**Chapter 267: Who are you? (7)**

What would it feel like if WWE suddenly transformed into UFC?

The usual sparring, even with faces not often seen, wasn't much different from normal given that those who came to the sparring room were regular visitors.

No, rather, even more attention was drawn because faces usually not seen were sparring.

Many paladins and priests paid attention to this sparring.

Hope, Beer, and other church members in the sparring arena followed Cleassia with their eyes as she charged forward at high speed to take the initiative.

The moment the axe deflected the rapier's thrust, which was said to burst through the tough skin of mid-tier monsters even without embedding sword energy.

[You. Are you really okay with this?]

[It doesn't matter. Shoot.]

[...Just don't complain later saying I hit you.]

A magi explosion occurred.

After receiving the magi of sloth, Bunny had recovered some strength and could use magi more diversely and freely.

I made her use a magi explosion on me.

As a kind of self-destruct function, precisely at the moment when Cleassia’s rapier made contact.

So here's the question.

"Kuhek, ugh..."

Me, spitting blood from my helmet and raising pure sacred power in my hands to perform a healing miracle directly.

"......"

And Cleassia, looking down at her hands with a face like she'd eaten shit.

Between these two, who looks more suspicious?

The concealment ability of the recovered sloth magi was beyond Cleassia’s, so the answer is...

"Giltear...?"

Jellicy, with a stiffened expression, called out the guard's name.

Unlike her previous behavior showing unlimited affection toward Cleassia, her face was now full of confusion and doubt.

"Are you alright... No. This isn't right... What is this... Grrrr..."

Unable to make a quick judgment due to bewilderment, Jellicy growled lowly while Beer controlled the surroundings.

"Paladins, none of you move rashly! The priority is assessing the situation and treating the injured!"

As Beer's gaze turned to me, Hope quickly ran over to perform a healing miracle on me.

"Hope, priest..."

"Don't open your mouth, Lord Balkan! My goodness...! The internal organs in your body are completely shaken... Huh?"

"I won't die... so don't be so dramatic."

Hope's pale face gradually changed to one of bewilderment as he approached.

"Wh-what kind of recovery speed...? With this level of sacred power and healing miracle, you already have more than me..."

It wasn't that surprising.

After raising my Finesse tremendously, it was a healing miracle that saved even Denshi who was on the threshold of death.

As long as the sacred power accumulated in my dantian isn't depleted, I can somehow recover from most serious injuries.

"How can someone outside the temple perform a healing miracle at that level...? Even with a blessing, that degree is..."

"The quality of the sacred power is also incredible, right? At that level, it's almost like Lady Jellicy, no...maybe even beyond that...?"

Some priests and paladins looked at me with friendly eyes.

Seeing the pure sacred power and skilled technique as if I had performed healing miracles as a priest for years, they probably thought I was someone who had devoted myself to the Earth Mother Goddess order.

I got up, grabbing the shoulders of the dazed and admiring Hope and the priest who approached after her.

The smell of blood, painted red on my helmet and soaking my clothes, had dulled my sense of smell.

But I could clearly feel the cold, tense air surrounding us now.

"...Giltear."

Jellicy called Cleassia’s alias in a cautious voice.

Thanks to Bunny's control, even if they didn't know exactly who caused the magi explosion, everyone knew at what moment it occurred.

"My guard. Look around. A magi explosion has occurred! Why are you standing blankly!! Quickly find the cause and bring before me the traitor who attacked the temple, the sanctuary of our order!!!"

She shouted to her guard with eyes still unwilling to abandon her faith but Cleassia seemed not to hear that cry because she was just glaring at me as if she wanted to kill me.

"Lady Jellicy."

As I asked, spitting blood from my mouth, her eyes shook as if there was an earthquake.

"I don't know exactly what happened, but the answer is simple. The magi explosion occurred the moment our weapons met. Isn't it simply a matter of searching the bodies of those present for a demon’s bead and examining their souls for the blessing that allowed them to handle the power of a traitor?"

I spoke as if I was just a victim who didn't know what was going on, but didn't want to be considered a suspect, indicating I was fine with being searched. Jellicy remained silent.

To handle magi, one of two things was needed.

First was a bead.

For example, the bead given by the demon of sloth when reclaiming the blessing, or the bead used by the criminal clan that tried to kidnap Ellie at the academy graduation ceremony.

In the letter Professor Manko Steel gave as a reward, she referred to them as demon worshipers and warned to be careful of those carrying beads.

Those mysterious beads allowed even ordinary people to handle magi.

The second was a blessing, or a curse.

Like in Celsia's case, when a sealed demon fragment transforms into a blessing or curse.

And now.

[◆ Blessing of Three Jealous Pieces]

— You can induce emotions in those who think deeply about you.

— However, limited to three subjects who have affection for you.

The forehead of Cleassia, who had that blessing, wrinkled.

"Cough! Ugh... You can search me first. But if my innocence is proven."

I closed my eyes and murmured in a bitter and pitiful voice.

"In the sacred temple of the Earth Mother Goddess order, who could be the traitor handling magi...?"

A delicate...hmm.

As the delicate man said that while spitting blood, the suspicious gazes and raised sword tips of the paladins, who were already showing jealousy toward Cleassia, were gradually raised.

"Stop!!!"

Then Jellicy shouted in an urgent voice.

"My benefactor, the benefactor who saved me, couldn't possibly do that! The one who protected me more preciously than myself is a demon’s minion? Grrrrrr!!! That's absolutely impossible! It shouldn't be so!!!"

Jellicy, unable to hide the fierce wildness of a lion beastkin, growled lowly while striding toward Cleassia.

"Rather, I will personally examine Giltear's blessing! Thus I will prove her innocence!"

Jellicy, who shouted boisterously, faced Cleassia.

"Giltear. Show me your back. I will prove your innocence. I will personally prove that the current situation is an evil attack by wicked demon worshipers intended to induce a rift in our order."

"......"

"Show me your back, Giltear!!!"

Jellicy seemed to want to examine Cleassia’s blessing to prove her innocence and believe that there was another traitor here.

As Jellicy reached out to Cleassia with a howl.

Smack!!!

Cleassia, frowning, struck away Jellicy’s hand.

"......Giltear?"

Jellicy looked at Cleassia with disbelieving eyes.

In this situation, everyone present knew what it meant to avoid contact for a blessing examination.

"...Haa. What a fucking mess... Shit."

Cleassia, who sighed deeply, spat out a rough curse.

"...What did you say?"

"I fucking, for 2 years, how much have I licked that growling lion's ass every day. Half a year. No, not even half a year. In just a few more months, I could have completely brainwashed you...But now that the seed of doubt has grown, it can't be fixed. Huu..."

With a voice full of irritation and anger, like an art student whose graduation project was ruined after years of effort, Cleassia wiped her forehead and raised her head.

The gaze that had seemed to maintain boundaries until now was nowhere to be found.

Only fierce hostility and killing intent were contained in those green eyes.

Those anger-filled eyes scanned the surroundings, and I moved quickly.

Swoosh!!

With explosive acceleration, I pushed Jellicy aside, and the magi-infused rapier grazed my cheek.

"...What?"

Screeeech!

Jellicy froze, realizing she had nearly died with her forehead pierced by the sword of the guard she had so trusted, and without time to care about the blood flowing down my torn cheek, the continuous attacks continued.

-Thwack!

Dodging a thrust aimed at my forehead by tilting my head back, I kicked Cleassia’s abdomen to create distance.

The air froze in the brief moment of exchange.

"Everyone battle positions!! Priests call for support and paladins block the retreat routes!!"

Even the hesitant paladins raised their sacred power at Beer's shout.

"...Giltear. You..."

"Tsk. This face is ruined now. This was the only face that wasn't known."

Cleassia, who clicked her tongue and sighed deeply without even listening to Jellicy’s murmur.

Then something surprising happened.

[◆ Blessing of Deception]

— You can store up to seven appearances.

— You can change your appearance to match the stored appearances.

Like putting on someone else's shell, Cleassia’s body transformed.

From hair color to skin color, the size and impression of facial features.

The size and contour of the face, the structure of bones and muscles forming the body, even the reach of arms and legs.

Unlike just before when she had the appearance of a sturdy female warrior, she raised her rapier after transforming into an obese woman with green hair and green eyes, causing an uproar around her.

"The branded one, Closier?! Why is that wanted criminal...?!"

"G-Giltear... No! That traitor has been hiding her identity and targeting Lady Jellicy all this time!"

Jellicy’s body, having clearly confronted the fact that the guard she had so trusted was actually a traitor who had committed numerous crimes, began to swell little by little.

"...Ah..."

That phenomenon was not a simple illusion.

"Giltear, you dare..."

With each blood vessel that stood out on the lion beastkin's face soaked in anger and betrayal, her body gradually grew larger, eventually transforming into a gigantic lion monster form that must have been at least 3m in body size.

"You betrayed me, the order...the Earth Mother Goddess!!!"

Unperturbed by the mighty beast's roar as it fluttered its golden fur, Cleassia calmly pointed her rapier.

She was no longer looking at Jellicy.

Her eyes, full of killing intent, were directed entirely at me.

"Hey. Let me ask you one thing."

She asked me.

"Who are you?"

It probably wasn't simply asking for my name.

If I had to find a meaning, it was closer to asking: what the hell are you doing, why did you suddenly appear, make this mess, and cause trouble?

"Well..."

Despite pondering with my chin in hand, I had nothing to say to someone who was about to be captured. So.

"Just because?"

I raised my middle finger and gave her the bird.