**Chapter 115: Graduation Ceremony (11)**

On the fourth floor, where even the air was humid from Balkan and Ellie's deep kisses, it was impossible to have a sane conversation.

“Hmph, can we talk for a minute-”

“It'll only take a moment, really⋯”

Breaking away from the noble and merchant females clinging to Balkan, Diana immediately grabbed Ellie and Balkan and headed to the other floor.

The ballroom was noisy with the excitement of the party and they needed to find a quiet place to talk.

So Diana headed for the least crowded place she could find: the roof of the ballroom.

Diana pushes open the tightly closed door to the roof.

-Squeak! Puck! Puck!

“That's enough, you've done it twice already!”

“Heh, heh, heh⋯ ha, fuck, shut the fuck up and put more cock in me⋯ ah, fuck yes⋯!”

Along with the sounds of flesh slamming against flesh, they could hear the shouts of the couples, who were mating stickily in the heat of the party.

“Hmph?”

Diana and Ellie opened their mouths in disbelief at the unexpected scene.

Tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk

Some daring couples were even straddling the rooftop railing and engaging in thrilling copulation.

The man, pushed against the railing, was half-stunned by the woman's aggressive teasing.

The problem was, due to the angle of the rooftop door, they were in full view of each other as soon as the door opened.

Even though the door was open, they didn't even bother to look in the direction of the door, immersed in their immediate pleasure.

I've seen them making love before, when I've come to the rooftop to hunt down the outlaws, and I've gotten a rough idea.

But now it was almost like an animal kingdom.

“What is this?”

Diana, who had witnessed the vivid mating scene, froze in shock, gripping the doorknob.

“⋯Heh!”

Ellie poked her head out from behind Balkan, her face filled with curiosity and embarrassment as she watched them copulate.

“Ms. Diana.”

“⋯⋯”

“Ms. Diana?”

“⋯⋯Ah, uh, yeah.”

The scene was even more traumatizing than I thought it would be.

Finally regaining her composure, Diana carefully closed the door to the roof and sighed heavily.

She turned around and looked at Balkan and Ellie with a serious face.

“Hmph. Hmph! Ellie, Balkan?”

“Yes, yes! Foster mom!”

Barely recovering from her shock, Diana coughed for attention, and a stunned Ellie replied, clutching Balkan's arm tightly.

Diana's eyes narrowed as she realized they were acting like newlyweds.

“Yes.”

Balkan stared at Ellie for a moment, then answered briefly.

A lesser man would have been embarrassed, blushed, or been too embarrassed to answer.

‘But Balkan is not like those men.’

Diana was well aware of that fact.

She remembered being pinned beneath him, writhing in pleasure, even if he hadn't managed to penetrate her.

Having reduced her precious foster daughter to submission as a rug female with his first kiss, he responded with a regal air, as if to say, “What's the matter?”

“⋯You, do you know what the hell you've been doing?”

“⋯⋯”

Ellie blushed and lowered her head at Diana's question.

‘I, uh, didn't mean to go that far⋯’

Originally, she had planned to confess her feelings and settle for a quick kiss.

That would have made her happy as if she could fly.

However, her innocent delusions were shattered by Balkan's degrading deep kiss.

Every female on the fourth floor of the ballroom witnessed Ellie's first kiss and rubbed their thighs together as they watched her fall to the rug.

“Yep. I kissed Ellie.”

“Oh, oppa!”

Ellie, recalling the moment, looked at Balkan in disbelief at the frankness with which he had opened his mouth.

“⋯Oppa?”

Diana noticed the change in the way Ellie addressed Balkan.

She usually called him Mister. Something, something that could take their relationship further⋯

“Ellie confessed to me that she liked me, and I wanted to repay her for having the courage to do that.”

The mother and daughter stared at Balkan, mouths agape.

She was at a loss for words, even though he had been so open and honest with her.

“Just like that day,” Balkan added, glaring at Diana through his half-mask.

“Like, like that day.”

Ellie shook his head at the unintelligible phrase, but Diana recognized the meaning at once.

The day she and Balkan had been bonded.

The day when, despite the curse being suppressed by Balkan's blessing, the rush of pleasure and sexual urges overwhelmed her and she nearly raped him.

It was the same day that Balkan, who had been overwhelmed, had reassured Diana and embraced her even more intensely⋯ just as he had embraced Ellie.

“⋯Really?”

Diana's gaze snapped to Ellie.

It wasn't that she didn't believe Balkan's words. She just needed confirmation.

“⋯Yes.”

With a determined look on her face, Ellie squeezed Balkan's arm a little tighter.

Balkan's arms tightened around the confidently exposed runway of her dress. Balkan, who loved breasts, offered no resistance.

Diana's mouth dropped open in disbelief as the evidence was more tangible than anything else.

Unlike Diana, who'd been a one-way street, Ellie had made a formal confession.

If it weren't for the ballroom, if there weren't anyone watching, if there weren't anyone watching at all⋯

Diana's gaze traveled over Balkan and Ellie's heads.

[Intercourse count: 0]

[Status: virgin]

[Intercourse count: 0]

[Status: virgin]

The number that came up with the virgin detection magic, and whether Balkan was virgin or not⋯ didn’t change.

At the thought of it, Diana’s heart fluttered wildly in her chest.

As a mother, she wondered if she should give up Balkan for her precious foster daughter.

The female in her was screaming at the top of her lungs that he's her, he's her man.

As Diana wondered if she should put everything else aside and prioritize the heart of the one she loves.

All of these thoughts intertwined to create a single wish.

“⋯Yes. But first, listen to me, both of you. The people in this ballroom are not the ones you see in the Explorers' Quarters. These are people who have established themselves in the nobility section, and even have children in the Academy.”

Diana's tone became calmer as she spoke.

Her emotions were complicated, but in the end, this was what she wanted.

‘I want me, Ellie, and most of all⋯ Balkan to be happy.’

So this reprimand was a warning of another danger.

At least it was half-masked, but what if the bare-faced Balkan had continued kissing Ellie?

Diana was sure they would have gone to any lengths to get him.

All things considered, Balkan's face was worth the blood on her hands.

“You can't show weakness in front of people like that. You never know when they'll use it against you and tear you apart.”

“Yeah. I'll keep that in mind.”

“Good. But don't be too scared. You can use them to your advantage.”

Balkan and Ellie nodded at Diana, who was giving them serious advice.

-Chirp, chirp, chirp!

The sound of mating calls from beyond the door broke the silence.

The sound had been leaking out in bits and pieces before, but this one was particularly loud.

-Hey, how's that compared to my mom's pussy? Who feels better, huh?!”

-Uh, that, that.

-Bastard.

Even the groaning conversations were bizarre.

A family's public dildo, a mother and daughter.

I wonder what kind of situation I'd have to be in to have a conversation like that.

“⋯⋯”

“⋯⋯”

The mother-daughter duo's eyes turned to Balkan.

-Gulp.

The sound of swallowing came from somewhere.

Was it the mating outside the door, or was it Diana and Ellie?

I couldn't tell.

“Balkan. Ellie?”

I looked up at Diana's question, and she blushed slightly, opening her mouth cautiously.

“Well, this may be unnecessary, but I don't think it's time for you two to have sex.”

“What?”

“Well, it's not that I don't have other ideas, but Ellie's just come of age, and I think she needs a little more time to settle down.”

“⋯⋯”

“And even if she does, she might lose her mind like she did earlier. Don't you think she needs someone to be there for her?”

Parental concern, or a nagging desire to take all the firsts of a loved one?

“Well, yes, I can always be there to teach her and help her⋯!”

Diana rambled on, trying to experience every single sexual experience her daughter would ever have, and implying that she would be in bed with her.

“Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex!”

Ellie, who hadn't even thought of it that far, blushed.

“⋯I'm still a little immature, so⋯ hey, if my foster mom can help me, even more⋯”

Ellie nodded, mesmerized by the memory of a female climax in a single deep kiss.

Balkan was a male she would never be able to handle on her own.

Diana's words were certainly convincing.

The two females' gazes turned to Balkan once more.

“Oh, oppa. I need to talk to my foster mom for a minute.”

“Hoo-hoo. Now that we're on the same page, Balkan, would you mind letting us have a mother-daughter chat for a moment?”

The mother and daughter laughed awkwardly, and Balkan laughed bitterly.

‘Something's going on here.’

But they already seemed to be in sync so it's hard to tell.

-Hey, stepmom, the order is⋯

-I, I have a curse, so I'm a little bit⋯

-Well, then I'll go first⋯?!

I made my way back to the fourth floor, listening to the muffled conversation behind me.

Despite my short time on the roof, the faces on the fourth floor had changed.

As I passed the strangely crowded women's restroom and headed toward the balcony where I'd stashed my helmet, I caught sight of an unfamiliar figure.

A pale-faced, blond wallflower in a wheelchair.

The girl looked up at me, realizing I was there, and then immediately dropped her head.

“⋯Ah. This, this, this⋯ Are you the owner⋯?”

In the girl's awkwardly extended hand was the helmet she had been hiding.

However, I was more concerned with the girl's voice than the helmet.

The voice was shaky, but sweet, penetrating my brain as soon as I heard it.

I had heard this voice before.

“⋯Armored Knight?”

The first benefactor who saved me, the armored knight.

The girl's voice was the same as hers.