**Chapter 176: Safe? Zone (5)**

15th Floor: Eden.

The sole safe zone in the labyrinth teeming with monsters and traps—a city within the labyrinth.

In some ways, it could be said that this place is closer to being a labyrinth city than Valerus, the labyrinth city on the surface.

While most people coming and going from Valerus are greenhorn adventurers and merchants living with aspirations, dreams, admiration, and desires for the labyrinth...

Eden felt like a place where such people had become seasoned adventurers.

Being a city located on the 15th floor, the levels of those casually passing by were quite high.

The unconscious precision in their steps, the quality of their equipment, even their gazes...

When stepping out of Idelbert’s mansion, the outward appearance of the scenery seemed not so different from the labyrinth city on the surface, but the level of the people living here was different.

It felt, for a moment, as though I had stepped into a new higher stage.

“A male I haven't seen before. Is this your first time descending? Why are you with the Union Leader?”

“And look at the woman hanging on his back—isn’t that Nuer?”

“But wow, damn…That suit is unbelievably sexy…”

“Hoo! Calling out to my 'sacred treasure,' huh? Hngh! Hngh!”

“What kind of man has arm muscles that show through his coat like that…Wow…I want to be hugged by those arms, stuffed, and absolutely wrecked…”

In the end, this was still a place where people lived.

Women with ravenous gazes assaulted Balkan’s body mercilessly with their eyes.

'Special techniques, reversed mating press, forced impregnation.'

If the gaze-rape I had suffered from stepping out of the mansion until now had turned into reality, I would already be the father of dozens of children, forming a massive family.

The words and gazes of these women, more primal and unrestrained than those I had encountered in outlaw zones, made my 'seed vault' quiver.

“Master, it seems like there are only women on the streets here. I’ve only seen two or three men since we arrived.”

“Why state the obvious, my disciple? This is Eden, after all, the 15th floor.”

In Valerus, the labyrinth city on the surface, not all men engage in adventuring.

Some are merchants, some run restaurants, others work in equipment shops, or handle documents as employees of the adventurers’ union.

In fact, men whose profession is adventuring are the minority.

As a result, the ratio of men on the surface is relatively high.

“Male adventurers capable of reaching the 15th floor are rare, and men working in other professions have little reason to risk coming up here.”

The 15th floor, Eden, was a place where the male-to-female ratio was completely out of balance.

“There are a few brothels in the back alleys, but if you're selling your body, you'd do it on the surface. Coming all the way here for sex work isn’t worth the cost, and besides…”

Idelbert shot a sharp glare at the women hungrily eyeing me, as if to punish anyone daring to covet what was his.

“Eeek…!”

“…”

“Ahem.”

Those rubbing their thighs together or slipping their hands into their pants hastily turned away.

Idelbert resumed speaking as if nothing had happened.

“Would those lust-consumed women treat a man lightly?”

“Hmm…That does make sense.”

I wondered if I’d make it home alive today. With bad luck, I might be ambushed, attacked, and violated on the street. It was absolutely terrifying.

“Disciple, be grateful you ended up at my mansion. Otherwise, you'd be the father of some unknown woman’s children by now.”

What if, during the moment I lost consciousness from body restructuring upon arriving at the 15th floor, I had been assaulted by someone?

The horrifying thought made me shudder briefly.

“But Master, you raped me too. When I was unconscious, you tore off my armor and even—”

“Ahem! Just let that pass.”

While chatting with Idelbert, who coughed and cut me off, we entered a building.

Compared to Valerus, it was much smaller, but it still stood out among the surrounding structures.

The Eden branch of the Adventurers’ Union.

Clank!

When we opened the door and entered, no one really paid much attention.

“Surprisingly quiet? There aren’t many people around either.”

“The ones taking requests usually leave in the morning. Besides, being inside the labyrinth, there’s no need to care about the portal’s opening cycle here.”

In Valerus, schedules had to align with the weekly opening of the labyrinth portal, but not in Eden.

‘That’s pretty appealing.’

The convenience of tackling the labyrinth here was significant.

Assuming we didn’t have help from Belle and Fusilini’s party, our party could still handle up to the 14th floor.

‘Traversing floors 1 through 14 repeatedly is too inefficient.’

Resources, money, time—it all took too much.

Considering we’d eventually ascend past the 16th floor, establishing a base in Eden wasn’t just a decent option; it was essential.

I recalled a conversation with Diana.

–”Are you leaving?”

At that time, I had shaken my head, saying I wouldn’t leave this place behind.

But in the future, as time passed, would I still be able to say the same?

I pondered deeply.

“I’ll let the staff know, so once you find your party members, come to my office.”

“Understood.”

Idelbert also headed to her office for work.

“Boop-bah.”

“Alright, alright. Let’s take a little break.”

Balkan, along with Nuer, sat at a table in the union’s lobby to enjoy a brief moment of relaxation.

Though some staff and adventurers whispered among themselves, there were so few people that hardly anyone approached directly.

Of course, there were exceptions.

“Splurt. Male, become my seedbed. Splurt.”

A rough-looking centaur approached, her mare-part dripping with fluids.

“Hey, what’s your deal? Are you close with the Union Leader? She’s not the type to speak kindly. Oh, wait. No way, is that Nuer?”

“Bap-boo.”

Some, like a persistent squirrel beast-woman, showed sticky interest in my suspicious connections.

I rejected what needed rejecting, entertained curious individuals appropriately, or ignored them, all while passing the time.

“Fancy seeing you again in a place like this.”

Eventually, a woman spoke to me. I turned toward her voice.

A black-haired woman wearing an eyepatch.

“Oh, Amel Drexia?”

“You remembered?”

“Of course. You were the one willing to join our party.”

Amel Drexia, the dark magician who, alongside Rubia, had attended our party recruitment interview.

We’d chosen Rubia due to our need for a tank, but had we lacked a magician, Amel would have been selected.

To show gratitude and build connections, I’d responded kindly, causing the usually stoic Amel Drexia to blush.

“Ahem. I-I see. Well, um. If you ever need black magic… no, not just that. Just call me if you need help. For a reasonable price, of course.”

“‘We’?”

“Ah, uh, just a manner of speaking.”

Perhaps drawn by the words Jubeel had written about 'intense viewing pleasure,' her gaze and actions were sweet and gentle.

Well, kindness should be accepted when offered.

“Sure. I’ll count on you next time.”

“Hmph… Y-Yeah…”

Amel Drexia, blushing, squeezed her left breast with one hand before hastily leaving.

After dealing with everyone, observing the unfamiliar environment and people, hours passed.

A strange unease crossed my mind.

‘Why aren’t they here yet?’

Crossing the 15th floor still involves portal randomness.

It didn’t make sense to think they’d already arrived. The timing didn’t fit. Then what?

‘Could they have ended up somewhere weird?’

If not, their absence from the union until now was inexplicable.

Anxiously tapping my foot, arms crossed, I waited when—

Boom!

Someone slammed the adventurers’ union door open. I turned immediately.

It wasn’t my party. It was a party of female adventurers I’d never seen before.

Swallowing my disappointment, I tried to look away, but—

“Oh, hell no!! Eugh!!”

“The smell! Ugh, reeking of breast milk!! Gross—”

Their conversation caught my attention.

Their armor and equipment were soaked, covered in milky-white liquid.

Sniff.

The smell that wafted in was strangely familiar.

It had the pungent, ripened scent of aged cheese—

Jubeel’s breast milk.

I shot up and approached the adventurers slathered in Jubeel’s milk.

“Excuse me.”

“What the…”

The retching female adventurer stared blankly at my thighs encased in tailored pants, then quickly adjusted her expression.

“Oh, uh. Yes? What is it?”

“Where did you get that milk on you?”

“Ah, uh. This? Some crazy bitch at the Grand Fountain…”

No need to hear more.

There couldn’t be two such lunatics spraying breast milk in public.

In fact, there *must not* be more than one.

“Where’s the Grand Fountain?”

“Ah, out the union doors, just head straight down the visible road.”

Got the location. As I prepared to leave, someone blocked my path.

Thick horse thighs and hooves. A centaur woman with muscular upper and lower bodies crossed her arms, snorting.

“Purruk. Male. Where are you heading? I'll give you a ride. Purruk.”

“You’ll give me a ride?”

“Purruk. Yes. Isn’t it urgent? Purruk.”

On the back of the centaur beastman, two women were already riding.

“Ahem.”

“⋯⋯”

A mouse beastman and Amel Drexia, the ones who had spoken to me earlier.

“⋯When you said ‘we,’ was it because you’re in the same party?”

“⋯Ahem. Well, that’s not particularly important, is it?”

It seemed like they had planned to team up and approach me, but on reflection, they hadn’t really pushed or crossed any lines.

After a brief hesitation, I carried Nuer on my back and climbed onto the centaur’s back with a leap.

“Let’s go.”

“Dda-daah!”

“Puhihihihing!”

The centaur beastman reared up on her front legs and snorted fiercely.

And then—

Clatter! Clatter!

The centaur, carrying three people and a child on her back, began to dash forward with incredible speed.