**Chapter 296: Your Life is Over! (2)**

During the suppression of the envy worshipper, few knew that Serif had collapsed due to hallucinations.

Except for Diana and Idelbert who participated in the battle, only Senior Priest Coolid who manages the Eden branch of the temple and her disciple Jellicy.

Since it wasn't news that was good to spread widely, few knew the truth, but they were all individuals who could exert considerable influence in the labyrinth city.

Senior Priest Coolid, who heard the news that Serif had awakened from the hallucination, came running hurriedly and firmly grasped my hand.

"Balkan! You really...! How do you always choose to do such admirable things!"

Eyes dripping with honey.

The middle-aged woman with deep wrinkles shook my hand vigorously, looking at me as if I were a grandson who had done something praiseworthy.

She seemed to think well of me before, but now it was quite dramatic.

It felt like I had become the prince who awakened Snow White with a kiss.

Of course, the saint of the order who had been asleep was much higher in rank than a mere maid like Snow White, and in addition to intertwining tongues in a kiss, I did pierce her hymen and ejaculate plenty of baby seeds into her pure womb...

But all of that happened in the mind world.

Serif's body that awakened in reality did not have her hymen pierced.

Although she had a fragile virgin pussy, it wasn't developed into a holy slut pussy that would beg for semen while climaxing repeatedly from an incubus penis, making it hard to believe she was a saint.

She still retains all the original fresh virgin scent and purity.

'Whether I will someday turn Serif's fresh holy virgin pussy into a holy slut pussy in reality is yet unknown...'

At least that's not the case now.

"I only did what needed to be done."

"What needed to be done? Of course! But were those things you needed to do ordinary? Capturing the underling of the envy worshipper who infiltrated the temple, tracking the root and slaughtering that damn envy worshipper who deserves more than just being eaten alive, and now even the saint who fell to her evil hands...! Huh..."

Coolid looked at me while swallowing an empty breath, seemingly dumbfounded even as she spoke.

"Do you really not want to join the order? You've done so much for us. Many have witnessed the holy power you wield. I'd need permission from several other senior priests besides myself, but you could be promoted to a saint rather than just a paladin—"

"What's this about trying to steal someone else's disciple when their master is right here with eyes wide open?"

In response to Coolid’s proposal, Idelbert wrapped her arm around my neck and pulled me into a tight embrace.

Huuuuug—

Unlike her firm body, her soft, chewy breasts gently pressed against my cheek.

Idelbert wrapped her cat tail around my torso as if to say I couldn't be taken away from her.

"No. You left the paladin position years ago but still walk around as if you're affiliated with the temple, so why can't he join?"

"If you're jealous, become stronger than me. I won't give him up. I can't."

"Pfft..."

Serif's lips quivered as she tried to hold back laughter while watching Coolid and Idelbert argue.

"Saint...?"

"Ah. I'm not mocking you... I just remembered something from the past."

Coolid widened her wrinkled eyes at the sight of Serif's small smile, then she blankly looked back and forth between Serif and Idelbert.

Was it so shocking to see the two sisters facing each other without fighting as if they were about to devour each other, instead smiling albeit a bit awkwardly?

"Hu, huck...!"

After being frozen for a while, Coolid, who finally regained her senses, blinked her eyes and rubbed her reddening eyes.

Coolid was a priest who had cared for and known the two cat sisters long enough for even Idelbert to be comfortable around her.

Seeing the two sisters, whose relationship had not been good until recently, showing signs of improving their relationship, if not as much as in the past, seemed to evoke something within her.

"What, are you crying...?"

"Oh shut up! You'll be like this too when you're over 50!"

"No matter what, 50 is still a long way off..."

Looking at Senior Priest Coolid vigorously rubbing her eyelids, I could see where Idelbert had learned that distinctive tone of rejection.

-Chuckle.

Serif's smile deepened as she watched.

I stepped back for a moment and took in the scene of the two sisters and a middle-aged priest smiling at each other.

A sense of satisfaction rose in my chest.

Although it was still crudely held together with bond or tape, I was happy that these two sisters could look at each other and smile without hostility.

They would probably need more time to become as close as they were before but even that was satisfying enough.

The feeling of vicarious satisfaction, as if my unfillable void was being filled, wasn't all bad.

'Will I someday be able to smile with my blood relatives like that?'

Sisters are sisters because two people are together.

Siblings are the same. They are siblings only when two people are together.

But there were no siblings here now.

Just a brother following traces of his younger sister.

"..."

I shook my head to dispel the unpleasant feeling.

Sex offers an addictive level of pleasure, but the post-nut clarity that follows is a major drawback.

I inhaled, breathed in fresh air to clear my head, and thought about what I needed to do next.

'Tomorrow at 2 AM...'

I have no intention of losing to Lilith, but that succubus is by no means an opponent to be taken lightly.

It wouldn't hurt to have some insurance.

"Master. Serif."

The two sisters turned to look at me at the sound of my voice.

To these two women who gave me trusting and believing looks, I made one request.

"If I don't return after a week, please come look for me."

The sensitive sense of smell of the two cat sisters will be a great help in tracking me.

-Gulp. Gulp.

"Damn...why is this delicious?"

I expressed my displeasure as I roughly wiped the breast milk that trickled down the corner of my mouth.

It was the strength milk that I had recently received from Jubeel, which increases stamina and strength stats.

Whether it was an illusion due to the fancy bottle it came in, or if there was something wrong with my head, the taste was hard to describe as unpleasant even falsely.

Sighing, I also took a handful of herbs with a sensation-dulling function that I had purchased from the herb shop yesterday.

I couldn't afford not to dope up for this fight that my future depended on.

Feeling like my sexual resistance had slightly increased, I left the inn room with Bunny on my back.

"Going out?"

When I was halfway down the stairs, I was startled by a voice coming from a table below.

The inn was closed today. Thanks to the successful soft opening over the past few days.

While both Denshi and Ellie had gone to their rooms early to enjoy their rest today...Diana was sitting alone at a table, drinking.

It was unusual for Diana to drink alone at such a late hour.

"You're still awake?"

"Yes. I can't sleep... would you like to have a drink with me?"

Diana proposed, tapping the table with her finger.

I couldn't help but hesitate. The time for contact with the succubi was approaching soon.

"Ah, well. I'm a bit... I'm sorry. Let's drink together when I get back."

"...Mmm. If that's the case, it can't be helped. You said you were exploring the 19th floor with your party members, right?"

"Ah, um. Yes. Th-that's right."

For the next week, I'll be staying with Lilith.

The risk of breaking the contract is too great for me right now. The week of being a sex slave is already confirmed but I couldn't tell Diana such facts straightforwardly.

The fact that I couldn't tell her directly due to the binding contract was merely secondary.

If I were to say that I, a man, am now going to be used like a dog by other women, could any woman in this world maintain her sanity?

Having already seen the reactions of Serif and Idelbert, I was all the more unable to tell Diana the truth.

In the end, I lied to Diana once again.

"...Mmm. I ended up offering alcohol to someone entering the Labyrinth. I'm sorry."

"No! There's no need to be sorry... Later, next week, I'll definitely come back and have a drink with you, Diana."

"...When you say it like that, I'd be too happy."

Diana said that, smiled slightly, and waved her hand to see me off.

I also waved back at Diana, who was exuding the smell of alcohol, with a bitter smile.

With that, I left the inn and headed west toward the forest, where the cave of the lustful demons was hidden.

"Don't you know?"

Diana, sitting alone at a table drinking, muttered in a subtle voice.

"Whenever Balkan enters or returns from the Labyrinth, he always hugs me tightly. Hot and fierce, almost hard to breathe... with lots of affection... always, except when it's really unavoidable."

In response to Diana's mutterings, a woman hiding under the bar table desperately shook her head while covering her mouth.

"I, I really don't know, Landlady! Why did Balkan use our names!"

The woman who was tied up and being interrogated by Diana, the cow beastkin warrior Jubeel, desperately shook her head.

Through persistent questioning, Diana learned that the party had met only a handful of times over the past week, and she raised her alcohol and mood-intoxicated body with an expressionless face.

"Mmm. I know. From the first time I heard the lie, I knew Balkan was lying to me."

The time she spent with him was by no means short so she knew how he would react when trying to hide something.

The reason she didn't persistently dig into it was because she thought he must have his own circumstances.

Balkan, who is merciless to enemies but kinder than anyone to those around him.

There was no way such a person would lie to her without any reason.

But...

Ziiiing...!

The mark engraved on her lower abdomen trembled precariously.

A strange anxiety spread through the mark, sharply raising Diana's senses.

That sense was not just any sense but a sharply honed sense as an explorer.

The instinct of a living being that should never be ignored stimulated Diana.

"..."

-Click!

Diana, with her ice arrow and longbow in hand, glared at the place where her loved one had gone, narrowly opening her closed eyes.

And quietly moved her steps.

"...You crazy Balkan. What have you done this time...?"

Looking at Diana's back, Jubeel, tied up on the floor, trembled her breasts.

A succubus welcomed me.

The subordinate succubus of Lilith who had previously guided me to the demons' cave.

She bowed her head to me and revealed the cave that had been hidden by concealment magic.

Once again, I followed her guidance and headed to the place where succubi gathered in clusters.

Upon entering the familiar cave room, two women welcomed me.

"You came on time? Walking in on your own even knowing you will lose...impressive."

Lilith, wearing Diana's leather from her active days, standing with a fishy smile yet a seductive posture.

And.

"..."

A peacock beastkin standing next to Lilith with an indifferent face.

The demon worshipper of pride, Ignorion.

-Swing!

I immediately drew Bunny and pointed it at her, while giving Lilith a sidelong glance.

"...Why is that guy here?"

The demon worshipper of pride, Ignorion, was a terrorist who, along with the demon worshipper of wrath, Goth, had invaded the royal palace and caused a catastrophe.

It was natural to be on guard, but Lilith waved her hand as if to say not to worry.

"Don't be so tense. Ignorion is simply here to take us to a more suitable place for what we're about to do."

"...What does that mean?"

A place more suitable for what we're about to do.

Seeing that I couldn't grasp the meaning, Lilith smirked and gestured to Ignorion.

And at that moment.

-Crack!

A dimensional rift opened next to Ignorion, and demonic power began to condense, drawing a strange flow.

"A portal..."

I swallowed hard as I saw it.

'She plans to completely cut off any pursuit.'

Lilith seemed like a lust-crazed demon, but she had unexpectedly thorough aspects.

Just as she had imposed a condition prohibiting direct mention of herself, anticipating that I would tell others about the situation.

Now, too, thinking that I might have exploited loopholes in that condition, she's moving the base to a completely different location.

This way, even if Serif or Idelbert were to follow me, the scent would suddenly cut off, making tracking difficult.

I silently glared at Ignorion.

'Why is that peacock-head helping Lilith? Do they share common interests?'

But even under that gaze, Ignorion showed no particular emotion and just focused on completing the portal.

It was a complex magical flow that I couldn't possibly replicate with my skill or magical stats.

The portal, which had reached a higher level than the portal magic Ellie was researching, briefly showed the place beyond it.

A place where pink and purple mix...countless tentacles wriggle.

Although I'd never been there personally, I could roughly guess where it was from information I'd heard around.

"No need to worry so much. That place...the tentacle maze on the 25th floor, will be our new home."

Woong—

Lilith said that, licked her lower lip, and naturally interlaced her fingers with mine, pulling me into her embrace.

I couldn't push away her touch now.

Following Lilith, who grabbed and led me, I crossed the portal and fell into a new place with the floating sensation unique to portals.

A place that was like a straight cave, yet with soft moonlight shining.

A maze full of tentacles that stick to the ground and walls, wriggling incessantly.

The 25th floor, classified as the lower levels of the labyrinth.

Among them, the tentacle cave, famous for being difficult to escape and complex...

-Gulp.

Saliva was involuntarily swallowed from the tension.

I keenly felt how sincerely this lewd succubus in front of me wanted to take me.

"Well then, first, to celebrate becoming my sex slave..."

Lilith, looking at me and raising the corner of her mouth, sat on one of the surrounding tentacles and extended her instep to me.

A white instep wrapped in black stockings.

Somehow fragrant, her toes swayed seductively before my eyes, as if casting a hypnotic spell.

"Would you like to start with a kiss of submission?"