**Chapter 157: Do (4)**

TLN: This chapter is rated R18.

-Kkook.

The squirt that had entered the hole beyond the wall was wrapped in a warm and soft hand.

Five fingers wrapped around the top of the squirt pillar, and the palm pressed against the side and began to move little by little.

Swoosh–

“Huh⋯”

I groaned involuntarily at the unexpected stimulation.

It wasn’t pleasure, but rather a slight pain.

“Ah⋯does it feel good⋯?”

However, Serif mistook the squirt that Balkan let out as a groan of heightened pleasure.

– Man? Nothing much. It’s just something. There’s something attached to the lower body. If you squeeze it hard and shake it, it’ll make you cum right away.

– That’s right. I heard that if you just squeeze it with your hand and shake it hard, it’ll roll its eyes and pee white.

The conversations of the party members who had briefly been in the same party flashed through Serif’s mind.

– It’s dirty. And all of them had no experience with men⋯

–That, that⋯

–Ahem. Ahem.

At that time, I thought it was just the empty boasts of the armored knights and party members who had no experience with men, but looking at Balkan’s reaction, it wasn’t a complete lie–

“No. It hurts a little.”

“Ugh⋯”

Serif was startled by the words that it hurt, not something that felt good, and hurriedly took her hand off Balkan’s thing.

“Ah, uh. I’m sorry⋯”

I did it to make him feel a little better, but instead, it made him feel pain.

A small feeling of guilt rose up inside Serif’s heart.

“No. Isn’t this your first time doing something like this, Serif?”

“Ugh, of course⋯”

If it wasn’t his first time holding a man’s thing, there was no way she could maintain her position as a priest.

“Then, can you do as I say?”

“Uh, of course.”

Serif nodded while staring at Balkan’s object.

“Please hold my dick more carefully.”

“Uh, object.”

Serif blushed at the unpleasant words and hurriedly shook her head.

“Yes. Object. A man’s object is more sensitive than you think. So don’t hold it so hard that you break it like before, but touch it more gently and carefully.”

Serif followed Balkan’s words like a child being taught by a teacher.

With her right hand full of heat, she carefully grabbed his object, which was hotter than her own hand.

“Uh, like this⋯?”

“Yes. Good. But a little more gently.”

“Like this⋯?”

She followed his words faithfully and loosened her grip a little more.

“Yes. Right now is perfect. You did well.”

Serif's tail automatically reacted to Balkan's words that she did well.

-Boom boom boom!

The white cat's tail swayed, representing the joyous feeling of strange satisfaction welling up in her.

Serif slowly moved her hand back and forth on his thing and held it with just the right amount of strength.

"⋯"

A breathing sound was heard from beyond the wall again.

It wasn't a painful groan like before, but it still seemed like there was some discomfort left.

"Oh, is there anything I need to improve on⋯?"

Serif asked Balkan like a curious student, and Balkan answered Serif like a teacher imparting knowledge.

"When you move your hand, it's a little stiff, right? It feels like it's rubbing a little."

"Yes. A, a little⋯"

"Lubricant is important when mating. The more slippery things like love juice, semen, vaginal juice, or scrotum fluid there are, the more pleasant the experience will be."

“⋯⋯”

Serif’s body briefly heated up at the repeated swear words that were stuck in her ears.

Serif looked down at her lower body, forgetting what to say.

From her uterus that contracted and released repeatedly, sticky saliva flowed out, soaking her panties.

The lewd, sickening liquid didn't just soak her panties, it began to trickle down her thighs, staining her sacred, pristine robe.

Just like Serif herself, who was becoming more and more lewd as she followed Balkan’s words.

“So spit a little bit, to make my cock slippery.”

“T-spit?!”

“Yes.”

Serif was startled and surprised by Balkan’s calm words.

Spit. Saliva.

‘My spit, on Balkan’s penis…no, on his object…?’

How could such a blasphemous thing…

Thinking like that, Serif carefully opened her mouth.

“I, really. Are you okay?”

“Yes.”

“⋯I understand.”

This is what he wants.

He wants to be dirty with her spit.

Thump, thump–

Serif suppressed the excitement and pleasure that was boiling over rapidly, and carefully gathered saliva in her mouth.

And

Beeeee–

From the tip of her clean tongue, clear, thin saliva flowed down and soaked Balkan’s glans.

Thump. Thump.

His voice was heard again by Serif, who was looking at his penis with longing eyes, trembling from the unusual stimulation.

“Now, while rubbing the saliva with your hand, slowly ⋯”

Before Balkan could even finish speaking, Serif grabbed the saliva-soaked glans with the strength he had taught her.

And she gently stroked the thick glans to the base of the penis so that the saliva could soak into her palm and each finger.

“Haaaaa⋯”

Serif, who was looking at the penis completely stained with her saliva with a hazy face, stroked the penis while exhaling.

Tsutt ... Although she had experienced political fights and battles with monsters, this kind of experience was so unfamiliar to Serif.

She wondered if she was satisfying him enough.

[How is it? She asked if it felt good. You should answer.]

“⋯Yes. It feels good–”

Balkan nodded his head to the voice that seemed to be whispering in his head, then looked down with a strange sense of discomfort.

[Huh. You idiot. It’s true that it feels good to look at, your balls are making a lot of semen.]

A wall with a hole, the wall where he had stuck his penis.

Bernie was crouching with her back against it, pressing and touching his balls with her index finger.

He immediately turned his head.

The oversized axe was still standing next to the wall.

The next question was.

[What. You. How–]

[I told you to save up your semen, but you wouldn't eat it, so I used some of the 'nutrients' I'd filled up when I ate two mid-level succubi to materialize it. Why? Did you think this body couldn't do this, you savage.]

-Knock. Knock!

Bernie looked at Balkan, who had a bewildered expression, as if mocking him, and pressed his balls with her index finger.

It was an action meant to provoke and tease, but his balls started to produce semen even more diligently as if they were excited.

Today was the day when the flavor of this semen was the deepest.

So she was thinking of calling him to her mental world before going to sleep, but this guy suddenly tried to ejaculate on his own.

And he didn't just ejaculate a single drop, he was determined to empty his balls completely.

'If this keeps up, there won't be a single drop of semen left for this body to consume!'

Of course, if it was Balkan’s stamina, semen would flood his balls again by night, but it wouldn’t have the deep, rich flavor that had matured for several days.

Therefore, Bernie emptied all the strength she had been saving and materialized herself.

She was only visible to his eyes, and her actions were still restricted by his words, and she couldn’t interfere much in reality, but⋯

She could easily tease his cock, who was about to spit out semen in heat.

“Ahhh⋯”

Serif, who was completely unaware of the situation beyond the wall, looked at the copper fluid that had begun to flow out little by little from the tip of Balkan’s glans.

‘It feels good, you feel good⋯’

-Gulp.

For some reason, saliva ran down her throat.

‘I’m making Balkan feel good⋯’

The moment she saw the copper fluid that had formed like dew in the grass early in the morning, her instinct as a female cat called out for an unknown thirst.

[Hmph. Even the female who pats your cock is quite horny. Well, I understand. If it’s to eat that semen…Tsk. Damn.]

Bernie clicked her tongue for no reason and brought her nose close to Balkan’s crotch.

Right away, she could smell the scent of perfectly ripened semen.

‘It’s just semen, but it’s the excrement of an uncivilized and inferior man, and it’s clearly bitter, rancid, and tasteless…’

Sseupp, sseupp, sseupp–

Just smelling that makes her crave semen, and it reminds her of the sticky taste that teased her tongue and throat.

Tok. Tok.

Bernie, who had been tapping Balkan’s balls with her tongue as if she was knocking on the door, bit Balkan’s balls with her lips.

Mumble, mumble–

He felt the soft lips and sticky saliva, and the two semen storages began to warm up on her hot tongue.

Balkan focused on the pleasure that was rushing back to him when he saw Bernie, who appeared in a bunny girl outfit, start serving him without any particular malice.

Tsuttut, tsuttut.

Serif, who was putting saliva on him again and giving him a handjob.

Bee, sssuttut, ssuttut–

Bernie, who was squatting down and diligently rolling her tongue, was serving his semen-producing balls.

He, who was very aroused by the two females' sincere service, soon reached his limit.

Balkan immediately pushed his balls into the hole in the wall.

[Ku-ttut–]

Bernie's face, who was serving him while licking his balls, was buried in his crotch.

"Huh⋯?!"

Serif stopped moving her hand, feeling his cock throbbing like a heart in front of her eyes.

Right away.

Burrurururur–!!

“Wow?!”

A huge amount of semen covered Serif’s face.

Swoosh–

“Whew…”

Serif, who took a deep breath without realizing it, recalled a memory that had been dormant.

A completely unfamiliar, strange smell but a very stimulating and foreign smell that she had smelled somewhere.

The deep, steaming odor of Balkan she smelled when she went to the office of the one she used to call sister.

-Now, I really did everything except have sex.

Serif could now understand what Idelbert had said.

This was literally…the smell of sex.