**Chapter 241: Portal Magic (3)**

The first meeting between Ellie and Denshi was not good, even in empty words.

In the blizzard-swept 12th floor, when I encountered Denshi after a long time and she pounced on me, Ellie, who perceived it as an attack, almost shot a fireball at Denshi.

When both of them had their bodies seized by the succubus' surprise attack and came into my sleeping bag, they fought while giving my dick hand jobs.

Even after the series of events ended, Ellie showed jealousy when she witnessed me giving Denshi a uterus-trembling massage with my fist.

The two, whose perception of each other wasn't exactly positive, sat at the table with arms crossed, glaring at each other.

In that situation where sparks seemed to fly, whether due to hallucination or atmosphere, Denshi was the first to close her eyes.

"...I had no idea you were Diana's daughter. I'm Denshi. Master's faithful first slave. Master calls me by the nickname 'Grumpy.'"

Denshi, a former slave, was as shrewd as she was brazen. When Denshi introduced herself, Ellie couldn't just stay quiet.

"...Ellie Ordia. Oppa's..."

Ellie glanced at me after saying that much.

With slightly reddened cheeks as if recalling her first experience, she opened her mouth.

"Lover?"

At Ellie's hesitant answer, Diana and Denshi's shoulders twitched.

"Ha!"

A scoff burst from Denshi's mouth.

She glared at Ellie again.

Even though she had received the netorare curse, she seemed to still have wariness toward Ellie.

Their power struggle showed no signs of stopping.

After hesitating for a moment, I told Ellie, just as I had with Diana, about my relationship with Denshi.

"......"

"......"

Naturally, silence fell.

After staring at me blankly for a while, Ellie nodded.

"Is that so? How was it? Did Oppa feel good?"

"Huh?"

"I'm asking about the emotions and feelings Oppa felt when having relations with that woman. Did it feel good?"

When I was bewildered by this unexpected question, Ellie nodded expressionlessly.

"It must have felt good. If it hadn't felt good and you did it forcefully, that would have made me angrier. Oppa. Do you remember what I said at graduation? I said that human relationships just need hearts to match, right?"

"...That's right."

The words I heard from Ellie then left a deep impression on my heart.

If hearts match, anything is possible.

Conversely, if hearts don't match, nothing is possible.

"If you did such things with her, it means your heart also went to that slave. Yes. I understand. She's someone you picked up long before me, right? Considering how she clung to you as soon as you met...Well. Her face is decent. Her breasts are smaller than mine...........Tch. Anyway. It's fine."

"Fine?"

"I like you, Oppa. Except for my adoptive mother, you were the first to praise me so purely, and you accept me well even when I'm sulky, and I had my first kiss with you, and my first experience was with you too."

"......"

"When I think about Oppa rolling around with women other than me and my adoptive mother, bad feelings well up inside me, and honestly I want to cry, but how could I keep Oppa to myself alone? There are females everywhere who want Oppa and whom Oppa wants."

"...That's not..."

"Don't lie. Even Aunt Zirnier’s gaze toward Oppa was strange last time, right? Sigh. I want to stay with Oppa forever from now on. If possible, for life. Like this."

\*hug\*

Ellie, who had been pouring out her emotions while speaking frantically, snuggled into my arms.

"In Oppa's embrace."

"......"

I silently embraced her.

All I could do now was pat her back gently.

"So, I can...somehow accept Oppa having relationships with other women. No matter how many there are, I'll be the youngest and live the longest among them anyway."

The explorers of the Labyrinth City generally live a bit longer and age less than ordinary people. They say it's because their souls grow while exploring the labyrinth.

But no matter how much their souls grow, they cannot overcome the limits of their species.

Even as a half-elf, elves have slightly longer lifespans than other humans and maintain their beautiful appearance without aging until death.

"Moreover, I'm quite strong as a magician, right? Even when Oppa becomes middle-aged...and other females are all aging, I'll still maintain a body as young as an academy student, right? Then Oppa will seek me out more. That's enough, no honestly it's not enough, but I'm satisfied with even that much."

Ellie smiled slyly.

My dick responded to the implication that an eternally young and fresh elven pussy would feel better than the aging and loose ordinary human pussy that would deteriorate later.

Ellie, in my embrace, must have felt it too as she smiled seductively.

Denshi, sitting across the table, also smiled with a lewd grin.

Though her lips curved upward, Denshi's eyes held irritation, incredulity, anger, and a slight pleasure.

The slight pleasure amid the whirlwind of rough emotions was probably due to the influence of the netorare blessing.

"So. Until then, please take care of me. What was your name...Denshi? Ah. Since you said you're Oppa's slave, I'll speak casually."

"...Ha. Likewise. Looking forward to working with you? Ms. Ordia."

Ellie's shoulders twitched when Denshi called her by her surname.

Though her confidence had increased and relationships had improved from before, the surname Ordia seemed too heavy for her, who hadn't completely overcome her inferiority complex toward Diana.

"Since we'll be seeing each other's faces often, shall we shake hands?"

"Good idea. You should remember my face well since you'll be serving me and Oppa from now on. Shall we look closer?"

\*crackle\*

Sparks flew from their eyes again.

Diana, watching this scene from behind, silently sighed.

Perhaps it's just a difference in personality?

Though things went relatively smoothly with Diana, it seemed Ellie and Denshi wouldn't easily become friends.

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I headed to the Explorers' Union with Denshi to set the next labyrinth expedition schedule with party members and to receive the compensation that the vice union leader had proposed at the royal palace banquet hall.

And incidentally to improve Denshi's mood a bit.

"Are you okay?"

"About what? Ms. Ordia? Or joining the party?"

"Both."

"...I'm fine. Since she's younger than me despite being an elf. I should endure it, right? Even though she'll be Master's slave in bed just like me, calling me slave and whatnot...hmph."

"She's not the type to treat slaves roughly. She just got excited momentarily."

"I know. I know better than anyone that Master wouldn't be with that kind of woman. But still...did you see her eyes? That intense obsession? Just looking at them, I can tell when she gets Master's semen, she'll completely lose it and be determined to get pregnant—"

The moment I heard Denshi's words, I recalled my first experience with Ellie, when she carefully collected and kept the condom containing my semen.

Though I recovered several when catching Nuer and the succubus, Ellie should still have the remaining ones.

[Females Being Subjugated: 6]

[Celsia de Arlonia: Progress (25.4%)]

[Ellie Ordia: Progress (66.2%)]

I suspected she would be keeping them well, but I was concerned about Ellie's subjugation progress that had risen sharply while I was away in the labyrinth.

Though I had suspicions close to certainty, I forcefully shook my head.

No way. No matter how much she missed me, would she have eaten the semen that was ejaculated into the condoms?

Putting thoughts of Ellie aside, I looked at Denshi.

"Denshi."

I couldn't just watch the women I embraced badmouth each other where others couldn't see.

This was like a seed of discord.

"...Tch. I understand..."

Fortunately, the perceptive Denshi immediately nodded and understood my intention.

She pretended to be sulky and distanced herself from me with a slightly gloomy face.

\*grab\*

I pulled her collar and brought her close to pat her head.

She was literally pulled along by the physical push and pull. And as if she had never tried to distance herself, she rubbed her forehead vigorously against my solar plexus.

\*inhale\* \*exhale\* \*inhale\*

After taking in my scent deeply, she looked up at me carefully.

"I won't care how many women Master adds. I can't care either."

Her purple eyes fully captured my image.

"Instead, a few months...no, a few months is too long. A few weeks...is also too long, at least once a week..."

She hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"Look only at me...completely..."

Not even for long.

Just once a week. A request to think only of her.

"Alright."

I couldn't refuse even that desperate wish.

"Promise! You promised?! You can't take it back?!"

"Heh. Yes. Promise."

"Hehe..."

When I patted Denshi’s head more roughly, she laughed playfully.

I was glad she seemed to be in a better mood.

We walked through the Labyrinth City's commercial street for a while before heading to the Explorers' Union.

And when we opened the doors of that magnificent building and entered, I could only gape blankly.

"...What is this?"

The smell of blood was overwhelming.