**Chapter 245: Familiar and different Parties (4)**

TLN: This chapter is rated R18.

One of the things you have to be most wary of in the labyrinth is the injuries of party members.

If the vanguard is injured, the party's mobility and defense will drop significantly, and if the magician is injured, it will be difficult to respond to variable situations. If the rearguard, such as the archer, is injured, the party's attack power and tracking ability will decrease.

The priests who can perform miracles of healing exist to prevent such difficult situations.

Just by their presence, the stability of the party will increase significantly, and the party members will be able to traverse the labyrinth faster and more boldly.

In a situation where such a priest is temporarily absent from the party, people have only one choice.

Simply bring a lot of potions.

However, as someone with the power of the Blessing of Radiance, I have a second choice.

"Breathe naturally and gather divine power in one place."

That is, learn the miracle of healing.

"You can scatter the divine power you've gathered in that way on me."

I personally learn the miracles that only priests who handle divine power can use.

Then, even if there is no priest, I can take their place, and I can deal with enemies more boldly during battle.

“… How do I do that?”

“… You can’t? Hmm, that’s strange. I’ve been able to use it since I first awakened to divine power…”

But, indeed, learning miracles was definitely not easy.

I looked at Serif, who had an embarrassed expression.

Serif had brought me to a spacious yet quiet room in the temple’s main building, perfect for studying, because I said I wanted to be educated.

She had brought a bunch of books for lower-level priests, and when I asked her to learn the miracle of healing, she hesitated slightly, but she diligently taught me.

The problem was that she lacked the talent to teach in this area.

“Ssup— Take a deep breath.”

“Ssup.”

“It’s not Sseup. It’s Sseup— It’s Sseup— Take a deep breath, and then Ueu. Like this.”

The divine power that gushed out from her hand, giving me a strangely nostalgic feeling, warmly embraced my body.

My condition improved and I felt more energetic than before.

A miracle of healing. It was clearly a miracle that Serif, a high-ranking priestess, had personally used.

“You teach me in a similar way to the Master.”

“… … Is that so?”

I nodded to Serif, who tilted her head with a slightly trembling expression.

“Yes. What you just said was exactly the same.”

To be honest, I didn’t really believe that Idelbert and Serif were sisters until now.

They only have one thing in common: they’re both cat people, but their appearances are also different: white and black.

Their physiques and impressions were so different that they honestly looked more like strangers than sisters, but judging from what they just showed, they were perfect twins.

“… I can teach you better than that woman, Balkan. I’ll show you again. Try to follow along.”

Were those words the trigger?

Serif showed off her healing miracle with more enthusiasm than before.

I also followed along, using the divine power gathered by the blessing of radiance.

“… Ugh.”

I tried to do exactly what she showed me, but the divine power gathered by the blessing of radiance didn’t move at all.

“… I’m sorry, Balkan. I’ve never taught you anything like this before… Your divine power is so good that if you just learn it, it’ll definitely be a great help…”

“No! Serif, why are you sorry? I’m the one who should be sorry for asking for this kind of teaching.”

It doesn’t take much thought to know how difficult it is to teach someone who isn’t a member of the temple the miracles that the temple monopolizes.

When Serif actually heard my request, she hesitated a little.

But now, Serif, a high-ranking priest, was helping me by demonstrating it right in front of me.

I couldn’t bow my head after receiving such great kindness so I closed my eyes again and focused on the blessing of radiance as I repeated the process Serif showed me.

I gathered the divine power rippling from my fingertips, and scattered the divine power I gathered on Serif…

-Swish.

“Hmph… ?!”

The divine power that brushed against the breast curtain decorated on Serif’s priest’s chest had no effect and faded away without meaning.

“Haa…”

I let out a small sigh as I watched Serif hastily grab her breasts as if covering them.

Failed again.

I can't picture it at all.

Up until now, I've only used the Blessing of Radiance when it's infused into a weapon and used it to fight enemies.

The only other way to use it was when Bunny was running wild without knowing what was going on, so I used it a little for subduing.

So I naturally came to think of the Blessing of Radiance as a blessing for battle.

It wasn't easy to picture using this power to heal or care for others.

"But, still. Did you see that just now? Lord Balkan's divine power touched my heart...no, my arms. This is definitely growth!"

As if to comfort me who was feeling regretful, Serif spoke urgently with a bright red face.

There was definitely a slight development.

When I assisted in the battle between the Doomsayer and Diana.

Following Celsia’s guidance, I recalled the memory of giving Diana’s ice arrow divine power, and the blessing of radiance slightly touched Serif.

It was vague, but it was proof that I had caught the feeling. I couldn’t scatter this faint sense.

“I’ll try again.”

I concentrated my mind again and drew up the blessing of radiance.

As I grew and consumed magic, the blessing of radiance gradually grew stronger.

Every time, I felt the blessing of radiance gradually mixing with my essence, my soul.

Celsia had said that if a blessing or curse was with the right person for a long time, the blessing would mix with the soul and be engraved like a brand.

My soul is completely mine.

If it’s power that I already have, I can use it as I wish.

-Swish.

The divine power that had blossomed at my fingertips once again reached Serif.

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I checked Diana’s wristwatch with tired eyes.

It was already 7pm. The sun was setting outside the window.

It was a good thing I had Denshi tell Jubeel to go back to the inn first. After this much time had passed, the guys would have been bored.

“My teaching was lacking…”

“No, Serif. It was my fault. I never thought I would be able to learn such a miracle in one day…”

As a result, I failed to learn the miracle of healing.

To be exact, I should say it was a half-failure.

I somehow managed to get the hang of it, but the miracle of healing didn’t work properly.

‘Is it because I practiced too safely?’

A quiet, secluded room perfect for studying, where not a single person from the temple came in.

Learning from a female with an attractive pocket of divine power in such a place was enough to ruin my tension.

I’ve thought about this for a long time, but I’m a practical person.

It might be different in a bloody battle where blood and flesh burst and are torn, but it’s hard to gain new insights in a soft and cozy place like this.

“Thank you so much for helping me today.”

However, even though I didn’t acquire a miracle, I had to express my gratitude to Serif.

Serif had used incredible healing miracles several times at the treatment center, and had even taught me separately while dragging my exhausted body.

How could I not express my gratitude for such kindness?

Serif waved his hand urgently as I almost bowed.

“No! I promised to teach you more than just classes, and oh, it was actually a chance for me to relieve my fatigue.”

It seemed like those words weren’t completely false, because she looked much more energetic than when I saw her at the treatment center.

“Is that so?”

“Yes! So you don’t have to bend down like that. Oh, and I heard you’re going into the labyrinth this time.”

“I think you’ll go up to the 19th floor this time.”

Serif looked slightly surprised as I nodded in agreement.

“19th floor! You’re really fast. I’ve only been to the 25th floor of the labyrinth myself…Maybe Balkan-nim will catch up to me soon.”

“I’m barely making it now. It’s far from exploring the 19th floor reliably.”

“Hehe. How humble. I think Balkan-nim will reach the lower floors soon. Then you’ll be in the labyrinth for a longer time this time?”

“Yes. I guess.”

Serif’s lips trembled slightly as I nodded.

A slightly excited voice leaked out from her mouth that seemed to be hesitating slightly.

“T-then maybe. Will you need the Stigmata of Patience this time too…?”

Stigmata of Patience is the power that allows me to endure all kinds of sexual and mental temptations while the stigmata are engraved.

The only way to suppress the penalty of the curse of the nightmare is by squeezing my scrotum to the limit.

When Serif asked cautiously if I would need it again this time, she reacted again.

“Oh. I, I absolutely do not. As a priestess who follows Mother Earth, I do not have any special selfish motives…I just wish you would think that I can help you directly like last time, even though I cannot help anyone else… .”

Serif’s face, as she answered nonsense, was too red to be considered selfless.

To be honest, a smile of relief formed on her face when she saw her like that.

I had seen the full effect of the stigmata of patience in the last labyrinth trip.

I had not felt even a little sexual desire until the stigmata were broken by Idelbert’s.

It was a bit embarrassing to ask Serif to give me the stigmata again since she had to see my genitals in person, but fortunately, she was the one who suggested it first this time.

My head was spinning at the thought of defiling the pure and innocent priestess who followed the teachings of the Earth Mother to stay away from sexual things.

‘Did she open her eyes after trying the rite of ejaculation in the confession room last time?’

I couldn’t help but think that way.

And what I was going to say had already been decided.

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The Temple purification room is a place where priests and paladins would bathe in holy water and purify their defiled bodies and minds before or after leaving for the labyrinth.

This was the best place to continuously use the blessings of radiance to recover from their exhaustion.

It was a place where I could wash and repent.

I looked around Serif’s personal purification room, which I had been to once before, with my vision obscured by the helmet.

The first thing I saw was something that wasn’t there last time.

A tray was placed next to a bathtub filled with holy water.

On the tray were transparent onaholes and a pink liquid that seemed to have never been used, an obscene and lewd object that didn’t fit in with a pious temple at all and a woman sitting quietly on her knees next to it.

Serif, who was wearing a pure white bathrobe, hurriedly covered her eyes with her palm when she saw me, who was also wearing a bathrobe.

“… It’s more… embarrassing than when I was in the confessional…”

Serif had helped me with my bathing before.

Even though it was a situation that I had already experienced once, there was a clear reason why Serif was more embarrassed than that time.

…It must have been because of an act that went against the teachings of Mother Earth.