**Chapter 295: Your Life is Over! (1)**

"Little sister. The top part is my ejaculated semen."

"Uh, s-sorry..."

"...I'll allow it a little bit. Mmm...this disciple likes having his testicles licked with the tongue. If you want to receive the next semen more warmly, try it."

"Ah, yes... th-thank you... sister..."

"...Smooch♡"

The two sisters who spent a long night with one man shared information about the man who took each of their first experiences, and continued the sensual stimulation by kissing his penis and testicles.

"Mmm... hmmm..."

Idelbert wrapped her tongue around the underside of the glans and swallowed the penis with her plump lips, then took the sensitive glans that had just ejaculated deep into the inside of her cheek.

Tap! Tap tap!

And because of the penis poking the inside of her cheek, she poked her bulging cheek with her finger, carefully scratched it with her long nails, or stimulated it in various ways by drawing circles.

The appearance of a master using her entire mouth to taste her disciple's semen.

That incredibly erotic and skillful appearance maintained my erection naturally.

"Mmh..."

Serif, who had been carefully holding Balkan's testicles as if they were precious treasures or sacred objects blessed by the Earth Mother Goddess, held her breath at her sister's proactive behavior.

'...I can't lose either'

Serif, who closed her eyes tightly and opened them again, stared at the testicles she was holding with a determined face and murmured blankly.

"They're heavy..."

Despite having ejaculated so much semen inside her and inside her sister, they were still heavy.

It was evidence that seeds of life were still being abundantly produced in these testicles.

-Thump. Thump.

Every time Serif touched the warm testicles, her heart pounded.

Her heart pounded madly whenever she touched his precious place, but this wasn't just because of excitement.

Guilt. The sense of sin from disobeying the Earth Mother Goddess's teachings to stay away from desire.

The fear of committing the sin of lust, which is counted among the worst sins that corrupt people.

-Smooch♡

And these negative sensations gradually transformed into a strange sense of sacrilege every time she kissed the testicles she held as if they were sacred objects.

Smooch, smooch... smooch...♡

An honest kiss without technique or skill.

A pure, innocent peck almost like bumping lips.

-Thump. Thump.

Every time Serif kissed my testicles, my thing, her heart pounded.

It was a strange feeling.

A sensation she had rarely felt in her life.

The reason it wasn't a 'sensation she had never felt before' was because she felt this indescribable emotion every time she was with him.

Like when she helped him with his purification ritual with the nonsensical reason of giving him a reward.

Like when she first committed sacrilege with him in the repentance room under the pretext of engraving a stigma of patience.

Like when she made a private tutoring appointment with him under the excuse of teaching him how to handle blessings after he became aware of his sacred power talent.

Like when she couldn't forget the feelings from those times and continued to bring him over to help with purification rituals, and used a vagina onahole she made while imagining him to relieve his sexual urges.

And just a little while ago, she recalled the shocking events that could be counted among the most impactful in her life so far.

She had mixed bodies with him. She lost the virginity she thought she would take to her grave.

It was an experience that gave her one of the most ecstatic pleasures in her life.

And when he, who had opened his heart to her, showed his face that he had always kept covered with a helmet...

She felt the unfamiliar emotions that had been softly blooming spread warmly inside her chest.

Serif didn't know the exact name of this fluffy, heart-warming emotion.

This was a feeling she had never experienced even with her sister whom she had always trusted, followed, and liked since childhood.

Trust, faith, respect, affection, shyness, embarrassment...

Such emotions were evenly mixed and explosively burst, and a man firmly took his place in Serif's heart.

Smooch♡

So, even her clumsy kisses couldn't help but contain proportionate affection and concern.

—I'm not going to get raped by a succubus.

Serif vaguely remembered the conversation between her sister and Balkan while she was unconscious from the pleasure beyond imagination.

—I won't come back staggering like a rape victim who was fucked like a dog. I should at least send one enemy commander back.

The atmosphere between them at that time.

And considering the fact that Balkan, who had become an incubus, brought her sister into her mental world...

She could roughly guess what kind of sacrifices he had made to what kinds of beings.

'Like a fool, because I settled into the hallucination, Balkan was... to the succubus...'

The warm feeling blooming in her chest gradually turned black.

Stupidly, while she was trapped in a vain fantasy, he had offered his own body to the succubus.

As guilt roughly tore through her heart, and sticky, black emotions began to eat away at her heart, at that moment.

-Sliiide.

He lightly brushed Serif's snow-white bangs.

His long, firm hand lifted the bangs covering her eyes as she was kissing the penis in worship.

"How is it?"

"...Huh? Wh-what..."

"The penis kisses, you're giving them so devotedly."

"...Mmh..."

Serif held her breath as she looked at him calling the male organ, the penis, with erotic and unclean words together with the somewhat sacred act of kissing.

His words weren't wrong. Penis kissing was what she had been doing to him until just now.

But hearing it from someone else's mouth gave Serif another layer of embarrassment.

-Pat. Pat.

The warmth of his palm gently stroking her bangs intensified that embarrassment.

Occasionally, that touch would move toward the fluffy cat ears on top of her head.

It was an act so embarrassing and shameful that she couldn't lift her head, but the warmth from his touch was so comforting that she couldn't possibly ask him to stop.

"Don't worry too much. Don't feel guilty either."

His voice gave her a warm resonance comparable to his touch.

"It's something I did because I wanted to. It's not Serif's responsibility at all."

"......"

Balkan had only sensed the devoted penis kisses and the atmosphere Serif was unconsciously giving off, and offered her kind comfort.

"So, don't make such a sad expression."

It's absolutely not your fault.

The bad one is the envy worshipper who casted the brainwashing.

You, who became a victim falling into fantasy while trying to save others, should never blame yourself.

"Balkan..."

A warm light shone on her heart that was becoming turbid.

He reassures people with casual conversation and gives them stability with a kind voice.

That warm-heartedness eventually became a lifeline of salvation for Serif, straightening her wavering heart.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

"It's not Serif's fault, I tell you."

"Mmh...then...thank you. Really, really... thank you. Balkan."

-Flutter. Flutter.

Serif gently wrapped her fluttering cat tail around his left thigh like grabbing a lifeline.

And, as one who had been saved by him, she thought about the proper repayment she should make.

"I'll...prepare to welcome Balkan's return."

[Capture: 60 gold coins. Cleassia of the Earth Mother Goddess Church's High Priest]

First, the payment for capturing Cleassia, the minion of the envy worshipper.

Although she had also offered her blessing as a reward on the wanted notice, it was far too insufficient to return the grace and affection she had received from him.

She had to prepare a reward that would satisfy him more.

It couldn't end there.

He had given her, her first experience.

Serif had no desire to let that ecstatic feeling and pleasure she felt then pass as a dalliance in fantasy.

If she wanted to continue being with him...there were too many things she needed to handle as the church's saint.

"Let's think about such complicated matters when we go back to reality."

-Squeeee.

His hand that had been gently stroking her head softly pressed down on Serif's head.

"Hnnng...!"

Serif's expression became dreamy as her prominent nose was pressed against his testicles.

At that moment, Serif realized once again that this was inside her mind.

The incubus who had taken a place in the deepest part of her mind gently smiled as he pressed his penis with a fierce smell against the cheek of the mind's owner.

At that erotic smile, Serif's uterus tightened and descended.

And for him who was about to engage in battle with the succubus, she thought of what only she could do for him.

Smoooch♡

Along with an innocent penis kiss, the stigma of patience began to be drawn on that penis.

"Mmh... you two keep... don't forget this master too...!"

Idelbert, who had been blankly watching Balkan and Serif grow even closer, also felt a strange jealousy and pounced on him with her tail wrapped around Balkan's thigh.

After several hours passed like that.

The saint who had received plenty of semen from the incubus' uterine kiss finally awoke from her long sleep.

Without time to celebrate Serif regaining consciousness, I returned to reality and felt a throbbing sensation in the demon's horns.

I had felt a sensation of vibration and heat in my horns whenever I embraced a female before, but this time it was different.

-Thump, thump!

The black horns symbolizing the rank of a demon began to heat up like cast iron placed in a furnace, and they began to grow larger and harder as if going through a process of hammering and tempering.

Looking in the mirror, I felt that they were somewhat similar to Lilith's horns.

Horns identical to that lewd succubus who commanded numerous demons...

While I was feeling a strange sentiment looking at them, at that time.

[Tomorrow at 2 AM. Come to the demon cave in the west.]

Someone's telepathic message was heard in my head through the demon's horns.

It was a voice I had become familiar with during the past few days of training to enter the mind world.

Lilith, the lust worshipper and the highest rank succubus, exhaled an erotic breath and told me.

For the next week, I will be her personal pussy mat for sexual relief.