**Chapter 98: A man in a suit and a woman in a mini dress (5)**

Silanes guided me through the store and I found a suit I liked.

The neat, simple black suit was a good choice.

The quality of Arachne's silk meant that whatever I chose would be above average.

“Let's take your measurements, then.”

Diana interrupted Silanes as she held the tape measure out to Balkan.

“Do you have to do that⋯?”

“Yes. As you know, your body type is quite different from that of most men, so custom-made work is essential.”

“⋯I see.”

Diana nodded, trying to keep a smile on her face.

Balkan followed Silanes into the fitting room to have her measurements taken.

“Uh, you shouldn't follow him in.”

“⋯⋯”

Diana shuddered as Silanes stopped her, forcing her way into the men's fitting room.

She took a step back, trying not to look impatient and Balkan smirked inwardly at her behavior.

‘It's not bad to be protected.’

I’m blessed to have someone in the world who thinks so much of me.

The curtain closed, and Silanes looked at Balkan.

“All right, then. Let's begin the measurements.”

Silanes took the tape measure and measured every inch of Balkan's body.

Height, shoulder to wrist, torso length and girth, thigh thickness, and so on.

From the moment I entered the fancy building, I could tell that it had a very professional look.

‘Hmm.’

Silanes exclaimed in pure admiration as she looked at every inch of the Balkan's body.

A very well trained body.

Based on the simple physical specs alone, he could easily pass for a mid-level explorer.

Not just aesthetically pleasing, but with the right muscles where they needed to be.

“You must be an explorer. You look quite fit.”

“Yes. I'm a junior explorer now.”

“Hmmm. 'For now'.”

It was a confident statement.

The tone was full of determination and conviction that he would one day reach a higher level.

How many people wouldn't look up to someone with this kind of spirit of improvement?

The short conversation ended there as the measurements were taken.

‘Neat work.’

Balkan breathed a sigh of relief.

Contrary to Diana's fears, there was no weird behavior like measuring the length of his penis.

They finished measuring and left the fitting room.

“Diana, don’t you have tailored clothes?”

Diana shuddered at the light-hearted question.

She glanced at her forearms, stomach, and chest.

“⋯Your old clothes won't fit, will they⋯?”

Diana muttered in a small voice and let out a deep sigh.

“I guess I'll have to get mine altered when I get Ellie's dress altered.”

Apparently, just like this outing, Ellie and her were going to have some mother-daughter time together.

I nodded, though it was a shame I couldn't watch Diana's dress fitting now.

“Give me half an hour and I'll have a freshly tailored suit for you.”

“You can make a suit in half an hour?”

“That's the mystery of Arachne silk, and of course my skills are exceptional.”

Indeed, the byproduct of the mid-tier beast was something different.

Since fine suits made of Arachne silk don't come cheap, I thought it would be a good idea to try them on for myself.

After a short wait, Silanes returned with a set of fine suits laid out on the table.

A white shirt, suit pants, jacket, and tie.

The stiff yet soft feel of the fabric made him smile with satisfaction.

Balkan took the plate without a second thought and went into the fitting room to change.

Tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk

“Ugh.”

Diana flinched at the sound coming from the fitting room.

For a moment, she worried about Balkan's sense of propriety as he changed clothes with barely a curtain between them, but then Balkan emerged from the fitting room in a neat suit.

“Wow, I never thought it would be like this.”

Silanes, who had made the suit by hand, was also dumbfounded.

Even with the helmet covering his face, it was a masterpiece.

The suit fit neatly, complementing his muscular body.

Balkan, a large man with an imposing stature, rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt and peered down at Diana over the helm.

“Ms. Diana.”

Diana's womb clenched and then melted at the sound of his low, heavy voice.

The sight of his helmeted face overlapping with his suit made her womb flutter and the peak of her chest rise in anticipation.

“I've never done anything like this before, so it shouldn't be too awkward, right? By the way, I like the ⋯ material, it's quite comfortable.”

“Mmm, yeah⋯that's nice⋯”

Diana carefully covered her nose, unable to make eye contact with Balkan.

She felt like her nose was going to bleed at any moment.

‘Balkan in a suit⋯ dangerous⋯’

“Ugh!”

The area around her painfully erect nipples began to soak up moisture.

'I must have emptied them overnight⋯!’

There was still some breast milk left.

Diana panicked at the unfamiliar change in her body and pressed her arms to the peaks of her breasts to cover them.

“⋯Wait a minute, please bring me a water bottle.”

“Oh, yeah!”

Balkan said to Silanes, realizing the situation.

Silanes also realized the situation and hastily retrieved a water bottle.

“Ms. Diana. This way, please.”

“Uhhhh...”

After taking the bottle, Balkan grabbed Diana's arm and carefully led her to the fitting room. They needed somewhere to cover up.

-Boom!

The curtains were drawn and he carefully examined Deana.

The peak of the missy dress was already soaking wet and turning black.

“I did get a water bottle, but will this do?”

“Uh, yes, thank you, Balkan.”

“Then I'm going to⋯”

Just as Balkan was about to leave with only a bottle of water to dispose of the breast milk, Diana, her head down, grabbed Balkan's arm.

“⋯Maybe. Can you help me a little?”

“Do you mean help?”

“⋯Yes. It didn't come out well when I milked it by myself this morning, so I'm afraid I'll need some help to milk it all.”

Clutching her breasts, which continued to pump out milk, Diana said in a crawling voice.

I was trying to get out as fast as I could to suppress my libido, but when you ask me to do this⋯

‘I know. I can't help it. My benefactor is uncomfortable. Am I going to refuse? After everything she's done for me, I can't even do this?’

-Gulp.

I swallowed hard and nodded.

“Then what can I do to help⋯”

“Just squeeze from the inside of my chest outward. Like you're milking a cow⋯”

Diana pressed her fingers firmly into the area where her armpit joined her udder.

“Now, from here, you'll need to press downward, so you can milk more effectively⋯”

My dick responded to her kind words with an aching sensation.

“Can you milk me slowly⋯ from the left side⋯?”

The oddly proactive Diana carefully undid the left shoulder strap and removed her milking dress revealing a pitifully leaking udder.

Gingerly, I placed my hand on Diana's lower breast.

No caressing is necessary since this is not an erotic act.

It's just the mechanical act of milking a female cow.

-Mmmm.

Diana pressed the water bottle against her thick areola.

Balkan stroked up the cow's udder, which was oozing lustful milk, and cupped her self-proclaimed weakness in his palm.

“Huh.”

The thick, rough hand touched the soft breast, and the flesh with five times the sensitivity responded immediately.

-Tsk-tsk-tsk.

Breast milk dripped into the water bottle. But it was just the beginning.

“Okay, I'll do it.”

“Ugh.”

With a little pressure in my grip, I squeeze my breasts with my entire palm.

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzz!

“Huhhhhhh?!”

Her heaving udder immediately spilled out a large amount of milk.

The milk that flowed from her right breast splashed onto the suit I just had tailored.

“It's okay.”

Balkan shrugged out of his jacket nonchalantly.

He unbuttoned the sleeves and rolled them up, revealing a muscular body wrapped in a white shirt.

“Uh, huh? You're okay?”

His muscle-filled biceps flexed and squeezed Diana's udder.

Koooooowwww!

“Huhhhhhhh?!”

Diana's eyes rolled back in her head, and her breast milk spilled out with all her heart.

Tudududududududud!

I licked my lips as I listened to the sound of the waterfall of breast milk lapping the water bottle.

“The milking is just beginning.”

'⋯No way⋯'

Silanes swallowed quietly as she heard the sound from beyond the fitting room.

The legendary explorer Diana Ordia, though now retired and fading into obscurity,

“Hooooooong♡ Th, that maaan♡ Milking that maaaaan⋯♡”

“You’re still pouring out like this, how can I stop? Since I’ve already started, I have to do it properly.”

“~~~♡♡♡?!!!!”

She couldn't believe that she was screaming such a vulgar and perverted cry.

'Of course, I thought Diana would have the upper hand in the relationship, but she didn't?!

She couldn't believe it, but just then, she heard a molten female moan from beyond the curtain.

‘⋯I see. There was some basis to that lofty ambition.’

She remembered Balkan telling her that he was still only a low-level explorer.

Silanes head was spinning as she was an explorer who could easily slay an Arachne, a mid-tier beast, and even run a business as a byproduct of her adventure.

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After the merciless milking, we rested for a while, courtesy of Silanes.

“Is it okay for you to buy this much?”

“Well, of course. Do you need anything else, like training clothes or everyday clothes⋯?”

Diana asked, embarrassed.

I could tell she wanted to repay me somehow for the milking favor.

I smiled bitterly and showed her the shopping bags in both hands.

“It's enough that you bought me this.”

Diana had purchased not only a suit for Ellie's graduation, but also a variety of other garments.

Each piece was made of fine materials like Arachne silk.

She'd gotten so much that I wouldn't have to worry about clothes for a while.

“Sigh. We look forward to your next visit.”

Silanes, who sold dozens of clothes a day, waved us out of the building with her mouth hanging over her ear.

We'd spent more time than we'd planned.

The sky over the Labyrinth City was just about to settle into sunset.

“Shall we head back to the inn now?”

“Uh, I have a quick stop to make. You should go first.”

“A stop?”

I asked, and Diana pressed gently against my chest.

“Uh, I need to get an artifact to lower my mammary gland irritation. I'm going to the Outlaw Zone for a while.”

Outlaw Zone was a city of lawlessness and debauchery separated to the west of Labyrinth City.

A place to be wary of, and yet she goes there for a rare artifact.

Not just any artifact, but one that reeked of lustful odors and was said to lower mammary gland irritation.

My interest was piqued.

“Do you think I could come with you?”

“No. No.”

Diana refused with rare firmness.

Her gaze slowly traveled over my body, which was wrapped in an immaculate suit.

Diana’s face warmed slightly.

“No way.”

I nodded, surprised that she was so adamant.

Given the average personality of the outlaws I'd met up to this point, I was pretty sure I'd be hit on like, “You're dressed like you're begging to be raped, so get ready to be a rug slave.”

“Well, I'll go back to the inn first.”

“Just let them in the kitchen if there's a food delivery.”

“Sure.”

Diana quickly disappeared, saying she'd be right back.

Her stride was sure, but her speed was like running through space.

Alone, I took a leisurely stroll through the Labyrinth City at sunset, returning to the cozy inn.

“Huh.”

“Wow, crazy⋯”

Perhaps it was the difference in my outfits, but they seemed to attract more stares than usual.

“What the fuck-! If it's a bar, you should open the door on time! It's a shame if you don't let customers from far away in!”

“So fuck you!”

Perhaps it was my sensitivity to my surroundings, but the shouting from somewhere else also pierced my ears.

Coincidentally, it was coming from the direction I was headed, cozy winter night.

Outside Diana's inn, a group of drunken thugs, reeking of alcohol, were kicking down the closed door.

A drunken trio of dwarves, humans, and dark elves.

‘What the hell. A new method of suicide?’

What would Diana do if she was at home?

 “Everyone calm down, you're too drunk, you can't do this here!”

“Shut the fuck up, dumbass! Let go of me! The more I think about it, the more I feel like shit!!! Do you see a customer as a dick?!”

“I do!”

-Pfft!

Unable to figure out what the hell they were so angry about, the dwarf and human kicked the crate in front of the inn's door.

The crates spilled their contents onto the dirt floor.

“If there's a guest, open the door, don't you have to open it!!!”

The ingredients that Diana and I had been saving since morning were trampled under their feet.

-Thud.

I could hear the strings of reason snapping in my head.

“Hey, you fucking sluts.”

Thanks to the kindness of many people, the sense of caution that had been slowly melting away was revived.

“What the fuck do you think you're doing here?”

It was time to go back to the old Balkan.