

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 31: Lions Are Prideful (2)

☞ Lions Are Prideful (2) ☜

“Well, miss witch. W-What the hell is this...?”

“An experimentation table~ I dissect various substances on top of it~ It's also where I prepare my ingredients for my experiments~”

No, I know this is an experimentation or operating table. But why the fuck are you laying on it? Was what I wanted to ask but, I didn't really have the courage nor the resolve to ask such a question.

There were various reasons at play, but if I had to choose the most glaring one... Then it would be because a white-furred cat, that was more of a bonafide lion than a cat, was ferociously glaring at me from the distance.

“It's okay~ Our Whitey is very well-behaved~ He won't bite~”

Shit, hearing those words of persuasion somehow made this whole predicament much scarier. It was very uncomfortable, downright frightening even, to be in the same space as the lion-cat I was previously fighting a bloodied battle to the death with.

Poppysmic-

D-Did this beast just smack its lips? Wait, can they even be called lips? I was so frightened by the beast's actions that my brain almost short-circuited, unable to produce any coherent thoughts.

“Come on, my friend~ My shoulders are rather stiff these days~ I can't concentrate on my work at all~ Can you relieve me of this pain~? Just like you did the last time~ I'll pay the appropriate price for that~ 1 silver~”

1 silver? How can someone get so much money just by massaging a woman's shoulders?

A miraculous experience where my greed for money overcame my fear of the lion-cat, prowling in the corner with a savage gaze, flowed within me.

And just like that, with my greed fueling my actions, I reached out my hands towards Nemea's body that was laid out on the operating table, or whatever the hell it was.

Right then.

Kareureureuk!

The gigantic white-furred cat growled loudly with its mouth wide open and fangs bared.

“Be a good boy, Whitey~”

“I’m asking just in case but, is it a male?”

“It’s a girl, actually~ She’s just like my little sister~ Anyway, lying down here, on this hard table, is very uncomfortable~ Why don’t you start working soon~?”

“Ah, yeah...”

My hands finally reached the witch’s shoulders.

“Ha~ Ugh~ Huuh~ Y-You’re so strong~”

“... I haven’t pressed on anything yet, though.”

“Just a joke~ You’re too stiff~ Do I look like I’m going to eat you, or something~? I’m not going to eat you...yet... Don’t worry~”

“Yet? Does it mean you’ll eat me someday?”

“... ”

Wait, damn it, why are you not answering my question?

Moreover, I couldn’t relax even if you told me to. I mean how could you even relax while being in the same room as this behemoth of a kitten that was threateningly licking her lips like she was about to cleave me with those sharp claws of hers at any moment?

Fretting over this matter for some time, I finally made up my mind. I have to get done with this as soon as possible. That aside, even if it didn’t seem to bother Nemea, the smell of the sewers that was sticking to my body made me seriously uncomfortable. It’s so disgusting, I want to wash up as soon as possible.

“Well, then, show me your wrist... I want to get your pulse?”

“My pulse~? Alright~”

Ding-

[Stats] Name: Nemea

Level: ??

**Condition: Chronic Fatigue » Back Pain » Stiff Shoulder» ????» ????»
????????**

Well, it looks like some letters have been unlocked compared to the last time I accidentally checked her condition. Another weird thing I noticed is that the 'Chronic Fatigue' condition is back. Didn't I get rid of it last time? Why is it here again?

Am I interpreting the letters wrong? Or maybe the system malfunctioned? Unlikely in both cases. There should be some other reason for the condition to have resurfaced.

"Hey, miss witch. Do you feel any kind of pain in your back?"

"Wow~ That's amazing~ My friend~ Can you tell that just by taking my pulse~?"

"Do you feel tired too?"

"Yes~ I felt rather light after you touched my body the other day, but it soon started to feel heavy again~ I would have known if it was like that from the beginning~ But, it keeps alternating between lightness and heaviness every now and then, my stomach hurts like hell too~"

"Ah, I see..."

That's how massages and manual therapy are.

After the message, your body feels very light as if on the verge of flying but a few days after your body would go back to its initial stage again.

The fatigue that accumulates in a body over a long time can't completely disappear after a single massage.

Those that can't bear to part with the lightness and coolness that they feel after a massage session will use their money and get another one. In fact, the more massages you receive, the better the effect it has on your body, relieving fatigue and pain.

Well, I now know that chronic diseases couldn't be easily cured after a single massage session. Good to know for the future.

"Well, then I'll start with lightly rubbing your shoulders."

I pressed both of my thumbs on the witch's neck, especially the red spots that glowed over it. This is the Fengchi, although I remembered the name I'm not sure what would happen if I pressed on this spot.

“Uh, Guh, my neck~? But you said the shoulders~?”

“Everything is connected in the human body. Your shoulders hurting doesn’t necessarily mean the problem stems from there. Now, do you usually walk with your chin lifted up?”

“My chin~?”

“If you form the habit of pushing your chin forward like how a turtle does, your neck muscles get overworked. To not compromise any bodily functions your shoulders are gonna compensate for the overworking, indirectly leading to them hurting instead of the neck.”

“My shoulders are compensating~?”

“And if your shoulders are strained, your whole body’s balance will be disturbed. That’s why your body feels so sluggish.”

It sounded rather plausible, right? It was actually all improvisation on my part, though. Simply speaking, I was just spouting bullshit on the fly...

I have no clue if what I’m saying is true or not. As for my medical knowledge, it was something I picked up on the streets akin to the preaching from quacks, so it was probably not true, at least I think so.

Well, just as my father said, it was enough if it sounded plausible to the clients of the health center. If it worked, they wouldn’t care about it anyway...

“Indeed~ I do tilt my head forward~ My chest is huge~ My whole body leans forward because of it ~ Is that a problem~? Ah, Uh~ So refreshing... I’m getting chills down my spine~”

The witch trembled and leaked out an “Heuuuh” sound, just like an old man. I don’t know why nor how but it seems my touch was very pleasant to her as she constantly sighed in comfort.

It lead me to wonder about how effective my massages actually were. Believe it or not, rather than doing them, I liked receiving massages instead.

However, pressing on one’s own body and receiving a massage from someone else couldn’t be compared at all, so I never knew how my massages felt.

Anyway, I just kept pressing on the witch’s thin neck, nape, and shoulders over and over again, targeting the red spots accurately.

Even if they were both girls, Elfriede had tough skin and muscles, while Luna’s skin was as soft as a rice cake.

Nemea was also very unique in her own way. Her skin was so tender that my fingers would just sink in with a pleasant sensation no matter how hard I pressed. Rather than calling it tender, calling it soft as cotton feels way more appropriate.

Ding-

『Healed Nemea's chronic fatigue.』 『Healed Nemea's stiff shoulders.』 『Task Value + 20』

Alright, both the stiff shoulders and fatigue have been healed at the same time. My ability seemed to be pretty flexible since it could heal multiple things simultaneously.

Was every part of the body really connected like I was rambling earlier?

“Ugh~ Wow, so refreshing~ This i- This- Now that I know how this feels, I can't go back~ I feel like even my head has been cleared up from all the troubles and fatigue~”

The witch lay flattened on the operating table like a steamed bun that had been thoroughly microwaved. She seemed to be feeling pretty good. After coming this far, I'm starting to get confidence in my abilities.

“I'm going to press on your back now. Excuse the offense, can I pull your clothes?”

“My goodness~ How risque~ Are you going to take all of my clothes off~?”

“Well, it's more effective if I can have direct contact with the skin...”

“Fufu, you're such a pervert~ Well, if you, my friend, say so then I'll trust you wholeheartedly~ Can you heal my back pain~? I was moving luggage around when it suddenly started hurting a little~”

“You'll know once we try.”

“Great~”

I thought she was just going to roll up the hem of her robes. Instead, the witch untied her off-shoulder dress and exposed her shoulders, back, and waist to my shocked eyes.

Her skin was white and smooth enough to even reflect the light of the lamp. I could even see the sides of her massive breasts from behind, damn how big are those even?

Of course, her whole body would hurt all over if she daily had to carry things that are so massive. I could somehow relate to her as I felt heavy on my lower torso every day because my little brother was ginormous too. Anyway, it was definitely because of my little brother that I felt so bothered.

“Well~ I’m ready~ I don’t usually show this to anyone~ Count this as an honor, my friend~”

“W-Well... Then I’ll take a look.”

I could see red spots popping up on her waist and the sides of her erector spinae, quite close to her butt. Just as I tried to place my fingers on them as I did with her neck and shoulders...

“Haaah~!?”

Nemea growled out a terrifying scream and pushed my hands away from her body with great force, startling me quite a bit.

“I-I’m sorry!”

Damn it, it’s gonna be a pain to deal with if she makes a fuss about sexual harassment and whatnot. The punishment that was dealt to molesters in this world was truly terrifying. So terrifying that... I don’t even want to describe it.

“Ah, no~ I was just a little surprised~ You can continue~ I’m just kidding, just kidding~”

The witch spoke in her usual soft, languid voice after recovering her breath.

“Come on, Hurry~”

“Y-Yes...”

Ugh-

I rested my palms on Nemea’s bare waist again. The witch trembled violently as if her body was inflicted with excruciating pain because of my touch.

“Then I’ll press...”

Press- Press-

“Woo~ Weuah~”

Something very unexpected happened right after I began the massage on her waist. Nemea’s waist which had been previously lying flat on the table, being pressed by my hands, suddenly rose along with her pelvis, ending in her buttocks being lifted high up in a slanted position.

“Uhm, miss w-witch?”

“It’s okay~ Go on, go on~ Why don’t you try slapping it~? With your palms~”

“L-like this?”

Slap- Slap-

“Huuuh~ T-this can’t be~ This can’t be happening~”

She wanted me to slap her waist. What kind of massage is this even? But Nemea, the witch, looked like she was dying of joy, from her reactions, and she gasped so much that I thought she was going to run out of breath at any moment. Was she originally a pervert or something?

I began teasing Nemea with my hand movements while lost in thought ruminating on the various types of fetishes that the different races of this world might have. As the number of slaps on her waist increased, the witch’s breath became rougher and rougher.

“Huh, Hoo, a little stronger~ Yeah, just like that~”

Wait, I think I’ve heard this somewhere before?

Kareureureuk!

Just then, in a corner of the room, the gigantic cat that had been quietly picking its own fur until now suddenly cried out. I rapidly looked back and forth between the lion-cat and the moaning Nemea.

As I alternatively looked between them, I was reminded of the mating video I had watched two years ago when my life was still easy-going and I had access to my smartphone and youtube.

Damn it, isn’t this a cat’s erogenous zone?

The way she raised her ass and shook it after I spanked her waist was very similar to Gungdipangpang. [1]

“Euh~ Won’t do~. How is this~ How is this possible~?”

The way in which she was rubbing her thighs together while erotically breathing out made me feel like I had just entered a scenario I shouldn’t have, making me feel very embarrassed and uncomfortable all around.

“Guaaah~ Huuuuh~”

Soon after, Nemea began making strange sounds that could hardly be qualified as human speech, and I couldn't make sense of those sounds no matter how much I tried to interpret and comprehend them.

Her vivacious, long, and drooping scarlet hair was fluttering back and forth as she was shaking her head uncontrollably, just as I was going to say something.

“Uhm, huh, should I stop?”

“Noooo~ Go on~”

Bareureureu-

After some time, as I continued my message, Nemea's buttocks were raised so high up that I thought they'd eventually touch the ceiling.

Rather than someone who was getting a massage, her posture was similar to the crouching position before a track and field athlete would start running.

Ding-

『Healed “Nemea's Back Pain”』

“Gareuuuuuaaa~”

Nemea shouted with her mouth wide open, at the same time as the usual *Ding-* sound and the accompaniment letters appeared.

It was more of a roar than a normal shout, though, and my legs began faltering before I even realized it.

It was said that animals would run away or urinate when they hear the cry of a predator, a beast that was higher up on the food chain than them. That was the best way to describe my current situation.

Thank god, I had done a lot of things in the sewers. I nearly peed my pants. Actually, I might have had a little leak.

“Ah~ Uh, Uhm~ What is~ What am I doing~? Hmmm, Hmm~ It's weird~ Huuh~”

Nemea rose from the table and put the dress that had been pulled to her waist back on her shoulders again.

With her back facing the lamp, her face was clouded in the darkness. Only her inhuman-looking red eyes and terrifying long fangs were visible through her slightly opened lips, making up a scene that felt absolutely surreal.

Whoosh- Rattle-

The windows then suddenly opened with a rattle letting the unruly wind in. It made her fiery red hair swing like a beast's mane, giving her an even more beastly feel.

"My friend~ Why do you look so dazed~? Wake up~?"

The witch grabbed my shoulders after I had fallen down on my buttocks, owing to the abrupt rattling sound. My body was then abruptly lifted up by her hands...with a power and grip that I couldn't even imagine coming from a woman.

It was more like being pulled out than lifted up. I felt like a cabbage that was being rooted out from the ground.

"My friend~ You have an interesting talent~ Are your hands special~?"

Then, the eerie witch brought her nose close to the palm that had been patting her back and began sniffing it.

Goosebumps ran down my back and blood rushed down my lower body at her animalistic and inhuman-ish act.

"I don't know~ It wouldn't be a bad idea to have a good relationship with someone like this~ I forgot how long it has been since I got this heated up~ But~"

Sniff- Sniff-

The witch kept sniffing around my body.

"It smells so bad~ Ah~ I can't stand it~ My nose is sensitive contrary to someone like Hamelin~"

"W-Well then can I go? I want to take a shower and rest."

"Not a chance."

"Y-Yes?"

The disagreeing witch's voice wasn't the usual soft and languid one that I was used to. It was like a growl that escaped from the depths of her humongous chest, carrying a beastly resonance akin to the gigantic white cat.

"Kareureureu, I can't stand it."

Wait, damn it, she's growling for real!!!!?

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Chapter 32: Lions Are Prideful (3) ⑩

🔊 Lions Are Prideful (3) 🔊

Pitter— Patter—

I twisted something that looked like a faucet, or a valve that was attached to a pipe, and a stream of water began pouring down from the ceiling.

The room was cramped like a telephone booth.

I received a barrage of cold water, devoid of any form of warmth, directly on my face and body.

But the temperature of the water wasn't really a bother, so, this was more than good enough. I can't believe this store had a private shower. Money truly is great.

Anyway, after being showered with the cold barrage of water from head to toe, the sewer stench that seemed to be latched onto my body disappeared along with the embarrassment and excitement that were clouding my judgment. All in all, I felt very refreshed in more ways than one.

“My friend~ Shall I scrub your back~?”

The gentle voice of a woman resounded from behind the door. I hurriedly let out some gibberish sounds in embarrassment.

“I-It's okay!”

“You'll find scented candles in the corner~ Wipe every nook and cranny of your body, okay~? The most important thing in cooking is preparing the ingredients, after all~”

The witch chuckled with a “Fu~ Fufu~” sound. I don't what that laughter meant but it was very witch-like, at least it sounded like that to me.

They were called witches because they couldn't be understood by normal humans after all.

"Sigh..."

No matter how much cold water fell on me, I couldn't calm down a bit now. My heart kept pounding like a large speaker with a loud woofer connected to it.

I was taking a shower in a stranger's house! This is simply unreal!

How can someone not be nervous or excited in such a situation?

If such a person existed it was either a eunuch or some kind of Buddhist monk. And unfortunately or rather fortunately I was none of these.

"Hurry up and come out~"

"Uhm, I-I'm nearly done washing everything!"

After rubbing all of my body with these scented candles or whatever that the witch pointed out, I rinsed my body one last time with the cold barrage of the shower water, then began drying myself with a cloth lying nearby.

I saw Nemea's red-stained pupils in the dark as soon as I stepped out of the shower, and my knees almost buckled up from the fear those eyes evoked in me.

"Great~ The smell is finally gone~ You've done well~"

"W-Where are my clothes...?"

"You won't be needing them~ Come here~"

The witch's slender fingers grabbed my arm and dragged me somewhere, and seated me on a chair.

The power with which she dragged me behind her was so strong that it was hard to think of it as a woman's power, I couldn't offer any resistance as she made me sit on a chair, like a little girl playing with her doll.

Was I actually weak? I couldn't help but feel ashamed despite the fact that it was probably because of her magical powers. Even the elven witch, Elfriede, had the strength of a gorilla despite her thin arms.

Maybe only people with strong physical prowesses were given the title of witch? My overworked brain could only come up with such a stupid answer.

“Great~ Actually, it would have been better if I could have cooked it a little bit more, but~ Well, it is what it is~ The wait is unbearable already~” ¹[1]: Nemea is treating Hassan as an ingredient for her experiments, hence the use of the word cook here.

The witch who had suddenly disappeared somewhere reappeared just as fast with a large pair of scissors in her hand. They were huge.

They were actually so huge that they needed to be held by two hands. They looked so terrible, their edges with such a sharp glint, that I began wondering if a human hand could be cut with these blades.

“Um, uh, w-what are you trying to do?”

“I really wanted to do this from the first time I saw you~ At the time, I wasn’t sure~ Don’t worry~ It won’t hurt if you stay calm~ It will hurt only if you struggle~”

Why is she bringing the scissors close to my head and neck? Damn it, is she going to behead me? I felt an urge to move my body and run away in that instant.

However, my body didn’t fall off the chair no matter how much I struggled as if I had been glued to it. Damn it, did she use glue on the seat? Some kind of magic glue that would hold you in place without even letting you know of its presence? What kind of primitive and powerful trap is this?

I was like a mouse stuck in a sticky mouse trap. My palm that was placed on the armrest couldn’t move too. The witch then spoke leisurely from behind me.

“You won’t be able to lift a finger~ This chair is a legendary relic~ Ever heard of the Chair of Forgetfulness (I’ll add some trivia in the translation note)~?”

“L-Legendary relic?”

I could see a lot of gold coins, no, bags of gold coins glimmer in front of my eyes at the mention of a ‘Legendary relic’. Damn, how can I have such fantasies in this kind of predicament? Has my mind gone down the drain from greed!? Calm down, Hassan!

“Yes, once you sit up on this chair you won’t be able to get up unless someone picks you up~ Weak-willed people usually lose consciousness after just sitting on it~ Is it because of your blessings that you still look fine~?”

Snip— Snip—

At that moment, I felt something sharp cutting my hair. I felt a shiver run down my neck, my whole body trembling violently from fear.

“S-Since you’ve wanted to do this from the first time we met, was the quest a bait to catch me?”

“Yes, it was~ You’re a Samaritan that has been blessed~ Where would I be able to see something so rare again~? Any witch would covet you~ You’re all mine now~!”

“S-Somebody help me!”

“Are you scared~? Why don’t you pray to the gods you believe in, my friend~? Well, there’s no god here, though~ In fact, there’s no such thing as a god in this world in the first place~ They’re just a bunch of self-important and bitter idiots that give zero fucks about the mortals below~”

I-I’m screwed.

If there’s something I learned after struggling to survive in this barbaric world for two years is that everything here was deeply tied to beliefs and religions. You couldn’t separate those concepts from this world even if you tried to.

In a world where magic and superstition reigned supreme, where science and rational thinking were not developed in the tiniest bit, it wasn’t surprising for people to have faith in the great although questionable existence of God.

In my world, where people had gone to the moon, and we could communicate with people on the other side of the world using radio waves, religion still remained a powerful force to reckon with.

Hence, in this barbaric world, it wasn’t surprising to see that religion and belief themselves were no different than absolute truth.

It was simply unimaginable for someone to curse or insult the gods.

Some form of polytheism groups that insulted other gods in favor of their own gods did exist.

But no one denied their existence altogether. The general public would ostracize you, trample you, then wipe you out of the surface of this world if you even spoke something against them, much less deny their existence altogether!

This witch however was casually breaking such taboos as if it was nothing significant.

She’s more dangerous than I had previously thought her to be.

“My Samaritan friend~ Your hair is really black~ At this rate, you won’t have any choice but to be ostracized as a descendant of Pluto~”

Snip— Snip—

The witch continued to haphazardly cut my hair with her giant pair of scissors.

My hair, which used to reach my shoulders, was mercilessly cut, like I was an animal meant to have its fur trimmed, and they rolled down on the floor.

“Alright~ Now, it’s clean~ Your hair is a pretty good material~ Well, not just the hair~ The nails~ Toenails~ Blood~ Bones~ Flesh~ Nothing can be thrown away~”

“Hiik!”

“You guys are on the verge of extinction~ I’ll save you~ I’ll protect you~ Forever~ Forever and ever~” ²[2]: This part is very vague. This is probably referring to him being a Samaritan, and that Samaritans are gonna go extinct, but the raws aren’t really specific about it. So, this could be a foreshadowing for something else... something important for the future plot.

My eyes frantically moved to look at all the flasks and beakers around me while the witch was muttering.

The blank eyes of the dissected frogs, snakes, and birds looked at me as if saying, “Welcome, friend. Welcome to the collection.” I won’t be your friend you dissected punks!

“Damn it, r-release me!”

“I guess you’ve finally got the picture of what’s happening~ You should have trained against the seduction of women, my friend~”

Click— Click—

The witch finally went on to cutting my nails with the giant and ruthless-looking scissors. This scene was so scary it made me want to close my eyes, not willing to look at the aftermath of my nail being cut with those terrifying scissors.

“The cuts don’t look good~ Should I just cut off your whole finger~? I’m just kidding~ There’s no way I’ll cut off the belly of the goose that lays golden eggs~ The nails are finally done~”

The witch who had just finished cutting my nails with her giant scissors disappeared behind my back in a flash.

I could do nothing but scream as I got frightened due to the sudden disappearance of the witch.

“W-What are you going to do to me, you damn witch?!”

“Oh, my~ How brave~ I won’t do anything to you~ I’ll just cut your hair like this from now on~ I’ll also clean off your nails and toenails~ I’ll also feed you well during that time~ All you need to do is to just quietly sit here~ Forever~”

I felt something approaching me and soon something soft touched the nape of my neck. It was the witch’s luscious lips, caressing that sensitive spot in the back of my neck.

“A life of ostracization is tough~ I know it fully well~ Won’t it be hard to make ends meet~? I’ll let you live without working another day for the rest of your life~”

The witch’s voice, akin to a devil’s whisper, caressed my ears, promising me a carefree life. A beautiful woman actually gave me a proposal to not work for the rest of my life.

Getting proposed to by a rich and mature beauty, and being taken care of by her at home. In other words, getting a sugar mama. It was the wet dream of many men out there.

Come to think of it, wasn’t this on my bucket list? Damn it, this is really tempting. However, I’d rather not stay sitting on a chair for the rest of my life! Even if it meant rejecting an offer that I yearned for.

“I-I’m unwilling!”

I declined the offers while internally crying tears of blood. I would have blindly accepted it if the situation had been different but I couldn’t in this case.

“Why~? Oh, I see, as someone from the wilderness, being stuck in a house must be rather hard for you~ I know what to do~! I’ll attach wheels to the chair and take you out for a walk every now and then~”

“M-My companions will doubt you if I disapp...”

Chu— Chu—

Something soft and sticky began running along my ear, stroking it in its sticky goodness, before I could even finish my words.

It didn’t take long for me to realize that it was Nemea’s tongue and that my ears were now being playfully bitten and licked by her gentle tongue.

“Whoa...”

It was the first time I ever experienced something like this.

It was only then that I realized what it felt like to have your ears licked. It was akin to an exhilarating stream of electric current running through my spinal cord from top to bottom — from the back of my head to my tailbone, right above my buttocks.

She then whispered with her tongue still flicking in my ear.

“My friend~? How could there be such a thing in this world~? You’re naive for a Samaritan~ In this world, people have to live for themselves. Foolish trust is akin to a dagger stabbing you from behind~ Just like this~”

Thrust—

Something sharp and pointy was strongly digging into my shoulders.

“Ah—!”

A pain so strong struck me that a deep fear akin to being eaten alive colored my now despairing face.

In the past, Elfriede would sometimes get sick of whipping me and would bite my forearm, such a scene of the past flashed in my eyes right now.

Maybe this witch enjoyed biting and chewing on other people.

“Your skin is rather tough, just like leather~ It feels quite good to chew on it~ What else do we have here~”

The witch’s hands slowly ran down my shoulders and my chest, then descended along my belly. It was like a snake leisurely moving along a streamlined path to its prey.

“What’s making you so hard~? Pervert~”

“Hum, t-that...”

I felt shameful and embarrassed for getting hard in such a situation where I was bound and restricted.

I have to defend myself here, but, what kind of man would I be if I wouldn’t have blood rush down there after feeling the softness of her humongous chest touching the back of my neck or the pleasure of having my ears licked?

“I heard that Samaritans weren’t very well endowed down there~ But this is way bigger than I thought~ What a pleasant surprise~!”

Her snuggling fingers then wrapped around my lower body. I was so startled by the sensation that I almost jumped a few centimeters in the air but was unable to due to the restrictions of the legendary relic.

I finally understood why Finley and Luna made a fuss after I touched their feet. It takes great determination to face such a feeling of weakness and vulnerability.

“It’s good to be healthy~ It’s as hard as a rock~ Doesn’t it feel like a real stone statue~?”

Graaaab—

That witch grabbed my thing so mercilessly that I thought it was going to burst from her strong grip, it was so painful that I felt some tears were about to come out of my eyes.

“I-It hurts—!”

“Hmm~ Weird~ Wouldn’t it normally feel better if I held it~?”

Grab— Pull—

The witch just grabbed my shaft and clenched it tightly.

“Guaag!”

I couldn’t feel any better at this change of actions, this was simply bullying. A man’s body is delicate! Maybe some people would feel pleased with such rough treatment but not me! I wasn’t like those masochistic bastards.

“Maybe, the place is wrong~? How do you feel when I touch it here~?”

The witch then decided to take hold of my pair of precious marbles in her palms and tightly pulled them.

“Y-You’re ripping them apart! Damn it, stop! You’re really going to rip them off!”

“Hmm~ What~ You really don’t feel good~? What if I press it hard like this~”

“Damn it, this shit hurts so much, just kill me already! Uggh—”

The pain was no joke. If this was an attempt at torture, then it was a great success.

“How do I get it out~? Your semen~ Should I just cut it off~? Well, it won’t be too different from cutting the belly of the goose that lays golden eggs, I suppose~”

What, cut it off?

My mind blanked at such a ruthless and violent comment. It wasn't even a matter of pain anymore. It was a matter of life and death for my little brother.

“Hum, huh, witch~ Would you let me say something?”

“How polite, my friend~ Great~ What do you want to say~? I'll do my best as long as it isn't about releasing you~”

“E-Excuse me, if I may, could you use your mouth at least?”

Too lazy.

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- 1[1]: Nemea is treating Hassan as an ingredient for her experiments, hence the use of the word cook here.
- 2[2]: This part is very vague. This is probably referring to him being a Samaritan, and that Samaritans are gonna go extinct, but the raws aren't really specific about it. So, this could be a foreshadowing for something else... something important for the future plot.