**Chapter 276: Hug (2)**

Since I'm participating in Idelbert's Envy Subjugation, there were slight modifications to the upcoming schedule.

The first thing to be done was armor repair.

I needed to reinforce the parts that were pierced and broken while fighting against the Elder Lich's undead army.

"What is this? This is beyond my realm of reforging technique...? Who on earth could make such a... No, there's only one person who could make this..."

"I won't repair this armor! No, I can't! If I accidentally damage it, the compensation would be... Ugh! How much would you make me pay?"

"Our weapon shop won't accept it either. It still looks incomplete, and if an unnecessary hand touches it, it might ruin its path."

But the process wasn't smooth.

I visited several weapon shops in Eden, but they all refused to repair it.

These are master craftsmen who risk their lives running weapon shops in Eden.

As proof of their skill, the weapon shops were full of customers, but the expressions of the blacksmiths who examined the armor born from Zirnier's hands were all colored with astonishment.

"What I can do is just reinforce it with some iron. I'm afraid I might ruin this masterpiece if I tamper with it any further."

Perhaps he felt something as a fellow blacksmith.

Only the blacksmith from the last weapon shop I visited promised to attach artifact alloy to the inside of the armor that was riddled with holes.

"Ten gold coins."

"What? Ten gold coins? Are you joking?"

How many thousands of Diana's soups could I get with ten gold coins?

It's equivalent to the earnings from several dungeon expeditions for an average mid-to-low-level explorer.

When I asked with my hand on my axe, not hiding my astonishment and annoyance, the blacksmith snorted.

"Eden is precisely where there's an overflow of demand for repairs from explorers who frequent the dungeon frontlines. Even if we bring in items from Claudia Trading Company and all sorts of places, we can't meet the overflowing demand. Do you know how much this top-grade artifact alloy costs? I'm giving it to you almost at cost price because you saved my daughter."

My eyes widened at those last words.

When I showed a slightly surprised look, the blacksmith glanced at the ashen armor.

"My daughter was a member of the Necromancer faction. When I received news of her disappearance, I was about to give up everything, but I heard that a party led by a large man in ashen armor had rescued the missing people from the Elder Lich, and I reunited with my daughter."

The blacksmith turned his head as if it was nothing and waved his hand.

"Anyway. Come back in the afternoon. I'll fix it first. What are you doing? Not leaving yet."

[Hopper Blow LV.28]

I checked the status window of the blacksmith hammering away for a moment, paid the fee, and left the weapon shop.

Now that I've arranged for armor repair, it was time to coordinate the return schedule with my party members.

'I don't intend to involve party members in the battle against the Envy worshiper.'

It's not that I don't trust my party members, but given the risk of brainwashing, I couldn't involve them in this kind of affair.

Also, subjugating demon worshipers was different from the dungeon exploration purpose our party had gathered for.

'Unless it's Nuer who belongs to the Shadow of the Alliance, but Idelbert didn't particularly mention anything...'

I should assume she's not participating in this Envy worshiper subjugation either.

"Balkan! You're here! This guy is always late!"

"Uu... Tu'tai..."

"Still, I think we should appreciate that he came...!"

I checked the faces gathered at a nearby tavern with few customers.

Jubeel, the cow beastkin warrior complaining about my tardiness, and Nuer, the dark elf magician nodding with a passive appearance.

Next to them was Lady Rubia with her blonde hair in a bun, smiling awkwardly.

After exchanging some small talk with the party members who greeted me enthusiastically, I was about to get to the point when Jubeel spoke first.

"I'm really sorry, but could you give me two weeks until we return to the surface?"

The content I was about to say came out of her mouth first but a small question arose.

Apart from her antics surrounding breast milk... which was actually the most serious problem, Jubeel surprisingly didn't cause much trouble for the party members.

"...Jubeel. Did you cause any trouble?"

Feeling inexplicably uneasy, I carefully asked the reason.

"Don't people usually ask what happened in these situations?"

"Put your hand on your chest and recall what kind of antics Jubeel has been up to so far."

"Hmm...? I don't remember anything in particular."

Jubeel kneaded her breasts and soaked her white t-shirt with breast milk, saying she couldn't recall anything.

"First, I'd like to hear the reason. Do you have something to do in Eden for two weeks?"

"Hehehe! Of course."

When Rubia tilted her head and asked Jubeel, she twisted the corner of her mouth and pulled something out from between her breasts.

"A glass bottle?"

"No, it's milk... contained in it?"

It was a glass bottle filled with suspiciously white liquid.

Even the glass bottle itself had a quite luxurious texture, exuding an aura of a high-end product, so Rubia and Nuer looked at it with interest.

"It looks so smooth and glossy like velvet milk, truly a supreme quality milk!"

"Uu... *sniff sniff* It is quite strange. Even though it's sealed with a cork, I can smell a sweet scent. But it's oddly familiar... One glass every morning would make for a fulfilling elf life. Can I have a glass?"

"Hehe. Of course."

Whether it was due to the luxurious texture of the glass bottle containing the milk, or the milk itself looking delicious.

The corners of Jubeel's mouth rose to her ears as she watched her party members pour unprecedented praise.

"Balkan. Do you want to drink too?"

"No. I had a hearty breakfast, so I'm not hungry."

"Hmm. Really? You really won't drink?"

"Yes."

I was a bit thirsty actually, but I desperately shook my head.

'That couldn't be...'

Somehow, I felt like I knew the identity of that milk.

If the harpy magician Lammel or the dwarf Joy Hog, who had been with Jubeel for a long time, or even the priest Hitolis were here, they would have immediately noticed its existence...

But I wasn't that familiar with Jubeel yet.

Jubeel poured the milk like a skilled maid and handed cups to the party members with innocent faces.

"...! Mm, mmm...?!"

Rubia's jewel-like eyes widened as she carefully took a sip of the milk.

"Wow, it's really sweet! I never thought I could drink such milk in Eden...!"

"This is pretty good. It would be great to warm it up and mix it with cocoa. Where did you get this?"

The party members, who emptied their cups, smiled and asked about the origin of the milk, as the taste was quite good.

Jubeel smiled wickedly and silently shook her breasts from bottom to top.

The expressions of the two people who had been smiling brightly until just now hardened.

"...Jubeel? I asked where you got this milk..."

"...Hey. No way?"

Rubia and Nuer, who were looking suspicious, stared at Jubeel with vigilant faces, grasping her wand.

Jubeel, who enjoyed their reaction with a grin, revealed the cruel reality to them by swaying her breasts as if she had been waiting for this moment.

"After gaining enlightenment from the blessing I received last time, I meticulously squeezed it for six whole hours—super special sturdy milk—"

"Uwup, weeeeeeeek—"

"You fucking bitch!!!!! Die!!!!"

The noble blonde lady with a hair bun ran to the bathroom retching, and the dark elf full of hostility shot a binding spell with her wand.

-Swoosh!

Jubeel, who deflected the magic with blade energy, nonchalantly exclaimed.

"Hey! How dare you shout at Jubeel, who will soon be part of the future dungeon city's millionaire club! Don't you feel that great power emanating from you?!"

"What the hell are you— Huh?"

Nuer, who had been grinding her teeth, blankly looked down at her hands.

I could only be stunned as well.

[Nuer Erencia LV. 47]

[Additional stats increased by consuming Sturdy Milk: Stamina+2, Strength+2, Agility+2]

Nuer's combined stamina, strength, and agility stats had increased by 6 after drinking the Sturdy Milk.

I blankly turned my head to Jubeel's status window.

[◆ Curse of Sturdy Milk Ejaculation Addiction]

— You will be obsessed with producing Sturdy Milk all day long.

— Lovers, friends, even parents... will get tired of you, who only spurt Sturdy Milk.

— You will have large and voluptuous breasts for ejaculating Sturdy Milk.

— Sturdy Milk: Stamina+2, Strength+2, Agility+2 when consumed.

To think she'd have the idea to feed milk squeezed from her blessing to others.

Jubeel, who had successfully conducted clinical trials on her party members, grinned.

"...Something is strange. I accidentally broke the toilet in the bathroom, and I feel subtly stronger than usual..."

Rubia, who returned from the bathroom with a haggard face, leaned on me and expressed her concern.

Jubeel, who gained confidence after seeing Rubia's reaction, proudly declared.

"Strength! Stamina! Agility! Sturdy Milk that evenly raises all the basic aspects of a warrior! I'm going to sell this! And soon I'll be filthy rich! Hehehe! That's why I asked for time to prepare for this business!"

The party members looked at Jubeel, who was smiling greedily and snickering, with expressions that said 'is this bitch serious?'

But if you set aside the fact that it's breast milk, its effect itself was indeed tremendous.

In a dungeon city where fists are closer than law, and inside the dungeon, one's own strength is the only means to protect oneself.

In that world of survival of the fittest, Jubeel's breast milk, which increases stats, held considerable value.

"But... who would have the courage to drink someone else's breast milk?"

"Huh? Obviously, I have to sell it by deceiving them. Like just now. Otherwise, who would buy it?"

"Ha. Jubeel..."

"Ah. Yes. I should also put one in Lammel's general store that will be newly established!"

Seeing Jubeel, who was objective despite speaking with a voice full of sincerity, made my head even dizzier.

"So. Two weeks. Possible?"

"Well... I also happened to need some time..."

When I glanced at Rubia and Nuer, Rubia waved her hand with a tired and sickly complexion, and Nuer left for the bathroom to calm her nauseous stomach.

In the end, both Jubeel and I succeeded in buying time.

"Here's a souvenir. Since you're our party members, I'll give you each a special bottle! The duration is short, so you need to drink it every two hours!"

"I don't need it..."

"Are you taking it or not..."

"Tch. Don't regret it later. Balkan! Won't you take one?"

Jubeel, who was rejected by the two party members, offered her breast milk to me.

I could feel the lewd gaze embedded in that expression.

It was obvious what someone who calmly feeds their breast milk to others was thinking.

But such thoughts were a luxury for someone who was about to go into battle with the Envy worshiper.

"...one... no, give me three."

"Okay! Balkan, I'll squeeze them for you right now! Just wait a bit, I'll, huoh, ogoc...?!"

"No, not now— Ah..."

After a long time, I received three bottles of freshly squeezed, warmer Sturdy Milk that day.

I collected my armor with a tired body and mind despite not having done anything.

The skill of the blacksmith, whether Blow Hopper or Hopper Blow, was decent enough.

Everything would seem ordinary compared to Zirnier, who was counted among the top artisans in the dungeon city, but at least it was enough to temporarily patch up the armor that was riddled with holes.

I had to leave for the 20th floor early tomorrow morning with Idelbert and Diana, so I was about to return to the inn to rest.

"B-Balkan!"

I saw someone approaching from far away.

It was a woman wearing a priestess robe that was torn and tattered all over, approaching while swinging her pure white cat tail.

"You're safe!!"

-Poook!!

More intensely than I expected, the woman threw herself at me.

It was Idelbert's younger sister and a devout virgin of the Earth Goddess Order.

"Really, really... I'm so glad you're safe..."

Serif Adeline tightly wrapped her white cat tail around my waist.