**Chapter 85: I decided to steal my mom's dildo today. No, maybe yesterday.**

“Churp... Behe... Chup, chuuup...”

The sound of tongues sucking together and mixing with each other's saliva.

The sound of exhaling like an animal with a ruined face.

Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch!

The sound of flesh hitting flesh.

It's not just flesh slapping flesh, it's a ⋯ obscene ⋯ sound that can only be heard if there's some kind of sticky mucus like saliva.

“Ugh⋯♡”

The moaning of a perverted female who is truly climaxing after a lascivious outpouring of cum.

Ellie's sensitive elven ears took in every sound as arousing.

‘⋯Is this a dream?’

Ellie thought as she watched the 'real adults' through the crack in the door.

Though she hadn't said it directly since their relationship had gotten a little complicated⋯

Ellie was jealous of her adoptive mother, but also secretly admired her.

‘If I didn't admire her in the first place, I wouldn't be jealous.’

It wasn't for nothing that people at the academy who knew her last name, Ordia, called her 'Ordia's daughter' or 'her daughter' and gave her comparative glances.

More than a decade after her retirement, and with the influx of new people into the academy, it's a fact that's increasingly forgotten.

Diana was one of those explorers whose accomplishments are hard to fathom.

Someone like that.

“Heeeet, heeeet!”

She was in the doggy position, face buried in the pillow, suppressing her beastly moans and raising her buttocks, pouring out her orgasm juice.

The thick pink flesh of her belly was bumpy, and her inner thigh just below it was covered in red marks the size of her forearms, as if she'd been cut by something.

Her thighs and buttocks were drenched in a milky, sticky liquid that Ellie had never seen before.

Ellie felt her uterus instinctively clench at the smell of the liquid.

Ellie is a full-grown woman.

They didn't teach sex education at the Academy, but she knew enough to know that that was what men spewed when they were in the mood.

-Gulp. Gulp.

‘Ah, I can’t see it⋯’

He seemed to be sitting at the edge of the bed trying to rest, but the angle of the slightly open door was exquisite, so the man's figure was not visible.

But there was no doubt who the man was.

'Uncle⋯'

Mr. Balkan, the man who always wears a helmet.

The only man who saw Eli, not Ordia, and recognized her as a wizard.

⋯And, the man who keeps catching my eye and bothering me.

I once saw a scene similar to this one.

A dramatic reconciliation in the Labyrinth, with Balkan's explanation that it was a misunderstanding during the curse suppression, but⋯

“Ms. Diana. Get a grip.”

-Squeak!

Diana's ass, stretched out like a frog on the bed, was gripped tightly by his thick hand.

“Hic⋯♡”

The foster mother shuddered, her back arching slightly from the mere stimulation.

The sticky cum pooled beneath her pussy, dripping onto the bed, drenched and soaked.

The sight of it convinced Ellie.

'⋯Misunderstanding, it wasn't...'

After all, she hadn't been wrong that day.

Her foster mother and her uncle.

They'd been so close that, when she'd been stretched out drunk, they'd had a steamy, pregnancy-confirming, child-making copulation.

‘I⋯ I liked you first⋯!’

At that time, I was so shocked and felt so wronged and sad that I ran away without looking back but now it was different.

When I saw the thick and dense semen at first glance, and my foster mother's vulgar sobbing, my lower stomach fluttered and my legs relaxed.

The need to pee grew stronger and stronger, and her ripe half-elf pussy throbbed and grew hotter and hotter.

'Foster mother bad⋯ you're worse⋯ you liar⋯!'

Sticky bad feelings rose up inside me, and I couldn't bring myself to get between them right now.

“⋯?”

Balkan's eyes darted around, as if he sensed something.

Ellie held her breath, sensing the urgency of the situation, then turned back to the table and dropped her head.

-Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

Ellie slipped her hand under her skirt as she listened to the animalistic mating sounds that had begun to emanate from her foster mother's room again.

“Hmph.”

Her unripe, unripe, cunt began to throb and spill her copulatory juices.Tsk.

-Tsk, tsk. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

“False, hmph⋯ ugh⋯ heh⋯ heh⋯ plow⋯! Hmph⋯!”

Eli, whose beloved's cock had been taken from her by her adoptive mother before her eyes, continued to play the loser all night long, listening to the beastly sounds of copulation.

“Bad, bad, bad, treacherous cocksucker, lying cocksucker!”

In one inn down, a mother and daughter moaned lustfully in separate rooms and coincidentally they thought of the same person.

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I awoke to the blinding light of the sun.

It was not the kind of light you see in the morning as the sun was high in the sky.

My body and mind were refreshed.

They say that after sex you feel sore because you use muscles you don't normally use, but I didn't feel any soreness because I rolled around so much.

'I haven't had such a satisfying, cozy night's sleep in a while. ‘

I was awake and groggy.

'Did the holy water bath help?'

If it didn't⋯

I felt a nice, soft touch on my abdomen.

A breast with an ecstatic sensation that I won't get used to no matter how many times I touch it.

Tilting my head slightly, I saw Diana lying on her stomach with her cheek pressed against my pectoralis major.

I remembered our last climax together last night, clutching each other tightly, until we collapsed in exhaustion.

A slight tickle in my high liver told me that Diana's thigh cunt was filled with five months' worth of cum, and my cock was lodged in it, its erection waning.

Other parts of her body, such as her ass and her thigh cunt, were filled with hardened cum.

As I gently pulled my cock out of her thigh cunt, Diana opened her eyes, smearing her lips with a strand of hair.

“⋯uu⋯”

“Are you awake? Diana.”

I said good morning, and our eyes met.

Diana's bleary eyes gradually regained focus.

“⋯? Ba, Balkan⋯?”

She looked at me with wide eyes, and it seemed to dawn on her that we were lying naked together.

“Hmph!”

Blushing shyly, Diana covered my body with the futon and rolled away from me, wrapping her arms around her chest and hips.

‘Does that mean something.’

Her breasts were not the kind that could be covered with just one arm.

I pressed my right arm firmly against her chest, but my fingertips couldn't reach her left nipple, which was slowly beginning to erect.

Feeling the weight of the quilt dampened by Diana's gesture, I asked.

“Why are you so shy? You showed a lot more of yourself last night.”

“⋯That's⋯ Ugh⋯”

Diana blushed bright red as she remembered the perverted beast copulation she'd performed last night, completely disconnected from reason.

Her embarrassment had reached its limit and she was on the verge of tears.

I finished teasing Diana, smiled to myself, and patted the side of the bed.

“You must be tired, why don't you get some rest with me and then get up.”

“Uhhhh...”

Diana nodded hesitantly, then cautiously crept over to my side.

She blushed again as she felt the mattress and comforter damp with her own juices.

“⋯Next time, we should get a waterproof mattress⋯”

She casually muttered 'next time'.

I glare at her, and she blushes as she realizes her mistake.

“Well, that⋯I don't necessarily mean to do the same thing ⋯ you know what I mean?”

I laughed wordlessly and immediately grabbed Diana's udder.

“⋯Haaah!”

Not her right breast, which she covered with her arm in shame under the futon, but her left breast, which showed off her erect nipple.

I pinched Deana's thick erect nipple between my index and middle finger and gently tugged on it, and immediately Deana's mouth opened and she made a female expression of climax.

“Oh, this. You want to do it again?”

Diana threw her head back and swayed horizontally.

“Ah, no, I don't, heh, I don't have to, but if you don't like Balkan, I can stand it.”

“Can you endure it? Are you Miss Diana, who, because of the curse, becomes horny once a week and once every quarter, and because she couldn’t bear the sexual desire of the curse, she assaulted me twice?”

 “That, that's-”

Koooooook!

“Hiiiit⋯!”

I pressed down hard on her sinful nipples with my thumb, and Diana immediately had a reflex climax.

Chiiiit!

I rubbed my hand over the mound of Diana's pussy.

I rubbed my hand over her pussy lips and held my finger up to the lewd, naughty liquid that soaked it.

“Look, I didn't touch much, just a little nipple, and you're squirming like this, and you can take it?”

“That's because of the curse.”

“The curse?”

“The curse of a sensitive constitution⋯ Mo, the curse that increases the sensitivity of my body fivefold⋯”

Diana's eyes rolled back in her head as she listened to the cause of her sincere climax from the nipple scratching and pussy rubbing.

A curse that increased the sensitivity of her entire body by a whopping five times at all times.

“⋯Why are those the only curses you have?”

Diana shut her mouth as if that was all she could say.

Koooooow!

I tugged at her erect nipples, squeezing them.

“⋯⋯!”

But Diana swallowed desperately, her whole body trembling.

Apparently, there was quite a secret interwoven with the curse and the blessing.

I released her nipple again, realizing she wouldn't tell me if I continued.

‘I've got a secret or two I can't tell just anyone.’

Still, finding out one more of Diana's curses was quite a harvest.

‘So far, the curses I've discovered are the curse of decadence, the curse of rejecting lousy dicks, and the curse of sensitive constitution.’

Each of these curses causes her to go into estrus as her level drops.

The curse of not being able to insert a cock weaker than yours.

The curse of five times the sensitivity.

‘What a fucking lineup.’

How did a level 60 powerhouse, who was level 70 before she was leveled down with the curse of Decadence from the Black Moon, end up with only these curses?

[Current Blessings and Curses held by Diana: 6]

I wondered what the three remaining blessings and curses were, but there was no way to find out right away.

“Hmph, hmph⋯”

Diana, a woman with 5x sensitivity, was breathing deeply as the climax of her confession.

I hugged Diana tightly.

I patted Diana's back as she trembled at the suddenness of the situation.

“I didn't mean for you to hold back your libido or curse, I meant for you to tell me if you're having trouble, and we'll work it out together.”

“Ugh.”

“It's better to find a way to work through it together, because holding it in won't get you anywhere⋯I'm glad I can do that with you, Diana.”

“⋯⋯!”

Diana's body twitched at that.

She pulled away and stared at me for a moment, then opened her mouth with an embarrassed but determined expression.

“⋯Thank you, Balkan.”

She was no longer the female who swooned at the sight of a cock, but a former top explorer and mature adult.

“I'll take care of you.”

Her eyes were wide with responsibility for the one in her arms.

Eyes that held a determination I hadn't seen since I'd fallen to this world, or even in my entire life.

Suddenly, I thought to myself.

I wondered if people who have really good relationships or mothers always have this kind of infinite trust in their eyes.

“Diana Mamang⋯”

An indescribable feeling of warmth rose from the depths of my heart.

“Ma, Mamang?! What do you mean by that⋯! Hmm, there⋯!”

I approached the bewildered Diana's chest as if I was possessed and buried my head in it.

Like an infantile child, I rubbed my cheek against her chest to relieve the fatigue of the labyrinth.

‘It would be nice to rest like this for a day.’

After rubbing my face against the voluptuous, lustrous breast, I looked up at Diana.

“⋯Release the curse. Do you want to do it again?”

 “Uh, but⋯ Ellie should be waking up any minute now⋯”

“Don't you think Diana can just hold back her moaning?”

“Such⋯!”

Diana looked at me with frustrated eyes, but she didn't utter a word of rejection.

Instead, the corners of her mouth turned up slightly, as if she was expecting me to do so, even though I had done so yesterday.

I immediately responded to that expectation.

We focused on each other once more, lusting after each other's bodies.

“Heh, heh, heh.”

In the distance, I didn't notice the groans coming from the tavern.

Cluck-cluck-cluck.

Ellie's eyes glazed over as she stared blankly into the kitchen, her hands gesturing, as if she were preparing herself for something.