**Chapter 33: I want to go to the second floor (5)**

Denshi sank to the ground, dazed.

After the intense yellow light that seemed to engulf the world faded, everything in front of her disappeared, even the fifth floor explorers who had suddenly appeared and challenged them.

"Master, sir."

Her master, who had sacrificed himself to protect the party from them, was gone.

Denshi remembered her last moments with him.

- Goodbye.

He smiled faintly, swallowed up by the fiery yellow light.

He pushed them out of the trap range. It wasn't him who should have been swallowed up by the transition trap, but her and Jeremy.

He sacrificed himself to protect his party from the Fifth Floor Explorers and the Transition Trap. But he couldn't protect himself, which was the most important thing.

"Ugh, ugh."

Her head was dizzy, her chest felt tight and it was hard to breathe properly.

The vast majority of slaves regain their freedom by losing their masters.

If Denshi was truly a slave, she should be jumping up and down with joy right now. But Denshi couldn't. She had voluntarily become a slave in the first place.

Her body felt weak. She could only stare blankly at the landscape as he disappeared.

‘Is this real?’

Perhaps she was dreaming, perhaps she was having a tormenting nightmare in the plush bed of the inn room she had earned through his favors.

But the warmth on her back, the dagger missing from her waistband, and the presence of another party member beside her reminded her that this was real.

Then. A small glow emanated from Denshi's waist.

A map, to be precise. The map artifact that Nam Soo-jin had handed over to Denshi to look at.

Denshi unfolded the map as if mesmerized. The dazzling map had stopped glowing, and its contents were gradually changing.

In the corner of the map that had previously contained only the geography of the second floor, a different landscape began to be drawn.

Separated like a mini-map, the terrain was completely different from the second floor.

"⋯No way. The fifth floor?"

Denshi realized the answer at once. One of the markers that had been clustered in groups of three was now lined up on the strange minimap.

‘Master's location. Master is here.’

Denshi realized instinctively: the map was pointing to a marker that reflected his location.

"⋯Is that real?"

Denshi shared the information with Jeremy and her reaction was intense.

"Pah, we have to go save him, it's not anywhere else, it's the fifth floor, even for him, the fifth floor is too dangerous, we have to go to the fifth floor, we have to save him."

Jeremy was panicking, too.

She hadn't been able to comprehend the sacrifice of the man who had given her a purpose in life, who had shown her the way, who had given her the will to live, when Anya had died.

She didn't realize how ridiculous what she had just said was.

Fifth floor? With this power? If the other explorers had heard it, they would have thought it was just another way of saying suicide.

They don't even have enough power to reach the fifth floor, let alone food.

Why was Balkan party able to reach the second floor at a similar speed to the fifth floor explorers?

Because of Denshi, who saw through all the traps? No. Because of Jeremy, the spearman? No.

It was because there was a warrior at the front, axe in hand, slaying monsters in a flash.

Now that he's gone, Denshi and Jeremy are faced with a situation where clearing the second floor is a matter of life and death.

If they went to the fifth floor, they'd be lucky if they didn't die as soon as they entered the third floor.

"⋯⋯"

"⋯⋯"

There's no answer, and even if they go outside and call for help, it's unlikely that their request will be responded to.

The Explorers' Alliance doesn't have that much investment in low-level Explorers.

Anything they say to a staff member is likely to be met with "He's probably dead, find someone else.”

It's a no-win situation. Even if they wanted to go on their own, they wouldn't be able to. There's no chance of a rescue team being organized.

Denshi and Jeremy felt their helplessness deeply. They were of no help to him now.

What did he sacrifice himself for in the first place? To protect the party, to protect us.

Denshi and Jeremy dropped their heads and shivered. They felt nothing but loss and helplessness.

There was nothing they, we, could do.

[Power?]

It was then that Denshi heard a woman's voice in her head that she had never heard before.

"What, what, who is it?!"

"De, Denshi?"

Denshi looked around. The only person she could see was Jeremy. There was no sign of anyone else, not even a shadow.

[I'll ask you again. Power, do you want it?]

But in her head, she kept hearing a woman's voice.

A voice that made the offer too tempting to refuse.

Power? I want it. Power was what Denshi craved most right now.

If she were stronger, she wouldn't be in this situation in the first place.

If she'd been stronger, she'd have torn the fifth floor explorer apart the moment the threat came to him.

"I want it. I want power."

Denshi shuddered and shouted into the air.

"Power to save my master, no, stronger. I want power strong enough to never lose him again!"

The voices in her head were silent for a moment as she answered.

Then the voice in Denshi's head rang out once more.

[Come to the deepest depths of Labyrinth City, and I will give you the power you deserve.]

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My limbs feel like they're going to be shattered. My whole body is tingling.

At the same time, my entire body feels strangely sensitive.

Blood surged strangely in my lower body, and the peculiar sensation on my skin felt oddly eerie to the point of discomfort.

Breathing raggedly from the unfamiliar sensations, I opened my eyes and saw.

"Kerrrrrrr!"

None other than a goblin.

"Holy shit!"

I immediately jammed my fist into the goblin's face and stumbled back, taking stock of the situation.

Similar cries, similar green skin, but nothing like the goblins on the first or second floor.

‘Hobgoblin?’

Tall enough to be an adult woman and despite her larger size, she was much faster.

Breasts as hideous as an old woman's udder and a goblin face with wrinkles to match.

If all the evil in the world could be gathered together, it would end up like that.

"⋯?"

But it's weird. It was very, very strange.

It's normal to feel nauseous when you look at that horrible thing, but I felt a strange feeling of arousal.

In classy terms, it was blood rushing to my lower half; in crude terms, it was my d\*ck getting hard.

I thought, ‘Fuck. I had this kind of taste? No. That can't be right.'

I was unconscious, so I don't know exactly what happened, but I'm pretty sure I was pulled a fast one.

-Uh-oh.

A trickle of saliva dripped from my open mouth. I quickly wiped it away and realized it was pale pink. What is this? What did I drink?

I pushed the questions aside and quickly surveyed the situation.

Helmet? No. No axe. No breastplate. The food in my backpack and Diana's jerky were gone.

All my gear had been stripped from me during my fifth-floor fall, and I was now wearing nothing but a pair of panties.

I look over to where I'd supposedly been lying and see only a half-full bottle of pink liquid.

It was darker than the color of my own saliva I'd just seen. Maybe that's why I had an erection.

"Kerrrrr."

The goblin in front of me growled low. I couldn't make out the creature's expression, but it looked like it was smirking.

"Kerrrrr."

It suddenly lay on the ground, legs spread wide. Shit. I shouldn't have seen it. My mood instantly turned to shit.

But this is my chance. I was on my feet in a flash, ready to slit the hobgoblin's throat.

But then something strange happened again.

My body didn't follow my will, it just walked up to the hobgoblin and started stroking its head.

‘Fuck. What the fuck is this?’

I couldn't help but swear. What the fuck is this? What the fuck have I done to deserve this?

"Kerrrrr. Kekeruk."

As she cried out once more, my hands moved of their own accord and began to peel off the hobgoblin's straw skirt.

No. This is not right. This is fucking wrong. Stop. Stop it!

I bit down on my tongue in deep embarrassment and disgust, and for a moment, my body stood still.

At the same time, my head began to ache like it was going to break. I'm not kidding, it's like a pulled pork tearing through my brain.

"Ew-!"

"Kerrrrr. Kerrrrr."

Every time the Hobgoblin opened her mouth, the pain was unimaginable. As if to tell me to shut up and obey her orders.

I gritted my teeth and said, "Fuck you," and held on. I've never cried so much in my life, and the tears were welling up in my eyes.

But as I persevered, my body began to listen to me again.

It felt like control of my body had shifted from the hobgoblin to me.

I stopped removing my skirt, stood up straight, spread my legs wide, and crushed the hobgoblin's neck.

Despite being trampled with all my might by the feet of a 2 meter, 96 kilogram man with a skeletal muscle mass of 55 and a strength stat of 15, the hobgoblin held on for a full two minutes, clawing at my feet, clawing at me, and screaming at the top of her lungs.

Ugh.But I finally succeeded in snapping her neck.

I flopped to the floor in a heap.

I didn't even look at my legs, which were torn and bleeding red from how hard she slashed them.

‘This is the worst.’

Doing the goblin's bidding was the most horrible feeling I could ever imagine.

"What the fuck is this?"

I stared at the bottle of pink liquid.

Some kind of Labyrinth aphrodisiac, I don't know. Either way, it was humiliating.

‘This must be the fifth floor.’

The transition traps also seemed to drop people randomly on that floor like portals.

But even so, I would have preferred to be caught by Derucio than by a hobgoblin as soon as I woke up.

"I'm sure Grumpy and Jeremy are ⋯ safe, right?

They should be. I sacrificed so much for them. I wanted them to be safe, and I wanted them to grow.

Now was not the time to be thinking about that. Now was the time to focus on survival.

I left the hobgoblin's corpse behind and surveyed the situation nearby.

If I had the Great Helm, I could expand my perception, but for now, I couldn't see where it was.

‘Some kind of structure, an anthill.’

I was in a small cave.

I poked my head out of the dimly lit cave and scanned my surroundings, seeing dozens of caves around me.

Some were large, some were small, but there seemed to be at least thirty of them.

I heard rumbling from below. That meant there was a lower level.

I stuck my head out a little further to check the geography.

It was a giant three-story anthill and I was now looking down from the third floor.

Even at a glance, the scale was enormous. It was the size of four or five goblin lairs crammed into one place.

Roughly speaking, there were dozens of hobgoblins roaming around in the plaza-like area on the ground floor below.

"Help me! Help me! Help me! Please! Please, anyone!"

"Kerlek! Kerlek!"

There were men being carried away with their arms and legs tied to long poles like whole roasted pigs.

"Hehehe, give me pussy, give me more pussy, give me more pussy, give me more pussy!"

There were at least five men being spanked by dozens of hobgoblins.

"Kekeruk. Kekeruk."

"Ugh, I don't like that! I don't like that! Don't do that!"

"Kerererec."

One of the hobgoblins held a vial of pink liquid to the man's mouth.

The man who was being raped regained his senses for a moment and resisted, but just as the drug slipped a little into his mouth.

"Hic."

With a short scream, his eyes rolled back in his head and his body dropped frantically like an octopus.

In response, the goblin on the man's back began to shake her hips more violently.

The man didn't react at all, just drooled pink saliva like an idiot.

A hobgoblin with a staff appeared among the copulating hobgoblins.

A shaman wearing a grotesque necklace of skulls and phalluses.

The mating hobgoblins clamped their heads down on the shaman hobgoblin.

-Kerorokekerekerekere

The hobgoblin shaman muttered something and a pink light shot out from her staff and touched the man.

A pink tattoo began to form on his body.

The tattooed man forgot all resistance and began to walk over to the hobgoblins and offer himself up.

‘Fuck.’

It was a horrible sight.

The difficulty level had suddenly increased so much. I was supposed to escape from here? Are you fucking kidding me?

It was ridiculous, but what could I do? All I could do was accept it.

There was no time to complain. It would be more productive to use that time to come up with a plan to get out of here.

The first thing I need to do is get my gear back. Specifically, the backpack and Zirnier’s Helmet.

The backpack contains valuable food. If I have to climb from the fifth floor to the first floor and I don't have food, I'll just starve.

Not to mention Zirnier’s helmet.

Not only is it impossible to find another item of such value, but in this complex terrain, the power of perception will be even more valuable.

"Kerukkeruk?!"

"Kerorok."

Even without Zirnier’s helm, I can still use Perception. I hear the cries from around me and step back for a moment.

When it passed, the sound faded again. I poked my head out once more and saw the hobgoblin that had just passed.

I could only see the back of their heads, but I could see that they were dragging backpacks, clothes, and weapons behind them.

‘⋯Unfortunately, I don't think that's mine.’

Still, if I follow them closely enough, I might be able to find a cave where they keep their stuff.

I moved carefully.

I will surely survive the fifth floor of the Labyrinth and make it out.