**Chapter 83**

TLN: This chapter is rated R18.

“I'm sorry⋯ I'm sorry⋯ I'm sorry⋯?”

I questioned as I looked at Diana, who had begun to let a single tear slip from the corner of her eye.

‘Surely I suppressed the curse?’

Even if it wasn't enough to make it to the sunset, the curse was suppressed.

As proof, the womb symbol on Diana's lower belly had disappeared.

There was no reason for Diana to attack me anymore.

“I⋯ I⋯ I⋯ I⋯ have a lust that won't stop⋯”

Drop after drop of Diana's true climactic juices dripped from her soaked milk dress onto my shaft, where I was desperately trying to suppress my erection.

-Thud.

Diana gingerly placed her hand on my shaft.

The difference in power was overwhelming.

With the mere touch of her hand on my chest, I was rendered helpless to resist.

On the flip side, it meant that Diana could forcibly fuck me at any time.

“Balkan, resist me, please.”

Diana asked me an impossible favor.

“If you don't, I will.”

Her lips pressed together as she struggled to speak.

Her amber eyes fluttered open, anxiety and fear in them.

Fear of being driven by desire, and the catastrophe that would ensue.

Certainly, if I were a normal male of this world, my trust with Diana would be shattered at this moment.

'But I am not a denizen of this world.’

I cautiously reached out my hand towards her face.

Her eyes followed my hand.

Then her eyes squeezed shut. It was as if she was expecting a slap.

Maybe that's why.

Thrrrr-

Diana's eyes widened in surprise at what happened next.

“⋯Okay.”

I brought my hand up to her eyes and wiped away the tears that were trickling down.

Then, with a gentle smile, I said.

“It's okay, Diana.”

Once upon a time, there was a situation similar to this one.

Diana's rationality had been clouded by the curse, and she had lost control of her urges and nearly attempted rape.

In a way, it's a similar situation now.

‘Only now, the curse hasn't worked.’

It wasn't an impulsive act because of the curse.

The Diana I see now, she came upon me of her own free will.

Which means she wants me, too.

If she didn't act impulsively because of the curse⋯ there's no reason to avoid her anymore.

I gently rubbed the area around Diana's eye sockets, wiping away the tears that were falling.

“You can do whatever you want, Diana.”

-Gulp.

A swallowing sound that came immediately.

I couldn't tell if it was me or Diana.

My eyes were locked on hers the whole time.

Amber eyes, trembling with excitement, filled with black pupils.

“Want to feel better together?”

\*\*\*

Balkan's words made Diana lose her cool, and she immediately hugged him.

-Mmm.

Her generous, large udders gently pressed against Balkan's chest.

She could feel the slightest hint of hardness.

Diana's back twitched and shivered as her hard erect nipples rubbed against Balkan's hard pectoralis major muscle.

Diana buried her nose in the nape of Balkan's neck and inhaled the scent.

Even though she wasn't as sensitive to smells as beast girls, his body scent was so addictive even to Diana, who was human.

Balkan buried his nose in the nape of her neck and inhaled.

BANG!

“Ughhhhh!”

“Huh⋯!”

She felt a heavy, soft touch on her hipbone.

His cock twitched as it was pressed against something soft and then released.

“Paang!”

Diana, aroused by the scent of Balkan's body, rocked her hips more and more, slapping his shaft with her own ass.

‘Crazy.’

Losing her cool, Diana spread her legs a little further apart, rubbing the mound of her pussy against his pants in a maddening, lewd backward tease.

Balkan's efforts to kill his erection were for naught, and within three swats of Diana's ass, his cock was achingly hard.

Trapped in the double bonds of his pants and boxers, his cock was squirming, begging to be released.

“Me, man first⋯ erection⋯”

Gasping for breath, Diana blushed bright red and whispered in a very low voice, sounding surprised.

Balkan was just dumbfounded.

“You provoke me like that, how can I stand it?”

Even as she spoke, she pressed her big, curvy ass against the bulging front of his pants.

“⋯⋯”

As if a switch had been flipped, Diana's eyes turned even more erotic than before, and she gradually moved down to Balkan's calves.

Her large udders skimmed over Balkan's pecs, abdomen, and cock before settling on his thighs.

Diana's eyes locked on the zippered pants.

-Gulp.

The sound of swallowing rang out, and Diana asked in a shaky voice.

“I'll ⋯. Balkan.”

Balkan nodded, and Diana unzipped his pants.

Her hands twitched nervously, as if she were unwrapping the finest dessert.

“Hoo, hooa⋯”

Diana was breathing heavily even though she had only just taken off his pants.

 The front of his boxers was damp.

The juices from Diana's cunt rubbing against his high mound had soaked through his pants and boxers.

Diana couldn't take her eyes off the bulging tent lines on his drawer-like boxers.

Balkan watched Diana's reaction with a strange sense of pleasure.

It was a reaction more innocent and cute than that of a virgin facing her first experience.

Come to think of it, that was the right reaction. She was a virgin.

He gently took Diana's stiffened hand and placed it at the top of his boxers.

“Hey, Diana. I have a big cock.”

“Uh, huh?”

Diana blushed bright red and stared at Balkan.

She tilts her head to the side as if questioning her ears, but she heard him correctly.

‘I've already come this far, there's no point in going any further.’

“That's why you shouldn't try to take it off, or you'll get hit in the jaw or cheek with a protruding cock.”

-Nod.

By now, Diana was listening intently, like a student in sex ed.

“Grab the top of my boxers, Diana, and pull them up and down, slightly avoiding my erect cock, okay? Try it.”

With that brief instruction, it was time for practice.

With a nervous look on her face, Diana carefully removed his boxers the way Balkan had told her to.

“Ahhhh.”

With a slight sense of liberation, she heard a murmur of admiration from below.

Diana stared up at Balkan's cock in wonder.

She couldn't immediately accept it as a cock.

The only people around Diana who could have sexual conversations with her were ‘the woman who was Curse of Rejecting Lousy Dicks’ and 'the machine geek suspiciously in love with iron.'

 Which meant that any sexual talk was pointless.

-Dick? It's usually about six centimeters long. It feels so fucking good.

-I'm jealous, my boyfriend's 3 centimeters.

Because of this, Diana used to work at an inn and often overheard dirty conversations.

That made it even more unbelievable.

“Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!”

There it was, a giant object that defied everything Diana knew and had heard about sex.

‘Almost as big as my forearm⋯’

Just looking at the overwhelming masculinity made her pussy clench and then relax, climaxing lightly once.

An overwhelming womb-destroying weapon, as if to remind her that she were just another female.

The Balkan Cannon.

The mere sight of it makes her heart race, and her uterus sinks down to prepare for ovulation.

Diana pressed her face to his cock, mesmerized.

“You.”

She almost kissed his big, thick glans in submission, but suddenly jerked her head back.

“What's wrong?”

Diana said in a small voice, incredibly embarrassed by Balkan's question.

“⋯For my first kiss, I want to do it with my mouth⋯”

 “⋯First kiss?”

It took a lot of effort to admit that I hadn't been kissed at this age.

Diana nodded, feeling very embarrassed by Balkan's disbelieving words.

This time, Balkan lost his cool.

“It's my first kiss, too.”

“⋯!”

Balkan scrambled up from the bed and stalked over to Diana, who was on her knees on the bed.

“Kiss me, Diana.”

Diana obediently complied, confused by Balkan's suddenly very aggressive tone.

‘Kiss.’

'I heard it's only for lovers⋯'

Huh?

Diana's face turned bright red.

She opened her eyes to greet the approaching Balkan, hoping to cherish the moment of their first kiss as a memory.

-Peck.

Balkan's firm lips met Diana's red, soft lips.

-Tsk. Chup. Chup-chup.

Balkan's lips smacked together in a territorial manner, as if he owned these soft lips.

“Open your mouth.”

Diana cautiously opened her mouth, and their tongues immediately mingled.

Awkward tongue play, a ragged exhale of excitement and then a quick brush against her lips.

It was so different from the slow kisses Diana had imagined between lovers.

 -Choooop⋯!”

It was a forceful kiss, like being eaten by a predator, with every inch of her mouth being ravaged.

Diana tried to pull her head away, out of breath, but Balkan only smirked at the sight.

‘If you really want to fall, you can fall whenever you want.’

 The sadism inside him boiled over at the sight of her vulnerability.

He pressed their lips together again and squeezed her udder.

“⋯! Whoosh⋯!!”

The soft udder that slips between his fingers has a satisfying texture that's part raw mozzarella cheese, part sticky dough.

He licked Diana's red tongue with his lips, surprised, and roughly rubbed the breast he was holding in his right hand.

Diana leaned back, hoping that was enough to loosen her back.

Feeling Diana's hand naturally wrapping around his waist, he lightly scratched the thick erect nipples sticking out from above her dress with his fingernails.

 “⋯⋯!!!”

Diana's body shook violently, along with her udders.

Balkan continued to stroke her udder with both hands, scratching and teasing her nipples.

The response was immediate.

There was a gurgling sound, and the high collar of her gray milky dress was once again soaked through.

The sheets couldn't soak up all the tears and began to puddle.

'Diana, too much water.’

Her body is too erotic even for eroticism.

It was as if she had been cursed with a sensitized body.

It's like a perverted body that truly climaxes with a few nipple scratches.

It's so good.

The sticky lips fell off and saliva mixed with drool stretched out like a bridge.

At one point, a thread of saliva broke off and landed on Diana's chest.

Diana looked up at Balkan, her mouth covered in drool, her eyes dazed, as if she were dreaming.

Balkan realized that from the moment she'd come face to face with his raw cock, the initiative had shifted to him.

‘Now. We need to make this work.’

He could be a slutty whore who could be fucked at any time, or a master who could control his female.

Balkan stood up on the bed, thrusting his throbbing cock into Diana's face.

“Suck it, Diana.”

The first kiss was on the lips.

The second kiss⋯on the cock.

Diana giggled softly, feeling the thick cock on her face.