**Chapter 270: What I can give (2)**

"Did you mate with my little sister using an onahole?"

"Yes."

I nodded at Idelbert's words.

Idelbert, a martial warrior who had trained her senses to the extreme, had a truly remarkable sense of smell.

Considering everything that had happened, I didn't think she wouldn't be able to smell my scent.

Still, I had rolled around in the swamp cemetery, showered thoroughly, and even an hour ago was covered in the smell of blood and sweat from battle, so I hadn't anticipated she would ask with such a confident voice...

But it was an undeniable fact that I had whacked my dick with an onahole modeled after Serif's body, so Balkan nodded readily.

"You're honest."

"How could I lie to my master?"

"Ha! You're truly shameless. Well, I don't dislike that about you. At least you're not someone who tells useless lies. If you had weakly denied it, I would have beaten you to a pulp."

Idelbert spoke without any denial.

There seemed to be some misunderstanding as Serif appeared wary of her, but at least from Balkan's perspective, Idelbert cared for Serif.

'How could I forget that smile?'

He recalled when Serif had called her "sister," and Idelbert couldn't maintain her cool face, grinning loosely.

Having a precious little sister himself, he could empathize with that expression.

It was the face of someone who genuinely cherished their only blood relative.

"Did it feel good?"

"Pardon?"

"My little sister's dick case. Did it feel good?"

However, that affection seemed a bit excessive.

Idelbert was asking about her little sister's pussy tightness with a completely sincere face.

"Um..."

"Answer me."

"It... it felt good."

"How did it compare to me?"

"Your...your back pussy felt like it was wickedly scraping from the base of my dick to the head. Honestly, I was feeling so good then that I don't remember the details, but Serif's pussy onahole—"

"Hmm. Ahem. That, that's enough."

When he started to give his honest impressions, Idelbert suddenly made an embarrassed expression and cleared her throat.

Perhaps she had said it to tease him but didn't expect such an honest answer.

Judging by her black cat tail that was flicking like a whip after hearing that her back pussy felt so good it made his consciousness fly away, that seemed to be the case.

Idelbert, who had been looking at him with a strange gaze, sighed and asked.

"...Do you have no shame?"

"That...doesn't seem like something you should be saying, Master."

After all, she was the one who made him verbally evaluate and compare her back pussy with her little sister's pussy tightness.

It was something unimaginable without an exceptionally strong mentality and shamelessness.

"Ahem. I'll hear the details later...ugh. Come and remove this. I'm tired from fighting for so long."

She said, tapping at the ice arrow fragments pressing down on her body.

The ice pieces were quite large, making it look like a victim trapped under a collapsed building.

In fact, about half of the mansion had collapsed, so it wasn't wrong.

Of course, Idelbert's trained body wasn't crushed or even scratched by those fragments.

Balkan slowly approached and began clearing away the ice crushing Idelbert as he asked.

"What exactly happened?"

At that question, Idelbert's lips curled up slightly as she looked at Balkan serving her.

It strangely resembled a victor's smile.

"A foolish female who was jealous of the cat who got on the stovetop first caused some commotion."

"...That's Diana..."

"She suddenly launched a sincere strike at the mansion's front gate, so I had to fight for my life for the first time in a while, and now my body's acting up. We fought for about three days."

No wonder everything was in shambles.

Three days.

It meant she had been fighting continuously from right after I left to hunt the Elder Lich until just now.

'Can a person simply engage in combat for that much time?'

The three-day and night battle between monsters in the 70 and 60 level ranges was enough to change the surrounding terrain.

Thanks to that, I could tell that Diana had challenged her not to a simple WWE but to a deadly serious UFC.

'Well, if I think about Diana's situation from my perspective...'

A woman whom she had first cared for and even developed romantic feelings for had a relationship with an old comrade and friend first.

And that woman wanted to take responsibility for the man she had relations with as well.

'......'

Thinking from her perspective made the situation even more impossible to resolve.

Just thinking about Diana, Ellie, Denshi, or Celsia doing something like that made his head hot.

"When I bragged about this thing you personally inserted, she opened her usually closed eyes wide and came at me."

Idelbert smiled slyly as she carefully took out an anal plug artifact from her personal subspace and held it up.

'She even teabagged her?'

Diana, who had ended it with a short, heavy venting, was truly compassionate.

If it had been him, he would have used any means to kill the opponent.

Feeling an even stronger sense of mission to quickly become stronger and comfort Diana, he asked about her whereabouts.

"A few hours ago, after breaking several parts of my body, she left me here saying to sincerely reflect. You seem to have just missed each other."

"...You talk as if it's no big deal."

"We used to have this level of fighting every day when we were in the same party. Rather, compared to the old days, Diana's personality has become much more subdued, so it was easier. Ugh. Don't support me like that. My shoulder blade is shattered and uncomfortable."

"...Then I'll just. Carry you like this."

Putting aside thoughts about what Diana's past might have been like, I rescued Idelbert from the ice fragment pile and picked her up.

There were no visible external injuries, but her internal organs seemed badly damaged, so I planned to move her to the grand fountain first.

The resulting pose was commonly known as a princess carry...in this world, called a prince carry.

Her breasts, barely covered by a leotard suit half-torn from battle traces, softly pressed against my solar plexus.

Not only that, but her violently brown skin, strong as iron yet missing none of a woman's beauty, mercilessly pressed against my arms and forearms.

She wasn't light even as a figure of speech, but that heavy softness and warmth stirred my sexual desire that had been impoverished for a while.

When our eyes met as Idelbert was snugly held in my strong arms, she slightly averted her gaze.

"This position is a bit... embarrassing."

"Please endure it for a little while."

Balkan said so as he started walking toward the grand fountain.

'To think I'd be supporting Idelbert.'

This situation was both strange and shocking.

Idelbert was among the three strongest opponents he had faced so far.

To think that Idelbert would be beaten to the point of having difficulty walking alone?

'...Perhaps, in her own way, she took quite a beating?'

Maybe due to guilt for snatching someone her friend had already tasted first...

"It hasn't even been a month since I last saw you, but you've grown again in that time."

While I was thinking about this, Idelbert, cradled in my arms and poking my forearm, muttered in a pleased voice.

"You can feel it just by being carried, right?"

"...Something about your slick voice makes me regret praising you. Tomorrow, I'll personally check if you've trained properly and gained experience."

"A lot has happened in a short time."

Balkan told Idelbert about what had happened during that time.

How he had joined forces with Diana and Celsia at the royal palace to attack the wrath and pride demon worshippers.

Returning to the labyrinth and breaking through to the 19th floor, dealing with the Elder Lich.

And just now, I had caught a minion of the envy demon worshipper at the temple—

"What?"

Upon hearing that story, Idelbert's voice instantly turned cold.

"You're saying you caught an envy worshipper's minion? You?"

"Uh, yes. Was that not allowed?"

"No, there's no reason it wouldn't be. You did well. Really well done, Balkan."

Idelbert, who was usually stingy with praise except when I showed noticeable growth or when I pulled her cat tail gently while developing her back pussy into a perverted masochistic climax hole, said so with a voice full of sincerity.

Since it wasn't a common occurrence, I asked with curiosity.

"Were you also pursuing that person, Master?"

"To be precise, I was pursuing the woman moving behind her."

The mastermind who had planted Cleassia in the Order to control Jellicy, the envy worshipper.

'Was chasing demon worshippers while using elite explorers like Nuer as shadows also for the purpose of finding the envy worshipper?'

I couldn't be certain, but she hadn't reacted to the wrath or pride worshippers...

"Disciple. Extend your hand."

"Pardon?"

"I said extend your hand."

At her words, I extended my hand, and Idelbert drew a small heart on my palm with the soft side of her cat tail.

"What is this?"

"It's a cat tail stamp that lets you ask this master for one favor. Use it after careful consideration."

Seeing her unusually serious expression and playfulness she normally wouldn't show, that possibility seemed quite high.

"Change of plans. We need to go to the temple before the grand fountain."

"Sigh...understood."

Perhaps she had decided that checking on Cleassia was more important than her own healing, as Idelbert urgently whipped.

Balkan sighed briefly and nodded to his master's words as he moved his body.

"Hnngh—"

Idelbert, whose face was suddenly buried in firm pectoral muscles, held her breath.

Her breasts, barely covered by the tattered leotard armor, were firmly pressed against his abs and solar plexus, and her plump yet firm thighs were wrapped around his forearm like being trapped in prison.

"You seem to be in a hurry, so I'll go quickly."

"......"

Idelbert, tense from the male scent emanating from Balkan, including the pectoral muscles buried in her nose, quietly nodded.

As Balkan carefully moved his feet, considering Idelbert's injuries, his pectoral muscles rubbed against Idelbert's face.

"Mmm, nngh..."

In that warm body temperature, Idelbert felt a strange paternal love that made her feel like becoming an infant, but she quickly came to her senses.

'That was dangerous.'

If she had lost consciousness even a little more, she might have fallen.

It was because the stimulating smell of her disciple whom she hadn't seen in a while made her head dizzy and her womb keep throbbing.

Feeling that if this situation continued any longer, it would truly become irreversible, Idelbert focused her attention elsewhere.

The strange texture she felt when her face was pressed against his chest.

Belatedly remembering its existence, Balkan said to Idelbert.

"Ah. Master. Come to think of it, Serif left a letter for you."

"...From her? To me?"

"Yes. She said to make sure to deliver it this time... I put it inside my chest, so please check."

"...What?"

At those words, Idelbert froze like stone.

"Yes. I'm currently supporting you, Master, so my hands are full."

"......"

It was true. Very true. Almost correct.

Idelbert quietly held her breath and looked at his chest.

And feeling his heartbeat that somehow seemed to be growing louder, she carefully moved her hand between Balkan's pectorals.

Simultaneously.

Snnnniff—

Idelbert's sense of smell detected a lewd scent emanating from the letter she had picked up.

In that smell, the two were engaged in the hottest act possible, both focusing intensely on each other...

They were doing something so shameless it was hard to believe she was a virgin priestess of the Earth Mother Order.

At the same time, Idelbert sensed that this was definitely not a scent left by chance.

An artificially inscribed fragrance like perfume, like a declaration of war.

A provocative declaration beyond imagination that she was also targeting her man and had developed a relationship close enough for mutual onahole mating and handjobs.

With her little sister's bold declaration of war, Idelbert looked at Balkan, who was carefully and preciously embracing her, and smirked.

"Disciple."

"Yes?"

"White or black, which do you prefer?"