**Chapter 172: Safe? Zone (1)**

~The mansion located in the center of the 15th floor~

Idelbert held a key position, but she had no special security personnel attached to her.

For someone who had reached such heights of skill, guards were merely a waste, and Idelbert herself had a strong preference for acting alone.

As such, the mansion was staffed only with maids who assisted minimally with her daily needs.

And even those individuals had been told not to approach so she could enjoy a leisurely bath and relieve stress.

In other words, at this moment, near the bathroom, Idelbert was alone.

“Now there’s two… no, is it three?”

“Tya-tutaa!”

Muttering softly, she looked at the man who had fallen from the air and Nuer.

“Tya-tata!”

“Yes. I’ll deal with you later.”

Without flinching at the sight of the regressed Nuer, Idelbert naturally guided the crawling child out of the bathroom.

Then she turned her gaze to the man still submerged in the bath.

Balkan**.** The only disciple she had ever accepted.

*Smack! Smack!*

Seeing that disciple brat after so long, her tail whipped around uncontrollably, creating whip-like noises.

Idelbert couldn’t even think to control it. Instead, she instinctively approached her disciple.

“Disciple. Wake up. Are you seriously sprawled out here after barging into your master’s bathroom?”

Grabbing his shoulders and shaking him, Balkan’s head swayed limply.

The crooked helmet swayed along with it, but it barely managed to stay on.

There were no visible injuries. He wasn’t dead. It was just that his consciousness had temporarily left him.

He showed no sign of waking.

‘He’s already reached the 15th floor?’

She had thought it would take at least a year, even at the minimum. But he was far quicker than she’d expected.

‘As expected. He really is worth watching.’

A faint smile bloomed on Idelbert’s otherwise expressionless face.

She gazed at her disciple, who was limp in the bathwater.

*Sniff, sniff.*

“Ugh.”

She frowned and pinched her nose.

The sensitive nose of a cat beastkin picked up an unbelievable stench.

It was as if he had entered the belly of a desert worm, a foul odor mixing with the sweaty smell of a man who hadn’t bathed for days.

It was a stench that could nearly paralyze her sense of smell, but underneath that odor was an odd, lingering scent.

A hazy, erotic fragrance that tickled the tip of her nose.

Idelbert’s extremely sensitive sense of smell instinctively traced and analyzed that peculiar aroma.

*Sniff, sniff. Sniff. Siiip, hoo…*

Before she knew it, Idelbert had buried her nose in the back of Balkan’s neck, inhaling his scent.

Scent was the most basic source of a person’s information and history.

The smell that clung to Balkan’s body told her everything he had been through.

Through the gap of his slightly raised helmet, she could see his tightly closed lips, which carried the scent of other females.

The scent of a bitch in heat. It was a smell she knew well.

Diana**.** While clinging to Balkan, she had likely kissed his upper lip, sucking and carefully intertwining tongues.

A vivid image played out in her mind of Diana seeking affectionate, deeply passionate kisses in succession.

Beneath that smell, another scent—similar to Diana’s, yet different—was mixed in.

This scent, too, was familiar. Diana’s adopted daughter. The little one she had seen often in her childhood. Ellie**.**

Ellie had been just as assertive as Diana, though her scent had a strangely relaxed undertone compared to her mother.

“...The smell of a non-virgin.”

The scent of a woman who had experienced intimacy, and the foundation of that experience...

“Hah.”

Idelbert let out a short sigh, shifting her gaze to Balkan’s groin.

From there came the fishy scent of semen mixed with the faint smell of virginal blood.

And…

“…!!!”

Idelbert’s eyes shot open as she caught a hidden scent in the midst of it all.

No way.

No—it couldn’t be.

The scent she had just caught was unmistakable.

Flustered, Idelbert unconsciously grabbed hold of Balkan’s leather armor.

*Crunch—!*

The leather armor, personally crafted by Zirnier and as solid as steel, was mercilessly torn apart beneath the palms of the long, elegant woman’s hands.

Idelbert didn’t stop there.

Beyond the leather armor, she attempted to pull down Balkan’s pants.

But it wasn’t easy. She had no prior experience removing a man’s pants.

…Come to think of it, there had been one time when she had removed her disciple’s pants.

At any rate.

His pants were thoroughly soaked in bathwater and wouldn’t slide down easily.

Shaking with impatience, Idelbert finally tore Balkan’s pants.

*Tear!*

The high-quality trousers made of Arachne silk failed to serve their purpose and were easily ripped apart. Along with them, the briefs beneath also departed from Balkan’s body.

And then.

*Smack!*

“Huek…?”

As soon as the underwear tore, his cock sprang out, slapping Idelbert’s cheek.

“…Ah…”

Holding her cheek where she had been struck by his cock, Idelbert stared blankly at the thing before her.

A member as thick as her arm hung limply beside his thigh, as if it had done nothing wrong.

But Idelbert’s nose couldn’t be deceived.

There was a smell.

The smell of something truly heinous.

“This…”

Idelbert gripped Balkan’s cock firmly.

Then, like a detective who had discovered key evidence of a crime, she examined his member and…

*Snnfff!*

She brought her nose to Balkan’s cock.

Immediately, a thick male scent, marinated for days without washing, invaded her nasal passages.

Each breath she took felt like potent male pheromones were assaulting her brain.

Naturally, heat rose to her chest, and her womb began to throb and pulse.

But Idelbert wasn’t about to let herself fall so easily to the obscene pheromones radiating from Balkan.

More accurately, her reasoning wasn’t composed enough to succumb to such things.

Amid the pheromones ravaging her senses, she detected the smell of someone incredibly dear to her.

Serif Adeline.

The saintess of the temple, and the younger sister with whom she had once promised to share everything…

Due to many misunderstandings, Serif didn’t look at Idelbert with the same warmth anymore.

But Idelbert’s feelings had always been directed toward Serif.

As an older sister, she had done many things to protect her one and only younger sibling.

And now.

From this cock, she could smell the saliva of her precious younger sister.

Not just any saliva.

Lustful saliva.

The kind of lewd drool that could only be produced when a female was overwhelmed with pleasure and arousal.

It clung stickily from the tip of Balkan’s glans down the shaft.

“⋯This, lewd disciple⋯”

I’m sure I told him to focus on training and discipline.

In the meantime, he had a relationship with my best friend’s daughter and graduated from being a virgin.

And now he’s thrusting his dick into the temple’s saint, my younger sister?

“What kind of physical training is that? It’s dick training. Ssup, ssup⋯ While the master is suffering far away, instead of focusing on his training, ssup⋯ How dare you poke another female’s vagina and mouth⋯?”

-Kwaaaaaaaah!

Idelbert still had her nose buried in Balkan’s dick, and moved her hand to grab the lewd disciple’s balls.

If she had squeezed roughly, she could have just burst them, so she carefully controlled her strength.

As she rolled the pregnancy juice storage warehouse that had been heated in the hot bath water around in his hand, he began to show his presence by hitting the surface of the water.

“Let’s see when we spar, disciple. If you fall short of the standard, you will pass out on my thigh.”

She had no intention of letting it go easily.

No less, no more, she was only going to give him twice as much as he felt happy by poking Serif’s mouth.

-Thud. Thud!

“Huh, is this what feels good?”

Idelbert smiled gloomily at the object that healthily rose up while hitting the surface of the water every time she touched his balls.

She gave him strength to feel some pain, but he groaned as if it felt good.

As expected, the disciple has talent.

A body that blindly follows primal desires, completely opposite to those of other men who are widely spread out.

-Thump. Thump.

Idelbert carefully stroked the throbbing cock like a heartbeat.

The cock that would one day destroy her virginity.

It was admirable to think that way, but it was another matter that he had made her sister’s mouth into a mouthpiece.

At that moment, when she was wondering what to do with this cheeky yet admirable cock.

“⋯Ugh, turn it off, slap⋯”

Balkan began to have a seizure.

He trembled and twisted his body for several seconds.

The body that felt the pain due to the effect of the body realignment took an unconscious defense mechanism.

-Crunch.

In the process, Balkan’s helmet was taken off.

Immediately afterwards, Balkan’s eyes, which had been closed all along, opened completely.

“⋯Ugh⋯?”

His field of vision was wider than usual.

It was because his vision, which had been obscured by his helmet, had been completely liberated.

Balkan looked at the world with hazy eyes.

For some reason, his armor and pants were all torn and lying around.

His penis was erected to its limit.

“What the…?”

Without even a moment to say, “This is crazy.”

-Kwaaak!

The thrilling sensation of his balls being gripped tightly brought him back to his senses.

Then, the figure of a woman covered in steam came into view.

Idelbert, the leader of the Explorers’ Union and his teacher.

“Disciple.”

She opened her mouth, her face flushed red as she looked into his eyes.

“Put your penis in.”

“⋯Yes, yes⋯?”

“You said yes twice… You wanted it too. This teacher is so happy.”

“What… Wait, stop for a moment, s-s ... Okay, the bed is blocked by the barrier… Kk, kkeup…! Go, stop the rape–”

-Splat! Splat!

“Bam, bamtu bam…”

Nuer hurriedly escaped the place, hearing the sound of rushing water coming from beyond the bathroom.