**Chapter 93: Balkan Unit 2 Production and Supply Plan (2)**

“Hmph. Alright, we're going to have to prepare a lot if we want to reforge this.”

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 grabbed each other by the fingertips and arm tips, and wrapped their arms around the soulstone.

The soulstone quivered like a beleaguered prisoner.

“The base is, of course, a relic alloy, and it will either strengthen its appearance as a weapon or highlight its identity’s abilities… Hehe!”

Zirnier smirked and looked at the soulstone that contained Gluttony identity.

She seemed to be contemplating how to reforge the weapon.

“I don't know much about it, so I'll trust you to do a good job.”

“You're in good hands. I'll make it into a very tough kid. Oh, right.”

Zirnier opened her mouth with a nonchalant expression.

“Before you go, I need your saliva.”

“What?”

My mind went blank for a moment.

What kind of crazy thing is this?

Tadadak!

No. 1 pulled a clear beaker out of nowhere.

“You seem to be working with some kind of unusual holy power. That's a good blessing. That kind of holy power should be useful for controlling this guy.”

At Zirnier's words, the Gluttony Soulstone held by Nos. 2 and 3 twitched.

“What does that have to do with my saliva?”

“With that much divine power, your bodily fluids must have some divine power in them as well, so if I inject a little bit of your saliva with divine power while refining this beast, I can turn it into a weapon of your choosing.”

[-----]

Gluttony's soulstone shuddered at the news of his dire future.

Against his will, his body is manipulated to my liking, making him unable to live without obeying my commands.

“That's really nice, isn't it?”

“Isn't it? Hmph.”

I couldn't help but laugh at Zirnier's brilliant idea.

We looked at each other and giggled like evil Mad Scientists.

[--!!!!]

The Gluttony Soulstone looked at us and shuddered.

It looked like it was about to burst into tears at any moment.

‘Why did you do that to me.’

If only you had behaved yourself, you wouldn't be like this.

'It is your destiny. Serve me as much as you have tormented me.’

I took the beaker that No. 1 handed me.

“Can I spit in here?”

“Uh. As much as you can. Oh, and here's some liquor⋯no, I'll give you some water.”

No. 2 reached for the beaker of dwarven liquor and handed me a bottle of water.

I downed the water in one gulp and collected the saliva from my mouth.

-Uh-oh.

Zirnier was glaring in my direction.

‘It's embarrassing if you stare at me like that.’

I felt pretty embarrassed to do this to her face, so I turned around and spat into the beaker.

“Now hand it over to number three.”

“Okay.”

He took the beaker with the slightly warmed bottom, rushed over and handed it to Zirnier.

“Hmm⋯”

Zirnier looked at the beaker with a puzzled expression, then grabbed the beaker by the tip and shook it gently.

“Oh.”

Clink-clink-clink.

“Wah⋯”

The sticky fluid sloshed around in the beaker like a fine spirit.

“Well, don't shake it too much while admiring it, it's gross.”

“Oops. Mmm, sorry. Hmm. I didn't realize⋯”

Zirnier blushed momentarily in embarrassment, but quickly covered her face with her mask.

The blue walls that were vaguely visible were once again hidden behind a flat mask.

'Come to think of it, Zirnier also covers her face.’

I wonder what her story is.

On reflection, it was not something I would say to someone who wore a helmet, so I dismissed the thought.

“Nr. #1 and #2. Get me a suitable helmet and leather armor from that corner.”

The mechanical arms snapped to life at Zirnier's words.

Zirnier inspected the armor they brought, then handed it to me.

“I made this armor a long time ago, and you won't find anything like it on the market. It should be good enough for at least the 12th floor.”

I took the armor dumbfounded and examined it.

An armored helm for maximum defense., leather armor that was light, yet sturdy, and shaped to wrap around my shoulders.

It was not made of relic alloy, judging by the lack of glow, but the workmanship and detailing was superb.

'Five gold coins, my entire fortune, and I can't buy this armor.’

It was an armor of such high quality that even explorers at the top of the lower ranks, or even at the beginning of the middle ranks, could not easily afford it.

“I can't buy this. I don't have much money.”

“Just use it. You've already paid.”

Zirnier smirked and gently stroked Gluttony soulstone.

The soulstone whimpered in terror.

“You've paid enough, just by giving me the chance to reforge this thing.”

It was not a favor without reason but a price for the opportunity I offered.

It would be rude not to accept since it was also a much-needed piece of armor, which made me feel all the more relieved to receive it.

“Thank you. I'll put it to good use.”

“Yes. Swap your helm for it, and leave the broken one behind. It'll be a while before I can repair it, and my hands are itching to get this thing forged.”

Zirnier showed me her artisan hands, forged by quenching and hammering.

Her hands, covered in burns and calluses, trembled with excitement.

“So when can I expect it to be done?”

“Umm... a month if it's done quickly, maybe longer if he resists too much.”

[--!!]

The Gluttony Soulstone growled.

Zirnier dipped her index finger into my saliva in the beaker and poked the soulstone.

[Vrrrrrr]

The gluttony soulstone dropped to the floor with a shudder, as if it had lost its strength.

“Hmm. Judging by the effect, a month should be enough.”

For a moment, Zirnier's eyes seemed to stare at her spit-stained index finger, but she quickly looked away and grabbed the soulstone.

“Whatever. By the way⋯”

A hesitant-looking Zirnier glanced at my helmet and said.

“In order to repair the helm, I'm going to need to get some more facial samples⋯ Oh, no, it's not like I have some kind of secret desire to touch a man's face or something, huh? It's for the helm repair, you know what I mean!”

I nodded, smiling bitterly at her desperation.

‘Well, she already touched me twice, so I guess it doesn't matter.’

“Yeah. Please touch it quickly.”

“⋯⋯!”

It's better to get this over with quickly.

I casually sat down on the chair No. 1 handed me, turned around, and removed my helmet.

Behind me, I could hear Zirnier's excited breathing.

“⋯Well, then⋯Haah⋯I’ll start now⋯”

I nodded slightly without looking at her face, and Zirnier, noticing the movement behind me, immediately raised her hand to my face.

“Mmph-”

And then it was mercifully squeezed.

\*\*\*

As I was coming up from the underground workshop, I felt the heat of Zirnier’s face that had turned red from being rubbed so much, and the coolness of the helmet covering that face at the same time.

 “I'm sorry, but as of this time, Zirnier's Weapons Shop is closed for a month, please understand!”

I heard the urgent voice of a staff member.

‘She already told them.’

Zirnier had said that she was closing for a month to focus on forging the gluttony soulstone.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“I've been waiting for months to ask Zirnier to make me a weapon!”

“Mmmm!!! Isn't this too much, even for a master craftsman?!”

“That, Master. But if you go somewhere else, the level is the same. In the end, if you want to receive the best weapon, you have to be here⋯”

 “Mmph, I can't help it!!! I'll leave this time!”

“That's weird by the way, there was definitely a guy in here earlier⋯ hmmm⋯ maybe?”

Balkan sat on the steps for a moment, waiting.

The atmosphere was not conducive to walking out into the crowd of grumbling, complaining, and suspicion.

After the crowd had mostly dissipated, he exited the Zirnier Weapons Shop.

I walked through the streets as the sun began to set and arrived at Diana's inn.

“Balkan, are you here?”

He opened the door and was greeted by Diana, who was preparing to close for the evening.

Balkan felt a warm glow in his heart at the sight of her smile.

“You changed your helmet?”

“Yep. It's a little late, isn't it? I'll be ready for dinner in a minute.”

“Hoo-hoo. Take your time. I've cleaned your room, you can use it now.”

Balkan listened to Diana and went upstairs to his room.

He went up to his room to change his sweat-soaked clothes from the fight with Idelbert and opened the door without much thought.

Huh?

“⋯?!”

Immediately, the damp, humid female pheromone penetrated his nasal passages and spread to his brain in a hazy manner.

-Throbbing.

His cock reacted to the sudden onslaught of pheromones.

The seductive pheromones he'd been inhaling incessantly for the past two days, the complex female odor that could only come from a virgin.

The ventilation was obviously done, and the entire room was filled with her scent.

'Diana's brief stay in the room to clean it had much destructive power⋯?’

Balkan couldn't help but think so, unaware that Diana had been masturbating in his room all day during the few days he'd been away in the Labyrinth.

He had no way of knowing that Diana had been sweating feverishly to remove the markings of her female pheromones from his room, and in doing so, had once again left the room with a rich female scent.

Short of ripping out all the wood in the room, there was no way to completely remove Diana’s scent from this room now.

“⋯Whoops.”

Balkan held his breath and entered the room. He opened the window for ventilation and hurried out of the room.

Changing clothes in there? Impossible.

Any more than twenty seconds of exposure in there would surely make his cock unbearable, possessed by Diana’s female pheromones.

'I'm afraid to be exposed to these pheromones⋯.’

Even entering the room took as much patience and determination as probing the core of Chernobyl.

I shook my head and went back down to the bar.

“What? You haven't changed?”

I chuckled at the innocent look on Diana’s face as she shook her head.

‘I didn't change because of someone.’

“Yeah. I don't have anything else to wear, so this is the best I have.”

The casual remark caused Diana to carefully examine Balkan from head to toe.

“Well, Ellie's graduation is coming up soon, so it might be a good idea to get a suit.”

“A suit for graduation?”

“Uh-huh. Graduations at the Academy are a bit fancy.”

Diana laughed softly, as if reminiscing.

Apparently, the Academy had many students of noble status.

‘The dress code is also different from a normal graduation.’

After chatting with Diana for a while, I prepared for the evening's business.

It was time to return to the inn work.

The inn was quickly filled with customers.

“Hehehe! Five more beers here!”

“Sister Dracie. How can you run like that already?”

“Life sucks, I can't sleep when I don't drink!”

From the drunken human guests.

“There seems to be a strange smell coming from somewhere in the inn⋯?”

“I was just sensing it myself. Somewhere in this inn right now, there's a woman who's been marinated in tons of semen, and a man who's been pumped full of specialty semen. The cum has been aging for so long that the odor doesn't dissipate easily.”

“Oh my god. How can there be a man who cums this much?”

“Oh, there are so many people, I can't identify the smell! I want to smell the semen!”

As soon as they entered the inn, it was bustling with guests sniffing the air.

Balkan nonchalantly took their orders, served them beer, and carried Diana's delicious dishes.

“Sniff. What?”

“I'm not sure!”

“That one. Isn't he the disciple of the Union Leader? Why is he serving in a place like this?”

As he approached, the beastwoman patrons scratched their heads, but none of them could come up with a convincing answer.

Explorers new to Diana's tavern would scratch their heads as they watched Balkan skillfully work the bar.

“Balkan, we're here!”

Just then, members of Joy Hog's party entered the inn.

“Uh-oh! You guys are here! Wait!”

Balkan greeted them and ushered them in to pay their bill and join him for a drink.

He seated them at the only available table and was about to take their orders.

“What?! This, this unclean smell!”

Priest Hitolis, a cat who had been cursed on this trip to the Labyrinth, snorted in alarm.

“What, what's the matter with you?”

“I don't smell anything.”

Dwarven warrior Joy Hog and harpy mage Lammel could only shake their heads.

The rest of the party was confused.

“Sniff. Holy shit.”

Jubeel, the cowgirl, recognized the smell immediately.

-Sniff!

Thick breast milk gushed out of Jubeel udder, drenching the table and splattering the party members' clothes.

Jubeel, who had been listening to Joy Hog and Lammel, looked at Balkan and gave him a thumbs up.

“Mmmm. Smell is good.”

Balkan muttered blankly, forgetting to respond to the sex joke.

 “⋯Crazy, crazy bitch⋯”

“Hahaha! Thank you for the compliment! I haven’t even had a drink yet, but I feel tipsy! Here, a beer!!!”

The night was drawing to a close in the bustling Labyrinth City.