**Chapter 146: Heeheehee...Ddu-ddaa...Puhihi... (1)**

Three days later.

After enjoying a few days of rest, I looked at the status window, organizing the harvest of my labyrinth journey.

[Nam Seo-jin LV.28]

[Stamina:(11+16) Constitution:(11+11) Strength:(11+11) Dexterity:(11+11) Wisdom:(1+4-5) Finesse:(2+11)]

[Stat Bonus from Stat Drain: +5]

[Free Points: 4]

I've leveled up quite a bit on this trip to the Labyrinth.

I broke through the level 25 wall when I captured the Leader Snowy Kobold and when Bernie ate the two Lieutenant Succubi, I went up 2 levels, and when I returned to the surface, I went up 1 level with the monsters I hunted.

I invested all the free points evenly in Dexterity and Agility, leaving only a small reserve. The day after having sex, my Technique and Agility stats each increased by 1 due to the Curse of Diana's Breastmilk Climax Drain.

I asked her what had happened, but she only smiled shyly with an awkward laugh.

It was as if I had somehow sucked her breast milk while I slept.

This means that after level 25, when you get 2 stats per level up, I've gained almost 2 levels just by drinking her milk.

While I'm grateful for Diana's never-drying mammary glands, I'm also bittersweet.

Diana was getting weaker and weaker.

Of course, weakening doesn't change the fact that she's still much stronger than me at mid-level 60.

I can't just suckle on her nipples and rely on her milk, and I shouldn't, so I have to keep improving myself.

I turned away from the status window and looked at the list of blessings and curses.

[◆ Blessing of Vicious Struggle]

- The harder you fight, the stronger you become.

- When the maximum conditions are met, stamina +2, strength +2, and dexterity +2

[◆ Blessing of Radiance]

- The light of the beginning of time imbues you.

- You have absolute power over darkness.

[◆ Blessing of Judgment Time]

- Once per day, you have a moment of judgment.

– When an unrecognized life-threatening danger approaches, it manifests unconsciously.

- Wisdom +3, +10 if maximum prerequisites are met.

Prerequisite: Enter the Hour of Judgment.

[◆ Curse of Nightmare]

- You gain the power of the Incubus.

- Your mating and regeneration abilities are greatly increased.

- Stamina +5 Wisdom - 5 Finesse +10

- You are currently in the [Appetite Satisfied] state.

I have a lot of stuff.

Three blessings and one curse.

That's a pretty good ratio.

The Blessing of Vicious Struggle only triggers when I’m about to die, so it's practically nonexistent.

Blessing of Radiance is actually the most useful.

It can be used against magi infused monsters, as well as to control and restrain Bernie whose bodily fluids are imbued with holy power.

The blessing of Time of Judgment also helps me stay calm in battle. This blessing has saved my life a few times.

I don't feel the bonus to my Wisdom stat that comes with it, but I'm sure I'll feel it later.

My Wisdom stat is currently at zero due to the Wisdom penalty from the Curse of Nightmare.

Still, I nodded in satisfaction at my growing progress, closed the status window, and looked in the mirror.

“⋯This is kind of annoying.”

A pair of black horns grew thickly beside my temples.

It was a look that screamed, “I am an Ain!”

The Lieutenant Succubus I met in the Labyrinth had horns, wings, and a tail, but I look like a normal human except for the horns.

I wondered if I could store my horns, so I used my strength to try it.

Zizosis-

The horns became smaller and smaller, with a strange sensation that seemed to connect the senses of my head and horns.

‘I wonder if I can get rid of it completely.’

Satisfied that I had reduced them to the size of my pinky finger, I put on my helmet.

I didn't think the helmet would look quite right with the horns shrunken.

Of course, now I can see through the gaping hole where the horns grew.

Zirnier’s first helm was a helm that suffered from a lot of cracks and chips, but despite its appearance, it was upgraded with a relic alloy.

'It easily deflected the arrows of a kobold on the 12th floor.’

Punching a hole in such a helmet reminded me of how hard the horns on my head are.

‘I should have her repair the helmet.’

But alas, Zirnier, who can work with relic alloys, had gone to the royal inner castle to repair the second princess's armor.

There's no telling when she'll be back, and no way to see her again until she's finished and returns to her shop.

For the time being, I'll have to make do with a different helm.

I opened the closet door to retrieve my other helmet, which I'd been storing in the closet for years.

‘It's a spare, a little worn, but it'll do.’

I put the helmet on and closed the closet door again.

-Rustle.

“⋯?”

Deep in the closet, the thing that had been wrapped tightly in a bundle began to tremble.

The skull of his girlfriend, left behind by the mad goblin slayer, the skull collector, the TS girl, Jeremy.

For some reason, it seemed to flinch all by itself.

Did it move because it brushed against the hanging clothes?

Tsk, tsk.

I hit the bundle with my hand a few times, but there was no reaction.

No wonder. It was a dead woman's head. It shouldn't react.

Just in case, I unfolded the bundle and looked inside.

It was just a woman's head with her eyes closed.

No eyes open, no rotting.

I was looking at the wrong person.

I casually spritzed the top of her head with water from a nearby sprayer, wrapped her tightly in the bundle, and put her back in the closet.

I changed my helmet and finished checking the situation. I left the inn with the subspace backpack on my back and equipped with Bernie and the Artifact Axe.

[You. Where are you going?] For some reason, Bernie spoke first.

[Explorers' Alliance. Meeting with the party to set up the next trip to the Labyrinth, and to process the byproducts of the Labyrinth.]

I don't know about Hitolis, the cleric, or Lammel, the mage, but I'm sure Jubeel and Joy Hog, both explorers by birth, have a seat at the table.

[Suddenly, why?]

[Heh heh. In a few days, I will summon you to this body's imaginary world.]

I had forgotten the pact we made in the Labyrinth for a moment.

In exchange for freeing Grumpy and Ellie from the succubus’s, I would provide Bernie with sperm once a month.

Bernie chuckled, as if mocking my predicament, and whispered in my head.

[From now on, you will sleep at 10:00 pm. For breakfast, eat a salad of tomatoes and leeks, and for lunch, you can eat anything, but no meat. For dinner, eat raw garlic, raw oysters, and eel juice if possible.]

“⋯?”

[For reference, I like the scent of grapes.]

“⋯⋯”

Bernie has been criticizing my eating habits ever since, for all sorts of reasons.

Who cares so much about what you eat?

What, she's afraid I won't cum?

[I get plenty of semen without doing that.]

[Tsk! That's why you insignificant thing! This body is personally drinking your little bastard's filth! If you make it in the best condition and with the best flavor, that deep, rich, and addictive taste of semen will be even more ecstatic⋯ No, that, huh⋯ That, that's what it means to make it edible from the point of being inedible!]

Bernie, whose head was pounding with whining, quickly added.

[Anyway, don't stress yourself out for a while, just stay in the corner of your room, eat well, rest well, and get busy producing semen, because I'm going to give you the worst day of your life! ahem!]

Bernie clicked her tongue and said no more, as if she'd said all she had to say.

I stared at her for a moment, feeling a bit dumbfounded, and then shrugged.

I wondered if the world was weird or Bernie was weird.

Come to think of it, they were both weird.

A crazy female bunny girl in a crazy world. I'd lost my train of thought.

But, as Bernie had said, time was too precious to stay in the corner, so I set out again.

On my way to the Explorers' Alliance, I spotted a rather large fruit shop.

'⋯hmm⋯'

I walked into the store, mesmerized.

“Here's a grape, please.”

“Hmm. Brother Explorer. It's not grape season these days, so we only have some that are a bit mushy, would you mind?”

[⋯Raisins are good, too, and red fruits like strawberries⋯Hehe. I'm just stating my taste, not that I want to chomp on them.]

“What about raisins and strawberries?”

“Raisins are plentiful! They're easy to care for and delicious, so explorers are encouraged to bring them along for snacks on their journeys to the Labyrinth. Not to mention strawberries are in season!”

“Five silver coins, please.”

“Uh, five silver coins?! Yes, please wait!”

I swept up all the raisins and strawberries on the shelves.

I bought all the raisins, even the ones in the fruit store's warehouse.

Well, they're easy to manage, so it would be nice to share them among the party members from time to time.

“Hmph.”

As I handed over the money, my hand briefly touched the fruit vendor's, who blushed with embarrassment, and gave me another bag of bananas as a courtesy.

I stuffed the items into my subspace backpack and headed back to the Alliance.

[⋯⋯]

Feeling Bernie’s subtle presence, yet still silent, as I walked, I soon arrived at the Alliance.

As I walked through the doors, I was greeted by a sea of unfamiliar faces and a strangely different atmosphere than I had seen before.

The boisterous, drunken, day laborers who had been running around, making a living from day to day, had all but disappeared.

The stalwart explorers that remained were either milling around the stacks of requests or holding party meetings.

‘Oh, that's right, Idelbert is not here.’

I'm told that in her absence, the Deputy Alliance Leader has returned to manage the Coalition on her behalf.

I've heard from the tavern patrons that she's a hard-ass and hates outlaws.

I wonder if that's why the atmosphere has changed.

Certainly, despite her title, Idelbert didn't seem to care much for the explorers. It was more like she was in charge of the Alliance's military.

“Balkan, you're just in time!”

“I was going to pick you up, but good for you.”

Joy Hog, who was sitting at a table in the corner, spotted me and came over with her hand raised.

Joy Hog was sitting next to Jubeel, and they both seemed to be glad that I had finally arrived.

“What happened?”

“Well, there was a succubus attack on the twelfth floor this time. I was a little nervous, so I filled out a report, and sure enough, they called me up.”

I see nothing bad happened since their faces were calm.

“Follow me.”

I followed Joy Hog, who walked first, up the Alliance building.

We went to the fourth floor, past the work facilities of the Alliance’s mid-level explorers, we stood in front of an unmarked office.

 “This is Joy Hog's party. May I come in?”

“Come in.”

The voice from inside the office sounded familiar.

I followed the party in and was greeted by a drab office and a figure buried in a pile of papers.

The dark elf looked at me and smirked.

“Hey. Long time no see, huh?”

[Nuer Erencia LV45]

[◆ The 298th Puppet's Curse]

The rehabilitated explorer who was with the outlaws from the Blues Clan who were smoking in front of the inn the other day, and the mysterious dark elf mage who had repaid me for all the damage they had done.

“You. I heard you were attacked by succubi?”

She was staring at me, her eyes full of interest.

“You’re a man, and yet you don’t become an idiot even after encountering a succubus?”

Peeking her head out of the stack of papers, Nuer's gaze traveled to my crotch.

I fiddled with the axe at my waist as she stared at me, and then pulled a fist-sized soulstone from my subspace backpack.

“What man would have a hard time dealing with two bitches?”

“⋯⋯”

“⋯⋯”

Silence.

I looked away from Joy Hog, who was staring at me in disbelief, and Jubeel, who had begun to bounce her nipples all over the place, and faced Nuer, whose mouth was hanging open.

“⋯Pass.”

Nuer mumbled that and nodded dumbly.

“You. Want to do a job with me?”