**Chapter 213: A man who smells like her sister's vaginal juice (4)**

Serif furrowed her brow and concentrated her sense of smell on the scent emanating from Balkan.

It was embarrassing and awkward to focus this intensely on a man's scent, but that smell was impossible to ignore.

-Sniff. Sniff sniff.

This scent lingering at the tip of her nose was an unforgettable smell.

Though washed away by bathwater and covered by sweat, it was clearly the same scent from that day in the confessional.

A scent like semen - gallant and strong like his body.

While that was very concerning, Serif's attention was drawn elsewhere.

Towards a scent that lingered even stronger than the semen.

The scent of Idelbert, that person called "sister."

From his face hidden behind the helmet, from his firm and solid abs, from his thick and long fingers, from his lower body emanating the fishy smell of semen, from his feet planted firmly on the ground.

From every part of him came Idelbert's scent.

-Sniff sniff. Sniff sniff.

Why does Lord Balkan smell like that woman?

-Squeeze. Squeeze.

Why does the thing between Lord Balkan's thighs...smell so strongly of that woman?

"Huu, huuu... suu... huu..."

The questions didn't stop there.

A mysterious and deep scent that remained unknowable no matter how deeply she inhaled.

An unfamiliar scent mixed in that was beyond Serif's experience.

A strange scent that instinctively attracted her as a female, yet was rejected by her mind as a devout priestess who worshipped the Earth Mother Goddess.

While Serif was tilting her head at that mysterious scent.

"Ah, aah..."

Swalco, the dog beastkin priest next to Nate Elin, was catching a scent that Serif couldn't smell.

-Slurp, slurp, slurp, thump, thump! Thump♡

Like seeing a hallucination, she could envision what had happened when that scent was scattered.

-Heck, heck, hyong, hit, hoouk...♡

The vulgar moaning of a panting female was a voice that didn't match at all with how the owner of that scent usually acted.

A female with a superior and strong yet soft body being helplessly teased in her rear entrance while pinned under a hard male body.

Every time his groin met the female's plump buttocks, lewd mating juices poured out making the suggestive scent even thicker, and the female's high status plummeted to rock bottom.

Swalco was certain. All those adult toys he had brought into the grand fountain.

They must have been prepared to train the female(s) who would be panting beneath him.

In other words.

'Lady Idelbert, the Union Leader...has already been...?'

When her thoughts reached that point, Swalco absently let out an exclamation.

Although it was completely opposite to the Earth Mother Goddess' teachings, as a female, she couldn't help but gasp in admiration as her pussy throbbed.

That male was a male yet not a male.

A male closest to the essence of males - to impregnate females and propagate offspring - different from any other man in this world.

Female superiority meant nothing before him. They were all just the same cock-happiness onaholes, only differing in vaginal wrinkles and tightness.

"Suu, huu..."

While Swalco was letting out such admiration, Serif was staring with dreamy eyes at the thing right in front of her nose.

That thing which had ejaculated plenty of thick, sticky semen through her mouth in the past.

She focused her sense of smell even more to catch that mysterious yet decisive evidence that she hadn't been aware of.

"U-um, Lady Serif...?"

At the same time, she heard a voice filled with embarrassment.

Serif only then felt the hand gripping her head.

A gesture seeming to push away rather than pull.

When she absently looked up, she saw Balkan's eyes full of deep embarrassment through the eye holes of his helmet.

Just as her heart was about to flutter at those sharp eyes, Serif belatedly realized what she had done.

"Heut...!"

She had knelt before Balkan and pressed her right cheek against his firm thigh.

She even deeply inhaled while pressing her prominent nose bridge against his thing.

Forcefully, overcoming Balkan's hand trying to push her head away.

Though Balkan hadn't put much strength into his pushing hand, that wasn't the important issue to begin with.

Before the huge problem that a Holy Maiden of the temple had clung to a mere man's lower body to smell his cock...nothing else could be an issue.

"I-I'm so sorry Lord Balkan! For such rudeness—"

Serif hurriedly backed away with her face bright red.

She couldn't control her expression. Her face was too hot.

Doing such a nonsensical and incredibly embarrassing thing disqualifies her as a Holy Maiden. For what she just did, even calling her a Holy Slut would be too generous!

-Shh.

Just as she was about to bow to properly apologize, Balkan put his hand to the mouth part of his helmet and quietly said.

"I'm fine, Lady Serif. Rather...excuse me, but this is the library. Though there's no one else..."

Serif caught his intention. There shouldn't be other witnesses.

Fortunately, there was no one nearby.

"Noisy female."

Except for one child behind Balkan.

A slightly thin-looking girl with black hair named Belle who was gripping Balkan's sleeve pointed at Serif.

"My lord said to speak quietly in the library. He said people who speak loudly are messed up, but you even smelled my lord's cock. A greedy bitch who's messed up. But don't worry. Even messed up females like you will be filled up later-"

Balkan hurriedly covered Belle's mouth with his hand.

Belle, who had been trying to keep talking, looked at Balkan while making muffled sounds before falling silent.

Though every word had tremendous destructive power, there was nothing that could be refuted.

Serif gathered her fading consciousness and looked at the girl who had criticized her.

And then.

"......"

Serif's eyes, which had been clouded with embarrassment and confusion, regained their coolness and intelligence.

She had seen through Belle's true identity.

Though it was so skillfully hidden that ordinary priests wouldn't notice, it was an exception for Serif who had risen to the position of Holy Maiden.

She was a demon worshipper…and not just a simple low-ranking one.

A target for elimination who held even a small portion of demonic power in their hands.

-Shing!

"Lady Serif."

Nate Elin drew her sword, raised pure white sword energy and tried to step in front of Serif as if to protect her.

"Stop. Nate Elin."

But Serif raised her hand to stop her guard.

Nate Elin paused at those words, then looked at Balkan while still maintaining the sword energy.

Serif also faced him.

"...Lord Balkan. This girl is..."

"Yes. It is as you think, Lady Serif."

Balkan agreed without lengthy words.

Because the moment he saw Serif's eyes, he instinctively knew that Belle's identity had been discovered.

Rather than worthless excuses, it would be better to honestly and calmly reveal the facts.

"In front of my master...in front of the Union Leader, I took her as my slave. I will be taking care of this child from now on."

"......"

"I know what you're worried about. But Belle is a good child. Though her mouth is rough from growing up in the labyrinth...she's not fundamentally twisted."

Balkan smiled bitterly while patting Belle's head.

Belle silently smiled and hugged the book in her arms more preciously.

"......"

Serif silently watched Belle being patted by Balkan.

Although she had momentarily lost her senses due to the sticky smell of semen and the female scent emanating from him, Serif was a high-ranking priest of the Earth Mother Goddess's order.

She had enough insight to confirm the malice that people unconsciously leak and.

Really, very surprisingly...she realized that no particular malice could be felt from the girl before her eyes.

It was a strange thing.

Serif had encountered some demon worshippers as the Holy Maiden of the order

Demon worshippers harboring deep anger against the kingdom beyond the labyrinth city.

Demon worshippers containing terrible jealousy that made even those who saw them feel ugly.

Demon worshippers who filled themselves with gloomy and base desires and lusts opposite to the teachings of the Earth Mother Goddess.

They all continued their evil deeds, abusing their sinful power to fulfill their disgusting desires.

Their malice gave off such an unclean smell that she could instinctively tell but the girl before her eyes was different from them.

Was it because this girl was fundamentally different from them?

'No.'

Serif looked at Balkan who was patting the notorious demon worshipper without hesitation.

It was a warm touch without even a hint of malice.

'His touch has healed the twisted girl.'

His touch that contained no discrimination, condemnation, criticism, hatred or violence - could it be that his touch, which seemed to hold no prejudice or malice, had already reformed the girl before her eyes?

"...You said the Union Leader approved?"

"Yes."

"Sigh. I understand. She's someone who has her own thoughts despite how she appears."

"Haha..."

Balkan smiled bitterly at the pure criticism. These sisters really don't get along.

"Did you just return from the labyrinth?"

Having apparently accepted the matter about Belle, Serif brought up a different topic.

"Ah, yes. My party members went to receive blessing inspections, and I had some books I wanted to look up..."

While conversing with Serif, Balkan acknowledged that his thinking had been short-sighted while also realizing he had been lucky.

Coming to the temple that despises demon worshippers with Belle was not a good idea.

It was fortunate that the one who recognized her was Serif, and that she believed his words.

If it had been someone else...it would have been a clear mistake.

"Besides...ah."

"Besides?"

Balkan, who was about to express gratitude for benefiting well from the Scar of Patience, realized that Serif had asked him not to mention anything about the scar in front of others.

"Ahem. It's nothing."

-Glance.

Where his eyes turned, there were Nate Elin who had already resheathed her sword and the dog beastkin priest.

It seemed he would have to express his gratitude later when they were alone.

"By the way, are you looking for something?"

Balkan nodded and answered Serif's question.

"Yes. I became interested in stories about the Earth Mother Goddess, so I wanted to look up some books..."

"Aah!"

-Grab!

That was also when Serif grabbed Balkan's hands with sparkling eyes.

Serif's corners of mouth crept up into a smile.

"Have you finally become interested in the Great Earth Mother Goddess's teachings, Lord Balkan? Aah! How beautiful this is! Hmhm. Then I shall take this opportunity to teach Lord Balkan all about the Earth Mother Goddess Order's doctrines and the Earth Mother Goddess's words—"

That smile contained faint madness and excitement.

The moment Balkan sensed something had gone wrong.

"Lady Serif is a Holy Maiden and devout believer bestowed by the Great Earth Mother Goddess."

Nate Elin and Swalco naturally stepped back while pronouncing judgment on Balkan.

"...A bit too devout that is. Lady Serif's only flaw...ahem! Hmm! It's nothing. Well then, we'll be..."

Balkan realized he had seen their subtly escaping expressions somewhere before.

Like expressions of those who had been tormented all day by a too-much talker.

"As losing faith in the Great Earth Mother Goddess means falling into darkness and losing virginity...!"

In the quiet library, Serif's chattering voice pierced into his ears.