**Chapter 82**

The atmosphere has changed.

The air around us, the temperature, the humidity, even the expression on Diana's face across the table changed.

As if mesmerized by something, Diana stared at Balkan's face.

“Did I get something on my face?”

‘I washed it at the temple.’

I had a tedious bath in the temple with Serif.

Except for the head, torso, and groin, everything had been touched by Serif's hands, and since I had soaked my entire body in holy water, it could be said that my current body was in the cleanest condition since I arrived into this world.

“⋯⋯”

Diana didn't respond.

She just stared blankly at Balkan's face.

No ugly burns, no scars, just a face that was clean enough to put to rest any rumors that had been floating around.

There he was, a handsome young man with a face that made you think, 'He looks like he’s going to get fucked and gang-raped just walking down the street'.

Diana's breath caught in her throat as she realized how different he looked from what he had expected.

“It's a bit embarrassing to show my bare face after so long. I think you're the first person I show my face to.”

Diana watched Balkan scratch the back of his head with a smirk on his face and felt an overwhelming sense of happiness fill her heart.

And it wasn't just because of his face.

‘Me, for the first time?’

She immediately remembered Balkan's words.

-There's only one person in this world I trust completely, and that's you.

The sincerity that flowed from those words touched Diana's heart.

Immediately afterward, Balkan took off his helmet, saying that it was a sign of trust.

In other words, for Balkan, the act of removing his helmet is a sign of complete trust in another person.

Balkan tells me that he trusts me. He said he trusted her completely⋯!

As she realized this, Diana's heart melted into an overwhelming feeling of happiness.

Her pussy also began to secrete sincere juices, and it began to loosen up.

The happy feelings that flowed from her heart gradually spread to her entire body.

Diana desperately fought off the sudden surge of heat and the urge to reproduce.

‘Not now, not as much as now...’

Her eyes squeezed shut and she pressed her lips together.

Only ten seconds ago, he told her he trusted her.

-I trusted you! I trusted you! I trusted you!!! I trusted you!!!!!!!!

She could picture Balkan's face, tears streaming from his clear, black eyes as he lashed out at her.

'Not such a future, not such a future, not such a future, not such a future!'

Balkan showed Diana his trust and she wanted to repay him for his trust.

She braced herself against the chair as hard as she could, her legs ready to lunge at him at a moment's notice.

She bit her tongue slightly, trying to think of something as wholesome as she could⋯

She fought off the perverted urges that plagued her as best she could.

Hmph!♡

“Hoooooooowwww!”

However, Diana's efforts to suppress her libido were easily undone by the pounding of her womb, which contracted and relaxed violently.

Her childless, virgin pussy, which hadn't received a man, didn't miss the golden opportunity and began to damply secrete her heartfelt copulatory juices.

Ziying-!

As if in response, her uterus throbbed, and magick seeped in with a pink aura.

The pink aura of the Curse of Decadence from the Black Moon was stronger than before.

It wasn't just a 'premonition' that came once a week with a mild libido.

It was a literal “runaway,” where she'd lock herself in her room and masturbate so hard for days on end that she'd have to stroke her fingers to calm herself down.

‘What is this, what is this, what is this, what is this, what is this, what is this?’

Diana was embarrassed by the manifestation of the curse, and put her hand over the crude and erotic womb symbol on her lower belly.

It had been less than two months since Balkan's blessing had cured her of the rage.

She wondered why she had such an obscene symbol on her womb now, when she still had a long way to go before she would have a breakdown.

For a moment, she wondered, but in a way, it was natural.

Diana recalled all the lewd and perverted things she had done in Balkan's room while he was away on the Labyrinth.

‘Laying on the bed where Balkan slept, clit-masturbating with all my heart, spraying pussy juice, marking Balkan's room with my territory⋯’

The crazy things she'd done, momentarily blinded by jealousy and a perverted libido for the hot girls around Balkan.

She didn't open the inn, I didn't run the tavern, didn't eat, just jerked off for days and days like an animal bent on mating⋯It was even more unconscionable to hope that the curse wouldn't explode.

“Ms. Diana. Are you okay?!”

Balkan abruptly shut his mouth, swallowing the groan that was about to burst out, and jerked to his feet to see Diana doubled over.

He saw a pink glow emanating from under the table.

“That, a curse runaway?”

“Ba, Balkan⋯ look, don't look⋯ don't look⋯”

After witnessing the curse, Balkan continued to observe.

Unlike the last time, when she had been completely blinded by her drunkenness, Diana had some semblance of sanity left, and she pathetically covered the pink womb symbol with her hand.

Her face, already flushed with alcohol, was even redder.

It was as if she was genuinely ashamed of the crude womb symbol.

But Diana had a wide pelvis with a large, birthing hip, and the womb symbol was spread wide and obscene to match.

It was obviously impossible for Diana's small hands to cover it.

A lascivious pink color was clearly visible between her fingers.

As she desperately stretched her arms out to cover her embarrassing spot, her oversized udders pressed firmly against her forearms, accentuating them.

As if that wasn't enough of a shock to Diana's sensitive udders, the peaks of her breasts, encased in the form-fitting milky dress, began to swell slightly.

It was just the right length, not too long, not too short.

Slightly chunky for the size of her breasts.

-Gulp.

My mouth watered instinctively after seeing Diana's erect nipples.

I remembered squeezing Diana's udder before.

The ecstatic sensation was still fresh in my mind.

'Wait, wait, wait, one touch would be okay----Shut up. No. Stop. This is not the time.’

Balkan resisted the urge to grab Diana's udder with a grip that threatened to crush it.

Controlling his breathing as much as possible, he killed the erection that kept trying to grow together with Diana's nipples and approached her side.

Still helmetless, he approached.

He looked at her face, flushed to the point of bursting, and opened his mouth.

“Diana. You're still holding on to your sanity, aren't you?”

Diana replied, stifling the moans and ragged gasps that kept trying to escape.

Good, we still have a chance.

I scooped her up like a princess then I headed straight for Diana's room.

‘If Ellie wakes up sober, I'm fucked.’

She'll lose face as her mother.

I didn't have time to take a leisurely tour of her room; I had her in bed, and I knelt down next to her.

“I'm going to stifle your curse with a blessing, just like I did then. Can you hold it?”

“Whoa, whoa⋯ he, yes⋯ he, yes⋯ he, yes⋯ he, yes⋯ he.”

Her tongue was loose and her pronunciation was slurred and choppy, but she wasn't in a position to care.

Diana's determination and resolve were clear.

She, too, lived with the curse.

She must hate herself for being so unreasonable and uncontrollably erotic but I had the power to free her from that pain.

[Blessing of Radiance]

Kiiiiiiing-!

With a sharp startup sound, my hand was bathed in brilliant light.

The Blessing of Radiance had grown a bit this time.

I looked at the pink aura of Diana's womb symbol and the darkness beneath it, which was even more sinister.

It was slightly darker than the darkness I had erased the last time.

‘Is there a difference in the timing of the outburst?’

It seemed harder to suppress now than before but the Blessing of Radiance had also grown in this labyrinth run.

It was worth a try.

“I'll ⋯ then, Ms. Diana.”

“⋯Yes⋯⋯!”

Diana, who had long since given up trying to cover her womb symbol, clamped both hands over her mouth and nodded weakly.

Balkan gingerly placed his thick, glowing hand on Diana's lower belly.

-Kwuuk.

He pressed gently.

“⋯⋯!”

Immediately, Diana's waist bounced slightly.

Her thighs rose and fell shyly, and I could see that she was biting her lip desperately between her parted hands, startled by the stimulation.

‘I'm sorry, Diana.’

I focused my attention on the curse, hoping Diana would hold on just a little longer.

I had to educate this curse that lurked in her womb with light.

‘Get out! Get out! You stinky, gloomy magick!’

-Kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk!!!

Balkan squeezed Diana's lower abdomen, stimulating her.

As expected, the magick didn't withdraw as easily as before.

It clung to Diana's womb as if it wanted to corrupt her completely, enduring the Blessing of Radiance.

“⋯?! ⋯!! Hoooow⋯!!!”

Every time I pressed on her lower belly, she squirmed desperately.

She was reaching her limits. Now I had to be decisive.

‘One time with all the power I can muster.’

The dim lighting of the inn gradually began to be drowned out by the brilliant light that emanated from the room.

The magick, too, sensed the brightness and clung more desperately to Diana's womb.

-Kiiiiiiing-!

The brilliant light shone so dazzlingly that it tore through the darkness.

-Thrrrrrr-!

Diana's womb symbol, which was a mixture of pink energy and magick, was swept away by the brilliant light and torn apart without a trace.

“Whoa, now that's better-”

Balkan sighed and removed his hand from Diana's lower abdomen to wipe away the cold sweat that had formed from using the Blessing of Radiance at maximum power.

And at that moment.

“Hoooooooooooooo!”

An incredibly vulgar squeal echoed through the room.

Diana’s lower belly, which had been melted by the Balkan's sticky womb-cleansing massage, jerked and shuddered, and her waist bounced once loudly into the air.

-Puhhhhhhhhhh!

The erotic sound of water gurgling out of her heart was followed by the sound of her own juices.

The clear, crystal-clear liquid soaked the sheets and even the floor outside the bed.

I glanced down at Diana, and saw that the high hem of her gray milky dress was soaking wet.

Diana’s normally closed eyes widened in unimaginable pleasure.

Diana lay on the bed, her back floating in the air, until her legs gave out and she collapsed back onto the bed.

-Thrrrr.

Her long legs pushed the covers away, soaking them in the liquid that had pooled on the floor.

I could see the color of her gray milky dress and bed sheets darkening with the lustful sound of water.

“⋯Uh, uh, uh⋯”

Balkan was mesmerized for a moment by the absurdity of the scene.

He felt like he had lost the ability to speak.

His brain couldn't process what was happening.

His head went white.

“Dee, Diana?”

“Huh, huh, huh, I'm done, I'm done, I'm done.”

I just stared at her, calling her name, and I could hear her mumbling in a sobbing tone.

“What? It's over? What does that mean?”

Before Balkan had a chance to comprehend the situation, something even more incomprehensible happened.

One moment he was sitting next to Diana, the next he was lying on the bed.

“Balkan⋯”

He looked up to see Diana staring down at him, arms at her sides, poised to strike at any moment.

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.”

Tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk.

“I can't stop having sex.”

A single tear fell from the corner of Diana’s eye.

“So... please, please... resist...”

A tear rolled down Diana's cheek and landed in the corner of Balkan's eye.

“Or else, I⋯”

Diana's lips pressed together as she struggled to speak.

Even though the words didn't come out, the look on her face as she looked down at him made it clear what she was trying to say.

-I might start fucking you now.