climax stat drain], and [Curse of the demon of lust] completely disappeared in the removal process.

The [Curse of lewd weakling corruption mark] and another curse reverted to their original blessings that Diana had possessed when the [Curse of the demon of lust] was erased.

The [Curse of Sensitive Constitution], which had been embedded for too long, remained like a brand on Diana's soul and could not be completely removed.

It would have been best to just erase the [Curse of the demon of lust] and revert all other curses to blessings, but even Lilith herself was in a state of forcibly borrowing the power of the demon of lust, so perfect removal was impossible.

Since Lilith had used all available means and collapsed as if fainting, she would need to be given a big, sweet carrot later for keeping her promise and working so hard.

"Ah. Come to think of it."

Balkan asked as if he had just realized.

"Now that the curse has been lifted, can't you gain new blessings?"

Diana had retired from her adventurer life after receiving the curse of lust.

As long as the [Curse of the demon of lust] existed, any blessings she obtained in the future would all be turned into lewd curses.

But now, the curse that had been constricting her was gone.

In other words, the biggest reason Diana had decided to retire had disappeared.

"Mmm. I suppose so..."

Diana smiled gently as she rested her chin on her hand.

"It's not like my lingering attachment to the Labyrinth has completely disappeared. When I entered the Labyrinth last time, my heart pounded at the sensation of stepping into an unknown place again... But."

Diana trailed off and gently brushed Ellie's bangs as she slept with dreamy eyes.

"In the days when I had nothing, I recklessly entered the Labyrinth... But maybe it's because time has passed, now I worry about the child who needs me."

"Nyaa..."

Even in her sleep, her foster daughter, whom she had raised like her own, smiled sweetly at her mother's touch.

Those who have something to protect can't help but be more cautious before making any decisions.

Especially if it's a beloved family.

Moreover, for Diana, the unknown was beyond the 34th floor at the end of the Labyrinth, a place where even Diana or Idelbert couldn't guarantee safety.

"I wasn't trying to pressure you. The most important thing is your feelings, Diana."

"Hehe. Thank you for understanding. But that doesn't mean I won't enter the Labyrinth at all. We opened a second branch on the 15th floor after all."

She smiled softly and raised her champagne glass at the response that he would support her as before when going above the 15th floor.

The clear sound of clinking glasses rang out as the night deepened.

The party celebrating Diana's curse removal and their meeting lasted for about three hours.

But we didn't drink to our limits.

We drank champagne just enough to feel good and cheerfully accept everything in the world.

After laying Ellie, who was completely drunk, on the bed in her room and doing some basic cleanup, we each went to our own rooms.

Click.

"Master."

Just before closing the door, Densi grabbed the door frame and handed something over.

"I thought... you might need this today."

Balkan blankly stared at what Densi was holding.

Condoms and stamina-enhancing herbs.

"...Since when did you know?"

"From when you two were hugging and kissing. Your eyes had that look of 'let's meet later'."

Really, Densi is so perceptive.

To notice that just from a brief moment of eye contact.

"Are you okay with this?"

"...How could I stop Master's wishes? And."

Densi smiled slightly with a confident expression.

"If I interfere with your meaningful day with Diana, won't a meaningful day that will come for me someday be interfered with too? It's only natural."

Balkan chuckled as soon as he heard those words.

What a thoughtful girl.

She must have felt disappointed that she could only experience it through the Puppeteer's memories, yet she willingly gave way for Diana.

She used to be so wary of Diana before, but now Densi has felt Diana's sincerity too.

"I'll go to sleep early."

"Alright."

Balkan gently stroked Densi's collar before heading back down the stairs towards the inn's kitchen.

More precisely, towards Diana's room inside the kitchen.

d1YvQXA1Wk80MHRHUTNWSVVNOW10bHc1b3hDVUpsamsycTdzbl
dLZ015UGhVL3NadTVOcnJMc2NWWVpDRXBJRA

Knock knock.

Right after carefully knocking on the door, it opened by itself.

"....."

"....."

At the door stood Diana, wrapped in red cloth like a birthday present.

"It's a commemorative gift..."

Diana, her face bright red, smiled awkwardly as she opened her eyes.

"I hope... you don't dislike it...?"

341 - Sweet Night (4)

Here is the English translation of the Korean novel excerpt:

Balkan stared blankly at Diana.

Her hair was slightly damp, with traces of moisture remaining, as if she had quickly washed up in that brief moment.

The scent of shampoo and Diana's fragrant skin wafted from her heated body.

A sweet yet tantalizing pheromone that made his lower body tingle and his cock stiffen.

d1YvQXA1Wk80MHRHUTNWSVVNOW10bHc1b3hDVUpsamsycTdzbl
dLZ015UFk3WTYxbnM5aW1sRFUvNGZsTE1haQ

Over her bare white body, a red cloth wrapped around her like packaging for merchandise.

As if she had hastily tied the ribbon when the door opened, a pink nipple peeked out from beneath the red fabric.

Balkan stared blankly at Diana's artistic body, feeling as if his brain had been struck directly with a hammer.

"...I'm sorry, Balkan. Was it too much...?"

Diana awkwardly smiled and covered her body with both arms.

It was embarrassing, but an event prepared for just one person.

When the expected reaction didn't come, she felt ashamed, wondering if she had been too forward.

"You're beautiful."

"Uh, huh?"

Diana's shame seemed to fly away, enchanted by Balkan's dazed compliment.

"You're cute."

"Uh, s-so...?"

"Beautiful, gorgeous, cute, but too sexy."

"Uh, um..."

"That's why I like it even more."

"....."

Simple and direct, but filled with sincerity, the praise made Diana's face turn bright red.

Though still embarrassed, the sincere voice of her beloved gently melted the body and heart of a woman in love.

Slowly.

Balkan naturally moved forward and pressed his lips to Diana's.

Chu.

Starting gently, as if tickling with his lips.

The night was long, and there was no need to rush.

Chu, chuu... chu—

Embracing each other's bodies and feeling the warmth, they confirmed their presence and affection through repeated light kisses.

Feeling the sensation of their hardened members against each other, they indirectly realized how aroused they were.

As they continued kissing and moving towards the bed, Balkan's t-shirt had somehow been thrown off.

He couldn't even remember when he had taken it off in his excitement.

His brain, filled to the brim with pleasure and heat, was only processing two pieces of information.

"Mmm, hah..."

The woman, panting from repeated kisses, was so aroused that she rubbed her hard, swollen nipples against the firm, muscular body of the male before her.

Squeeze, squeeze...!

And the fact that his cock, fully erect under his pants, was pressing firmly against Diana's soft thighs.

"...Hehe..."

The corners of Diana's mouth curled up slightly as she noticed her beloved man's cock swelling under his pants and gently rubbing against her thighs.

Tap. Slide...

Diana lightly stroked his cock from base to tip with her index finger, its presence clearly visible even under the pants.

"Balkan's cock... looks so painful..."

Tap, tap tap... Scratch, scratch scratch...

Then she gently tapped the tip of the glans with her soft index finger, and finally lightly scratched near the urethra hidden by the pants with her fingernail.

"You got excited by my body again...?"

"Kuh, hah..."

And she breathed hot breaths and whispered in a soft voice into his ear.

It was unclear when she had practiced, but that alluring voice and gesture made the sperm rise tingling in his balls.

"You can see for yourself..."

Twitch, twitch.

Diana smiled sweetly as she felt sticky precum starting to seep through his pants along with his reply.

"I wanted to hear it from Balkan's mouth—"

Scratch!

"Hnngh...?!"

Diana's expression, which had been gently taking the lead, crumbled in an instant.

Her amber eyes, which had briefly rolled back before returning, turned towards the tips of her breasts.

More precisely, towards Balkan's fingers that were now tapping and scratching her erect nipples, just as she had teased his cock.

Tap, tap tap...!

Grasping her large breasts that couldn't even fit in one hand with both hands, he lightly struck and scratched the erect nipples using just his index fingers.

Tremble tremble tremble...

Diana's waist and inner thighs began to quiver.

As her body shook, the ribbon on her chest fluttered, and her pink erect nipples that were already precariously exposed peeked out completely.

"Hnn, ah...! B-both sides at once is too m-much... S-slow down..."

"If I had two cocks, Diana, you would have teased both of them with your fingernails too."

"W-what are you saying... Hah...! Hnnngh...!"

Squeeze...!

When he increased the intensity slightly, flicking her nipples like a light finger flick, Diana's entire body trembled with a sweet moan.

Though Diana's body was sensitive due to the [Curse of Sensitive Constitution], she hadn't always been so sensitive that she would climax just from a flick to her nipples, clenching her womb tightly.

All the changes appeared after she started spending nights with him.

Every time they made love, she gradually responded to Balkan's tempo, and due to being trained according to his preferences—

Flick!

"Hnn, hnnngh...♡"

Tremble...!

Now her body had become one that could only obediently climax, squeezing her thighs together, just from having her nipples stimulated by finger flicks.

Diana's amber eyes glazed over dreamily from the pleasure originating from her chest as she reached a light climax.

Diana's body tilted as she panted for breath.

Balkan carefully supported Diana's back with his strong hands and gently laid her down on the bed.

Then he gazed intently at the woman's breasts beneath him.

Soft, plump breasts wrapped in red cloth.

The ribbon precariously holding together those large breasts in the middle.

"....."

Every time Diana caught her breath, those alluring yet beautiful mounds of fat would sink down and then rise up again.

Diana carefully brought her hands together over her chest.

In the shape of a heart.

As if expressing her love, the red ribbon sat in the center of the hand heart Diana had formed.

"...Unwrap it gently...♡"

Gulp.

After swallowing hard at that sweet voice, he carefully moved his hands.

His arms slowly extended, heading straight for the ribbon binding the beautiful gift.

Rustle.

With just a light tug on the ribbon, without even using much force, the cloth binding Diana's breasts came undone, fully revealing their beautiful form.

Wobble—

As her breasts were freed from the binding cloth, unable to withstand their mass and size while lying down, they spread slightly to the sides and sank down due to gravity.

As if experiencing the illusion of heavily bound breasts sinking down the moment a bra clasp was undone, he grasped one of Diana's breasts firmly in his hand.

"Hah..."

"...Does it hurt?"

"No... You can be rougher... I want you to leave more marks, like a child playing with my breasts...♡"

As soon as he heard Diana's words, he buried his face between her breasts and took a deep breath.

Though it felt like he might suffocate from his face being pressed in, he enjoyed it even more.

Balkan embraced Diana even more passionately.

Diana's breasts were in a completely different league from other women in terms of softness and comfort.

There was a comforting sense of reassurance that only Diana could provide, a great maternal love felt in their mass and softness.

As if he had become a newborn baby, he brought his lips to her breasts.

She could no longer produce breast milk.

Because the [Curse of Breast Milk Climax Stat Drain] had disappeared.

But did he need something like that to suckle her breasts? He was sucking simply because he wanted to.

Feeling an indescribable emotional satisfaction.

"Hah, hn, hnng... Balkan...♡"

To see Diana moaning as he gently licked her areolas with his tongue and lightly stimulated her nipples with his front teeth.

Diana wasn't idle while Balkan caressed her breasts.

She reached out to rescue his cock, which was crying out in agony, trapped by his pants and underwear.

Carefully placing her hands on his waist to remove his pants.

Forcibly pulling down his underwear, which wouldn't come off easily due to his erect cock.

Thwack—!

"Hiiiiek?!!!"

His cock, springing out with recoil from being pressed down by the underwear, struck Diana's clitoris and pussy mound with its hard glans.

Hurriedly biting her lip and hugging Balkan, who had buried his face in her chest, even more tightly, Diana barely managed to swallow her lewd climax moan.

Squirt squirt squirt—

But she couldn't hide her physical reaction.

The pussy juice spurting from her pussy, which was burning with maddening sexual arousal, flowed down the cloth covering her crotch and began to soak the bed thoroughly.

Only when Diana felt the damp sensation of the bed and cloth did she realize she hadn't laid down a waterproof sheet beforehand.

And the fact that by tomorrow morning, this bed would be soaked with love juices and semen, rendering it unusable even if washed.

Plop.

Feeling the weight of the cock resting on her damp pussy mound, Diana gazed intently at the man looking at her with lustful eyes.

He was holding a small box.

A box of condoms.

After glaring at the condoms for about a second, he threw the condom box towards the corner of the bed.

Then, placing his bare cock on Diana's pussy, he handed her something else.

"Please drink this, Diana."

Diana tilted her head, looking at the potion bottle in Balkan's hand.

"Uh, um... What is this...?"

"It's a Labyrinth-produced pregnancy confirmation ovulation induction potion."

"...Uh, huh...?"

Diana looked at Balkan with a perplexed expression.

"Um, Balkan...? What did you just say..."

"It's a pregnancy confirmation ovulation induction potion, Diana."

Balkan said in a solemn voice to the woman beneath his cock.

"Please bear my child."

The moment she heard those words.

Thump♡

Diana's womb clenched tightly, and she began to ovulate.

342 - Sweet Night (5)

Baby.

A beautiful and pure symbol of life.

A living being that can only be born when sperm meets egg.

In other words, a living being that can only be born by pushing a penis deep into the womb and ejaculating sticky seminal fluid.

Balkan told Diana to give birth to such a being.

To conceive his child and become his forever.

The moment Diana heard those words, she felt her womb flutter and a strange anxiety pass through her at the same time.

That's why Diana pushed away the pregnancy confirmation ovulation induction potion that Balkan handed her.

"...Diana?"

Balkan's expression turned to bewilderment.

Diana had pushed him away.

For a moment, when a bad thought crossed his mind, Diana's fingers firmly grasped his wandering hand.

The potion fell onto the bed and rolled onto the floor, leaving only their interlocked hands.

"Balkan."

"...Yes."

"Do you... know exactly what you meant by what you just said?"

Diana pulled his interlocked hand and brought it to her lower abdomen.

Just below the navel, softer than other areas, a place that makes you feel dreamy when pressed... just above the uterus.

"This is where a child is conceived."

"Yes. I know."

"Here, for ten months, it gradually grows, kicking and making heartbeat sounds as life sprouts."

"....."

"A child is both life and responsibility. It's a precious and lovely responsibility that you have to embrace for a lifetime. That's what it means to have a child."

Pat. Pat.

Diana stroked the thick, strong palm placed on her uterus.

His hand was more reliable and dependable than any other man's, but at the same time, it was Diana's weakness.

"The moment I have a child, you will no longer be alone. Whatever you do, responsibility will follow... and since Balkan is a good boy, you'll always think of the child and me."

Diana smiled softly, her expression darkening slightly.

"I'm... a little scared of that. Balkan, you're still young. If you're bound by responsibility from such an early age, you won't be able to fully enjoy the rest of your life."

Diana's concern wasn't about not wanting to have a child.

"If I become a burden in your life... I certainly won't be able to bear it."

She was afraid that if she had a child, she might constrain his young and free spirit.

A pure will of devotion.

She would gladly accept the responsibilities she had to bear, but she also wanted to respect the freedom of the person she loved.

Even against a woman's instinct to bear children.

She wanted the man she loved to pursue a life that was as free and happy as possible.

There was not a hint of falsehood in that sincere gaze and voice.

Thump, thump...

The moment Balkan looked into Diana's eyes, he realized his heart was pounding madly.

Would he ever meet someone in his future life who would care for him and worry about him so devotedly?

No.

Absolutely not.

So... he wanted to take her now.

'I want to make this lovely woman mine.'

All the impulsive emotions he had felt until now combined wouldn't match this intense desire he felt now.

"Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes. I understand."

"...I'm sorry for ruining the mood. Let's calm our heads a bit today, and now —"

"No."

Grrrr...!

Balkan pressed down on Diana's body as she tried to get up to leave for his sake.

"Uh... B-Balkan?"

A flustered Diana looked at the man still on top of her.

With an expression that showed no intention of moving aside, Balkan was still making eye contact with Diana.

"You're not a burden."

"Uh, um...?"

"Diana, you're not a burden."

Balkan showed Diana the object attached to his wrist as she stared blankly.

"Do you remember this watch?"

"...It's the watch I gave you."

Diana's wristwatch.

That wristwatch, bearing traces of time, was the first gift Diana had given him during their first Labyrinth expedition.

"The Labyrinth was dark. I couldn't even sense the passage of time. In that place where senses became blurred, I was able to maintain myself thanks to this watch. I endured day by day eating the jerky you packed for me."

"....."

"You also gave me leather armor, though sadly it's broken now. Thanks to that, I blocked the monsters' blade attacks many times. That's why I'm still alive now."

"Even now, you're at a level where you can easily obtain such items."

"Yes. But it was because of that help back then that made me who I am today."

What he received from her wasn't just material support.

"You gave me a place to live in this Labyrinth City, taught me how to survive, and provided various support."

A home to live in, hearty meals, nice and luxurious clothes, money earned working at the inn, knowledge about the Labyrinth and Labyrinth City, the culture needed to live, connections that could become trading partners or backers.

"It's because of you, Diana, that I am who I am today."

He received all of that from Diana.

"So how could you be a burden? If anything, according to what you said, the burden would be... me."

"Ah, no! That's not what I meant—"

As Balkan depreciated himself with a gloomy face, Diana reached out her hand in shock, trying to correct her words.

Grab!

Not missing that opportunity, Balkan grabbed Diana's hand, just as she had done, and brought it to his chest.

Thump, thump.

"Huh...!"

Diana's fingers trembled slightly as she felt the violently beating heart.

"Can you feel it?"

"Uh, yes...?"

Balkan swallowed hard and opened his mouth, looking at Diana who had turned red.

"Thanks to you, Diana, this heart is beating."

"....."

And, still holding Diana's hand, he made her touch various parts of his body.

"This face, this neck..."

Diana's gaze followed where Balkan's hand guided hers.

"Arms, chest, torso, legs, penis too..."

Diana's gaze and palm stroked Balkan's face, trailed down his neck, and gradually moved towards his lower body.

"My entire body and soul. You saved it all, Diana."

The palm that had thoroughly explored every part of the sturdy male body once again moved to Diana's uterus.

"So... let me say it again."

Balkan conveyed his sincere feelings.

"Diana, please bear my child."

Diana barely managed to swallow after hearing Balkan's words.

Her face was so hot and embarrassed, yet she was overjoyed at receiving his confession.

Part of her mind that worried about him shouted 'Balkan, it's because you're blinded by love. It's all thanks to your own hard work.' But... the instinct that made her womb flutter didn't treat his sincerity as mere infatuation.

Snap—

Feeling as if something had snapped in her head, Diana pushed the man on top of her onto the bed.

Then she aggressively moved her body to straddle his crotch.

Squeeze!

Feeling the sensation of moderate weight, plump thighs and soft pussy mound pressing down on his penis, Balkan looked at Diana.

The woman who had just moments ago said they should think about pregnancy a bit more was now looking down at the male beneath her with eyes full of excitement and lust.

"...Balkan, you really..."

Even though the [Curse of the demon of lust] had disappeared, that lustful gaze looked like the incarnation of sexual desire.

"Every day, every single day... stirring up a woman's heart..."

Diana exhaled softly and said quietly.

"...Will you continue to do so in the future...?"

"Yes."

Balkan answered without hesitation and smiled at Diana.

"From the day we first connected... I decided to be with Diana for life—
Mmph—"

Before he could finish speaking, he lost control of his breathing.

Smooch, suck... suck!

Diana aggressively approached him, stole his lips, and in an instant, entwined her tongue with his, sucking intensely.

Balkan embraced the highly aroused Diana, smiling slightly as he offered his tongue.

That day when they first connected was similar to now.

Diana had pounced on him, they accepted each other and connected, but... they couldn't fully unite.

The [Curse of rejection of inadequate penis intrusion] did not allow union with Diana.

But now was different, with the curse removed thanks to Lilith's help.

Squeeze...!

Diana's pussy, which had long been prepared for the male's seduction that made her womb flutter, nibbled on the shaft of the penis beneath her.

"Mmph, smooch...! Puhah...♡"

After an intense kiss, Diana lifted her upper body and waist with eyes full of lust.

Gripping the shaft firmly with both hands, aiming precisely at her pussy... she gazed intently into the eyes of the person she loved.

Black eyes reflected Diana, and amber eyes held Balkan.

"I love you, Balkan."

Squelch...!

Before he could focus on the sensation of the glans slowly spreading open the tight pussy entrance, Diana confessed in a sweet voice.

"We'll always be together from now on...♡"

Slap!

With those words, Diana slammed her hips down.

Squeeelch—!

"Nngh—♡"

Diana's pussy, which had instantly swallowed everything from the glans to the shaft to the base of the penis, caught on a certain point.

What the glans tip encountered after mercilessly scraping Diana's vaginal walls that had longed for it for so long was.

Squeeze...♡

The soft baby palace.

343 - Sweet Night (6)

Here is the English translation of the Korean novel excerpt:

The first sensation felt upon insertion was the soft, spongy vaginal walls.

An indescribable pleasure rushed in every time the hard glans rubbed against the soft vaginal walls as it advanced.

It wasn't overly stimulating.

The vagina didn't clench tightly as if trying to break the penis, nor did it repeatedly squeeze and release the inner walls. It was just gentle and dreamy.

The pussy that softly enveloped the penis seemed to soothe it, as if saying "you worked hard to get here" or "good job" all the way to the cervix.

Even though it likely wasn't yet accustomed to the penis, Diana's pussy clung tightly to it without gaps and provided gentle stimulation.

This was a far cry from looseness.

So there was no reason to tense up the thighs and hold back now.

"Nngh, mmph..."

Balkan tensed his lower body and held back, feeling like he might ejaculate prematurely at any moment.

He had only just inserted, but already the semen was threatening to surge up.

It was a type of pleasure unlike anything he had felt before.

He had heard talk of sexual compatibility somewhere before.

This was a different sensation from disciplining his teacher's cheeky rear pussy or Densi's troublemaking pussy.

Even without stirring up the vaginal walls with his penis to find the good spots, an tremendous sense of satisfaction followed just from being inserted in this state.

It felt like finding a perfectly fitting scabbard.

'Is this related to having had the curse of the demon of lust? Or just psychological satisfaction?'

There was also the possibility that the [Curse of Sensitive Constitution] still remaining in Diana was having an effect, or it could simply be that he felt good from the sensation of being connected with her.

The point was, the sensation he was feeling now was good enough to rank in the top three pleasures he had ever experienced.

'I wonder...'

Balkan suddenly became curious.

He felt this good, but how was Diana feeling?

"Uuh, uh, uhuuh...♡"

Proper sounds weren't coming out of Diana's mouth.

That was to be expected. Right now Diana was biting down hard on the shoulder of the male who had taken her.

Diana, who had inserted the penis in a cowgirl position, had collapsed onto Balkan's body as her strength gave out upon insertion.

'Oh, this is... I don't know...♡'

Diana had imagined the day she would connect with him, but the actual loss of virginity she experienced far surpassed her imagination.

The pain felt when the thick penis invaded the pussy that had never allowed anyone's intrusion was instantly forgotten due to the [Curse of Sensitive Constitution], and instantly transformed into pleasure.

That curse, which amplified sensations several times over, reacted even more dramatically to pleasure than pain. Her body, already sensitized to the extreme by the sticky caresses, rushed to a light climax simultaneously with insertion.

Her eyes, which had widened greatly upon insertion, became hazy and unfocused. Her earlobes to her nape flushed bright red from the excitement beyond imagination.

Nevertheless, Diana endured the climax with superhuman willpower.

'I can't... pass out from a pussy climax like this...'

If she climaxed and fainted vulgarly right upon insertion on their first night, how would he see her?

Diana overcame the oncoming climax with the thought that she must not show such a shameful and unsightly appearance.

And above all.

'I want... to be together longer...'

She wanted to engrave this moment, when she was truly connected with him for the first time, in her eyes for as long as possible.

His touch, the sound of his heartbeat, his pe—

Squish♡

"Hoguuuh?!♡"

—nis roughly throbbed and pressed hard against Diana's womb.

Balkan hadn't thrust his hips up.

It was just his penis instinctively twitching as the urge to ejaculate built up.

And that spasmodic trembling loosened Diana's expression, which had just barely started to stabilize.

Her eyes, which had been resisting the pleasure, rolled back momentarily before returning, and her body, which went limp as her womb was pressed, crushed down on the male beneath her even more mercilessly.

Squish♡

Splurt!!!

As the plump pussy swallowed the penis to the base, it grandly ejaculated love juices.

The penis, stained with red virgin blood from piercing through, was instantly soaked with slippery fluid.

The hot pussy juices dampened the penis, along with the sensation of a woman's soft naked body rubbing against his firm one.

"Ah..."

Balkan groaned dazedly at that dreamy yet pleasurable sensation.

Even without forcefully thrusting his hips up and crushing her womb, semen rose tingling in his balls from the satisfaction far beyond imagination.

Though he hadn't ejaculated yet, he instinctively felt it.

If he were to ejaculate, it would probably be the most viscous elite seminal fluid of all his ejaculations so far.

Throb, throb.

Diana's eyes met his as she felt his twitching penis.

"Are you about to... cum?"

Diana seemed to be trying to speak as calmly as possible, but her slack mouth and tongue didn't obey her commands.

"Diana's pussy is so hot and feels so good..."

"Uugh... D-Don't say things like that right now...♡"

Squeeze...♡

Diana's pussy contracted tightly, chewing on the penis at those sweet words.

It was an unexpected stimulation, but he could still endure for now.

Balkan gazed lovingly at Diana, who had mounted his penis looking ready to pounce at any moment, but was now rubbing her breasts against his pecs, unable to even straighten her waist properly upon insertion.

He brushed Diana's bangs aside with his hand, wanting to see her face melted in ecstasy with a loose smile, but she hurriedly turned her head away.

"Uh, unh... N-Not right now..."

"Why not? I want to see."

"...It's embarrassing if you see my face right now..."

"We showed each other our messed up faces last time, didn't we?"

"That and now are differ— Ah!♡"

Pang!

When he lightly thrust his hips to press his glans firmly against her womb, Diana hastily lifted her head.

The trembling neckline and sweat flowing between it was evidence that she was nearly at her limit.

Diana had pseudo-sexual experiences, but this was her first time having actual penetrative sex with a real penis.

And what this Diana was dealing with was a high-ranking incubus with practical experience with over 6 partners.

When it came to experience in the Labyrinth or life, it might be different, but in terms of sexual experience, Diana could never gain the upper hand no matter what blessings or miracles she obtained.

"I want to see. I want to do it while looking at each other's faces."

Just like that day when he first showed his face after being pounced on by Diana.

He wanted to share this precious experience with her while gazing at each other's faces.

Whether she sensed that sincerity, or thought that if this continued, her face would be forcibly revealed from the constant womb pressing.

Diana lowered her head drenched in sweat, showing her face melted in pleasure.

"Huu, uh..."

Eyes glistening with moisture from pleasure beyond imagination.

Sticky saliva dripped from her completely slackened mouth, and her hair clinging to her face and neck from sweat was erotic in itself.

Balkan smiled softly as he looked at Diana's face.

'That gentle and compassionate Diana, my lifelong benefactor...'

A sense of conquest at having turned her into a female panting from the pleasure of his penis, along with an overwhelming satisfaction that made his head feel like it would burst, welled up.

And then.

"I'm... sorry..."

"...Huh?"

A faint voice of apology flowed from Diana's lips.

"Balkan, you're honestly very lustful, so you must have had high expectations... Ugh... I'm sorry for having such a pathetic pussy that cums from just a few womb kisses..."

It was an apology filled with sincerity.

In the original world, it would be like words that might come from a man who came spectacularly right after insertion on his first experience.

Diana's expression was stained with pleasure, but there was also fear mixed in that she may not have given satisfactory pleasure.

"..."

Balkan was at a loss for words seeing that sight.

This woman, this female...

Just how far does she intend to go to arouse him?

Crack!

With a sensation like the thread of reason snapping, Balkan pounced on Diana's lips.

"Huu, haup...!"

He filled Diana's mouth, which had opened her eyes wide in surprise from her dazed state, with his breath.

He wanted to dye not just her outside, but her insides as well, with himself.

"Wa— Chu, uhuh, Balkan— Chu, chup, hih—"

Diana's breathing grew increasingly ragged from the rough and merciless kiss.

Balkan carefully embraced Diana and moved his body while keeping his penis inserted in her pussy.

"Uuh—"

Just as Diana had pounced on him when she lost her reason, this time Balkan pounced on Diana.

Somewhat... intensely.

"B-Balkan. This position is..."

The position commonly called mating press.

Balkan, who had mounted Diana's buttocks and grasped her ankles, looked down at Diana who was blushing at the embarrassing position that fully exposed her pussy and ass.

And then, he roughly pulled out his penis.

Squelch—!

"Kuhooeuk—♡"

The scabbard did not try to hold onto the sword as it withdrew.

A withdrawn sword is bound to return, so forcibly holding onto it would only damage the sword.

Diana's eyes rolled back as her vaginal walls were roughly scraped by the wide glans as the penis was pulled out, but.

Balkan thrust the penis he had pulled out to the pussy entrance back in to the depths of her pussy once more.

Squish♡

Splurt!!!

"———!!"

Diana let out a cry that could be called a scream as the wide glans and hard penis shaft roughly stirred up her entire vagina, followed immediately by a womb kiss.

In reaction, Diana's toes trembled wildly, but they could only quiver due to the thick arms grasping her ankles.

Balkan, who had grasped Diana's flexible ankles and lowered his face close to hers, stole her lips as he thrust his hips down again.

Squelch!

Squeeze, squish...♡

As the soft womb and glans kissed once more, Diana's supple pussy violently squeezed the penis, demanding semen.

There was no reason to hold back anymore.

Splurt— Splurt!!!

With an incredible urge to ejaculate, he ejaculated semen into Diana's womb.

The sensation of thick, viscous sperm passing through the urethra and filling Diana's womb and vagina was clearly felt.

Balkan maintained the mating press position as he continued kissing Diana and hugging her tightly.

"—, Kuh, uhuuh—♡"

Diana's rough voice could be heard whenever breath escaped, but Balkan continued to suck on Diana's lips, pouring in his own saliva and breath.

How many minutes passed like that?

Balkan, who had been instinctively rubbing his glans against the entrance of the mansion where his future child would live to leave more of his offspring in the womb, suddenly came to his senses and pulled out his penis to check on Diana.

"Huh, uhuuh...♡"

Diana, who was a mess of saliva and semen, was smiling as she felt the sensation of her loved one's semen filling her womb.

Diana's eyes turned to her pussy, which was thickly coated with milky semen.

Diana, who had tried to block the leaking semen with her trembling hands, seemed to have come up with a plan and instead slightly spread her plump pussy mound with her index and middle fingers.

"It doesn't seem like I'm pregnant yet..."

Diana murmured softly with eyes completely melted in pleasure.

"Fill me up more... insi— Huh♡"

Balkan immediately rushed into Diana's embrace.

Ellie had a strange dream.

Perhaps due to the bright elven ears even while sleeping.

The adopted daughter, who fell asleep amidst her adoptive mother's lewd moans, dreamed of getting a new dad.

She woke up in a cold sweat and chuckled, thinking it was a bit too early for that.

And the next morning.

"...Huh?"

Ellie was confused as she saw the two of them showering together in the inn's bathroom.