**Chapter 140: The Situation of a Certain City’s Virginity Loss (2)**

[Female subjugation in progress: 1]

[Diana Ordia: Progress (0.1%)]

Could it be because of the Curse of the Nightmare?

I could immediately grasp the essence of that unfamiliar phrase.

If I can complete the process of subjugation, I can make the female before me completely mine.

I looked down at Diana in my arms, mesmerized.

Her black hair, neatly braided and raised above her shoulders.

Her eyes, always alert and softly closed whenever she looked at me.

Her skin is so pure and clear, without a single blemish.

To the naked eye, she's a beautiful young woman with an unassuming demeanor, but when you tilt your head a little lower, the story changes completely.

She has a pair of sloppy, oversized breasts that couldn't be held in one hand, often leaking milk.

A cute belly that's not skinny, but has just the right amount of flesh to make it more flattering.

A butt that's soft to stroke and full to squeeze.

She was warm and smelled like shampoo.

Maybe it was because she had tried to fall asleep but ran out after hearing Ellie say that I had been taken away, but the refreshing and pleasant female pheromones characteristic of a freshly washed woman were flowing out.

She was a living, breathing mating desire generator.

With such a lustful body, even the curses she bore were eroticized.

The only flaw is that she has a vicious, evil curse called the Curse of Rejecting Lousy Dicks.

There's no other female in the world I'd rather have as my own.

I can make her all mine.

I might not be able to control her mind and soul, but her body would be entirely mine, I was convinced of that.

[The gap with the target is large. The speed of subjugation is greatly reduced.]

But how easy is it to subjugate a human body?

There were constraints.

‘Let's not get carried away.’

I shook my head to clear my thoughts and checked Diana's condition.

A faded pink womb symbol and a pink heart symbol.

The large womb sigil, which was a mixture of pink energy and magi, and the heart sigil, which was a mixture of pink energy and white holy power, had been overwritten.

Actually, overwriting is a bit of an understatement.

The size difference was too much.

In the middle of a cloudy pink womb symbol as big as my fist, there was a pink heart symbol the size of Diana's thumb.

At first glance, it looked like she'd gotten a tattoo that said, “If you poke me here, I'm going to squirt out a heart and climax.”

I thought, “Did I tattoo this pink heart?”

I don't know how I did it, but it became instinctive.

It was a new curse, and I had no idea how it worked.

‘I'll go to the temple as soon as the sun comes up.’

It's still the middle of the night outside.

I figured I'd sleep through the night and then wake up and think about whether or not I wanted to do the curse.

“Hey, hey, hey, hey, why the sudden⋯?”

Diana blushed as she watched the patterns appear and disappear over her MILF dress.

The sigils had vanished, revealing only that they had been imprinted on her.

Perhaps it would reappear someday, when the subjugation level rose, or when something significant changed.

“⋯I think it was probably me, because I got the Curse of the Nightmare.”

“Curse of the Nightmare?!”

Ellie had told her that I was cursed, but not what kind of curse.

With a rare exclamation of surprise, Diana quickly covered her mouth and looked around.

There were no guards around.

“Hah, such a curse.”

With a sigh of relief, Diana looked at me with shaky eyes, but she had nothing to say.

Curses and blessings aren't something you get just because you want them.

Some say that blessings and curses are manifested based on experiences and circumstances in the Labyrinth, but few explorers know the laws of the Labyrinth clearly enough to navigate them.

Rather than bemoaning my curse, it was more productive to determine if this was a curse I could live with, or if it was one I needed to erase and get rid of.

“Mmm⋯ First, shall we talk as we go?”

“Uh-huh. Let's do that. I've procured a carriage for you, so make yourself comfortable on the way.”

Leaving the guard post, we boarded the carriage and headed for the inn.

As I listened to the conversation about how much taller I've gotten, how much more muscular I've gotten, and so on, I thought about the Nightmare curse.

‘Not bad, if you look at my stats right now.’

Health+5, Wisdom-10, Finesse+10.

I lose 10 Wisdom, but gain 5 Health and 10 Finesse.

‘It's not like I'm a wizard.’

For now, all I needed was enough magic power to handle the artifacts and Bernie.

Just to be on the safe side, I did some simple math.

1 plus 1 equals 2.

2 multiplied by 2 equals⋯4.

Okay, my brain is working.

Stamina is a "the more, the better" attribute, and any lack in technique can be compensated for, making it a curse with no significant drawbacks.

But the problem is⋯

-Thump.

The carriage's vibration drew my attention to Diana's breasts, which were shaking violently.

– You are currently in a state of [very severe sexual frustration]. The range of things you can recognize as [females] has greatly expanded. You feel an intense sexual urge toward [females].

Diana's softly closed eyes widened in confusion.

Gradually, her flushed face darted around the carriage as if she couldn't find a place to look, and then her head drooped low.

There was only one reason for Diana's behavior.

My erection was poking out of my pants.

I thought I had figured out how to control my sex drive.

But perhaps because of my condition [very severe sexual frustration], my body was actively expressing its erotic urges, not hiding them in the slightest.

The carriage stopped.

“Well, then. Shall we go?”

“Yes.”

I scrambled to my feet and followed Diana into the Cozy Winter Inn.

Just as I was feeling a sense of nostalgia, as if I were back home, I heard the sound of water in the distance.

It was in the back corner of the dining room.

Next to Diana's room, a small extension had been built.

“I added a private shower while you were in the Labyrinth. Unfortunately, you won't be able to bathe in it.”

“A shower? That must have cost a fortune.”

“Hee hee. But at least you'll be more comfortable when you return from the Labyrinth in the future. It's a small price to pay, don't you think?”

Diana smiled gently as she said that.

Certainly, there were more than a few times when I had wished for a hot bath after a long, torturous journey through the Labyrinth.

Until now, I've had to pay blood money for such luxuries, either in the public baths or, once, in the Serif's private purification chamber.

But to build a new bathroom just for me?

“What if I leave the inn-?”

“Leave?”

Diana interrupted me hastily and glared at me.

“⋯Really?”

Her squinted amber eyes took in the image of a man in a dirty helmet.

The man met the sadness in her eyes, then smiled bitterly and shook his head.

“No, I don't think so, it just seems like too much trouble.”

“You don't have to worry about that for the rest of your life.”

Diana smiled warmly, closing her eyes again in relief, and handed me a towel.

“There are two showers, and I'm sure Ellie will be in the one on the left. Feel free to wash up and get a good night's rest.”

I nodded, took the towel, and headed into the shower.

There was a separate area for undressing and dressing, and another for showering.

For some reason, there was no separation between men and women.

“Hehehe... Oh, oppa?!”

Ellie, who was humming and washing her hair in the left shower stall, noticed my pretense and quickly covered herself.

Through the blind glass door and the foggy steam, I could only see her silhouette as she panicked and put her hands to her chest and hips.

She must have recognized me, because she soon lowered her covering hands.

“Did adoptive mother finish her work well and come back?”

“Oh. Thanks to you calling Diana, it ended quickly. As for the curse…I’m going to go to the temple tomorrow and check it.”

“Thank goodness… You worked hard. The water here is really warm and feels good, so Oppa, you should wash up quickly too!”

“Okay.”

Ellie's voice was full of excitement, as if a long-overdue bath felt good.

After nearly three weeks of rolling around in a dirty, damp labyrinth, she had every reason to be excited.

I took my time and looked around.

The basket to my left held a slightly soiled Academy uniform, a strangely clean bra, and a pair of neatly folded panties.

The same clothes Ellie had worn when she entered the Labyrinth.

I marveled at the cleanliness, wondering if she'd actually been through the same Labyrinth, and moved my gaze to the shower to my right.

I removed my leather armor, gaiters, and T-shirt, then my semen-soaked boxers and pants and tossed them into a basket.

Finally, I removed my helmet and placed it on top of my clothes.

In front of me was a mirror.

I glanced in the mirror and saw that the kiss marks had all disappeared.

Apparently, the regenerative powers of the Nightmare curse apply to the entire body, not just the reproductive system.

Naked, I stepped into the shower.

The shower room was not large. It seemed to be the size of a shower in a small studio apartment.

Moreover, there was still hot steam in the shower.

I wondered if Diana had washed here.

When I entered the inn, there were no other guests in the room.

The shower wouldn't be this damp unless it had just been cleaned.

I remembered the scent of shampoo I smelled when I hugged her tightly.

She had put me in the shower where she had cleaned herself.

At the thought, my cock swelled again.

“Huh.”

I sighed unnecessarily.

“I should really masturbate.”

If I didn't relieve this sexual desire on my own, I felt like my brain would be soaked in semen.

“Hmph.”

The hot shower felt so good, and I could still hear Ellie humming next to me.

The soundproofing was weaker than I thought but I decided not to sweat the small stuff.

To muffle the sound, I manipulated an artifact in the form of a showerhead that only nobles had, and turned on the water.

Behind me, the daughter bathes while I masturbate in the same spot where her mother washed.

I reach for my cock, trying to hold it in my hand against the overwhelming feeling of immorality.

-knock.

Very stealthily, there was a knock on the glass door of the shower stall.

I immediately activated my perception, but I couldn't catch a glimpse of the figure beyond the glass door.

But I could tell who it was just by looking at the body through the blind glass.

“Balkan,” Diana muttered softly through the crack in the glass, pressing herself against the door.

“You might not need it, but if you're having trouble⋯I can help.”

“⋯?”

“I know that if you don’t relieve your sexual desires for a long time, you will receive a penalty⋯”

A voice filled with embarrassment, dripping through the glass.

“⋯⋯”

“⋯Because when I was in trouble, Balkan was there to help me.”

When Diana was tormented by the runaway libido of the curse, I would periodically stifle her libido.

“So I, too, can help Balkan with his libido.”

“⋯⋯”

Now the situation is reversed.

I'm the one suffering from libido, and Diana wants to fix it.

“⋯Do you need it⋯?”

-gulp.

The sound of saliva sliding down my throat was unusually loud.

Diana, hearing it, smirked and sat up.

Her silhouette was shifting through the glass of the blinds as she moved her hands to her shoulders and slid the shoulder straps of her dress off to the side.

The straps slid down her arms, curved around her curvaceous body, and quickly fell to the floor.

Diana didn't stop there.

She moved her hands to her waist and gently lowered it.

She lifted her legs seductively, and the tattered fabric that covered her most precious parts slipped from her toes.

Placing her own clothes on top of my helm, Diana grasped the hook of the glass door.

“⋯I’m coming in.”

I didn't even notice the hissing and running of the shower next door as Diana stepped into the shower, clad only in a towel.