**Chapter 86: The dildo I was pampering smelled like another woman's scent**

After a few more hours of pure mating with Diana, it was late afternoon.

 “I think Ellie is sleeping in the⋯ room.”

Ellie had gone into the room next to mine and seemed to be resting.

-Heh, heh, ugh⋯

The soundproofing in the inn is mediocre. I strained my hearing and heard a grunt.

“Judging by her ragged breathing, I'm guessing she’s got a bit of a hangover?”

“I guess I’ll have to make some warm soup. I’ll prepare it, so go up and rest.”

 “Okay.”

Somehow, I hadn't had time to organize my backpack because I'd gotten drunk as soon as I arrived and stayed in bed with Diana until the next day.

My original room was being cleaned, so I went to another room and unpacked my things accordingly.

“Ha⋯ this is going to fucking break.”

The broken armor and axe I'd stashed in my backpack.

The leather armor Diana had given me was literally chewed up and beyond repair, and the axe Idelbert had given me had snapped in half.

The Great Helm is also split in half at the hilt.

I set aside my gaiters and Zirnier's axe, the only pieces of equipment that were still intact, and packed the ruined ones back into my pack.

‘Still, I'll try to repair it as best I can.’

It's a shame to throw them away. Both of them were equipment that could be used up to the 8th floor, but they met with an inexplicable disaster.

 “You. You. You fucking asshole.”

Radiant Blessing wrapped my hand around the abomination's soulstone.

[--!!!]

As soon as it touched Radiance's light, the Abomination Soulstone twitched as if in pain.

‘What is this thing?’

Soulstones are used in various refinements such as artifact crafting, and have a very low drop rate, making them invaluable⋯ but they're just a byproduct of the monster.

'I've never heard of a soulstone reacting like this.’

I suddenly remembered Zirnier.

When I showed her the soulstone, she immediately recognized it as the soulstone of a minotaur boss.

'Zirnier is a first-rate blacksmith, so she must know a lot about it.’

Good thing. The armor needs to be repaired.

I decided to stop by Zirnier's workshop sometime tomorrow.

I tidied up and lay down on my bed, thinking about what to do next.

'I need to train with Idelbert again, I need to pay the party, and Eli's graduation is coming up soon⋯'

Maybe it was because my testicles were empty, but the wise man's time came and my thoughts became faster.

As I stared at the ceiling of the inn, lost in thought, I made a resolution.

To my vague list of goals, I added one more: to find my sister and clear the Labyrinth.

‘Be stronger than Diana.’

I need to get stronger faster. Hit harder. Roll like a dog.

‘I need to be stronger than Diana so we can have real sex.’

My balls start producing sperm again.

After all, people are more motivated when they have a clear goal in front of them.

[Nam Soo Jin LV.23]

[Stamina: (8+10) Strength: (8+10) Agility: (7+10) Wisdom: (1+3) Finesse:(2)]

[Free Points: 6]

I've gained a whopping 7 levels in this Labyrinth run by capturing the Abomination.

It was a fitting reward for the hard work and a tremendous boost, but it was still a long way from catching up to Diana.

 ‘Push harder.’

It's back to square one and the task is the same: become stronger.

To get stronger, I need to rest to condition myself.

I needed to take one step back for every three steps forward.

I yawned heavily and fell into a deep sleep.

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Balkan woke up before the sun had even risen.

He got up as usual and went through his usual routine of light stretching and meditation.

‘I didn't clean myself.’

Diana, who always filled a bucket with water to wash my body and changed it, said when I asked her last night that she hadn't done that recently.

-I've been a little busy cleaning up the house.

In truth, it was just an excuse.

She hadn't been paying attention to the inn because she'd been jerking off in Balkan's room, but there was no way Balkan could have known that.

He simply accepted that Diana had been busy.

-Sniff.

He sniffed his body, and it smelled of sweat and something else he couldn't quite put his finger on.

Not surprising, since I'd been clinging to Diana from that evening until last night, squirming violently.

‘I'm afraid I can't use the temple purification chamber again.’

The temple's facilities were better than even the fanciest palace baths. The water was holy and not reused but after some thought, I dismissed the idea.

'Unless I have access to Serif's private cleansing chamber, I'm afraid that's a little tight.’

I was quite reluctant to use the men's purification room.

I immediately shook my head because I knew I would come out of there a different person.

I decided to ask for it personally when I go to receive the miracle later, and for now, I decided to just get on with it even though I felt a little uneasy.

A bath would be best, but I knew I'd have to spend a lot of money to repair the equipment.

For the time being, I had to be frugal and save money.

It was much better than not being able to wash for weeks in the labyrinth, so I took it off to sleep without much resistance.

 ‘Come to think of it, I hardly have any clothes left.’

Every time I entered the Labyrinth, my armor would break and I would get injured, and the clothes I wore underneath would be torn and tattered.

The only piece of clothing I have left intact is a cotton black t-shirt I received after using the temple's purification chamber.

Even if I'm broke, I should invest a little in my clothes.

It lowers my risk of rape and gives me some dignity.

I can't go back to wearing a loincloth again.

I'll have to stop by the market area and buy some cheap clothes.

‘Maybe I'll ask Diana to join me later on her way to the grocery store.’

It could be a date in a way, I thought.

I walked out of the room with this thought in my head.

I went downstairs to the kitchen, smelling the savory soup wafting up the stairs.

“Morning, Balkan.”

Diana, stirring a large pot of soup in front of the stove, smiled broadly at Balkan.

It was a softer smile than she had ever shown him before.

It was like a weight had been lifted from her heart, and she was happy since Balkan's sincerity yesterday had given Diana a huge psychological boost.

The self-deprecating thoughts that she was just a woman who gave him a place to sleep and food disappeared without a trace along with the orgasm as she was injected with the special mature semen from Balkan.

 ‘I'm his first kiss.’

Just realizing that fact, her jealousy and insecurities about the other women dissipated, and she felt a tremendous psychological boost.

‘I guess you could say I've had sex, yes, yes!’

She was Balkan first woman.

Just thinking about it made her feel incredibly euphoric, and she lightly climaxed once.

“You're wearing a helmet?”

“It's gotten to the point where it's more awkward not to.”

Diana glanced at the helmeted Balkan and smiled with satisfaction.

Now she knows what face is hidden underneath.

It was satisfying, but also worrisome. Balkan's face was too dangerous.

Beggars and outlaws were one thing, but if the branded ones saw his face, he would be kidnapped, dismembered, and sold for more than 100 gold coins as an oversized bio dildo slave.

It was a horrible future to imagine.

“Yes. Be sure to take good care of yourself. Here’s Balkan soup…Oh, Ellie?”

 Balkan turned around as Diana spoke behind him.

A puffy-cheeked, pouty-faced Ellie was glaring at Balkan and Diana.

“Good morning, Ellie.”

“⋯⋯yeah. Did you sleep well?”

Ellie almost said, ‘Did you sleep with my foster mom?’ but then shut her mouth.

‘No. Slowly. Slowly.’

-Ugh.

Ellie looked at Balkan, clinging to her foster mother.

Clearly, there had been some distance between them the last time she'd seen him, and now it was gone.

‘⋯I can't get through that.’

She couldn't see a gap, the connection between them was too strong.

Unless she had some fatal flaw as a woman or a human being, it seemed impossible to create a gap between him and her adoptive mother.

For example,

'If he can't insert his cock into her pussy⋯'

Unless there was a gap of that size, it would be impossible for her to win.

But common sense told her that there was no woman in the world who was even close to that level of sexual impotence.

So Eli changed her tactics.

Not to the right, where her foster mother was firmly entrenched, but to Balkan's left.

That's where she should aim.

A mother and daughter sharing the same man was against the rules, but Ellie needed Balkan's attention.

‘I don't like Mr. Balkan for wooing both a mother and daughter at the same time!’

But she couldn't bring herself to criticize Balkan. She was guiltier of falling for him.

Ellie glared at Diana as if she were declaring war.

“⋯? Do you want some soup? Aren't you hung-over?”

“⋯⋯”

Diana smiled through her narrowed eyes and handed Ellie the soup, her face sweet and friendly.

Her fingertips trembled slightly.

She held out her hand with great determination, wanting to be close to Ellie in her own way.

“Mmph!”

Ellie's conscience sank at the sight of Diana's pure goodwill.

Even though she takes such good care of him, her shallow daughter is full of thoughts of stealing and seducing the young man her adoptive mother finally found.

 “⋯Thank you.”

Ellie accepted the bowl, shakily, not daring to look up.

“Well, that's enough. Let's go eat.”

Diana patted Ellie on the back.

Soon, the mother, daughter and a man sat down at a nearby table to an early breakfast.

Balkan grunted and shifted his chair to sit next to Ellie.

“⋯Are we sitting too close?”

“I'm fine, but do you hate me?”

“No, I don't think so⋯”

Ellie's body was getting closer and closer.

Close enough that I could see the smooth, white thighs peeking out from beneath her skirt and pressing up against my muscular, stone-like thighs.

It was much closer than the psychological tolerance of a normal lover.

“⋯Wow, you have such a wide seat.”

“I like sitting next to you.”

“Uh, yeah?”

Then there was nothing else to say.

“⋯”

Balkan glanced over at Diana, who was looking at Ellie with a strange look in her eyes.

Ellie scooped up a large spoonful of soup and swallowed it down, skillfully avoiding Diana's gaze.

Balkan broke into an unnecessary cold sweat between them.

'Something⋯'

Something was happening.

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After a strangely unappetizing breakfast, I left the inn with a backpack full of weapons to repair.

My destination was Zirnier's workshop in the weapons shop line.

As I stepped into the shop, which looked much more upscale than the others, an employee blocked my entrance.

“Ahem. Judging from your demeanor, you seem to be a low-level explorer. This is not a place for someone like you to come–”

It seemed like she recruited another one.

“Hey. Just let him in.”

“What? But-”

“Don't question him, just let him in.”

“Oh, yeah!”

The staffer who remembered the last time Balkan had been taken down to Zirnier's workshop by No. 1 gaped.

“Are you here to see Ms. Zirnier again this time?”

“Yes. Can I see her now?”

“Uh, well, someone else just came in. Let me ask her.”

The fleshy-faced staffer operated a finger-shaped machine.

“What is that?”

“Ah. It's an artifact that allows me to contact Ms. Zirnier. Only the staff has it, and Ms. Zirnier herself made it.”

With that little mystery solved, No. 1 came running up the stairs to the underground workshop, snapping his fingers.

Depending on your point of view the clunky-looking mechanical arm might be creepy, but it's strangely cute and endearing.

When he reached Balkan's front, No. 1 scribbled on the floor.

[Sorry, I'm a little busy with my hand (motherfucker) right now]

The language is quite harsh. I wonder if someone she doesn't like is here.

[Come back later tonight, I'll serve you first when you get back, it's a great service, you know?]

Unfortunately, Zirnier seems to be busy right now.

Balkan said he'd come back later in the evening and left the weapon shop.

The schedule was a little off so I decided to train first.

I took a short walk to the Explorers' Union building.

I entered the Explorers' Union, which was noisy and crowded with people, and went straight to the elevator for the Union President.

“It's ⋯. Wait. What the hell are you doing, you crazy bastard?”

“Oh, it's ⋯the Union Leader's apprentice.”

“What? Is that fucking real?”

The explorer looks over with a puzzled expression.

“That guy. He's trying to squeeze me again⋯”

“Eheh. I told you it couldn't be.”

“No. If you’re as strong as the Union Leader, you must have a huge libido. There’s no way I’d leave that body alone… Hey, hey. I didn’t harm the Union Leader! Just forgive me this once— Hehe!”

There were still a few people who had their skulls cracked by the Association's explorers while spouting ridiculous slander.

“⋯Wait a minute. Don't you smell the fishy semen odor from somewhere?”

“Sniff.”

The explorers, many of whom were dogs or cats with sensitive noses, sniffed the air and rubbed their thighs together.

Before I knew it, the elevator doors closed and I was on the top floor.

“How far along is the welcome coordination?”

 “It's all done now, you're welcome to use it anytime.”

Immediately, I saw Idelbert talking to a middle-aged woman.

Black hair in a high ponytail, red eyes and smooth brown skin.

She was clearly a cat, but she had no ears and her black tail hung limply as if she was bored.

The next thing that catches your eye is the Diana-level baby breast milk dispenser, the plump soybean paste container, and the body itself that is firm and sex-like without an ounce of fat.

 Add to that the fact that she's wearing a leotard that attracts attention, and it's hard to resist an erection.

'I can't get used to it, no matter how many times I see it.’

Balkan tore his eyes away from Idelbert's body with difficulty and called out to her.

“Master-”

Before he could call out to her, she snapped her head up and locked her gaze on him.

 “Yuck!”

Idelbert suddenly staggered backward as he caught the scent emanating from Balkan.

“⋯? What is it?”

Idelbert looked at Balkan's nonchalant face and gingerly touched her lower belly, which had begun to throb.

A beast woman's sense of smell is extremely sensitive.

The sense of smell of a beast woman warrior, especially one of Idelbert's caliber, is unparalleled.

That's why Idelbert could smell Balkan's entire body odor.

A born warrior and owner of the Curse of Lousy Cock Rejection, Idelbert analyzed the lustful scent in the back of her mind.

'The smell of five months, three days, seventeen hours, and twenty-four minutes of richly aged, ovulation-induced baby-producing juices from the sperm vault entering Diana’s mouth and being expelled and thinned out fifteen times through gluteal and thigh stimulation⋯'

Idelbert held her breath silently.

The scent of another woman was coming from the dildo she had been pampering.

-Pow! Pow!

The sound of a whip cracking came from the tail wagging in excitement.