

Hank's Cries for Help Goes Unanswered

It is Hank's last day of being their spotter and the only one who's happy in the village of Ligen is none other than Hank himself.

Not only has he got his revenge on Zamel and the other lamia catchers for putting him in this boring position to begin with, he had also got the other villagers to feel miserable as a bonus.

Even as he walks through the village while making his way to the tree stump, Hank can see the frustration coming from the villagers' faces. And he couldn't be happier at seeing them suffer.

Making the villagers suffer by his pranks is all he has ever wanted to do. And in his mind, there's no one that is going to stop him from pulling off more pranks in the future.

When he gets to the tree stump in the forest, he has already started on brainstorming new ideas for pranking the villagers in Ligen as he sits on the stump.

Will he go for the classic route and use the banana peel to trip one villager and make them land on a vast pile of itching powder?

Or will he go for the more practical route and use a rope to capture and lift the unexpected victim in the air, before dropping said victim into a pool of mud?

Perhaps he can gather a pile of horse manure and put it in a bag, before proceeding to hang it above the villager's door so that it can drop on someone's head.

Then again. There's always the good ol' oil and feather sack bag that'll leave anyone who got hit with it would not only get covered in stickiness, but they would also get covered in feathers.

Regardless of how many ideas he can come up in his mind, he knows that he'll enjoy tormenting the villagers with his wonderful prank ideas.

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“You seem to enjoy yourself. Did something happen?” Said the unknown female voice.

“Yeah. I had to deal with some idiots who thought that sticking me to such a boring job would be good for the village. But I show them a thing or two about wasting my time with boring jobs.” Said Hank.

“Really... So, do you consider yourself a bad boy?”

“I guess... Then again, it’s not like there’s any decent people in the village.”

When Hank open his eyes as he was curious about who he was talking to, he sees a woman who’s not only has red skin with white painting and blue hair, but is also naked with a pair of large red breasts.

Before Hank could process who she is that he was talking to, he felt his body being constricted from shoulder to toe. Upon looking down, he sees a red snake-like body has wrapped around his body and is preventing him from moving.

For the few moments when he was thinking up his prank ideas, he has unknowingly been talking to a lamia this whole time.

“You... You’re...”

“Surprised at how I catch you off guard? Perhaps if you weren’t daydreaming so much, then you would have been more aware of your surroundings.” Said the lamia.

He can feel the pressure of the lamia’s body squeezing the life out of him as he struggles to break free from her grips.

“Let me go... You have... no idea... who you’re... messing with...”

“Am I? Cause from what I can see, you’re nothing more than my lovely little prey.”

“You say that... yet I know... a bunch of guys... who hunt down lamias like you...”

“Oh? Weren’t you the one that proclaims them to be nothing more than idiots?”

“Yeah... I said that... but that doesn’t... change the fact that... they’re still professional... at capturing monsters... Monsters... like you...”

“So you believe that you alone will be saved?”

While Hank has been struggling, he looks up and sees the lamia thinking to herself. He doesn’t know what she’s thinking about. But all Hank can think of is that when the lamia catchers come to get her, he will make that bitch pay.

“Perhaps my curiosity has overtaken my desire. Why I could just take you away before you get the chance to scream, I must admit the thought of finding out if what you’re saying is true captured my attention.”

Before Hank could figure out what the lamia was talking about, he felt a tightening grip that squeezed his body, beginning to loosen. Although he still couldn’t move his body, he feels like he can breathe properly.

“How about we test that theory out?”

“Huh...? What are you talking about...?”

“If you’re confident that they will save you from me, then all you have to do is to scream, right? Then all you need to do is cry out for help. I’ve even loosened my grip on you so that you can speak more properly.”

“A-Are you serious?”

“I am. If you cry for help and help arrives, then I’ll simply let you go and you’ll never see me again. However... Should you cry for help and no one comes to save you... then I shall do something nasty to you...”

The lamia then leans forward towards Hank’s ear as her breasts reach his face.

“Like eating... you... up...” The lamia whispers.

Hearing such words has caused his body to freeze up in fear as the lamia stares right at Hank’s face.

“Of course... There is another option that you can take.”

“T-There is...” Said Hank while being scared for his life.

“If you feel as if no one would come and save you, then why don’t you come with me and be happy?”

“What...?”

“Now I don’t know what those villagers... Or what you call them as “idiots,” would tell you about us. But we take care of those that will come with us over those that we take.”

The lamia then leans in again as she goes to Hank’s other ears while her breasts smother his face again.

“Isn’t that much more appealing than being eaten alive by me and my sisters...?”

Hearing what the lamia has to say, Hank tries to process what he heard from her.

Considering his past six days of being the villager’s spotter and his past antics with the lamia catchers, the idea of him being spared from such a cruel fate is very tempting.

However. There is one thing Hank still has left in his body. And that’s his pride.

The very thought of him being used and treated like a toy by the lamias will never happen. For as long as Hank is still breathing, he will never bow down to any lamia.

“You will never break me, you lamia!” Said Hank.

Hank’s confidence has returned as the lamia leans back so he can gather his breath.

“HEY! I FOUND A LAMIA! SHE’S HERE! HURRY!” Hank shouted.

Hank looks to his side after yelling out about a lamia coming. He knows for sure that Zamel and the lamia catchers would come and save him from the lamia in front of him.

“You’ll see. Once they come, you’ll be begging for mercy.”

Few minutes have passed as Hank and the lamia don’t see any signs of either Zamel or the lamia catchers. A few more minutes has pass as the two still don’t see any sign of lamia catchers coming.

“Are you sure they’re coming? Seems like they’re awfully late...”
Said the lamia.

“I’m sure they’ll come. I know they won’t abandon people like me.”

Some more minutes has pass as Hank’s confidence drops as panic hits him. He felt a sense of fear that the lamia catchers didn’t hear him before.

“OI! WHERE ARE YOU GUYS?! THERE’S A LAMIA HERE!
HURRY!”