**Chapter 218: I'm back...ready for some naughty fun (2)**

Heavy, excited breaths hit roughly against the philtrum.

Uneven breathing and a tongue that approaches more clumsily than before, perhaps due to the long time apart.

The soft and squishy tongue taps against the lips, then suddenly pushes its way inside.

Balkan inwardly smiled as he watched Diana trying to lead the kiss herself.

Her desperate face, shyly blushing cheeks while actively trying to taste his saliva, was cute.

He slightly relaxed his tongue, yielding to let her take as much as she wanted.

Having given up the upper part, he targeted below instead. Diana's voluptuous breasts.

He reached his hand toward those seductive masses of flesh wrapped in a gray midi dress.

"Huu, hmm..."

Diana's eyes, which had been closed as if savoring the tongue and saliva, narrowed thinly as if shocked by electricity the moment he placed his hand on her breasts.

Between her smiling amber eyes, heart-shaped pupils seemed to flash for a moment. Though it might have been his imagination, it probably wasn't just imagination.

-Squeeze...

When he applied pressure to the breast in his grip, the impossibly soft flesh overflowed gently between his fingers.

Breasts so large they couldn't be held in one hand, vulgar in their size. A symbol of motherhood.

-Slurp...

As he roughly grabbed and kneaded them, sweet-smelling lewd juice flowed from the nipples and areolas pressing against the center of his palm.

'Breast milk?'

It was slightly startling. For milk to leak out just from kneading her breasts once.

-Squeeeeeze...!

-Slurp...!

"Huu, chu...huuu...!"

Diana, who had been giving vulgar kisses sucking lip to lip, moaned as she lost control of her breathing.

Right after, he felt something like a thin stream of water hitting the center of his palm.

When he carefully removed his palm from her breast, he saw his palm was wet.

Diana's gray midi dress was slightly wet at its peak, with traces of thin streams gradually flowing down below.

"Th-this...ugh..."

Diana, held in his arms, answered without being able to meet his eyes, with an embarrassed expression.

"It's...been too long...having my breasts squeezed...by Balkan..."

Every time honest emotions came from her mouth, he felt a sensation like his head was cooking.

"So, ungh...it felt too good..."

Ah. I can't hold back.

"Huuh?!"

He grabbed her body and lifted her up.

Princess carry.

Warm heat from the palm supporting her back, and her thighs and calves pressed against his forearms giving a soft sensation.

Before she could feel that, he headed toward the room on the second floor.

"M-Master!"

At that moment, Denshi's desperate voice was heard.

Denshi looked at her master who turned to look at her.

Her face drenched in excitement, an expression thoroughly heated up.

Diana in his arms wasn't much different.

Already, lewd juice could be seen dripping from between her thighs, wetting around her buttocks.

Denshi sensed it.

That the man and woman before her eyes were about to mate intensely.

That could be seen just from the master's lower parts trying to break through his pants in what appeared to be an extremely angry state.

-Gulp.

Swallowing her saliva, Denshi carefully pleaded with her master.

"I won't interfere. So...may I...just watch...?"

It was crazy even to herself. Watching her master mate.

But she had already given her word. Denshi looked straight into her master's eyes.

Balkan turned his head to look at Diana. A gaze asking for consent.

"......"

-Nod.

Diana carefully nodded her head.

Though it was embarrassing and shameful to have someone other than Ellie watch such a scene between just the two of them, this female was an exception.

An impudent female who held her master, held Balkan, while being a slave.

A female who held Balkan with her pussy!

She intended to prove it. That she could please Balkan sufficiently even without a pussy.

That she could please Balkan more than such a female who had nothing to boast about except a young, firm body and pussy!

Balkan headed to the second floor while carrying Diana. One more set of footsteps followed behind.

Belle was moved to Diana's room. It wasn't a scene for a child to see.

The three adults stood in front of Balkan's room door.

"Ah, w-wait...!"

Only then did Diana make a small sound. Balkan tilted his head looking at her, who was greatly flustered.

"What's wrong?"

"N-no. That...shall we go to another room? Hmm?"

Diana spoke incoherently, suggesting they have relations in another room. Balkan slightly narrowed his eyes.

It wasn't like they were having relations on the street, such an intense reaction was strange.

"L-let's go to my room first—"

-Thud.

Diana's foot, trying to escape from the princess' carry, bumped against the door.

-Creeak.

Then with the sound of hinges, the door opened and.

Whoosh—

A thick female scent flowed out from inside.

Like a shower room, moist and humid, yet sweet and sticky... pheromones that make a dick angry.

Diana's scent.

"Ah, ah..."

When he silently looked down at Diana, she covered her face with an expression like a child caught doing something bad, avoiding his gaze.

-Creeeak.

Finally the door opened completely. Balkan blankly looked at the scene inside.

From the doorway, not much seemed different.

The same scene as when he last saw the room before going to the labyrinth.

-Step. Step.

But as he walked inside carrying Diana, the scene of the room hidden in the corners began to be revealed.

The bed that had clearly been well-made when he left had clear traces of someone having lain on it.

The cotton pillow with deep impressions as if someone had buried their nose in it to smell it.

The disheveled bed cover and similarly disheveled blanket with damp spots here and there.

And dried traces of water droplets that had splashed on the floor and walls around the bed.

"Woah..."

Denshi standing behind let out a blank, shocked moan, and Balkan turned his gaze back to Diana.

"...I-I was lonely..."

Unable to meet his eyes, Diana breathed out as if making an excuse.

"When Balkan was here, you would soothe me sometimes...but being alone for over two months...now, I can't handle my sexual desires alone anymore...so..."

She masturbated where even a little of his scent remained.

Putting her nose where he had rested his head to smell it.

Giving herself to the blanket and bed he had covered himself with.

She endured the nights alone, calming her rising desires in the place where he had breathed and slept.

"...I'm sorry..."

It was a bad thing. It was worthy of contempt.

Diana bowed her head and closed her eyes tightly, expecting harsh words.

"......"

But no words came. No contemptuous remarks, no heavy curses.

Diana carefully raised her head to look at Balkan.

"Heh."

He was smiling a mischievous and playful smile.

-Thump.

The moment she saw that smile, Diana's heart leaped.

"Here, in my room...you masturbated?"

And at the same time, his mouth opened.

"...Yes. I'm sorry..."

"Diana has nothing to be sorry for. It's because of the curse, right? Because of the bad curse that made Diana have bad thoughts, and because I failed to manage the curse. I promised to regularly handle your sexual desires."

Diana shook her head vigorously at his self-reproaching words.

"No, it's not because of the curse. It's not Balkan's fault either. This was...just a trigger."

Balkan felt a small touch of emotion at her words.

Just as he had tried to take responsibility himself without blaming the curse, Diana too embraced responsibility herself without blaming [Curse of Decadence from the Black Moon].

"I...masturbated. On Balkan's bed, smelling Balkan's scent while masturbating...I'm sorry, sorry for being such a perverted woman..."

"Don't apologize."

Balkan sat Diana, who kept repeating apologetically with a dejected look, on the bed.

Then he sat beside her with a slight smile.

"I'm extremely happy. The fact that Diana got aroused thinking of me and masturbated. It means you wanted to see me that much, right?"

"...Yes..."

"That's enough. Let's not think about anything else. Look."

-Swish.

Balkan grabbed Diana's hand and brought it to his crotch.

"...!"

Diana was startled for a moment and trembled.

"......"

Grabbed that thing now hidden under his pants, which had made her kneel and awakened true happiness.

Her touch, which had become as awkward as her first experience due to months of absence, seemed to regain its past sensations and become more skillful as she touched the firmly erect penis.

"...How is it?"

"...It's hard. So hot, and heavy..."

"It's because of Diana. It got like this because I heard that Diana masturbated in my room."

"...It was like this even before that."

"That was also because of Diana."

Glance. Diana's eyes momentarily turned toward Denshi. That brief glance soon changed to the eyes of a victor.

"...Playboy."

Diana naturally got down from the bed and knelt.

And taking position between Balkan's legs, she carefully placed her hand on his pants zipper.

When she clumsily pulled down his pants that wouldn't come off well due to the swollen crotch, underwear hiding his firmly erect penis was revealed.

"...Do you dislike a playboy's penis?"

"......No."

At Balkan's teasing question, Diana smiled shyly as she brought her hand to the hem of his underwear.

-Snap!

The penis that sprang out from the awkwardly removed underwear hit Diana's cheek.

"Hih..."

Chu♡

Diana let out a small moan and kissed the penis that had hit her cheek, then looked up at Balkan with smiling eyes.

"I wuv it...♡"