**Chapter 268: Who are you? (8)**

"This bastard!!!!"

Cleassia, whose neck with thick layers of fat had veins bulging, removed her power concealment and emitted dense magi.

"Huh...!"

"Wh-what kind of magi... How can a person emit such a terrible aura!"

The magi that emanated from Cleassia was as dense as that of the Elder Lich, which possessed enough magi to fill the swamp cemetery of the 19th floor.

Weak priests and paladins who felt the fierce killing intent rising from that magi either sat down or stepped back, and hands gripping swords trembled.

Those present were not yet skilled swordsmen, so it was unavoidable.

"Don't panic! We have the advantage in numbers! Raise your holy power and execute the traitor who betrayed the Earth Mother Goddess!!"

However, no matter how powerful a devil worshipper's subordinate might be, they would inevitably be intimidated when surrounded by thirty paladins with holy power.

Perhaps thinking this, Jellicy, who had transformed into a large beast-like lion monster, boosted the morale of the paladins and pounced on Cleassia who was charging forward after kicking the ground with her front paws.

-Swaaaack!

The lion's claws fell quickly with heavy weight and acceleration.

-Clang!

A metallic sound rang out from where that fast and heavy blow landed.

Cleassia had blocked Jellicy’s strike with a nonchalant expression.

It wasn't a special technique or deflection, just a simple swing.

The rapier, shot at a speed that seemed impossible to come from that mass of fat, created a crack in Jellicy’s claws and prepared for another strike.

-Booooom!

When the explosive force from the heavy body firmly pressing the ground was transferred to the rapier, Cleassia’s strike made a sound like it came from a ballista used for siege warfare, not a simple cold weapon.

A single thrust enlarged the crack on Jellicy’s claws.

-Booooom!!!

The second thrust precisely struck the crack between the claws, completely shattering Jellicy’s claws.

"Grrrrrgh!"

A cry of pain escaped Jellicy’s mouth, but the beast priest was experienced.

The opposite front paw, enhanced with enlargement miracle and strength enhancement miracle, had already reached right next to Cleassia.

Whack!!

"Got you— Kaaack!"

Jellicy’s eyelids, which had been filled with confidence of victory after grabbing Cleassia, immediately turned to shock.

-Slurp!

A large hole appeared in the center of Jellicy’s palm with a creepy flesh sound.

"Have you forgotten how I saved you? Jellicy."

A rapier protruded through the lion's skin and the back of the hand.

The magi imbued in Cleassia’s rapier rotated like a drill, and Jellicy’s fist loosened, unable to withstand the pain of having the hand completely pierced and torn.

Cleassia landed on the ground as gently as a feather despite her enormous size.

"Al-almost no wounds...?"

"...That body. It's because of the magi covering that fat lump's skin that there's little damage!"

Frustration and despair crossed the faces of the paladins watching the battle that had unfolded in an instant.

There was no paladin here now who could handle holy sword energy pure and powerful enough to pierce through that thick skin covered with magi.

They had just seen that exchange; the level of combat was too high.

Their faces mixed with helplessness and despair at the overwhelming difference in skill.

It seemed impossible to guarantee victory even if they joined with their lives at stake.

Some priests had hurriedly left to report the situation since the magi explosion, but it was questionable whether they could summon paladins capable of fighting such a monster-like traitor in time.

Although their honor as faithful and their religious devotion called for them to execute the traitor, when the word 'death' clearly approached, they could only freeze like ice.

Glancing at those despairing faces, Cleassia looked around.

The man who had ruined her long-term efforts with the worst result was nowhere to be seen.

'Did he escape during the confusion?'

When she thought of him, veins bulged on Cleassia’s forehead again.

'What was he doing anyway? He must also be a subordinate of the demon worshippers, so why is he messing with me?'

Although demon worshippers don't all work together, they shouldn't openly sabotage each other when they have similar goals.

Barely suppressing the rising anger, Cleassia approached Jellicy, who had knelt in pain, to finish her off.

The mission had failed because of that guy, so she needed to get at least some emotional gain.

"It was similar back then too. In the 21st floor, your lover and all expedition members were annihilated by a white tiger monster, and I saved you when you were caught by the monster and trying to commit suicide, didn't I?"

Cleassia pressed down on Jellicy’s head under her foot, like extinguishing the fire of a cigarette.

As the lion humanoid's face distorted with pain and betrayal, a slight sense of compensation rose in Cleassia’s heart.

"You, bitch... After doing that... After saving me...! Why exactly—"

"Didn't you ever think it was strangely convenient how everything fit together perfectly?"

"...What?"

Looking down at Jellicy, who threw a questioning gaze with confusion greater than pain, Cleassia sneered maliciously.

"You were attractive prey. You had decent support within the church and potential, so you were perfect to use. But damn, what to do? Your surroundings were so solid there was no gap to exploit."

"......"

"So I thought this way. If there's no opening, I'll just create one."

"No way..."

"So I got help from lust succubi to make the monster go into heat, and set a trap."

Perhaps because she anticipated what would soon come out of her mouth, an expression of intense anger along with despair flashed across Jellicy’s face.

"...Stop."

"I captured the monster in heat and starved it for days. I waited for you to go on an expedition."

"...Please, don't say any more—"

"And! Without noticing my plan at all, you led your lover and companions that way—"

-Snicker.

A sneer settled on Cleassia’s face as she confirmed Jellicy’s crumbling expression.

"That day was really the best! You thanked me, said you were grateful for saving you, that you would survive on behalf of your dead lover and repay the debt no matter what... You bowed down pathetically to the very person who killed your lover!"

"You... you traitor bastard!!!!"

Jellicy, bursting out with a roar full of anger and killing intent, swung his front paw, but Cleassia subdued Jellicy again with a few thrusts and stomped on her head once more.

"You didn't stop there and pushed me forward within the temple. You even created a paladin position for me by forcing it... If you had continued to be brainwashed like a sucker, it would have been good for both of us, but because of one nobody's words, you became suspicious of me..."

"I will kill you! No matter what! Even if I go to hell! The Earth Mother Goddess's hammer will fall upon you—"

"Too bad."

Cleassia said so as she raised her rapier.

"You'll die here."

-Woooong!

Her highly raised rapier was immediately covered with magi, and just as it was about to fall to pierce the neck of the puppet she had exploited for days.

Cleassia urgently modified the path of her rapier swing.

-Kwaaaang!!!

The paladins rushing in to prevent the worst situation were pushed back by that tremendous explosion and gust of wind.

A huge light fell from somewhere and clashed with Cleassia along with the explosion.

In the midst of a light so bright it was as if the sun in the sky had fallen to the ground, the figure of a man at the center of the light was revealed.

The man, wearing magical armor, was holding an oversized axe wrapped in pure radiant light and sword energy.

"You!!!!"

Cleassia screamed at the sight of it.

Why must this guy be so desperate to interfere at every important moment!

-Kuuuung!

As she blocked his strike by thrusting her rapier, a phenomenon similar to the magi explosion that had been the trigger for all this chaos occurred.

However, the situation now was different from then.

Not a unilateral explosion of magi, but a collision between enormous holy power and magi.

Every time the axe and rapier collided and sparked, the holy power and magi imbued in each other's weapons distorted and demonstrated their power.

With each strike that collided, their legs ground into the earth and they were pushed back slightly, evidence that the competing forces were close to equal.

Yet seeing him standing calmly without even frowning, it was clear that his earlier tumbling was indeed just a clumsy act.

'I must end this in one blow.'

The axe hidden with questionable magi and inexplicable vicious behavior was dangerous, but.

His body itself, which emitted explosive power and stamina in addition to having powerful holy power that was no less than hers, was the most threatening.

It felt like facing the demon worshipper of wrath, the red-haired minotaur with a giant axe, whom she had only seen from afar.

As his muscles, which had reached the realm of the superhuman, exploded with each swing, wounds increased on both their bodies.

As Cleassia’s thick skin was gradually cut and soaked in blood, wounds also increased on Balkan's body.

But when she swung her rapier again, the wounds that had been engraved on his body had somehow disappeared.

Even after inflicting wounds twice, the wounds were gone without a trace, and only after three consecutive attacks did a slight gap appear.

'That guy! Healing miracle!'

He hadn't drunk a potion. He hadn't received a healing miracle from another priest.

He was raging fiercely like an immortal warrior who defied even death by performing healing miracles on himself.

She had never seen a warrior raging as madly as him in the past few years. But

"That trick ends now!!!"

-Kwaaaaa!

The magi accumulated in the rapier during the exchange formed a clear shape and rotated like a drill.

The strike that had pierced Jellicy’s hand and the secret technique that had brought Cleassia to this position.

-Kaaaang!

When the axe blade that collided with that strike started to split in half, Cleassia was confident in her victory in this battle.

"Bunny."

It was only natural.

"Eat."

-Crunch!!!

No one would have thought that the phenomenon of the axe splitting in half was for the purpose of opening jaws like a monster to bite the rapier...

[Gurk. This is quite edible.]

Feeling Bunny patting her stomach in his mind, Balkan cut off Cleassia’s right arm.

The handle of the rapier whose blade had been eaten flew through the air.

The winner of the battle was decided.

"...Ah..."

The eyes of the faithful turned to one place.

A man who had brought the monster wielding the demon’s power to her knees and raised an axe wrapped in light to signal the end of the battle.

The holy power emanating from him shone like a halo.

"...Saint..."

Someone murmured as if entranced, looking at him.

No one disputed this murmur as a blasphemy against the sacred.

"He is a saint..."

Because everyone who had watched that battle was thinking something similar.

Those who had put down their swords knelt, bowed their heads, and offered prayers.