**Chapter 141: The Situation of a Certain City’s Virginity Loss (3)**

-Pounding, pounding.

My heart was beating wildly in a state of extreme excitement. It seemed to have no intention of calming down.

Of course not. Who could remain calm in this situation?

I lifted my head and saw our reflection in the steamy glass.

Normally, Diana would not have been visible due to my large body, but the angle at which the mirror was installed was exquisite.

She was clad in nothing more than a flimsy cloth towel that barely covered her violent body.

Her eyes, usually closed, were gently open, and she was breathing softly behind me.

I wonder if it's her mood.

For a moment, I thought I saw her eyes.

The corner of her mouth twitched into a smile as she stared at my back, and then she whispered quietly in my ear.

“I'm going to spray you with water. Close your eyes.”

“⋯Yes.”

I did as she said and quietly closed my eyes.

Diana splashed warm water on my head from the shower.

My hair, caked with oil and all sorts of dirt from rolling around in the Labyrinth, was gently loosened by the warm water.

-Kwak. Dab.

Diana squeezed the shampoo into her hands and lathered it up.

Immediately, the fragrant scent of lavender wafted up.

The same scent I smelled when she hugged me.

“Let me wash your hair.”

“⋯Yes.”

I barely responded before Diana's fingers slipped through my hair.

Her delicate fingers gently rubbed through my thick scalp, leaving no empty space.

It was an ecstatic touch I'd never felt in any salon before, and then the water splashed again.

“I was going to wipe your back, too⋯”

-Tsk. Bam!

A sound like ice breaking came from somewhere.

“⋯Unfortunately, I don't have a towel.”

I thought I saw a towel when I came into the shower earlier, but I was wrong.

I let it go since I didn't want to think about it.

The female pheromones in the shower made my head fuzzy.

It's a shame that she washed my hair, not my body.

After a moment of deliberation, I asked Diana for a favor.

“Ms. Diana.”

“Yes.”

“Could you please wipe me with your body?”

For a moment, Diana gasped as if she hadn't expected me to ask her that.

Oh, right. The old me would have just said, “I'll clean it myself.”

-You're currently in a state of [very severe sexual frustration].

But now, I've piled up a bit too much.

 “⋯You want me to wipe it with my body, everywhere⋯?”

“Yes.”

“⋯⋯”

For a moment, a stunned silence descended on the shower.

As I calmed my trembling body, I glanced in the mirror and saw Diana pulling off the towel covering her body with a smile on her face.

-Wham!

The sound of water broke the silence.

-Kwak. Kwak.

She splashed herself with hot water, squeezed out the body wash, and lathered it up in her hands, just as she had done with my hair.

Then she began to apply the lather to her own body.

Her large breasts, areolas, nipples, between her breastbones, stomach, and forearms.

Her body, flushed red from the heat and excitement of the water, was gradually coated in white foam.

Drrrr-

After removing the bath chair, Diana knelt down on the bathroom floor.

The distance between her and me, still sitting in the bath chair, gradually narrowed.

-Koooooooowwww!

Immediately, I felt a tremendous warmth on my back.

Diana's toned and shapely arms wrapped around my chest.

“If I do it like this, hmph, will it work⋯?”

-Sigh. Mmmm, mmmm.

Diana's breathing was synchronized with mine, her soft, curvy, mating-optimized body pressed hard against my back.

Her soft breasts crushed without mercy, brushing against my lower back from the top of her broad belly, and her flat stomach clung to my back, providing a steady stream of warmth.

The forearms that hugged me very carefully stroked my pectoralis major muscle, and my tightly glued hipbones rubbed against my hipbones.

“Hmph.”

As Diana moved up and down my back, I felt something thick and hard scraping my shoulder blades and tummy in an 11 shape.

Diana's obscenely erect nipple.

Her erect nipples, which had grown hard from the mere act of wiping a man's body with hers, made her hips twitch and quiver with every movement of her body.

“Heh, heh, heh, heh.”

At first, Diana moved slowly, gauging my reaction, but as time passed, her movements became slower and slower.

“It's okay now.”

“⋯Whew, huh⋯”

Diana's body stopped at the word that it was okay to stop.

Taking a deep breath to calm her shaking body, Diana muttered, her voice filled with regret.

“⋯Shouldn’t I wipe you in front too⋯?”

 “⋯⋯”

Tsk.

I felt something snap in my head.

It was probably the last string holding me to sanity.

I splashed hot water over my body, rinsed the foam off, and carefully pushed myself up.

I spun around and looked down at Diana on the floor.

“⋯⋯a⋯♡”

Diana's eyes were now completely open.

Her beautiful amber eyes were swollen with blood, grotesquely veined, and her large, hard, painfully erect penis was in them.

A thick, massive shadow fell over Diana's face as she stared at the cock, her nipples hard and erect, in pure admiration.

The tip of my glans dangled in a large pool of pre-cum, which had leaked unusually abundantly since I'd gotten the Nightmare Curse.

Diana, who had stiffened as if her breath had been taken away by the sight of my cock, carefully placed her lips on the glans.

-Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.

The most intuitive expression of submission a female can give to a male.

An affectionate glans kiss, full of care, love, and joy.

It was a different kind of pleasure than the one I received from the Lieutenant Succubus.

 “Balkaan♡⋯”

After affectionately sucking all the sperm that had pooled between the glans, Diana looked up at me with a smile as she held the thick cock against her cheek.

“Huh, huh, huh.”

Was that a moan?

Diana's mouth is tightly closed, but I can hear a ragged gasp coming from somewhere.

But no matter how hard I tried to think about it, it wasn't my voice.

Diana and I both stopped breathing and turned toward the source of the sound.

“Heh.”

Her silhouette was reflected against the glass blinds, panting for breath.

Her long elfin ears pricked up impatiently, and she crouched on the floor, naked and drenched in water, gingerly rubbing her lower half with her hands.

Red eyes peered through the crack in the tiny shower door.

It was an unscrupulous daughter, secretly masturbating while watching her adoptive mother's affectionate behavior.

“⋯Hoohoo.”

Diana, seeing Ellie's masturbation, kissed the glans even more steamingly and opened her mouth.

“Balkan.”

“⋯Yes.”

“Ellie, she’s the same as me.”

“⋯⋯”

“I don't think anyone wants to see you here, right now, tormented by the curse.”

“⋯⋯”

“Neither me, nor Ellie, because I care about you so much.”

“⋯⋯”

“Like⋯ family.”

Family.

A word that always meant something different to me.

A man who was abandoned by faceless parents and raised his younger sister as his responsibility.

A girl whose parents died in one fell swoop and was taken in as a foster daughter by a coworker of her parents.

And the woman who raised the girl with a warm heart and even took care of the man who was lost in an unfamiliar world under one roof with kindness and warmth.

Can these people, who have not a drop of blood or even a single resemblance to each other, be united by the word family?

‘Not really, I guess.’

Ellie said.

'It's the heart that counts.’

The fact that we are bound together like this is more important than the trivial matter of blood.

Gingerly, Diana pushed herself to her feet and headed for the shower door.

She opens it wide.

Ellie's blushing face was clearly visible as she gently pressed her clitoris with her index finger while watching her adoptive mother passionately kissing my glans.

“Huh, uh, huh⋯?!”

Ellie, who had been feeling safe thanks to the glass blinds, hurriedly covered her body with a groan of embarrassment.

She glared at me and Diana.

“Ah, him. Oh, oppa. Foster mom ⋯ this ⋯ this ⋯ this ⋯ this ⋯ this ⋯ explain ⋯”

“Shhh.”

Diana gently put a hand on Ellie's flustered shoulder and smiled brightly at me.

The mother-daughter, naked and clinging to each other, looked at me and asked.

“So, will you stay with us⋯forever?”

Forever. Forever, together.

Even if we have nothing in common.

Even if we don't share a drop of blood.

Even if the adoptive mother and father have sex, or the adoptive mother and the daughter's lover, or the father and the daughter, or the daughter and the daughter's lover have sex.

We could be one family.

I closed my eyes for a moment.

If I told So-eun, my one and only sister, that her brother had started a family in another world, she would be very surprised.

I shook my head, shook off the delusion, and faced reality.

I walked over to the mother and daughter, who were looking at me with fiery faces.

No more, I couldn't stand it.