**Chapter 159: Do (6)**

“Bittaa⋯”

“Tsk. Stay still.”

Nate Elin waited outside the confession room, with Nuer constantly wandering around.

‘What on earth are you trying to say⋯?’

She brought Balkan as ordered by Serif, who she had served with the same heart for many years, but she didn’t know why she had ordered her to bring Balkan.

In fact, despite his actions, Nate Elin didn’t think of Balkan as a person who was all that bad.

In terms of skill, she even thought of him as a very promising person.

Nate Elin was one of the people who knew that Balkan had somehow captured the monster on the 5th floor, so she couldn’t help but acknowledge his potential.

He even forgave the Paladins who were fascinated by the monster for their mistakes, so she thought that he was a person with a personality that was considered top-notch among explorers.

However, there was a reason why she couldn’t think of him all that positively.

‘He’s poisonous to women.’

One day, when Balkan’s helmet was torn off and his forehead was revealed.

Some of the paladins of the temple who witnessed his smile were punished for masturbating all night long.

A truly manly jawline, clean skin, and a smile that was both gentle and confident.

Forearms as thick as two or three trained women’s arms joined together.

A tall figure that made you look up at him for a long time.

A strong male scent that wafted out just by getting close.

A huge, undisguised body that was clearly visible even through his pants.

A body that seemed to have been created by God himself, a pinnacle of art.

Even ordinary women would feel their uterus flutter the moment they saw him.

To the paladins who had been unable to have sex, let alone masturbate, and who continued their training by building walls between sexual acts, he was such a stimulating figure.

‘I shouldn’t get too close.’

If she smelled that thick male pheromone or got caught by his thick arms, unless she had a strong mind, she would immediately become a female degenerate.

Gulp–

Nate Elin unconsciously felt the unclean juice flowing out from below.

Her body had been practicing asceticism for over a decade, but just thinking about his scent that she had smelled while riding in the carriage with him for just two hours made her vaginal juice flow out.

If he didn’t force herself to be on guard and maintain a suspicious attitude, she would be the first to become a degenerate, and that feeling of crisis made Nate Elin’s heart cold.

“Whew⋯”

She let out a short breath and looked at the confession room.

‘With Serif’s mind, she should be able to endure it, but⋯’

As her escort Paladin, she couldn’t help but feel worried.

Nate Elin was aware of Serif’s abnormal obsession with Balkan.

The first time she felt uncomfortable was when Serif herself granted Balkan a miracle.

‘She said that one day he will become a great blessing and a dazzling light.’

Just like priests usually pray to Mother Earth.

The image of Serif praying with both hands clasped toward Balkan as he left was deeply etched in Nate Elin’s mind.

It wasn’t the first time she granted Balkan a miracle.

Serif granted him an appropriate miracle every time Balkan entered the labyrinth.

Considering that nobles and high-ranking explorers donated enormous amounts of money to the temple to receive miracles from Serif, this was truly absurd.

‘Why on earth are you giving him special treatment?’

At that moment, a hypothesis crossed Nate Elin’s mind.

‘No way. Is it too late?’

Serif had already been corrupted by Balkan.

She was somehow trying to get his attention by performing miracles and acting cute...

‘No, what, that can’t be!’

Nate Elin shook her head.

Just imagining it was a trashy delusion that made her feel guilty toward Serif.

Nate Elin tried to purify her mind and body by recalling Serif’s consistent smile that always smiled at them.

On top of Serif’s smile that cared for each and every one of the believers and showed mercy.

The smile that had become brighter when talking about Balkan was covered up.

If the smile she gave them was dull and mechanical because it was soaked in responsibility and accountability.

Serif’s smile when talking about Balkan was bright and fresh, like that of a pure young girl.

Other people might not have noticed the subtle difference, but Nate Elin, who had been supporting Serif for years, could sense the difference.

‘No way…’

Unable to shake off her delusions, Nate Elin unconsciously looked back at the confession room.

The door to the confession room was firmly closed.

The confession room was equipped with all kinds of soundproofing measures, from noise reduction miracles to magic.

A person with the level of skill of Nate Elin could hear the sounds coming from inside if he concentrated her consciousness just a little.

In that moment, she realized that she was having very bad thoughts.

‘Are you crazy? You’re suspecting Serif and trying to listen to the sounds in the confession room?’

Nate Elin shook her head and tried to regain consciousness right away.

–Chop, chop, woom… Pahaa…Balkan…You gave it to me again…? Hehe.

Just before she lost consciousness, she heard a strange voice coming from the confession room.

“⋯Uhh?”

Nate Elin let out an incongruous, dumb groan.

‘What did I just hear?’

Nate Elin thought back to when she had headed to the red-light district of the outlaw district to catch some corrupted believers.

A place where people who were crazy about sex and living a debauched life gathered.

Even in such a place, she had never heard such a wet, gloomy, and melted female voice.

No, not a female.

A bitch.

What she had just heard was not a woman’s voice, but rather the voice of a perverted female cat blinded by sexual desire.

‘Uhhhhhh, uhh...This time, if I do this⋯ will it work⋯?

-Yes. A little more⋯ Deeper⋯”

-Uuuum... Whew, Whewbubub... This, this is it...? Kuru...

A strange voice kept coming.

She didn’t know exactly what kind of action it was made of, but she knew that it was a sound that couldn’t come from the isolated confession room.

‘No. Stop. Don’t go.’

Even though the remaining sanity shouted inwardly, Nate Elin’s body soon approached the door of the confession room where Serif had entered.

-Knock.

“Serif.”

Carefully, she knocked on the door.

–⋯!

–Keheok, heok, gulp!

Soon, Serif’s empty cough was heard.

A cough that came out reflexively as if something had been filling her mouth was being pulled out in a hurry.

The gurgling sound continued for a while, and then a voice was heard from beyond the confession room.

“Huh, huh…What, what’s wrong, Nate Elin?”

Serif’s voice was strangely sharp.

Nate Elin spoke to her with a small sense of guilt.

“I, I thought I heard a little panting inside… Are you okay?”

Serif swallowed her breath for a moment at Nate Elin’s question.

“D-did you hear the conversation in the confession room?!”

“I’m sorry. But I was worried because it was such a loud noise⋯”

At the mention of such a loud noise, Serif’s face instantly turned red.

Listening to Nate Elin’s worried voice, Serif pressed her cheek and looked at the object that was still showing off its presence.

‘How many times have you ejaculated already, yet you still stand there proudly and demand service.’

When she puts something like this in her mouth, it’s only natural for a woman to make loud noises.

Serif unconsciously kissed Balkan’s dick and replied to Nate Elin.

“⋯ Whoosh, I’m fine. There’s nothing wrong, squirm⋯♡ Don’t worry too much⋯ squirm⋯♡”

“⋯Ha, but⋯”

Nate Elin continued to feel uncomfortable with the constant squeaking and Serif’s strangely heated voice.

“It’s really okay. Oh, the confession isn’t over yet, so please wait outside⋯”

“⋯Yes. I understand.”

Nate Elin stood next to Nuer, who was crawling on the ground.

The wrong delusions that had blossomed in her mind grew even bigger.

‘What if Serif is doing something that goes against the teachings of the Mother Goddess right now?’

Think of Serif doing all sorts of obscene services, such as giving Balkan a big squirt, oral sex, breast service, and pussy squirting.

...Nate Elin's agony deepened.

'No. There's no way Serif would do that. Absolutely not!'

-Joop, woof⋯ slap⋯♡

However, the occasional sounds coming from the confession room were enough to shake Nate Elin's faith.

The fact that the sounds were quieter than before was also important.

'Really, Serif would have a relationship with that Balkan⋯?'

Nate Elin kept holding her fingers that were about to reach her hot and wet vagina, and closed her eyes tightly and endured.

There's no way that pure and pure Serif would do that.

'⋯⋯⋯'

Contrary to her belief, Nate Elin's eyes turned to the confession room again.

What if I just open the door wide?

Then, wouldn't I know for sure?

'No. That one thing is absolutely not possible.'

Serif herself ordered her to wait. Then she must follow that.

A knight who does not believe her master’s words is useless.

‘⋯⋯’

But even as she thought that, Nate Elin once again stood in front of the door of the confession room.

Her panties had already been soaking wet for a long time.

The axe marks were clearly engraved on her pants, and Nate Elin’s fingers were firmly pressing on her loose pussy.

‘I’m sorry, Serif.’

If Serif was acting against the teachings of Mother Earth, as a paladin who guarded her, it was right to correct her wrongdoings.

Squeak–

The door opened with the sound of a hinge.

The scene of the confession room entered Nate Elin’s sight.

“⋯Nate Elin.”

There, as always, Serif, beautiful and pure, was praying with her hands clasped together.

“Now, what is this rudeness?”

“Ah⋯”

Nate Elin finally came to her senses and her vain delusions were smashed.

There was no way Serif would do such a lewd and dirty act.

“I, I’m sorry Serif!”

“Haa⋯”

“I, I’m really sorry!”

Nate Elin quickly lowered her head and knelt down.

Disobeying orders because she didn’t trust the person she was following, and apologizing for that.

Even thinking about it, she felt incredibly pathetic.

An indignity that couldn’t be excused even if her neck was blown off.

“⋯ Hoo. Nate Elin. Raise your head.”

Nate Elin raised her head, overcoming the guilt and her own pitifulness that was creeping up on her.

“I know how much Nate Elin usually worries about me. Your loyalty is so trustworthy.”

Nate Elin's heart ached every time she heard Serif's words.

She was truly sorry, but she had nothing to say.

"So today, I'll just let it go without saying anything."

"Thank you. And I'm truly sorry."

"It's okay. Hehe. Since the confession is over, shall we go now?"

"Yes!"

Fortunately, the merciful saint forgave her sins.

Nate Elin felt loyalty and firm faith in Serif engraved deep in his heart, and looked at her face.

"⋯Huh? Serif. There's hair on the corner of your mouth."

"⋯!"

Serif's tail stood up at the passing words.

The hair on Serif's mouth was not white.

It was black as darkness, and curly.

Serif, a white cat, had white and soft body hair, but it was strange.

“⋯Ha, haha. I, this is really weird⋯ Why is this stuck⋯?”

Serif smiled awkwardly and hurriedly gathered Balkan hair stuck to her mouth into her arms with both hands, as if holding onto something very precious.

“And what’s with the water on the floor⋯ What’s in this hole? Sniff sniff. Ugh. What is it that’s so dirty and sticky? How on earth do you clean it?! I’m sorry, Serif. I’ll make sure to manage this properly!”

“Ahaha⋯”

Serif desperately avoided Nate Elin’s gaze, who was trying to lighten the mood somehow.

Fortunately the priest’s uniform, which was soaked with her stiff nipples and her pussy juice, was not caught.

Serif smiled inwardly and licked her lips, which were glistening with semen.

A pungent and thick scent lingered in her mouth.

On this day, for the first time, the saintly Serif of the Mother Goddess Church properly recognized sex.

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In the center of the 5th floor of the Labyrinth.

“Aaahhh.”

A woman fell to her knees, weeping as she gazed upon the empty, hollow place.

“Where on earth, where on earth have you gone! Great One, Demon of Gluttony⋯! Aaah⋯!!!”

The woman who worshipped the Demon of Gluttony despaired at the sight of the empty place.