**Chapter 216: Welcome back! *Hug* (2)**

[Number of sexual encounters (target): 3]

[Status: Non-virgin]

-Blink.

Diana stared blankly at the numbers that appeared before her eyes.

When Ellie and Balkan shared their first experience, their numbers had risen to 1.

That was the last number Diana had seen above Balkan's head.

The number revealed by the virginity detection magic she had purchased from an academy student.

'Is it...broken?'

Instinctively, she denied that number, but Diana knew that this magic was quite well-made.

When she put aside the assumption that the magic was broken, what emerged was anxiety and worry.

What is the most common thing that happens to men who venture into the labyrinth?

More common than the danger from monsters is blackmail and rape.

If Diana remembered correctly, the 15th floor of Eden he was heading to was especially full of those steeped in sexual desire.

While the surface appeared similar to the Valerus above ground, the inside was completely different.

'What if those steeped in sexual desire laid their hands on Balkan...?'

Diana thought Balkan was an incredibly attractive man. Not just because her eyes were clouded with affection.

Even from a stranger's perspective with no interaction, it was the same.

His firm body, completely different from other men in this world, was enough to draw out female instinct and sexual desire.

If that was true just looking at his body, if he hadn't covered his face with a helmet...

Diana shook her head at the creepy fantasy. She shuddered imagining him collapsed, marinated in the love juices of unnamed women's touches.

Of course, Balkan wasn't the type to let that happen, but she couldn't help but worry.

-Squeeze.

Diana felt Balkan's touch as he ran to her and embraced her the moment he saw her.

Was this just a pure expression of longing and joy?

Or was it the instinctive defense mechanism of a man who had experienced something unpleasant?

If so, did he feel relief upon seeing her?

'Ugh...'

Diana felt dizzy from the confusing emotions.

It was a complicated feeling she hadn't experienced in a very long time.

While her breath quickened and her heart beat violently at the thought of unnamed females' traces being painted on his body.

She was so happy that he found such relief in embracing her like this.

"What's wrong, Diana?"

"Mmm, nothing..."

Diana trailed off at Balkan's question.

She couldn't bring herself to ask, 'You've had more experiences with women than when you held my daughter, how did that happen?'

Squeeeze...

Instead, Diana just put a little more strength into the arms wrapped around Balkan's back.

Right now, she just wanted to embrace him who had come to her, him who must have suffered in the labyrinth... even if just a little.

"I just...missed you..."

"...Me too."

An intense slug-like embrace where pectoral muscles, solar plexus, and breasts were pressed together without even a gap of air.

An intimate 'welcome back' embrace sharing body heat and emotions while hugging each other as if about to break each other's bodies.

Balkan and Diana, who were enjoying this blissful moment where they didn't want to separate again, pulled slightly apart when they sensed a presence behind them.

After being so hotly embraced and separating, the surrounding air felt even colder.

They looked at each other and smiled awkwardly.

"Master."

Just then, a voice came from behind Balkan.

Diana's eyes once again caught sight of an unfamiliar person looking toward the door.

No, not unfamiliar.

It was a person in her memory, a female in her memory.

Diana still remembered when Balkan had brought that female.

She couldn't possibly forget. It was the person who had called her by the derogatory term "auntie."

"......"

"......"

As it happened, the woman before her seemed to remember her too.

Otherwise, she wouldn't make such an expression.

Denshi and Diana stood facing each other.

Denshi crossed her arms, and Diana grabbed Balkan's hand as if wary of her.

Though in terms of pure strength she was trash that would fall with just a few gestures, somehow Diana felt like she was being pushed back.

-Crackle.

Sparks seemed to fly from the eyes of the two women as they faced each other with sharp expressions.

"Ah. Diana. I'm not sure if you remember...but this is the slave I told you about before. Her name is Denshi. Due to some circumstances, we couldn't meet for a while, but she'll be accompanying me again from this labyrinth expedition."

Balkan stepped in to mediate, unable to watch anymore.

He had thought wrong.

He belatedly realized that their first impressions of each other hadn't been good last time they met.

"Hmm...I...see..."

Diana barely connected her breaking voice.

And she looked at the woman named Denshi, who was Balkan's slave.

Hair so clean it was hard to believe she had just come from the labyrinth.

Fresh and moist skin, proud and prickly expression.

Beautiful breasts with a clear presence were held by a single black band, and plump buttocks were wrapped in denim pants that revealed the undersides.

Plus, a collar fastened around her neck like a pet kept at home.

While she could be called a seductress without argument, Diana thought it was an outfit that confidently displayed a near-perfect figure as a woman.

'Compared to such a young female, I...'

Diana looked down at her own body as if comparing herself to Denshi.

There was a time in the past when she too had such a body.

But now, after receiving the curse and retiring...much has changed.

Breasts that were unnecessarily large and produced only sweet milk, which Balkan had kissed and sucked like a newborn.

A lower belly that had gained some fat unlike before, but where Balkan had buried his face and rubbed his cheeks with a happy smile.

Plump thighs that had warmly embraced Master Balkan's excited penis and milked his hot semen.

'...Hnn.'

Until just now she had been immersed in jealousy, but Diana suddenly felt her confidence returning because he had found happiness with her body.

But that recovered confidence soon faded again at the sight of the numbers above Denshi's head.

[Number of sexual encounters (target): 1]

[Status: Non-virgin]

Non-virgin.

In other words, a female who had lost her virginity.

Undeniable proof that she had relations with a male as a female.

Why was it?

The moment she saw that number, Diana instinctively knew.

[Number of sexual encounters (target): 3]

[Status: Non-virgin]

Among the number 3 floating above Balkan's head, that female's 1 would be included.

It wasn't such an uncertain guess.

The way Balkan looked at Denshi.

It was similar to how he looked at his daughter Ellie, who had taken his first time.

The female's expression when looking at Balkan was the same.

Diana knew that Balkan was very different from other men.

She also knew that his desires had grown stronger after being marked with the succubus curse.

Diana, who had a similar curse, knew well how difficult it was to control those lewd and sticky feelings.

She even had a record of failing that control and pouncing on Balkan.

Come to think of it, it was far more effective to properly regulate through release with a slave than to be consumed by lewd desires and experience something worse.

Her relief at thinking the increased number wasn't from ruthless rape or crime but from events under his will was short-lived.

The anxiety and worry that had fully bloomed instantly changed to jealousy and sticky sexual thoughts.

"It's been a while, Lady Diana."

Just then, Denshi, who had her arms crossed, politely placed her hands on her lower belly and bowed at the waist toward Diana.

Diana stiffened at the unexpected action.

It was a much more courteous and respectful attitude than expected. Completely different from her appearance.

"Master has told me often. That you are the benefactor who saved him."

"..."

"Someone who saved Master is my benefactor as well. At that time, I didn't know such a fact. Please accept my apology for my past rudeness."

Balkan showed a pleased smile seeing Denshi bow her head showing a textbook apology.

She had definitely kept the promise to apologize that he had made her make last time. Such a praiseworthy girl.

"...Raise your head."

Meanwhile, Diana desperately maintained her smile that threatened to turn bitter.

'...What a cunning child.'

If she made such a sincere apology in front of Balkan, Diana had no choice but to accept it.

"Thank you for accepting my apology, Lady Diana."

When Denshi finally raised her head, that thought became a certainty.

That provocative, relaxed smile.

A woman's overwhelming confidence coming from having mixed bodies with a man and having satisfied him!

An expression she herself had never been able to make even once!

Surely she must have embraced Balkan's penis with a pussy as cunning as her attitude.

Though it might just be paranoia, sticky feelings continued to well up in Diana's heart.

Diana took deep breaths trying to regain her composure.

He had embraced her. His heart was still with her.

"...Balkan."

Thinking that brought her deep relief.

"Shall we...talk?"

Diana whispered in Balkan's ear with a much calmer voice.

"...Her too."

It seemed there was much to discuss.