

"I have a proposal for you," I declare as I approach the fiery dancer.

She just glances at me then continues washing her gorgeous red hair of "fluids" as she tersely replies, "Marriage proposals start'eh aht one roseh coin."

"Wha-..." I grunt in confusion, but I quickly recompose myself and assume a more poised demeanor. Hers-type demons are tough negotiators, so I can't show a weak face in front of her. "I want to hire you as a dancer. I'm a traveling beautician, and we perform a little show to attract customers, which would be the perfect place for you to shine."

But she gives me a sharp look with her beautiful brown eyes as she inquires, "What'eh if youh get tired'eh of me? Would'eh I beh strand'eh in ah foreign land'eh?"

"I'll give you a 'severance compensation' to pay for your passage back here," I reassure her. I've never been hurting for money in this line of business, so I can afford someone with high potential like her.

"And is this part'eh of myh job'eh too?" she sultrily questions then sneaks a hand under my skirt and grabs my manly monster.

I actually have to think this seriously because she's *really* sexy and she might be too much of a tease if I'm not allowed to touch her. The meaty club between my legs is like a curse that clouds my judgment too often for my taste, and it'd be nice to have someone else aside from Laleila to "take care of it."

I stare her in the eye, trying to not look like a horny beast, and calmly agree, "Yes... I'd like that."

The bold woman deliberately arouses the beast by stroking me while she whispers alluringly, "It won't'eh beh cheap'eh, youh know?" But she might be doing this to distract me from this negotiation, so I breathe in deeply and get a grip on my own desires to stop them from going out of control.

Then I smoothly state, "My services attract rich women from all paths of life. We still have to work hard for it, but the money will come."

It seems that I'm convincing enough, so she immediately moves on, "I want'eh ah written contract'eh and theh 'severanceh payh' in advanceh. You might'eh suddenlyh becomeh coinless, so I won't'eh just accept'eh emptyh promises."

I nod. "That is fair."

And she smirks as she intensifies the handling of my sensitive member. "Now, about'eh theh regular payh..."

I have to say this again: hers-type demons are tough negotiators.

After quite a stressful experience of having to stand my ground against this fiery little prostitute dancer girl, Niloufar joins our ensemble. She pairs off perfectly with Laleila as the two share an unending pool of energy that they direct towards productive behavior, like partying.

The advantage of being an entertainer is that it's very easy to justify having fun as "honing" your skills. As long as we don't slack when we have to *actually* do our jobs then everything will be fine.

But anyway, now that we've finished scouring Maoka, the question is: where do we go next? Well... the answer is obvious, but I've been avoiding it due to the trauma that made me leave Rabanara. I'd picked the direction that would take me the furthest that I could from that special place, but now we've reached the easternmost known piece of land of the Realm.

Even my exceptionally creative mind can't come up with another excuse. There's nothing more to search for around here, so I have to go back. It's time to visit Mountainhome. This journey would never be fully complete without going there at least once, so I might as well do it sooner rather than later.

I don't know why exactly I'm avoiding dwarves, but all I know is that I feel dread and shame whenever I'm near one. Is it fear that no other loli compares to them? Is it because my heart believes that I'm still not worthy of their delightful cuteness? Or is it guilt for my behavior towards Lina...?

Regardless, it's time to visit the loli haven.

From Maoka's northernmost edge, we take a ship towards Sommerinsel and leave the moon-shaped continent behind, getting close enough to the Everlasting Storm that we can take a peek at it. And we go silent as we take in the grandiose sight.

Our humble eyes witness a massive wall of clouds, smoke, fire, lava, rain, ice, and whatever else elements one could ever expect to find inside raw chaos. It's simply so inconceivably big we see no end to it, and it rages with such power that feel like nothing could ever withstand it.

"The Leviathan's wake is small compared to this..." Laleila whispers in awe, her floating hair almost still as a reflection of her breathlessness.

"I feel small..." I quietly remark, though my feelings seem awfully mute for the occasion.

Niloufar fearlessly sits on the railing, not worried one bit that she might fall overboard. "Well'eh... I can't sayh that this is what'eh / feel'eh everydayh, but'eh it's obviouslyh similar'eh," the fiery woman wryly states.

"Do you feel the urge to kneel and pray every time you see someone tall?" Laleila questions stoically.

"Nno~...?" the red loli reluctantly admits.

I smile warmly at them and grab Niloufar's waist to ensure she doesn't fall as I share, "I also don't, the kneeling and praying part, I mean. My 'Piety' is merely at level ten, so I guess holy things aren't very effective on me."

But even though my "Piety" isn't anything special, I know that the Gods have entangled my Thread with that of these women. We're all too good for each other for it to be anything but divine will.

And Laleila assumes a solemn tone as reflects, "You land-bound rarely travel north, so I understand that you know little about the Storm, but to us, it's a physical representation of the endless depth of divine power."

It makes me glad that she's such an understanding person. Others might find offense at how nonchalant we are about something clearly related to the Old Gods.

I've heard that the Everlasting Storm is very humbling, but I feel... nothing. It looks impressive, yes, but... I feel like there's nothing here for me. I'm a man who lives for a singular purpose: loli, and becoming awed by anything but my life's goal of finding the perfect loli simply isn't allowed.

That's exactly it. *Nothing* must stop me, not even my trauma of dwarves.

We reach Sommerinsel and spend a short time sightseeing to make Laleila happy. She grew up in a small village near the coast of Goldport, and they were so primitive they were barely above a simple breeder-type civilization, so she loves seeing how far the mer of Sommerinsel have developed. This is the only mer kingdom, after all, and even I would be curious if I were in her place.

I'd already explored the loli mers, so there isn't much here for me, while the mer preference for almost complete nakedness and the ever presence of salt water everywhere makes it complicated to sell clothes to women. But it does stimulate my fashion sense as I force myself to come up with something they'd enjoy.

For Niloufar this is a vacation since it's hard to dance underwater and the mer already easily flock to Laleila's magical voice. Still, she doesn't slack off when it's time for her to work, so I have no complaints.

This visit ends up being a nice experience, overall. The mer settlements have a surprising amount of enchantments to keep the water flowing above ground so that even the water-bound mer who can't walk on land have a way to reach anywhere in town. It's almost like the streets are humanoid aquariums, though I'd never say that to a mer's face.

Then we continue south, and once we reach Sommerland, the Wandering Beautician opens its doors in full again.

The dark-skinned wereapes and weremonkeys are quite refreshing to sell clothes to as they love vibrant and colorful attires. The weather is humid and hot, so they also prefer breezy clothes, which create an opportunity for sexy combinations that no other weather allows for.

The lolis of the weremonkeys in particular are quite the delicacy, but they're too bratty and hyperactive, requiring reinforced clothing that kills most of the delicate cuteness that I'm looking for in a loli. Though, some of them have boyish looks that are surprisingly attractive. I guess it's for a similar reason why feminine men like men are a favorite of certain women.

Then we slowly ride the Western Rainbow Road, which leads south across Sommerland and passes by the western side of Betoverd Bos, the famous magical forest off-limits to anyone that isn't a pixie or gnome. But we're still allowed close enough to it to get a glimpse as to why it's so famous, and now it's Niloufar's turn to be awed by what she sees.

Little women with butterfly wings tend to oversized flowers. Spinning mushrooms and worms flying about while snakes bury themselves on the ground. Giant ants and walking shrubs feed on fireflies that grow on trees. Birds stalk the land, prowling in the shadows as they wait for the moment to pounce while cats and dogs run in the sky through magical means during the day and then sleep on the treetops at night.

A land so ridiculously silly that even I get distracted from my quest. The pixies and gnomes also don't make it easy to leave them as they're fiercely welcoming, to the point that I get confused about why they're so protective of their fantastical forest while they do their utmost to ensure that nobody wants to leave its border.

"Would you like some juice? It goes well with these salty crackers," the young pixie maid suggests with the gentlest tone.

"I accept your recommendation," I eagerly reply, and I'm rewarded with a bright smile. Pixies aren't true lolis, but by the Gods, they're just as adorably cute as one.

But the astoundingly caring maid still isn't over as she glances at my other companions. "Are you comfortable in your chairs? The Predator Chicken's feathers eventually become hard with use, so we replace them once the guests start to complain."

"I'm soh light'eh I barelyh makeh ah mark'eh in these soft'eh cushions. They're all fineh!" Niloufar answers with double my enthusiasm. I've learned that this hers-type demon is quite fond of being pampered, and the pixie hospitality has made put her in a blissful mood lately.

Then the pure maid turns to my mer companion. "Is the air humidifier to your liking? We understand that mer prefer a more humid air or breathing becomes uncomfortable."

"This is perfect for me. Thanks!" Laleila happily exclaims, her tone also so pure I feel like I'm looking at the angels of myths.

And the maid gives us such a warm and motherly smile I feel my cheeks burn with love and adoration. This isn't even a particularly high-class inn, and they're being so overwhelmingly accommodating it's almost like we're nobility. Why would anyone ever want to leave this place?

As I ponder upon the biggest mystery of the empire, I stare out the balcony and sip my juice. We have a nice view of a fragrant oversized flower farm that goes on for kilometri, and this setting makes me so supremely relaxed that my fingers start to itch.

I suddenly turn to the maid and politely ask, "Do you mind if we play a little song in my lute?"

"Not at all. Make yourself comfortable," she softly replies, looking mildly interested.

*It's impossible for me to become more comfortable than I already am.*

I pick up the lute and start playing a soothing tune, and Laleila hums along, our minds already in sync after performing together for so long. I choose something simple, making it easy for one to follow the lead of the other while leaving room for us to improvise.

The maid smiles approvingly of our choice, then surprises us with a request, "Would you mind if I stay? I see you have [Lute Playing], and I'd love if you allowed me the privilege of listening to this private performance."

"Make yourself comfortable," I repeat her own words, and the little butterfly woman giggles in such a perfectly feminine way that I almost lose my rhythm.

As the song goes, Niloufar cannot help but begin to sway in her seat, itching to dance. She's such a natural and eager dancer that the Gods definitely created her for this job, making it clear to me that the Gods purposely sent her my way.

Then the little demon notices that the pixie maid is also swaying along with the music, her butterfly wings occasionally flapping cutely, and Niloufar becomes very interested in her.

"How about'eh ah danceh?" the dancer offers to the gentle maid, who stops moving in pleasant surprise.

"Oh, my. Is it fine? I've only danced with gnomes a few times," the maid bashfully replies, but she seems eager to try.

Niloufar gently shrugs. "As long'eh as weh haveh fun."

And the maid nods. "Very well."

This pixie is a pretty woman with blonde, braided hair, and green butterfly wings that glitter in the sunlight, but her real strength is in her confident and motherly air that puts us all at ease. The only "loli" thing about her is her size, and even that is smaller than that of a usual loli, but there's a fresh "appeal" to her that's triggering my loli senses.

The maid uses her wings to glide along the floor, easily performing all of the steps that Niloufar leads her into, and the two seem to have a lot of fun with each other. I simply stare at them with warm eyes, savoring the wonderfully beautiful sight of two pretty little women innocently dancing together.

Then a realization starts to dawn within me.

*There may not be a perfect little loli, but there might be perfect little lolis. As in, plural.*

A sudden plan takes root within my mind and spreads its little roots all over with the speed of lightning. And it makes me so enthused that I spontaneously double the pace of the song, making the girls giggle loudly as the excitement rises.

But the maid doesn't seem to have the constitution for a long dance at such speed, so I soon finish the song and let her catch her breath.

"What's your name, fair miss?" I ask, trying to hold back my fervent emotions from scaring off the innocent woman.

She smiles sweetly at me as she answers, "Almheitelotte, but you can just call me Alm."

It takes me a couple of seconds to get over the surprise at how unpronounceable her name is, then I force myself to use a sober tone as I charismatically propose, "Does the idea of traveling across the world while performing dance shows and showcasing fashionable clothes sound appealing to you?"

You'd think that a humble maid would have reasonable aspirations and a more tempered mood, but what I'll soon learn is that pixies are *considerably* adventurous.

"I'll take the job," Alm immediately answers and giggles softly.

"I... I didn't even mention the pay," I mumble confusedly.

The little blond butterfly glances at my happy companions as she explains herself, "If you aren't paying a fair wage to these two misses from far away lands, then we'll have a 'little talk' with the priests." And she gives me a stern, pointed look.

*T-that'd be... a really bad thing for me.*

"I assure you they're both *well* paid," I hastily reassure her.

And she nods in agreement. "And so will I. Now, will I be expected to perform maid duties, too?"

*She seems almost as fierce as a hers-type.*

"We all do the chores while rotating duties to make it fair," I calmly explain. I pride myself in not being a conceited, dainty, little, hidden sheath.

Alm claps in approval. "Wonderful. I see that the talk with the priest will be unnecessary then." And just this little talk tells me everything I needed to know about her personality.

"Indeed," I stiffly reply.

And so the mature and caring Alm joins our troupe.

Now we're at the last leg of our journey to Mountainhome, and with Alm now taking care of us like a kind mother, the days pass by like a breeze, then we suddenly find ourselves in the dry and mountainous lands of the dwarven homeland.

We fry in the sun, cool down in the refreshing shadow of tunnels, hide our faces with veils to protect ourselves from the dust, and huddle up for the night to survive the extreme cold that suddenly befalls us, but even this harsh environment isn't enough to dampen our mood. It's like we've become a family, and we support each other in all matters.

The "surface villages" that we stop for the night don't have much in the name of wealth and population, so I don't even try to open the doors to the Wandering Beautician, allowing us to focus entirely on our journey.

And suddenly, I find myself before the great steps that lead into Hombombein.

The grand scenery, the epic murals, the intricate architecture, it's all lost on me as the only thing that my eyes register is the most incredible assortment of lolis that I've ever laid my immoral eyes upon. A group of adorable little girls advertise their brothel, charming the clients with both cuteness and sexiness mixed in the most depraved ways I could ever imagine.

My sense of fashion goes through a second awakening as my eyes give me the privilege of witnessing the glory of the female allure of lolis being pushed to the limit through these prostitutes. There's simply no loli like dwarven loli.

I get why I was scared, why I chose to go the furthest away from here that I could. I was simply not ready for the supreme cuteness of the dwarves. Lina was an outlier in the matter of adorableness, but the dwarf race itself has a higher-than-average allure that makes them irresistible to someone like me.

*Unhealthily* irresistible.

My heart beats wildly and my hands tremble with excitement, but now I have companions to help me, to push me towards self-control, to chastise me when I go too far, and I have a very strong personal motivation to not let my worshiping of dwarven lolis get in the way of my life's goal. I'm *ready* for this.

The Wandering Beautician sets up in the glorious streets of Hombombein, and I begin to get more customers interested in the exotic performance than those interested in my clothes. A Widebergian "hidden sword," an enthralling siren with



magical hair, an enchanting dancer with jewel-like eyes, and a charming and caring pixie. We almost have all variations of the loli archetype... almost.

But the fated day was closer than I thought.

"We're actuallyh reallyh good'eh at this," Niloufar casually remarks as she watches the crowd of observers disperse while the crowd of desperate young lolis starts to approach, hunting for outfits similar to the ones displayed during our performance.

"I think it's fair to say that we *are* quite popular, so we must be doing something right," Alm soberly follows up.

"Something *very* right," Laleila happily agrees.

"But I still dream of something higher," I whisper solemnly.

"I know you'll reach it," my lovable siren replies soothingly. She started to follow me because she believes in my dream, and I'm glad to know that she hasn't changed after so long.

But before I can answer, a beautiful, crystalline giggle makes me suddenly jerk my head towards its source. I see a fine specimen of a dwarf, a young little girl with beautiful brown shiny locks of hair, a perfectly symmetrical face that is neither too sexy nor too cute, a delicate body of someone who isn't used to hard labor yet isn't a slouch, and an air of cheerful youth along with the demeanor of a proper Lady.

*She's so lovely...*

And the young dwarven immediately engages with Alm as she searches for a new dress. She's a merchant's daughter, so she's the kind of client that's worth of giving personal attention to.

"My, you're all so beautiful, and that performance was just sublime!" the girl sweetly exclaims, her voice almost as soothingly gentle as Alm's. "The street dancers have nothing on you all, and I dare say that even the Theater folks have something to learn."

"You're too kind. We don't have the same level of education as those of the theater," Alm politely replies and picks a frilly dress for her.

Niloufar overhears them and cheekily chimes in, "I learned'eh howh to danceh in ah brothel'eh. Not theh most 'refined'eh placeh to learn'eh a dancing skill'eh."

Laleila notices my unwavering stare at the magnificent young dwarf and joins in to keep the girl's attention from my feverish self. "And I learned how to sing by doing it as often as I could," the siren remarks, her magical voice instantly attracting the girl's gaze of wonder.

*Cool yourself, Dietgard. Cool yourself!*

And the dwarven loli becomes bashful at the attention she's receiving from the three beauties. "Ah, but an educated background doesn't give you talent, does it? I feel like you're all so talented."

*Talent?! What about potential?! I can feel it emanating from you like an aura!*

I take a couple of stiff steps forward, holding myself from running, then I hide my shaking hands as I eagerly make the offer, "How about you join us?"

"Me?!" the young loli gracefully exclaims in delightful embarrassment and surprise.

"What's your name?" I whisper with barely-contained excitement and take another step forward.

"Tali," she whispers as her cute cheeks become rosy.

The One Loli won't be just found, she'll be raised into the position... and I'll be her teacher.

I take a last step and gently grab her little hands, both of us shaking as wild emotions dance within our hearts. "Perhaps *you* have talents that you still have to discover. And if I'm right about your potential, then one day, the name Tali will be known across the Realm."

I can see it, already. A little blue beret with a nice pink ribbon; a white corset covered in a sleeveless blue jacket; white silk gloves with frills and a pink ribbon; a frilly short skirt with many layers made to lift up modestly as she spins, and also with more cute pink ribbons because why not; long white stockings with an also modest blue garter belt for extra cuteness; high white boots with cute blue laces to make it easier to dance.

The perfect outfit for someone that's not just a dancer, but also a singer and muse that will inspire legions with her perfection in *all* areas of femininity. The One True Loli that we shall worship and make offerings to support her radiance that will ignite the fire of life within all of us.

She'll be the guiding light for us all of us, lost men and women, to look up to.

A smile as bright as the sun takes a hold of me, and my existence is elevated to a higher level as I *finally* grasp my true purpose.

"I'll make you into an *idol*. Do you accept?" I magnanimously offer as I stare into Tali's dreamy eyes.

"I do," she accepts without hesitation.