**Chapter 233: Secret Meeting (4)**

Balkan stared blankly at the female figure that appeared before him as his eyes met with Celsia's.

Without particularly bowing her head, unlike when she had been in her small girl form just moments ago, their eyes met at the same level.

She's extremely tall for a woman. Almost 2 meters, it seemed.

But it wasn't just that she had grown taller.

Unlike her previously childlike body, she now had vulgar breasts that gave off a sweet powdered milk scent.

The breasts, which looked like they would leak milk if struck hard, seemed as shy as their owner, with nipples that didn't stick out but remained hidden.

The pink areolas and between them, what was hiding in a straight line.

Inverted nipples.

Rip-rip.

A tearing sound came from her body.

At first glance, he thought she was naked, but she wasn't.

The white negligee Celsia had been wearing was see-through even on her childlike body, but now with her violent feminine form, it had completely lost its function as clothing.

The fabric, stretched to its limit by its owner's sudden transformation, was making popping sounds as threads broke but Celsia seemed more incredulous about her body returning to its original form than the current situation.

"...Ah..."

Celsia lifted her arms and stared at them as if entranced.

Not a small, young body but a large, strong body.

The supreme physique of one who had mastered both magic and swordsmanship, forged through blood and sweat to personally experience the grandeur and dangers of the labyrinth city as heir to the kingdom that housed it.

She lowered her head to further examine her body, which felt both familiar and strange, but unlike before, her view was blocked by her voluptuous breasts, so she just patted herself with her hands instead.

The sensation of clear 11-line abs, thighs with both plump fat and muscle, buttocks with an even more distinct fatty feel.

Celsia ran her hands over every part of her body, realizing again that she had returned to her original form.

To borrow the expression from the blessing paper given by Serif, a priest who was once in the same party - she had returned to her superior body of 198cm with J-cup breasts.

Celsia felt tears forming at the corners of her eyes.

Whether her timid personality had also returned to normal would need to be confirmed gradually, but she was so happy just to have her original body back that she wanted to squeal with joy.

But after swallowing those emotions once, Celsia bowed deeply to the man before her.

"Thank you. Really...really thank you, Balkan."

And she remembered from whom she had received this grace.

Because the wave of emotions that came with regaining her desired body was beyond Celsia's imagination.

"I've received enough thanks already, so please raise your head."

Balkan hastily waved his hands as he spoke.

Though their relationship had evolved from savior and saved to mutual friends, there was still some awkwardness remaining.

-Rip-rip-rip.

Plus, her clothes screaming in protest didn't help.

Because she had bowed almost 90 degrees, Celsia's back and buttock cleavage were clearly visible, with threads breaking along her beautifully developed erector spinae muscles.

Moreover, due to her suddenly widened hips and buttocks, her white panties were completely failing to serve their purpose.

A precarious sight with half her buttocks exposed and only barely covering her pubic mound.

"......"

Celsia belatedly realized the situation.

As she bowed to apologize, she finally noticed the white bra lying at her feet.

Perhaps it had broken during her transformation.

It was only natural, as there was no way a bra meant for modest breasts could cover her current violently transformed chest.

As she hurriedly tried to pick up the bra, embarrassment suddenly washed over her.

"...Huh?"

Suddenly her vision swayed greatly, and Celsia's body fell forward.

-Thunk!

After hitting her head on the floor, Celsia stared blankly at her body.

"...It's back?"

She had returned again to her 143cm A-cup childlike body.

"Uh, uh, uuh...Why, why...?"

Celsia grabbed Balkan's leg in frustration.

"How can you give and take it away...! This... this...! It's really too much...!"

"Ah, no. The blessing definitely got absorbed..."

Balkan was equally confused.

Even looking at Celsia's status window, [Blessing of the Incompetent Magician] had disappeared.

More precisely, it had been transferred into the jewel given by the Demon of Sloth, as if being sucked in.

"Th-then why...?"

The moment she expressed doubt, Celsia's body returned to its 198cm J-cup form.

"......???"

Their bewildered gazes met.

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After experiencing two or three more body transformations, Celsia spoke with a confident tone.

"The, the ble-blessing has mixed with my so-soul. Like, like a brand..."

Though her tone was full of confidence, her voice trembled strangely as she spoke these words.

"The blessing mixed with your soul?"

"It's ra-rare, but I've seen similar cases before."

Celsia shared a case she had seen in the labyrinth.

"Ah, there was an explorer who had a curse that transformed them into a cow beastkin, and because they had carried the curse for so long, it partially mixed with their soul. In the end, even after the curse was removed, characteristics like cow beastkin horns and spots remained on their body..."

"What the..."

"They said it was a rare case that only had a chance of happening if you had good compatibility with the curse and carried it for over 5 years, but why me of all people...Ah, maybe I've had it that long too...Uuugh...!"

A brand of blessing and curse - this was certainly an unexpected phenomenon.

I watched Celsia as she grabbed her head and sighed in frustration.

In other words, does this mean that the childlike body has good compatibility with Celsia?

"...Silent casting magic doesn't work either...The blessing's effect is gone. It seems I can only change my appearance like this..."

After looking down at the floor and sighing for a moment, Celsia suddenly lifted her head.

"It's co-coming."

"What is?"

"My bo-body is coming."

Right after those words, her body began to grow again.

"You can feel that?"

"Yes. Vaguely....I think I might be able to control it after experiencing it a few more times..."

It was truly fortunate that she could control her body.

After all, it would be incredibly inconvenient if her body grew and shrank several times a day.

"What happens when you age? Do you just transform into the same young child? Or does the young body age too?"

"Th-that...hmm...I'm not sure, but it probably won't change. My appearance hasn't changed at all these past few years..."

Suddenly, an image of Celsia as a mature MILF who had given birth and aged came to mind.

Celsia with a fully matured, wine-like mind inhabiting a childlike body...

Of course, looking at the current Celsia, it didn't seem like she would do such a thing, but you never know what the future holds.

"Uugh. Co-cold...I really need to go back now..."

Celsia said while rubbing her arms as her body shivered.

Balkan checked the time on Diana's wristwatch, and it was already 2 AM.

As she said, it was about time to go back but there was one problem.

"...You can't go back in that state."

"Uugh..."

Celsia covered her areolas and crotch with her arms and the bra that didn't even cover half her breasts.

Literally, after several transformations between childlike and voluptuous forms, the negligee had become more of a rag than clothing.

The loosely stretched fabric scraps couldn't cover Celsia's superior body at all.

Every time my gaze unconsciously drifted to her shy inverted nipples barely covered by her hands, the incubus's virility boiled up, but I desperately suppressed my erection.

No matter what, I couldn't extend lustful hands toward someone who had been my benefactor just moments ago.

"Plus, it's quite far from here to the inner castle. If we run into any patrolling knights..."

"Uugh, ab-absolutely! Absolutely not...! If, if I get caught...It's, it's over..."

That's right. That absolutely cannot happen.

Even if her body's lines had changed, Celsia's characteristic appearance with blonde hair and green eyes was too noticeable.

A princess of a nation couldn't be wandering around in what was essentially a naked, vulgar state.

In the end, there was only one solution.

"I'll go to Celsia's room and bring clothes."

That is, leaving Celsia here and breaking into her room to bring clothes.

Then dress her in those clothes and return to the inner castle together.

That was the only way to return to the inner castle without being discovered by others.

"Yes...I would really appreciate tha... Eek...?!"

Celsia, who was nodding in agreement, suddenly froze like stone.

Balkan, who immediately activated his perception upon seeing her reaction, belatedly understood why.

"What was that light over here?"

-Click.

Voices accompanied by the dull friction of armor.

"Yes. It was a very clear light, and it seemed suspicious..."

"Well done. As knights protecting the royal family, we can't ignore unusual phenomena. There's already a lot of talk because we couldn't stop the Doomsayer’s invasion this time. Whatever it is, search thoroughly and report back."

"Well, there's nothing we could do about the portal, right? It's not like we have that kind of power...Anyway, understood. We'll search that area and return."

From their conversation, they were clearly royal knights on night patrol.

It seemed they had noticed the light that appeared when the jewel absorbed Celsia's blessing and were approaching to investigate.

Celsia's face turned pale as she looked down at her body which had a vulgar appearance as she was practically naked.

-Thud. Thud.

The footsteps rapidly drew closer.

-Grab.

Balkan grabbed the stone-stiff Celsia and pulled her along.

"...Let's modify the plan."

"Mo-modify...?"

"We'll get caught anyway if we just stay still here."

If we're going to get caught whether we stay still or move...might as well bet on the option with even slightly better odds.

Meeting her anxious upward gaze, Balkan hesitated, moving his lips several times before speaking.

"If we can't avoid it...might as well enjoy it."

Celsia didn't ask what that meant.

By coincidence, truly by coincidence, she had read an erotic novel... with a similar scene to what he was saying now: running around naked in this place where she was born and raised...