**Chapter 119: Ego Axe Bunny (3)**

Zirnier's Armory was always packed with people lining up to have their gear made by Zirnier, but for the past month, it had been deserted.

The reason for this was kindly written on the sign at the main entrance.

[One month off.]

The words were written one by one by a trio of Zirnier’s mechanical arms, so the handwriting was crooked and unlikely to have been written by a single person.

However, the closure was not enough to deter me from visiting the store.

-Kaang, Kaang!

If you put your ear to the ground, you could hear the muffled sound of iron pounding coming from Zirnier’s underground workshop.

This sound could only mean one thing.

Zirnier, the best blacksmith in the Labyrinth City, hasn't closed her forge for rest or leisure.

She’s been working everyday for a month on just one weapon.

\*\*\*

“They say business is good these days.”

“That weapon shop is closed and it has a trickle-down effect on those of us who are nearby.”

The shopkeepers in the neighborhood of Zirnier's Armory smiled broadly and chatted.

“But what on earth is that blacksmith making that has her locked up in the workshop for a month?”

“They said she made that black sword in a week, but a month?”

“Whose equipment is she making?”

“Judging from her personality, she wouldn't be so diligent no matter who entrusted her with it. Whose equipment is she working so hard on?”

I walked over to Zirnier’s armory while listening to their conversation.

‘She's gotten one of the best materials she ever saw in her life, so it's no wonder she’s so dedicated.’

The Gluttony Soulstone was an ingredient that even Zirnier was drooling over, so she must have taken extra care in crafting it.

The thought of having a new partner made my body tingle.

“You're overdoing it.”

In front of Zirnier's shop, a figure clad in white armor stood with such expectations.

The armor was similar to the armored knight's, but different and the voice sounded familiar.

It was the woman from Diana's inn, the grandmother from the royal knights.

“Hmm. And you?”

I was about to ignore her and enter when she turned to me.

“Good afternoon.”

“Yes. You must be Balkan, Ellie's boyfriend?”

Come to think of it, she had asked me if I was Ellie's boyfriend the other day. It was a little patience test.

I shrugged it off then, but now I couldn't bring myself to deny it.

“Well, that’s not important right now. You came to this weapon shop?”

“Ah, yes.”

“Hehe. In that case, you should probably turn around. She's very busy. Even I, a long time visitor, was turned away.”

It seems that she also went to see Zirnier and got ripped off.

For a moment, I was surprised that Zirnier would turn away the head of the royal knights, not another nobleman or explorer, and then I questioned her.

‘Polite speech?’

The captain of the Royal Knights, who even Diana considered a troublemaker, would show respect to Zirnier?

‘Was Zirnier that great?’

The questioning was short-lived.

“Oh, you're Balkan?!”

The staff inside the store had spotted me and rushed over.

Before, whenever I came, the staff would come and talk to me, but this time, the manager greeted me right away.

“You can go straight down to the workshop.”

“Yes.”

I replied to the manager, and then glanced over at the old lady who was looking at me with a puzzled expression.

“⋯What the⋯”

“Ah. Are you a customer? I'm sorry, but our shop is currently closed.”

“No, I know. I know⋯”

I descend the underground stairs, leaving behind the confused voice behind.

-Kiririk. Kirik!

Mechanical arm number one greeted me.

I followed Arm 1 into the underground workshop, where the heat was blazing.

-Kaang!

With each hammer blow from the massive furnace I could see in the distance, an intense blast of hot air rushed through my helmet.

The sound of the hammers was not just a sound.

-Ka-bang!

Each pound of iron was accompanied by a tremendous vibration, as if the ground was about to turn over.

I cautiously moved forward, fearing I might fall, and soon reached the source of the sound.

-Kaang!

I closed my eyes and opened them to see the culprit of the stormy frenzy.

The mysterious girl I meet at the inn, a blonde similar in color to Celsia.

Her healthy skin was tanned and glistening with sweat from the blazing heat.

The bandages holding her ample breasts in place wobbled precariously with each blow of her hammer.

Her wide suspender pants were already damp.

I watched in silence with No. 1 as Zernier swung the hammer with sparks flying.

I couldn't see her expression because her face was covered by a mask, but I could tell from a glance that she was intensely focused.

‘If I interrupt now, there will be no turning back.’

What would be the point of disturbing a craftsman's concentration?

I'd be lowering the quality of the work that would come to me.

I waited calmly for an hour.

I endure the vibrations and heat that run through the earth and watch as my partner is forged for the journey ahead.

Is it because Zirnier referred to the weapon as her child?

A strange thought kept coming to me.

‘Something tells me I'm watching a birth.’

-Kaaaaang!

With a resounding crash like nothing I've ever heard before, Zirnier flung the hammer she'd been wielding.

It was a reddish weapon.

It was shaped like a giant axe, and gradually, it began to take on an artifact-like glow.

It was not the pale blue glow of a weapon made of relic alloy.

I had never seen a real artifact before, but I was sure of it nonetheless.

The axe was glowing a brilliant blue, just like the real artifact I've rescued from the Labyrinth.

“Ah, ahhhh.”

With trembling hands, Zirnier gingerly lifted the axe.

“Done⋯”

Zirnier's body trembled as she reached the unknown part of the labyrinth with the hands of a mere human.

“Finally⋯!”

Her voice trembled with joy, then turned to sobs.

Zernier cradled the axe in her arms and collapsed into tears of joy.

The trio of mechanical arms rushed over and patted her on the back.

I watched as a single tear fell onto Zirnier's suspenders, then carefully stepped away.

“Ah, Balkan⋯⋯!”

Zirnier seemed to have finally noticed my pretense.

She turned her head quickly and lunged at me.

-Kaaaaaah!

Before I had time to react, she was in my arms.

It was no ordinary hug.

She crossed her fit lower body, wrapped her arms tightly around my waist, and hugged my back with both arms.

Her pectoralis major and udder rubbed against me, and her hipbones pounded against my groin.

The smell of her body odor and sour sweat wafted in through the heat and made my head spin.

After holding me in a tight embrace for a while, Zirnier looked up at me.

Even though we were both wearing masks and helmets, it felt like our eyes met.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you! It's all thanks to you!”

“Woohoo!”

“Thanks to the artifact you gave me, I've reached the Labyrinth Realm⋯!”

Obviously, I didn't know about the artifacts, but I hadn't heard or seen one that was made by human hands.

“⋯You're amazing, Ms. Zirnier. All I did was give you the materials.”

“That's because the materials are absolutely not ordinary, right⋯?”

Zirnier's lower half twitched as she spoke excitedly.

Hmph.

Her head tilted lower and lower in embarrassment.

“Uh, ah, mmm.”

I wonder if she noticed.

No, of course she'd notice, since we were stuck like this.

“⋯⋯”

Realizing that she had been rubbing her clitoris against a man's cock, Zirnier slid out of my arms.

The cock pressed against her hipbone bounced off and hit her in the stomach as she carefully descended.

“Ugh!”

This time, the penis was gently wrapped around her plump breasts.

I squeezed my eyes shut and endured, and Zirnier’s ears flushed slightly.

“That, um. Sorry.”

“⋯It's okay.”

“I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to.”

Zirnier, whose face was flushed from embarrassment or the heat and humidity of the workshop, asked cautiously.

“Well, there’s a dildo and a test onahole that Idelbert made a long time ago when he asked me to break the curse. If you’re really in a hurry, do you want to use those⋯?”

“⋯⋯”

“But it's made to the average male size, so it's about 6 centimeters long⋯ Ah. I guess it won't fit all the way in, huh?”

“⋯It's okay.”

“Well, you can use our No. 1, because it don't squeeze very hard⋯”

“It's really fine.”

“Oh, yeah⋯”

A flurry of words poured from Zirnier’s bewildered mouth.

Moreover, she was a first-rate blacksmith.

Just the feel of her pussy lips pressed against my mound and the touch of her breasts seemed to be a perfect gauge of my cock's length and girth.

I turned my attention to the axe in Zirnier's hand, leaving behind my Master's attempt to get rid of her virginity and No. 1, who was sneaking up on me.

“Hmph. By the way, is this the one?”

“Ah, yes. That's right, the battle axe I finished this time.”

Zirnier held out both hands to show me the axe.

My first impression was that it was enormous, about a meter and eighty centimeters, the size of a full-grown man.

The blade, which took up a third of its length, was thick and large, sharp enough to slice through a sheet of paper.

Even the handle was made entirely of relic alloy, which made it seem quite heavy.

Add to that the clunky design and you've got a lot of Zirnier’s taste.

It's not all roughness, though.

Starting with the finishing details, the partial gold inlay on the all-black axe was a work of art.

‘If I had to pay for this with my own money, I wonder how much it would have cost.’

I don't know, but it would have cost me hundreds of gold coins.

I would have been paying off loans for the rest of my life.

“⋯Wow, that's a lot of money⋯”

“Hmm. I’m a sucker for materials but he's the best kid I've ever had.”

As I admired the axe's perfection, Zirnier, who had regained her composure, put her hands on her hips and snorted.

“Listen. I made this for you.”

Zirnier's words sent a shiver down my spine.

From now on, with this axe, I will begin challenging the labyrinth again.

Half excited, half nervous, I take the axe in my hand.

-Woosh-woosh-woosh.

The axe rattled as if in resonance with me and the world turned upside down.

\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*

The world was as white as an uncolored canvas.

The Zirnier that was in front of me, the axe I was holding in my hand, and even the clothes I was wearing all disappeared somewhere.

I was literally naked but before I could question what had happened, I heard an unfamiliar noise.

“There, you⋯”

At the same time, a voice that sounded somewhat stifled.

It didn't sound far away. It was right behind me.

I quickly turned around to see a woman in chains, dressed as a bunny girl, glaring at me.

“⋯This. Take them off.”

I don't know for sure, but I had a strong feeling that I absolutely must not break those chains.