**Chapter 247: Familiar and different Parties (6)**

TLN: This chapter is rated R18.

After the first ejaculation, I emptied my sexual desire with Serif's Onahole for nearly thirty minutes.

Since the stigmata of patience were to be maximized only after all of my previous sexual desires were emptied, I literally poured out semen until the sperm storage tank was completely empty.

Since it hadn't been long since I had ejaculated my sexual desires through Celsia, I was able to finish it relatively quickly.

-Tsubub.

When I finished my last ejaculation, the cloned slime Onahole had reached the end of its lifespan and was torn in half.

The Onahole modeled after Serif's vagina wasn't that long.

It was only slightly lower than the middle of the shaft, so it didn't seem to be more than 20cm by feeling.

I thrusted the Onahole hard enough to touch my pubic bone, and every time I did, my cervix, which had been crushed to its limit, lifted upward.

It was because the onahole was made of relics that it held up. If it had been a normal onahole, it would have torn after only two uses.

“......”

Serif, whose lower body was soaked with the semen that had accumulated inside the onahole and spilled out, swallowed hard.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t think this would rip…”

“You don’t have to be sorry. I can just make it again…”

Of course, since it was a replica made from relics, it could be made again.

But making it again meant that it would be used again next time, didn’t it?

When I looked at Serif just in case, she turned her head away as if embarrassed to show her blushing face.

“......”

“......”

In a strangely awkward and embarrassing silence that made me want to look forward to the next time, Serif opened her mouth urgently.

“S-I’ll carve the stigmata for you. Come a little closer.”

“Yes.”

“Then… excuse me.”

As she said, Serif closed her eyes tightly and groped my penis.

Her beautiful, pure white fingers slowly groped from the glans to the tip of my balls, which were covered in a mixture of semen and pink love gel, but it wasn’t anything lewd.

‘It must be necessary work to carve the stigmata.’

I don’t know exactly, but since I did something similar last time, I just felt Serif’s touch.

Wooooow—

Soon, the stigmata of patience were carved into my penis and balls, the source of my sexual desire.

Until the stigmata of patience, which had been drawn in a golden cross and disappeared, broke, I was no longer affected by the stat reduction penalty and sexual desire increase of the curse of the nightmare.

Recently, whenever I felt sexual desire, the horn of the incubus that had been getting hotter little by little cooled down.

As if I had entered the [sage time], I regained my calm and rational thoughts and vision and bowed my head towards Serif.

“Thanks to Serif, I won’t have to worry about this labyrinth trip. Thank you very much.”

“Hehe. I’m glad that I could be of help to you, Balkan.”

“I’m serious. You taught me not only the stigmata, but also the secret to handling miracles. How should I repay this debt…?”

It was always like that, but this time, I received a lot from Serif in particular.

The stigmata. And how to handle divine power.

Even though I was not a member of the temple, I was receiving teachings and privileges that I could not receive if I were not a member of the temple.

Even though I am still inexperienced now, if I continue to receive lessons from Serif, I will be able to handle miracles using the blessing of light more skillfully.

I cannot just sit still with such a huge debt. I want to repay it somehow.

“Then, would it be okay if I asked you, Lord Balkan, for one… no, two favors?”

While I was thinking about that, the favor Serif asked for was truly a chance to repay my debt of gratitude.

“Of course. Feel free to ask me anything. It doesn’t matter if it’s difficult or takes a long time.”

“First, I want you to take the letter I am giving you to Idelbert.”

“A letter? To Master, too?”

It was a simpler request than I had expected, and an unexpected one.

Serif seemed to be wary of Idelbert, but she would send the letter first.

“Yes. I’m sorry to make you act as the postman, but I think it would be better if you hand it over yourself, Balkan. Is that okay?”

“Of course. I have to stop by the 15th floor anyway, so I’ll bring it to her on my way there.”

“Thank you. I haven’t written the contents of the letter yet… I think it’ll take about two days.”

What on earth is the letter she’s going to send?

My curiosity surged, but I swallowed my doubts because it seemed too personal.

“What about the second one?”

“Hmm… I don’t think that’s something to talk about here…”

Serif blushed as she looked around.

Semen floated on the holy water she had received for her bath.

Both her and my body were soaked in sweat, love gel, and sticky saliva.

“… I’ll throw this water away first.”

“Oh, no! You can just leave that… I’ll clean it up later.”

Serif stopped me in a hurry as I tried to empty the bathtub that was mixed with my bath water and semen.

Serif’s personal purification room was spacious, so I washed myself in another bathtub and headed to the secret room where we had studied together a little while ago.

Perhaps because my sexual desire had reached its limit, Serif, whose skin had regained its lustrous luster to the point where it was hard to see the tired look from before, handed me a piece of paper.

“Please find me one person.”

A request to find none other than that person.

At her words, I looked at the montage drawn on the paper and the characteristics written underneath.

[Fat woman. Green hair and green eyes. She wields a rapier with agility that doesn’t match her body size. A criminal with a wing brand near her back.]

My expression hardened at the paper and description that seemed like something you would see on an Explorers' Association wanted poster.

"Is this a murder request?"

"No! You can't kill her. I have something to ask her."

Serif's expression as she spoke was the coldest I've ever seen.

Serif, who usually had a reflexive smile, had that kind of expression for the first time.

It seemed like she had something serious to ask about and they weren't on good terms.

I felt like I was being asked to do something annoying for a moment, but I shook my head right away.

I was the one who said I would do the favor first.

Since it was Serif's favor, I had to make it clear.

"May I ask who this person is?"

"... Lord Balkan, do you know anything about the branded ones?"

“I’ve never seen them in person, but I’ve heard of them a few times.”

Even the lawbreakers who commit all sorts of crimes in the Labyrinth City would cut those guys off, saying, “Aren’t they notorious scum?”

The story of the branded ones came up when I pointed to the fat woman in Montage…

“This person used to be the successor of the high-ranking priest who brought me to the temple, but now, as you can see…she’s a fool who has fallen into corruption. I’ve been tracking her for nearly ten years, but I haven’t been able to catch her yet because she’s so agile and there are so many obstacles.”

Serif, who spoke with a serious face, bowed her head to me.

“I’m sorry for asking such a difficult favor. It would be too dangerous for you, Lord Balkan, to catch her now, so if you happen to come across someone with a similar appearance to the montage while exploring the Labyrinth or going back and forth in the city, please let me know.”

“I’ll do my best but the montage doesn’t have a name, so can you tell me?”

“Hmm. There were so many aliases, so it wouldn’t be of much use…”

“But still. You never know, right? There might be a way to find out.”

[LV.38 Nam Soo-jin]

I can see a person’s name in the status window.

Even if I’m called Balkan in this world, there’s a real name I used on Earth.

If there’s even one real name mixed in among the many aliases, I can definitely figure it out.

From what I’ve heard, she seems to be quite strong, and it’ll help me verify her level.

“Then I’ll write down the names I know in a notebook and give them to you. Oh, there’s a small button inside the notebook. If you press it, it’ll contact me, so if you happen to find her, just press it.”

“… This notebook. Was it a contact artifact?”

“Yes. It only has a notification function.”

I received the artifact notebook that Serif had written down the aliases of the woman in the montage, folded the montage paper, and put it away.

I thought I’d look at it often and memorize the names and impressions.

“I’ll definitely contact you when I find her.”

“You don’t have to contact me when you find her. If you press it before visiting the temple, I can prepare the ground.”

Serif smiled slightly as she said that.

Ground preparation…It must mean that she’ll prepare the content of the class.

It’s not like she’s making a duplicate vagina onahole and heating the holy water in the purification room.

Anyway, I finished everything I had to do at the temple.

I confirmed that Hitolis wouldn’t be joining me on this labyrinth trip.

I learned the tricks of miracles from Serif and received the stigmata of patience.

In return, I gave Idelbert a letter and promised to find the fat woman drawn in the montage.

Then, there was only one thing left to do.

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After Balkan left, Serif, who had been tapping the letter, sighed and got up.

‘My heart felt suffocated.’

It was because she felt that she had dragged him into her own problems for no reason.

‘… No. If Lord Balkan had slept with Idelbert, then it was something he would have to know about someday.’

The memory of that day was still vivid in her mind.

The sight of her sister Idelbert holding the necks of the high-ranking priests with her blood-soaked gauntlets.

After the massacre that day, the other priests and paladins who had followed the high-ranking priests disappeared in an instant.

However, Serif knew that they had only disappeared, and were not dead.

She had met them in person, and had heard eyewitness accounts.

Even if they had fallen to the level of criminals, since they were the successors of the dead high-ranking priests, they would have known the cause of the incident that day.

The question of that day still lingered in Serif’s mind, that’s why she wanted to find out.

Why did her sister, who had been close to her even when she was young, do something like that?

“… … ”

Serif, who could not overcome the frustration in her heart, eventually headed back to the purification room.

Then she looked at the bathtub where Balkan had just bathed.

The holy water he had washed his body in. Above it, jelly-like semen was floating.

-Gulp.

Saliva flowed down her throat on its own.

As a priest who follows Mother Earth, she knew that she shouldn’t do this… but her reason wavered in front of him.

Serif hesitated for a while as she stood in front of the bathtub, then carefully soaked herself in the still-warm bathtub.

Starting from the tips of her toes, her pure white calves, thighs, buttocks, and upper body…

“Hoooooo…”

It felt as if she was being held in his arms.

The sticky smell of semen and the destructive scent of a male lingered at the tip of the cat’s sensitive nose.

It was clearly an unfamiliar, objectively unpleasant smell.

Just smelling his body makes the uterus flutter, and that unique pheromone feels more attractive than any perfume.

As I smelled his scent that was already filling my head, a good idea came to me.

I will spray this holy water like perfume on the letter I will send to Idelbert.

How will Idelbert react when she smells the scent of the holy water?

A bitter smile naturally formed on Serif’s lips. It was a small revenge of hers.

-Hit. Hit.

Serif hit the surface of the bathtub with her cat’s tail.

When I thought of him, no other unpleasant things came to mind.

While entrusting herself to the bathtub full of holy water, where he had washed away his bad feelings and scattered his instincts and sexual desires…

Serif attempted masturbation for the first time in his life.

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The next day I went to the vice-chairman of the Explorers' Union and accepted Yonel Freya's offer.

"Let's catch the Elder Lich."