**Chapter 238: Naked Princess and Outdoor Exposure Sex (5)**

Zirnier's mask is somewhat special.

The relic mask obtained from the 22nd floor allows the wearer to swallow food and even touch their cheeks while wearing it.

It perfectly conceals the user's face in any situation and is a relic specialized solely in covering the face.

-Drip.

But even that mask couldn't stop thin saliva from dripping down the chin.

"What is this...?"

Without even having time to wipe away the saliva, Zirnier took in the man before her eyes.

She immediately recognized who he was by his sculpture-like body.

Balkan's face, wearing a disheveled half-mask, was captured in Zirnier's eyes.

Then she remembered touching his face with her hands to make Balkan's helmet before coming to the royal castle.

The hands of one of the top craftsmen in the Labyrinth City could predict the shape just by touching the face but that was merely a picture created based on predictions.

His actual appearance was more...no, far beyond...Zirnier's imagination.

Zirnier felt a deep impulse.

She wanted to immediately return to her workshop, destroy his statue that was on display, and create a new one based on what she saw now.

Compared to what she saw now, the statue she thought had captured his form was no different from a cracked piece of pottery that needed to be destroyed immediately.

Balkan felt that burning gaze and thought.

'...She seems extremely flustered.'

Well, how many people wouldn't be shocked to see an acquaintance's outdoor mating scene?

Moreover, while this side was merely a business partnership with Zirnier, Celsia's side seemed to have a deeper story.

'...Sister.'

Though he had roughly guessed it, so that was their relationship.

"Uh, uh. Ah..."

At that moment, Celsia let out a voice that seemed like she might faint at any moment.

She was someone who would reach climax just thinking about showing mating scenes to knights while in armor.

Now she had shown both her nudity and embarrassing state to someone of her own blood.

Squeeze...♡

The warm sister's pussy happily squeezed around the penis.

Unconsciously raising his heels and burying his penis deep into Celsia's pussy, he tightly embraced her body.

Feeling her breasts being crushed against his pectorals, he focused on the sensation of his penis.

Splurt, splurrt—

It was an incredibly pleasurable feeling of ejaculation and he felt a tingling sensation that far surpassed it.

Being watched by others, the overwhelming sense of blasphemy in ejaculating his offspring into a princess' pussy made his semen gush out.

His head was hot.

Not just in sensation, but it was really hot. Hot enough to cook his brain.

The black horns of the succubus, which could now be shrunk to the size of a fingernail, heated up and provided some kind of pleasure.

Though that warm heat accompanied by a strange sensation was quite concerning, now wasn't the time to focus on such things.

"Hng...♡"

-Thud.

After receiving plenty of hot semen with a breathtaking hug, Celsia's legs gave out and she collapsed to the ground.

Her mind, which had become sensitive from not being able to relax for even a moment during the short time, and her body that had been thoroughly pierced by the penis in that state, had reached their limit.

Celsia sat under Balkan's legs and vaguely felt his penis pressing against her face.

The smelly, thick penis covered in semen and love juices pressed firmly against her nose bridge.

She wanted to turn her head away but couldn't muster any more strength in her body, and with each breath, the lewd pussy arousal pheromones wafting from his penis seemed to massage her brain beyond her nostrils.

At the same time, Celsia realized that she had truly had relations with him.

That they had now become a man and woman's relationship, rather than one of benefactors or friends.

Though it was a somewhat impulsive act, she had no regrets.

No, now she realized that decision was truly one of the best choices in her life.

Who else could give her such pleasure?

This was something only he could do, something possible because it was him.

-Smooch♡

Celsia kissed the shaft of his penis with feelings of affection.

Having kissed it, now he was hers.

Just as Celsia was swallowing the dark possessiveness flowing from her heart.

-Clank.

The sound of patrol knights moving was heard again.

The expressions of the three men and women in the garden hardened simultaneously at the footsteps approaching faster than expected.

"Uh-uh. F-First. Follow me!"

Following Zirnier's gaze as she waved her hand in panic we saw her annex.

"I'll carry you for a moment."

"Y-Yes...please..."

Balkan lifted Celsia's body, which couldn't move as her legs had given out.

No matter how much Celsia's body had grown and her weight had increased, there was no major problem in lifting her lightly with one hand.

With thick semen dripping from her pussy onto the ground with a splash, we hurriedly left the garden.

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"This is crazy..."

That was the first thing Zirnier said after hearing the whole story.

"So to summarize. You had mutual life-saving debts, became friends after talking it out, restored her body to normal with the bead entrusted by the demon of sloth, and somehow ended up having sex while avoiding the knights? And just now you were caught coming back?"

"Yes."

Though quite a lot happened in that "somehow," that was the summary of what had just happened.

"Hah..."

Zirnier's body slumped as she sighed.

Though her face couldn't be seen, it was a sigh filled with quite complex emotions.

"Thank you for helping earlier, First Princess."

Previously I thought she might be a high noble, but now I knew she was more than that.

Looking back, there were many signs that Zirnier was royalty.

There was the respectful treatment from Knight Commander Seton, who even treated Diana casually.

And previously, when drunk, Zirnier had rambled about how the Second Princess had turned into a complete introvert.

Judging from the nobles' reactions when Celsia appeared, very few people knew that her body had changed due to Sloth's blessing.

Thinking about it now, it was something that couldn't have been said without knowing about Celsia's circumstances quite early on.

Decisively, when Celsia's mumbled the word "sister"...

Unlike before, Zirnier frowned at the polite speech.

"Just talk normally while I'm being nice about it. I don't like that stuff. I gave up being a princess long ago."

"Okay. Got it."

"...Good that you understand right away."

"Well, you only make tough, rugged, and free-spirited weapons, so I figured you wouldn't like formality."

"Is that a compliment?"

"For me it is, right?"

"Yeah? Then that's fine. Anyway..."

Zirnier sighed and looked at Celsia.

Celsia had fallen asleep as if passing out, perhaps due to experiencing something incredibly intense despite years of being a shut-in, so she was laid on the bed.

She was roughly dressed in clothes Zirnier had been wearing, but even those were a bit small.

After looking at me and Celsia with strange eyes for a moment, Zirnier opened her mouth.

"I...Hah. I don't know. I've never been involved in a relationship between a man and woman. Since you two started this, you two finish it. And if possible, keep the fact that you had sex...relations a secret."

"Understood."

Though I could hold my head high without shame before heaven, what we just did was not an easy thing even in this world.

It would naturally impact Celsia's reputation too so I didn't want to create rumors that could harm her.

...Of course, separately from that, I wanted to try outdoor exposure with her again if there was a chance not to get caught.

It was a much more thrilling experience than expected.

"Did you really understand?"

"Really."

"Phew. Alright. By the way..."

After sighing and staring at me silently for a moment, Zirnier slightly bowed her head.

"Thank you."

"Pardon?"

"For lifting my sister's blessing."

It was a different reaction from when I had entrusted the Soul Stone of Gluttony to Zirnier before.

Though I received thanks then too, it was filled with emotion as she hugged me not knowing what to do, but now her voice contained solemnity and shyness.

Eventually, Zirnier raised her head, saw my expression, and quickly turned away.

"Ah geez. I really can't say it sober."

She ran up to the second floor, brought down a large oak barrel, and started gulping down the wine inside all at once.

"Khuh, now that's better."

Perhaps due to the intoxication, Zirnier's body was redder than before as she exhaled breath mixed with grape scent, and continued speaking while looking at Celsia's sleeping face.

"Though she's my half...no, different-seed sister, I like this kid. Though she looks like this now, she used to have a sense of responsibility for her duties, was quite capable, and followed me well calling me sister..."

Stories of her and Celsia flowed from Zirnier's mouth.

"So I didn't want to see her get hurt or wounded from being divided into various factions fighting for the throne due to unnecessary greed. So rather than stress over pointless things, I ran out of the castle saying I'd become a blacksmith. Well, blacksmith work suited me well too."

"..."

"I thought things were somehow passing without much trouble, but after she received that blessing, I could see her gradually breaking down. Her body transformed and she stayed shut in her room not coming out, her personality gradually became more introverted and she couldn't even speak properly..."

It wasn't the kind of bloody story you'd expect from a throne competition.

However, between them there was mutual respect and consideration, friendship and family love between different-seed sisters.

I silently listened to her story.

The bitter yet nostalgic voice I hadn't felt from Zirnier before held my legs in place.

Perhaps it was because the affection for her sister contained in Zirnier's voice drew out my sense of responsibility as an older brother who had one younger sister.

"You know why that old hag Seton called me? The pretext was armor repair, but if Celsia hadn't gotten her act together at this birthday party, they were going to pass the successor position to me because in the worst case, there was no other answer. If that happened, Celsia would have stayed shut in her room for the rest of her life, and since I couldn't completely mess things up either, I would have had to give up blacksmithing and quietly succeed the line. It would have been the worst situation for both of us. Oh. Fuck, just imagining it sucks."

Zirnier rubbed her arms as if getting goosebumps and said with a casual laugh.

"So, thank you again. Both for helping my sister and for letting me continue being a blacksmith."

"...I think it's more thanks to Celsia finding courage rather than anything I did."

"Well. I don't think she would suddenly change after not changing for several years. If someone who never even held a man's hand before rushed to make it a fact, she must have fallen hard."

Zirnier chuckled and put her hand on top of her mask.

-Screech.

Under the mask that came off with white smoke, there was a woman with features both similar to and different from Celsia's.

The biggest difference was probably skin color. Zirnier's whole body had a tanned brown tint.

It gives quite a different impression from fair-skinned Celsia.

Would this be what an ultra alpha female mode Celsia full of confidence and self-esteem would feel like?

As if the queen's green and blue eyes were divided between her two children, while Celsia had eyes with a green tint, Zirnier had sky-blue eyes.

"Take it."

She handed me the mask and I stared at it blankly.

"...Is it okay for me to take this? You said it was a 22nd floor relic?"

"Thanks to the experience of reforging your axe Bunny, I can now make relics with my own hands. If needed, I can make another one. Ah. My arm's tired. Hurry up."

Zirnier pressed the mask firmly into my arms while waving it around.

I smiled at her almost forceful manner as I received the mask.

"I'll use it well. Really."

"Yeah. You really need to cover up well. Really...Yeah. You're really dangerous. Cover up thoroughly. Ah right. Balkan, you needed armor fitted too right? Why don't we just take new measurements now? Since this happened, I'll give you a huge discount—"

As Zirnier approached with a tape measure pulled taut in both hands and a thoroughly drunk red face, taking detailed measurements of my whole body and talking about new armor.

Before we knew it, morning had dawned.

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"..."

Diana held her forehead as she saw the man and woman walking from far away.

Bad premonitions never missed their mark.

[Number of sexual encounters (target): 1]

[Status: Non-virgin]

[Number of sexual encounters (target): 4]

[Status: Non-virgin]

...It increased again.

"Diana."

"...Yes, Princess."

"Could we talk for a moment?"

Diana nodded her head with a faint smile and composure.

She couldn't refuse.