**Chapter 230: Secret Meeting (1)**

A terrible chill enveloped the banquet hall.

Even just quietly breathing out caused white vapor to flow from the mouth and dissipate in the air.

'...Did I do this?'

Looking at the frozen scenery of the banquet hall, Balkan shook his head.

This was only possible because of Diana's magic power, his holy power, and Celsia's guidance.

He stood up, holding onto his mental strings that were trying to loosen up.

The enemy didn't come alone so the battle wasn't over yet.

His eyes met with Ignorion, the Peacock Kin and Pride's Worshiper, who had opened a portal to bring the Wrath's Worshiper.

It wasn't just his imagination.

She was looking down at Balkan with a face full of deep admiration as she spread her gorgeous and beautiful peacock kin wings, observing the situation from the air.

'...This is beyond imagination. In many ways.'

The fragment of holy power that the Sloth's Worshiper had shown was truly just a fragment.

The holy power he just unleashed against Gott was enough to rival even that saint but there wasn't much time to stand in admiration like this.

'If Gott really dies, it would become troublesome.'

The Demon of Wrath sealed in the 30th floor.

Because the kingdom and the Explorer Union were investing significant resources to prevent the revival of the demon with the strongest and deepest grudge, the seals of other demons were relatively less affected by surveillance and such.

For the revival of other demons as well, Gott needed to continue spreading her notoriety as the Wrath Demon's Worshiper and continue her rampage in the Labyrinth City.

"Kugh, you, son of a..."

A voice forced out through gritted teeth, filled with rage, was heard.

Even with half her right body including her arm blown away and coughing blood, that voice was reciting anger towards the one who made her like this rather than pain.

"Ignorion! Do something about those bastards! Now's the chance while they're tired!!"

"Shut up. I came because you asked, not to be chased by the royal family for the rest of my life."

Although bringing her here was already a hostile sign, there was something like an implicit line.

The Peacock Kin plucked a feather from her wing and threw it at Gott.

The wing that instantly went under Gott brought her to Ignorion's side.

-Crash!

Perhaps because the seams had become faint due to the fierce battle, the items Gott was carrying fell to the floor with a thud.

"This bitch. My artifacts...!"

"There's no time to collect those things now."

Ignorion examined Gott's wound.

'Even with healing water, she'll need several years of recovery.'

Not only was half her body blown away, but Diana Ordia's ice magic that ate away at wounds was holding onto Gott and wouldn't let go.

From experience, that ice probably had tracking magic mixed in, but now wasn't the time to be picky.

Ignorion entered through the portal with Gott while keeping him in her sight.

-Crack.

The portal that appeared in the air disappeared again, and the cracks that had formed around it were reconnected.

-Bang!

"Tsk...she got away."

Diana, who had been shooting ice arrows at the portal until the end, sat down with a sigh mixed with regret.

The ice arrows were much smaller than the ones she had shot before.

She showed signs of fatigue from consuming considerable magic power in the recent battle.

"Ah..."

Celsia let out a blank sigh as she looked at the wrecked banquet hall.

It was hard to imagine how it felt to be attacked by demon worshipers on every birthday.

"Ugh..."

Balkan lay against a nearby wall with a dying voice.

He couldn't even think about caring about the surrounding gazes.

The enemy had fled, and the portal they opened was completely closed.

When the tension released, all sorts of fatigue came rushing in at once.

Magic exhaustion, side effects of the elixir, and on top of that, the sudden weakness that came from squeezing the blessing of radiance to its limit after a long time.

'This is...a week's worth of fatigue.'

Perhaps because he had fainted so many times, he could now roughly estimate it.

Hoping that the situation would be resolved when he opened his eyes, he surrendered to the approaching fatigue.

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The smell of formula milk lingered in my nose.

It was a strangely familiar scent, somehow humid yet sweet, a warmth that gently wrapped my fatigue-worn body, like being held in a mother's embrace...

Although I had never felt warmth from my parents, it certainly gave me a motherly comfort.

Naturally, my hand reached out toward that warmth.

‘Waaah. I’m baby Balkan.’

Such a vulgar milk bottle...

-Slurp slurp...

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"Huu, huuu..."

When he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was Diana, drooling and breathing heavily.

At the same time, notifications popped up about making Diana climax and sucking her breast milk to absorb stats.

When he wiped his mouth, the white liquid that stained his palm was Diana's all-too-familiar baby-exclusive milk.

"W-why did I..."

"Huuu... I approached because you seemed to be having a bad dream during nursing... Suddenly like this, huu..."

Come to think of it, he seemed to have dreamed of being nestled in Diana's breasts.

Maybe it wasn't just a dream.

Apart from feeling good about putting moist and sweet liquid in his parched throat, a slight sense of guilt rose up.

He had sucked Diana's breasts for stats again.

Except for when the strings of reason broke or during pseudo-sex, he had been trying to refrain from nipple climaxes as much as possible, but who would have thought he would drink breast milk unconsciously.

[LV. 6■ Diana Ordia]

Diana's level was still in the 60s.

It was just a guess, but probably around the mid-range. Still, the total stats absorbed didn't exceed 10.

Whenever I saw Diana getting weaker, a complex emotion mixed with strange domination desire and guilt would arise, especially now.

I didn't expect that Diana would be pushed back even though the opponent was a strong person in their 70s.

"I'm sorry."

"...If you're apologizing for drinking breast milk, take it back. It's not Balkan's fault but...my fault for having such pathetic nipples that climax even with just a little sucking."

"......"

"And thanks to that, Balkan could become stronger. I don't regret it."

Balkan couldn't overcome the rushing embarrassment and hugged her tightly.

She who always cherished him was so lovely and thankful.

While sharing each other's body heat and patting each other's backs to comfort...

"H-haaah..."

Another voice was heard besides Diana's.

I blankly looked at the person who made that sound.

There was no need to turn his head since she was right in front of him.

Wearing a more neat and luxurious outfit than the dress seen at the banquet hall with flowing blonde hair and emerald-like green eyes.

Fingers spread in a peace sign that seemed like they would cover those eyes but ultimately didn't.

Although there was an intention to cover her eyes, her hands didn't cover anything.

"Huu, uuu...!"

The one watching the intense embrace with Diana while letting out strange moans was none other than Celsia, the second princess of the Arlonia Kingdom.

"Ah, hello."

"Ah, uh, u, um..."

The awkwardness was brief, and greetings immediately came out.

I wanted to jump up and bow my head, but since my body hadn't recovered enough for that yet, I ended up greeting while being held in Diana's embrace.

Celsia was also quite flustered, unable to take her eyes off that intense embrace and answering awkwardly.

Did she only see the embrace, or had she been watching from before?

Judging by her bright red face, it seemed she had been watching from before.

What would it feel like to see someone you saved in the past and were saved by in the present sucking another person's breast milk?

"Ah, um...well..."

While having meaningless thoughts, she opened her mouth again while awkwardly looking around.

"Her Majesty is looking for...those who helped in this incident..."

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In the Labyrinth City, and from Celsia's mouth, there was only one person who could be called Her Majesty.

The Queen of the Arlonia Kingdom, Teles de Arlonia.

Considerable preparation was needed to meet such a person.

Putting royal chef-made food into my body that desperately called for nutrients after being unconscious for over a week.

"Sip...Feels like it was cut a bit short."

"Hehe. I think it rather suits Balkan."

"Well, I guess it's fine then."

Getting my overgrown hair trimmed by a hairdresser.

"We are Makao and Joma, here to assist with your bath—"

"Get out. Let me bathe alone."

Driving out the sweaty muscular male bath attendants and such.

Only after thoroughly washing my dirty body and putting on proper formal attire was I ready to have an audience with the queen.

I took off the half-mask I had been carefully wearing throughout all the preparations.

There was no way such a thing would be allowed before the queen.

"I wonder why the queen is looking for us."

Since Celsia had disappeared somewhere in the middle, I conversed with Diana while heading to the reception room.

"Probably to give a reward for saving the second princess from the demon worshiper's attack. And...rather than us, I think she might be curious about Balkan."

"About me?"

"It's an old story, but I also had a similar experience to Balkan. I saved the second princess and received the position of vice captain of the royal knights. At the time, I couldn't stand staying in one place, so I left again after a few weeks."

This was the first time I heard this story. To think Diana had been in such a position.

No wonder the knight captain would sometimes visit the inn, perhaps it was due to the connection from that time.

My thoughts deepened at her words.

Vice captain of the knights. Could I receive a reward comparable to that?

'Once I open this door, I'll know.'

While talking and walking, we arrived at the reception room door.

-Creeak.

As soon as we stood at the door, it opened as if it had been waiting just for us to arrive.

"Welcome."

The one who greeted me was an old woman with white streaks showing through dull blonde hair.

Wrinkles mixed with a warm smile.

Intelligence could be glimpsed in her eyes that were a mix of blue and green.

This person was none other than the ruler of the kingdom that embraced the Labyrinth City, and Celsia's bloodline.

Next to the queen stood the royal knight captain, looking this way with her sword stuck in the ground.

Where had she gone during that battle, perhaps she had been protecting the queen?

"Pleased to meet you. I am Balkan, an explorer."

When I slightly bent one knee in greeting, using the etiquette learned from Diana on the way, the queen waved her hand with a satisfied expression.

"Your face is more splendid than I heard. Don't be so formal, have a seat. I've heard stories from Diana often."

"Thank you."

When I bowed my head in response and glanced at Diana, she slightly blushed and turned her head away.

What kind of stories did she tell to make her blush like that?

As I sat on the sofa, the trinkets placed on the table began to move on their own and started brewing tea.

Each of those trinkets was an artifact emitting a brilliant light.

"Here you go."

"Thank you."

Tea brewed with artifacts, what luxury is this?

As I carefully sipped the tea like drinking Diana's breast milk, the queen came with a proposal in a comfortable voice as if going out for a drink.

"Young man, would you like to marry my daughter?"