**Chapter 123: Ego Axe Bunny (7)**

At the tavern of Diana’s inn, at a corner table, tucked away from the noisy center table, Zirnier, with a long flask clutched in her arms, sits at the table and talks boisterously.

“I'm actually quite happy, the world looks so beautiful right now. I just knew it when I put the final hammer to that axe. Ah, yes. I took a decisive step toward my dreams today---Hmph.”

It feels good.

Today, Zirnier was more emotional than usual.

“I've only slept one day in a month. I haven't slept or eaten in a month, and I've been hammering every day, and I love it. I can't think of a time in my life when I've had so much fun. To make a rough, savage, oversized axe out of this stuff.”

She chuckles at the end of each sentence, and gulps down a bottle of strong dwarven brew as she speaks.

“Uuuuu⋯”

Often lying on the table as if drunk.

Her tanned breasts, wrapped in bandages, pressed firmly against the table.

“Thank you, Balkan. It's all thanks to you.”

“No. I'm the one who got the weapon, and it's actually for my benefit.”

“Hm. So we have a mutually beneficial business relationship?”

“What, is it?”

“Hmph.”

Zirnier smiled and held out her drink to me.

It was still lying on the table, so I tipped it halfway.

“My dear. I wish you well in the future, always, constantly, together, always, every day.”

I was used to Zirnier's erratic drinking behavior, so I just matched her and raised my glass to the bottle.

“I, for one, wish you well. Boss.”

“Hmph.”

“Hmph.”

The glass filled to the brink of overflowing.

“To our glorious business!”

“To you!”

Laughing out loud, Zirnier raised her bottle and I raised mine.

As we sat and drank, neither of us showed our bare faces.

Honestly, I wondered if I could show her my bare face.

'She's often touched my face as an excuse to resize my helmet.’

I've been given a weapon like this, so I think I've built up some trust.

‘But still, it wouldn’t feel right for only me to show mine first.’

I wasn't the only one covering my face.

Zirnier was also wearing a mask, hiding her face tightly.

“Balkan.”

Diana, who had been watching me and Zirnier from afar with an uneasy look on her face, came to the table.

I had already explained the situation, so there was no need for misunderstanding.

“⋯You don't have to cater to her. I'm sure you've been busy preparing for the labyrinth expedition, so get some rest. It's late at night.”

“Shut up, Auntie, our Balkan drinking with me!”

Zirnier, who was drunkenly shouting at Diana, suddenly lost it and passed out.

I managed to witness the next few moments in a blur.

Diana aimed for Zirnier's throat, and Zirnier reacted precariously but was unable to dodge.

Cleanly retired with a single strike.

Zirnier collapsed onto the table, the bottle still clutched tightly to her inner thigh.

“Poor kid, still a terrible sleeper.”

Diana smirked through her beautifully lined eyelashes and pulled Zirnier away from the table.

“I'll clean up, you go upstairs and get some rest.”

“It’s okay. There are still a lot of guests, so I’ll take care of it for you.”

“Um...”

A troubled-looking Diana looked out at the bustling inn.

“Come on. Ellie. Look! The ideal angle of launch for breast milk is⋯”

“Heeeeeeek⋯!”

Ellie was helping out at the tavern, serving menus, when she was captured by Jubeel, the cowgirl, and forced to listen to a strange lecture.

How to grow breasts, how to shoot milk away, how to make sweet milk come out, how to develop mammary glands, how to make females climax with nipples⋯

Her eyes, which had been filled with thoughts of fleeing in terror, were now filled with a strange interest.

I glanced at Ellie, who had started listening to Jubeel's lecture with Diana.

I don't want Ellie to develop strange tastes.

Apparently, Diana was thinking the same thing.

“I'm sorry, then, but can you take her home?”

“Sure.”

I walked out of the inn with a sagging Zirnier on my back.

“Awww, a woman should know at least one way to make a male happy with her breast milk- Awww, I'm sorry, master!”

I pretended not to hear Jubeel's screams behind me.

It was a quiet night.

The sounds of people talking and the heat of the drinking festivities gradually faded as we moved further away from the inn.

It was late, and the weapon shop line of stores had long since closed.

Only the moonlight illuminated the deserted streets.

No one was coming or going, and it was too quiet.

“Come out. On good terms.”

The blurred footsteps that followed us seemed even more alien.

“Hmph. I have a good feeling.”

With a small chuckle, a figure in white armor emerged from behind.

The familiar shape of the armor and the familiar hoarse voice.

[Seton ■■Wald LV.7■]

“⋯I beg your pardon, I didn't realize you were a Knight.”

The figure behind us was none other than the grandmother of the royal knights.

‘I thought you'd be a beggar or a worker.’

Even with my awareness activated, I was still a little fuzzy.

The Knight matriarch didn't show any signs of hostility, despite her cautious approach.

“Hmm? Did I tell you my affiliation?”

She merely expressed a small curiosity.

“⋯I saw you talking to Ms. Diana earlier.”

“Ah. So you heard that back then. Hehe. That troublemaker even told you something like that… I guess you’re closer than I thought. Is it because you’re my son-in-law? Hehe.”

Technically, I was more of a husband-wannabe than a son-in-law, but it wasn't something I wanted to say in front of someone I barely knew.

“What brings you after us?”

“Rest assured. I'm not here to threaten you. I have a favor to ask of the one lying on your back.”

It seems the Knight objective was not me, but Zirnier.

Though there's no particular reason for the Knight to be interested in me.

My name has only recently been spreading amongst the explorers, but that's hardly the sort of thing a Templar would be interested in.

-Kewuk.

As she thought of that, her tanned breasts twitched as they pressed against my back.

“Ah. Are you awake?”

Zirnier shook her head and turned to face the captain of the Royal Knights.

Upon seeing Zirnier, the Royal Knight immediately bowed.

“I came to pick you up.”

“Oh.”

Zirnier was about to spit an insult in the Knight's face, but managed to keep her mouth shut.

“⋯Whoa. It's a pain in the ass to go all the way to the royal inner castle.”

“Haha. Please do this. Only you, Zirnier, can repair her armor.”

The Knight bowed her head, and Zirnier scratched the back of her head as if it didn't matter.

“Well, since the important work is over now… Bring the carriage to the front of the weapon shop tomorrow. I’ll ride there on my own.”

“Thank you. I'll send ten servants.”

“Forget it, I'm not bothered.”

“Yes, then. ⋯Again, please come to the royal palace.”

“⋯⋯”

Having said her piece, the Royal Knight whisked away again, slipping mysteriously out of my perception.

I turned my head slightly to look at Zirnier, who was still cradled against my back.

“What was that, just now?”

Zirnier groaned slightly as she looked at me.

It was a nuance, as if she was asking if she could tell me this.

“⋯What. I guess it's okay to tell you.”

But it didn't take long for Zirnier to speak up, as if she'd reached a compromise in his mind.

“Our second princess is so stubborn that she can’t go outside, so I often go to repair her armor.”

"…She's a princess, but is she a loser?"

“Ugh. She used to be really dependable, but now…she won’t come out of the corner of the room.”

A nerdy princess is quite a unique person.

However, she was far from the second princess I heard about.

“I went to the academy graduation ceremony not long ago, and the Second Princess was at the banquet.”

When I heard that she was in the ballroom, I thought of a superstar who drove people around.

“Huh? Really? Did you see her?”

“Oh, I didn't see her, I just heard that she came.”

There was a lot going on, but I never got to see her in person.

Because while everyone was buzzing about the appearance of the 2nd Princess, I was having a strange encounter with a girl named Celia.

After that, I was busy networking.

Claudia's top brass and the second daughter of the Marquis of Rohardt, the House of Swords, were the biggest fish to fry.

“But I don't think she’s the kind of person to go on her own. Did she put a substitute in the armor? Hmm.”

From the nuances of her speech, it seemed she had the ability to control the armor from a distance.

I can't believe she can do that from her room.

I realized that this was a woman of high rank, and her abilities were both amazing and mysterious.

By the way, I didn't expect Zirnier to be so close to someone as high as a princess.

'She's higher up than I thought.’

Just because a princess entrusts her with the repair of her armor doesn't mean that the head of the Royal Knights is going to pay the blacksmith any respect.

I shook my head, my mind racing with thoughts.

“By the way, aren't you coming down?”

“⋯⋯”

Zirnier fell silent as I asked her why she hadn't gotten off my back since she'd been up for a while.

“Well, I'm still hungover.”

“⋯⋯”

A normal human would have drank enough to get past the hangover and into the next day, but Zirnier was a half-dwarf.

She doesn't get drunk just because she emptied ten flasks.

Which means right now she just wants to cuddle up with me and go home in peace.

'⋯I'll do what you ask.’

It wasn't just Bernie, it was the helmet and the leather armor.

I could afford to do this.

'Honestly, it's a benefit.’

-Kewuk.

The tan bandaged breasts pressing against my back and the firm tanned thighs in my hands were a sight to behold.

Each time Zirnier fell, she bounced up and down to regain her posture, and the soft touch of her breasts and thighs mercilessly pummeled my hands and back.

“Hold on tight so I don't fall.”

“⋯hhhhh.”

Feeling arms around my neck and a small giggle, I stumbled back to Zirnier's workshop.

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“I'll be off then.”

“Mm-hmm. Thank you.”

Zirnier carefully saw off the Balkan who had escorted her to the underground workshop.

-Kirik. Kirik.

The trio of mechanical arms waved at him and Balkan waved back with a smirk.

Zirnier watched him leave the underground workshop for a moment, then flopped down on the workshop table.

“Hah.”

A sweet sigh escaped her lips.

Her breasts, pressed and rubbed against Balkan, burned hotly.

Her thighs still bore the marks of his hands and seeing the marks made her heart burn even more.

She couldn't calm down.

Perhaps it was the alcohol.

More complicated, hotter emotions than when she realized the secret of her birth were stirring uncontrollably in her chest.

Come to think of it, she'd been hammering away for the past month and hadn't been able to get her libido going.

Then something clicked in Zirnier’s mind.

Yes. Sex drive.

This is an emotion that is caused by not being able to release it.

Zirnier got up from the table, grabbed the bottle that No. 1 had brought her, and headed back to the workshop.

It was her private space for eating, sleeping, resting, and leisure.

In the center of the room was a marble statue.

Zirnier sipped her drink and sat down at a table in front of the marble statue.

She gazed at the statue she had hand-carved.

It was so tall that he had to look up.

Thick, massive muscles, ideally positioned, as if made by the gods.

The massive lower half, in particular, was the result of Zirnier pushing her imagination and dexterity to the limit.

It was the ultimate embodiment of physical beauty, but even with all that, it pales in comparison to the face sculpture on top.

It was the face of Balkan she had touched, felt, and imagined with her own hands.

Surely, this was not it.

It wasn't that the sculpture was too perfect, but rather that Zirnier's skill was lacking.

Even with her mastery of sculpture, she was unable to capture Balkan's face.

Emptying his flask one after another, Zirnier stared blankly at the Balkan statue.

-Kirik. Kirik.

No. 2 brought a beaker of Balkan saliva, aged for a month.

At the bottom of the beaker was some saliva that had not yet evaporated.

Gingerly, Zirnier dipped her finger into the bottom of the beaker.

The concentrated and aged Balkan saliva was thick.

-Phew.

Gingerly, she put her finger in her mouth and sucked on the side, and it felt like she was kissing Balkan.

-Veh-eh.

The finger slipped out of her mouth, sticky with her own and Balkan's saliva.

Gingerly, Zirnier unwrapped the bandages and slipped off her suspenders, leaving her naked.

Dipping her finger into the beaker once more, she began to flick her clit with a finger coated in Balkan's aged saliva.

“Wheww⋯”

A sweet moan escaped her mouth.

It was as if Balkan was insistently caressing her precious spot with his tongue.

“Balkan, huh, huh, huh, huh!”

She glanced up to see Balkan statue staring down at her with a cold gaze.

Zirnier spread her legs into an M-shape and slapped her clit right in front of Balkan's face.

“Heehee!”

She stared down at her precious spot.

She's masturbating naked in front of him and her mind went white with the rush of pleasure.

Beyond the hard, cold marble, she imagined his body, equally hard, but warmer.

Zirnier's fingers began to move more feverishly.