**Chapter 114: Graduation Ceremony (10)**

Balkan's lips met Ellie's.

Ellie's lips were dry, soft, and wet with moisture.

The moment of contact was very, very brief.

It was more of a peck than a kiss.

With a proud look on her face, Ellie pulled away, blushing bright red.

“⋯An, you ducked, oppa.”

“⋯⋯”

“⋯Can I do it one more time, please⋯?”

This time, Balkan approached Ellie directly.

After a moment of surprise, Ellie closed her eyes in shame.

He watched her lips curl shyly into a small smile for a moment, then swallowed them.

“⋯?!!”

Thinking back to the innocent kiss earlier, Ellie was startled by the sensation of her full lips being pressed together.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!”

Her body flinched and shuddered as she instinctively realized something was wrong.

But it was too late.

Her lips, which had been curled in a pretty line, were sucked to one side, and they parted painfully with every bite.

Balkan immediately stuck his tongue inside the parted lips.

There were no closed teeth in the way.

It was as if they were waiting for his tongue to enter.

But even then, Ellie's tongue remained awkwardly still, unable to grasp the situation.

The tip of his tongue poked at the wet, warm tongue, and Ellie's surprised tongue responded.

Ellie was curious, too. Her red tongue moved closer to Balkan's, inch by inch.

Ellie took the first step, half curious, half nervous, and immediately collapsed.

Tongue after tongue, tongue after tongue, teeth after teeth, lips after lips, Ellie's tongue immediately twitched like a rat.

“Whoop-? Whoosh-!”

Ellie's head jerked back. The price of being careless was high.

“Hehehe! Oh, shoo!”

This was not the innocent kiss Ellie had imagined.

It didn't happen in the romance novels she sometimes read.

It wasn't the shy, blushing, tickling kisses of lovers confirming each other's feelings.

It's a deep kiss from an overpowering predator, intent on reducing a woman to a mere rug female.

It was a violent kiss, not to make love, but to keep her beneath him, to dominate and subjugate.

Ellie felt like she was going to lose something precious inside her if she kept going.

A sense of crisis, as if her subconscious confidence and pride as a woman would crumble and she'd be reduced to a mere Balkan rug.

Instinctively, she pulled her mouth away and backed away.

-Squeak!

Balkan immediately slid his hands around Ellie's waist, pulling her close, pressing his firm abdomen against hers.

Naturally, Ellie's udders, wrapped in Arachne's silk dress, squeezed and rubbed against his chest.

-Ooohhhh!

Her womb, pressed tightly against Balkan's hard, muscular body, contracted and released.

Ellie felt as if something had exploded in her head at that moment.

Something hotter than fire magic, brighter than flash magic, made her head go white for a moment.

The Arachne silk dress her adoptive mother had bought her was soaked through with the intensity of her gush.

She could clearly feel the liquid running down her thighs, seeping through her shoes and between her toes, and gradually soaking the floor.

Balkan breathed in the fresh scent of the elf's flesh and the green-apple flavor of the wine pierced his nostrils.

At the same time, he could smell the damp, humid air of a female in heat.

Her sweaty red sideburns brushed her face, and her hyperventilation and exhaled breath, full of excitement, roughly struck her philtrum as Ellie's focus faded.

“⋯a⋯”

Diana stood on the balcony, dazed, watching the scene unfold before her.

Ellie, the daughter of a dead party member, the daughter she'd adopted and raised like her own, a precious little girl who she had adopted and raised like her own, even though they had fought a bit since adolescence, but they had recently been able to be together again turned into a female just now.

The technique that Balkan had honed over many awkward kisses with her was used to mercilessly ravage her own daughter.

If she hadn't raised Balkan, would her daughter not have been destroyed?

It was a pointless fantasy.

Balkan's eyes, who had been hugging Ellie's waist and giving her a rough deep kiss, turned to Diana.

Those were the eyes of a true male, crushing and dominating a woman under his feet.

KOOOOOOOOK♡.

“Huh?!”

Just by making eye contact, her womb trembled uncontrollably and pitifully.

The swollen breasts were already ready to express milk.

The intense groans coming from the terrace drew more and more attention to Balkan and Ellie.

“⋯Am I dreaming, now?”

“Is that⋯ a kiss? It's not like anything I've ever done with my husband⋯”

“Mmm, I've heard that monsters in the Labyrinth ravish men like that.”

“That’s a monster. That guy is a man… How can he treat a woman so roughly, like a bitch… Whoa… Ouch, punk, the panties…!”

“⋯I envy⋯I want to be spanked like that⋯ violently⋯”

A noblewoman, a freshly graduated academy graduate, a merchant who had numerous relationships.

Regardless of their status, age, or castle walls, females of childbearing age with udders and cunts instinctively watched Balkan and Ellie's sticky kiss with dazed eyes.

Some of them forgot about their bodies and the situation and slipped their hands under their skirts, or rubbed their thighs as they watched.

A kiss between two people had changed the air on all four floors of the ballroom.

Now there was no female here who could make a proper judgment.

Ellie's tongue flicked out from inside Balkan's lips, a bridge of saliva lengthening as their mouths moved further apart.

“Puhhhhhhhhh! Heh!”

Ellie, freed from Balkan's grasp, shook her head and breathed harshly.

The aggressive deep kiss lasted for twenty minutes.

The area around Ellie's lips was already smeared with saliva, which dripped from her ravaged mouth.

Embarrassment filled her red, moistened eyes as she stared up at him.

There was no sign of the magical genius he'd been accustomed to seeing.

Ellie, looking like an idiot who had forgotten the basics in the face of such an enormous shock, simply stared up at Balkan and let out a ragged breath.

After a few more smacks to the side of her lips to calm her down, Ellie finally regained her composure.

“⋯a⋯”

“I'm sorry, I was rough. Are you okay?”

“⋯⋯”

Ellie's face was still dazed.

It was as if her mind hadn't fully returned to reality yet.

“⋯Is this what a kiss looks like?”

“Something like that. It's a kiss. I think of it as an adult kiss.”

“⋯A grown-up kiss⋯”

Ellie mumbled Balkan's words for a moment, then looked up, dazed.

“Do ⋯other adults⋯ kiss like this⋯?”

“I don't know about that. Probably not.”

“⋯⋯Then⋯I⋯don't think I⋯can kiss anyone else⋯now⋯”

Ellie replied with a somewhat dazed look on her face.

She looked down at the hem of her damp dress and at the balcony floor, where a small puddle had formed and started to seep through the bricks.

Apparently, an adult's kiss was more traumatic than she expected.

“It's okay, it's just me.”

“Ahhhhhh.”

The corners of Ellie's mouth twitched upward at the casual reassurance.

“⋯Something keeps poking me in the stomach.”

“⋯⋯”

No matter how many shitty experiences he'd had in this shitty world, Balkan was a man.

A woman so beautiful that you could say it's beyond common sense confessed that she liked him, and from the first confession, she kissed him on the lips, and then went further and kissed him deeply... How could he not get an erection?

“Did you get this big⋯ because you kissed me like an adult⋯?”

I nodded at Ellie, who asked shyly, and she smiled back.

Ellie started to reach for my cock with female instinct, but paused.

The elf's ears twitched, and her rigid head jerked back.

“Ugh-”

Ellie's body shuddered with a panicked groan.

Oh, yes. She finally noticed.

“⋯⋯”

Diana, who had fallen silent, stared at us blankly.

“⋯⋯”

“⋯⋯”

“⋯⋯”

Not just Diana, but a whole bunch of people who were looking at us with a horny expression.

Squeak. Creak.

Ellie's face was bright red as she turned her head again like a broken machine.

“⋯We, we. What are we going to do⋯?”

I smiled bitterly and patted Ellie's head.

If you're embarrassed, you just have to be more confident.

In other words. Attack it head-on.

\*\*\*

It wasn't the first time Diana had seen Balkan and Ellie like that.

Just a few months ago.

Aaaah!

-Heh!

She'd masturbated to the sound of Balkan spanking Ellie's ass and Ellie moaning in response from across the room.

That day, Diana felt a complicated mix of responsibility as a foster mother and fondness for Balkan.

At the same time, an elusive pleasure rose above the complexity of her feelings.

She felt like she was crossing a river of no return, a memory she had buried for so long.

When she saw the man she loved kissing her foster daughter, it came back to her.

Balkan, holding Ellie's hand tightly, walked straight to Diana.

Their wombs warmed at the sight of him and Ellie kissing, and they instinctively took a step back, avoiding his gaze.

He was like a single rose.

So beautiful, you want to touch it, but it hurts to hold it in your hand.

What if she fell into his hands and degraded into a rug female.

They instinctively felt the fear that the life they had built would come crashing down around them.

“Uh, excuse me. I'm Delmitri Claudia, Claudia's top executive.”

“Hmph. I am Ellieo Rohardt, second daughter of the Marquis of Rohardt. I'm just hoping to spend a little time with you.”

However, there were those who approached the Balkan.

Those who would pluck the beautiful rose and keep it, even if it hurt them.

If used well, it could be of great help in the future life of an explorer, but... Balkan completely ignored them and stood in front of Diana.

“Ms. Diana.”

“Hey, foster mom⋯”

The low, heavy bass of Balkan's voice and the panicked tone of Ellie's voice made Diana's heart sink.

But Diana forced herself to compose herself. She couldn't let herself get caught up in the moment.

As a mother of a child, as a woman who loves Balkan.

 She had to keep things in perspective.

“Both of you, come with me.”

So never, never, never⋯ should she let herself be swept away by this pleasure.

Mmmmmmmmmm.

Diana said, placing a hand on her womb, which continued to pound, urging for a baby.

“⋯Today, you'll need to be disciplined.”