Night Butterfly

The body of a slime is surprisingly comfortable. It isn’t hard to move around, nor do I ever feel tired. To the care-free me, there is no inconvenience at all.

However, I encountered a huge problem…

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I came to the famous hostess club known as the Night Butterfly. As a token of appreciation, Kaijin-san brought me here. Although I wasn’t really interested, I couldn’t say no given how persistent he was.

It’s true! I really have no interest. It was just that Kaijin wouldn’t back down… Alright, I’ll admit it. I do have some interest. It’s been a long time since I could drink with beautiful Onee-sans, so I’m pretty pumped to go to the club.

BUT!!

No matter how much I drank, I just couldn’t get drunk. Now believe me, it was an incredibly serious problem. Kaijin had gone through all the trouble of bringing me here, being like this surely would cut the fun in half. I tried my hardest to get drunk, but since I couldn’t even taste the drink, this seemed like a futile effort. I was determined and steadfast in my resolve, but it was no use.

However, drinking is not the only fun thing to enjoy here. I am the type of man (slime) who is quick to adapt and won’t give up before the first tiny obstacle that comes my way!

It’s precisely for that reason, that I was intent on letting the Night Butterfly live up to its name. I want to enjoy playing with the elven Onee-sans who are renowned for their beauty.

But there is now another issue. Although I previously didn’t have a problem with my slime body, I now have a massive complaint. The issue this time is—I don’t have hands. It’s rare to have so many elven Onee-sans in one place, it would surely be a huge problem if I couldn’t touch them.

I am being held by a tender and slim arm while being crushed by ample bosoms.

This feels so good! Did I die and go to heaven after all!? I could shout with joy in this type of heavenly situation… But it’s saddening that I can’t do anything further due to my tragic lack of hands. I think back to all the monster I’ve preyed upon prior to this day. Hands, tentacles, I put all of the mental energy I could muster into channeling my thoughts in an effort to produce these appendages.

It is times like this that I need my unique skill ‘Great Sage’ the most, and gave it the order.

However—

<<Answer. Insufficient data, creation of the designated organ has failed.>>

It’s futile—!! What type of ‘Great Sage’ is this?! Completely useless in my hour of need.

But, meh, the monsters I’ve preyed upon—snake, centipede, spider, bats, lizards, wolves—now that I think about it, none of them had what it takes to create what I need now. With a heavy heart, I regrettably came to terms with not being able to squeeze any breasts.

BUT!— I’m not the type of man to give up here.

Even if I couldn’t squeeze anything, I could still enjoy the sweet fragrance of these elven Onee-sans. Being surrounded by their bountiful bosoms and enjoying such heavenly fragrance. This truly is the greatest meaning in life for a man.

So let me enjoy it already.

I drew in deep breaths of the air around me and reached the world of fragrant attar. For now, my skill ‘Keen Smell’ acquired from the direwolf alpha has been put to great use. I’m exceedingly satisfied with the aroma of Elven beauties and wanna learn more about it.

<<Answer. The substance is composed of perfume, female hormone estrogen, oxytocin—>>

STOP! NO, That’s not at all what I meant!!

I don’t want to know these details… Doing so would diminish their pure beauty. For real, is the name ‘Great Sage’ just for show? What a useless skill.

So, I explained to Great Sage in detail, that I actually just want to take in the wonders brought by the fragrance but knowing too much is definitely not allowed. Certain things were perfect at just the right amount, as with all things in life, there are lines that shouldn’t be crossed. Even if one wishes to know, one shouldn’t know, even if one wishes to see, one shouldn’t see.

That is the quintessential state called, Gokui (ultimate state) 2 . Humans would lose interest in things if they knew too much. Therefore you had to approach the limit, but then restrain yourself from going any further. One might say it is the art of only getting a brief glimpse of something. By subverting your intellectual curiosity, you can amplify the excitement. It’s an adult thing that only professionals can grasp.

I explain these things triumphantly to Great Sage.

<<… Answer. Understood>>

Really? It may be a ‘Great Sage’ after all. My passion must have reached it on a deeper level, allowing it to understand this marvelous concept.

Equipped with this deep knowledge, the Great Sage did a fantastic job. Letting me sense things right up until that point when it almost became unbearable. To be precise, I was able to interpret their emotions just by their smell alone. It may have only been surface level feelings such as joy or anger, but nonetheless such information is priceless in this hostess club.

For that reason, I managed to secure my position as king in the club. The effect not only affects smell, but also eyesight. Everything around me that I normally cannot see, is recreated as images in my head. It is surprisingly difficult to recreate the function of eyes alone, but using ‘Magic Perception’ to construct the image not only costs little magicule, but also expanded my field of view. Using this to my advantage, I can see where humans normally couldn’t, this includes peeking underneath skirts. However, the elven Onee-sans seem to protect their golden triangle (thighs), not letting me see anything of note in the accurately recreated images.

As expected from the Great Sage… What a terrifying existence.

And so, my endless pursuit within the hostess club continued, at least until the clueless intruder showed up.