**Chapter 95: A man in a suit and a woman in a mini dress (2)**

TLN: This chapter is rated R19.

A woman's breasts are a symbol of maternal love.

And it's not just because they make us laugh hysterically and make our dicks ache.

We all had a time when we were breastfed in our mother's arms.

From the earliest days of our lives, when we didn't even have a sense of self, when all we could do was eat, clothe, and sleep, we instinctively sucked on our mother's breast, where the nourishment came from.

But I don't remember that.

As an orphan, I didn't experience this behavior when everyone else was growing up sucking.

Therefore, I always felt a strong desire for motherhood.

She has a mature appearance, a gentle demeanor, a generous and affectionate personality, and an easygoing manner.

Not to mention, a beautiful appearance.

This is what I think an ideal mother should look like.

“Mama⋯”

Diana was an ideal Mama in her own right.

Even today, I commit the inhuman act of lusting after her.

But it wasn't really my fault.

It was only natural for a man to be attracted to a beautiful woman.

“Huh.”

I gently stroked her side breast, and she immediately sucked in a breath.

“If I had to choose a sin, it would be the sin of these breasts seducing men.”

“Uh, seducing? What's that?”

She asked.

“Ooh, ooh.”

I lifted her breasts from the bottom with my palms as if weighing them.

“Awww!”

Diana's gray milky dress slithered up.

Diana quickly grabbed the rising dress with both arms. Her arms were tucked under her armpits, emphasizing her breasts.

“⋯”

Hesitantly, Diana carefully slipped the left shoulder strap of the milky dress over her arm.

Instead of covering her bottom, it revealed her top. The dress, which had been covering her breasts, slid down.

Her left breast was finally freed from the dress.

She had milk-colored, flawless flesh while the areola and nipple were pale pink.

Her right breast was still wrapped in the dress, but it was like having two flavors, so it wasn't so bad.

“You, it's embarrassing to look too closely⋯”

I couldn't look away from Diana's embarrassed voice.

I can't stand it.

I have to control my lust.

I know I can't focus on my growth if I turn my eyes to women and entertainment and pleasure!

I can't stop myself.

After a few more moments of watching Diana blush shyly, I return my attention to the sensations at my fingertips.

The feel of her left breast, bare, and the right, covered by her thin dress, was different. And most of all.

'Heavy.’

It was so ridiculous that I laughed. I never thought I would feel the heaviness of when I touched her breasts.

My palms quickly became clammy as I admired the fullness of her breasts, which were barely able to fit in my palms.

Her lower breasts, which were close to my body, were moister than I thought.

I had been standing in front of the hot fire for a long time, so it was inevitable that my underarms would be drenched in sweat.

I couldn't believe the word “underarm sweat” existed.

‘I wonder if there's a drop of breast milk in those big tits?’

I believed in Diana's curses.

Could there really be a drop of breast milk in this obscene body with all the perverted curses?

I don't think so.

I will find it. I will find an oasis of milk in these breasts.

Grrrr. Tsk-tsk.

“Hmph, go, tickle⋯”

Diana giggled softly as my middle and ring fingers gently traced from under her armpits to under her breasts.

Her hand came up to the back of my head and stroked it.

“You can take it slow.”

Her laid-back demeanor, like soothing an over-excited child.

On the surface, she looks like an experienced and skillful older woman, but I know very well that she's actually a ridiculous virgin with a foster daughter and no sexual experience.

“Hmph.”

As I kneaded Diana's breasts in various ways, I could hear her holding her breath.

She groaned, as if trying to suppress the rising excitement.

Contrary to Diana's mindset of not showing any signs of weakness, her nipples were slowly lifting up and becoming hard and erect.

The climax switch was tempting me, saying, 'If you press down hard here, I'm going to climax with all my juices right now, please press down,' but I desperately ignored it.

My target was the areola, not the nipple.

“Do you mind if I change my position?”

“Uh, sure.”

Diana stood up from her chair at the inn table.

I sat back down in the chair she had been sitting in.

The temperature of the chair, warmed by Diana's buttocks, was transferred to me.

“Sit here.”

-Tsk, tsk.

I tapped my thigh and spoke in a slightly commanding tone, and she shivered.

“Uh-huh.”

Diana shyly sat down on my thighs.

Her warm, large ass splayed out on top of me.

‘⋯Surprisingly, she’s heavy.’

It's nice to feel the right amount of weight.

The heat and weight of her body against mine jolted me back to reality.

I hugged Diana from behind and grabbed her breasts.

“Wheww⋯”

The stifled moan lengthened as I descended with a single, full-breasted thrust, like milking.

I stroked her pink areolas with my index and middle fingers, stimulating them.

In a circular motion, very gently, I gathered the sensations of her breasts with a careful touch, as if I were handling a treasure of rare value.

There's no need for force. I simply press my fingers against her areola, lazily teasing her breasts to arousal.

“Ba, Balkan⋯ now⋯”

I didn't need to hear the afterword. She asks me if I'd like to fuck her thighs instead of this stimulation.

I'm sorry, but I'm not in the mood for that right now. I'm completely impaled on these breasts.

Diana's waist twitches a little, her purring ass pressing hard against my already erect cock.

I ignored her behavior and focused on stimulating her areolas again.

“Mmmmmm, mmmmmm.”

Diana's breathing became hotter and hotter. Her moans were suppressed and wet.

Her body, five times more sensitive because of the curse, aroused by the slightest stimulation, melted into a mush under the loving, breast-fed caress.

-Mmmm!

“Hiiiit!”

When I pressed my index finger, which was stimulating the areola and mammary gland, with a little force, the fluffy breasts sank in and responded even more intensely.

At the same time, Diana's entire chest began to heat up.

She had already caressed them enough. Something was beginning to happen to her increasingly sensitive breasts.

-Mmmm.

A wet, erotic sound.

My index finger, circling the thick areola, became wet and erotic.

It was proof that the sticky, slow breast milk tonic caress had taken effect.

“Now, wait, wait, wait, stop, Balkan, something's wrong-”

Diana, with a look of realization on her face that something was wrong, wanted to stop me but it was too late.

-Koooooowwww!

Her nipples, already stiffened by the vicious areola caresses, are pressed firmly between my thumb and index finger and pulled.

“Hhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Diana threw her head up in the air, her hips bouncing.

-Tsk-! Tsk-!

At the same time, white milk gushed out of her nipples and areolas with tremendous momentum.

Diana's thick milk dripped down from her cute belly that was rapidly going in and out to the peak of milking and her legs that were stretched out to the limit.

After a few moments of writhing and squirming, Diana slumped back against my thighs, her body twitching with exhaustion.

My cock rubbed between her soft hip bones.

I squeezed her breasts for a moment, pulling her into me from behind.

“Huh♡ That, that’s enough⋯♡ Stop stimulating my nipples⋯♡”

Another gush of breast milk drenched my palm.

Naturally, my hand went to my mouth. My tongue licked the white liquid that dampened my palm.

It tasted like milk, smooth and savory, without a hint of bitterness.

Is this what breast milk is supposed to taste like? I don't know. Maybe it was just something special to her.

I turned Diana's body and her hazy eyes stared at me for a moment.

-Sigh.

Deana's eyes traveled to her breasts.

She wasn't even pregnant, but her breasts were pumping out milk.

It couldn't be breast milk, so it must have been a reaction to some sort of curse on her.

‘The curse must be cured with holy spit.’

“Hiiii♡”

“Hmph!”

I pressed my lips to Diana's left breast and applied pressure.

'Choooop, choooop- choooop- choooop-'

I nibbled on the thick areola with my lips and flicked the hardened nipple with the tip of my tongue, the milk gushing out violently hit my throat.

“⋯?! ⋯!!! ⋯♡”

I gulped down her milk, listening to the voice that was neither a scream nor a moan as a lullaby.

“Ngae⋯”

I felt like I was in my mother's arms.

As I was not able to drink my mother's breast milk as a child, I was able to drink Diana's breast milk as I grew up.

‘I rather like it.’

When I thought about it, being an orphan wasn't so bad after all.

Choo-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh

“⋯My heart is pounding⋯ But, I won’t run away⋯ Slowly⋯♡”

Perhaps it was an instinctive female behavior, Diana lifted her lower chest and offered her breasts for me to drink.

Diana's breast milk, which even Ellie, who has a mother-daughter relationship with her, would not have been able to drink.

I'll have to empty this breast for Ellie, who has grown up and is past the age of breastfeeding.

-Mmm.

I buried my nose in Diana's breast, sucking on the nipple.

Warm. Soft. Cozy, reassuring.

Every happy, comforting feeling in the world washed over me as I snuggled against Diana's chest and suckled.

And then, for some reason, an overwhelming feeling of exhaustion came over me.

It was as if my body was being forced to fall asleep.

Through my blurry vision, I could see Diana, looking melted, gently stroking my hair.

I fell asleep in her arms.

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“Heh.”

When I opened my eyes to the sunlight, I opened my mouth in a daze.

[You have consumed Diana Ordia's breast milk.]

[Random stats increase by 1 due to Diana Ordia's 'Curse of the ■Milk Climax ■Tat de■■'].

[Wisdom:(1+3) → (1+4)]

[Nam Soo-Jin LV.23]

[Stamina:(8+10) Strength:(8+10) Agility:(7+10) Wisdom:(1+4) Finesse:(2)]

[Stat Bonus from Stat Drain: +1 Wisdom]

[Free Points: 6]

“⋯Crazy.”

I drank breast milk and my stats went up.