**Chapter 273: What I can give (5)**

Heh.

With a sound of mockery, Cleassia’s lip corner twisted.

"Do you think I would tell you that?"

"I don't know. But in my experience."

Idelbert, who answered calmly, also raised her fist.

"People's reactions change when they're beaten until just before death."

-Thwack!

A heavy fist filled with anger pounded Cleassia’s fat body.

With each punch, the sound of flesh tearing and meat being tenderized rang out repeatedly.

"...crazy..."

"Hey, don't listen. Turn your head...We don't want to get caught in the crossfire."

Other outlaws imprisoned in different cells turned their heads in fear of Idelbert's rage.

Coolid also averted her gaze. Perhaps she thought it would help with repentance.

It seemed that she was staying quiet since there would be gain either way if the demon worshipper spoke.

"......"

Balkan watched Idelbert throwing punches with an uncomfortable feeling.

'She's being swayed by emotions.'

His master who had passed down numerous combat experiences to him.

Having seen Idelbert's fists and felt them countless times during their training, he could tell that Idelbert had always maintained calmness, constantly thinking while moving intuitively.

But now, Idelbert was throwing punches while engulfed in emotions of anger and hostility.

As she wielded her body, not yet fully recovered from the battle with Diana, with a mind that had lost its coolness, rough breaths escaped.

It had transformed from the punch of a skilled warrior to the clumsy punch of a back-alley thug.

—That bitch who tried to brainwash my little sister. Where is she hiding?

And the reason for all this would be related to Idelbert's taboo.

"...Master."

I quietly approached and grabbed Idelbert's shoulder.

It was difficult to just watch her being swayed by emotions like this.

"Remove this hand, disciple. The punishment is not yet over."

"Don't you know that it no longer has meaning, Master?"

Cleassia, who had been provoking Idelbert and running her mouth until just a moment ago.

"You think... I would, willingly, open, my mouth... just because you do this?"

Despite being beaten to a pulp by the consecutive punches, her two manic eyes still contained deep contempt and mockery.

"Demon of Envy. If we awaken that one, we can live in a world full of chaos again!"

The person consumed by the emotion of envy raised her broken arms and worshipped the being she believed in.

"A world where even the most decent person doesn't hide their ugly envy and jealousy! If everyone in the world harbors such emotions, they won't be hurt by mediocre sympathy and kindness! You who reject and don't accept this perfect world are the evil that eats away at this world!"

Not being able to proudly accept their own ugly jealousy.

Deep contempt arose as I faced the ideology of this crazy woman who wished for a world where everyone envied and was jealous of each other, wanting her ugly jealousy to be accepted as a natural emotion.

I seem to understand why people despised demon worshippers.

They were mad psychopathic terrorists who tried to overturn the whole world to justify their twisted ideology and desires.

"Look, disciple. This woman hasn't been beaten enough. She's still spouting nonsense as if it's a proper ideology."

"...Then I will make this one repent. Master, please rest now. Your fists are bleeding too."

The clumsy punches had become harmful to Idelbert as well, with blood forming on the torn skin.

At the voice filled with concern, Idelbert gave a very faint smile and patted Balkan's back with a palm that wasn't bloodied.

"Don't worry. It's not related to you. It's my personal revenge, so I won't drag you into it."

Balkan bit his lip at that resolute voice.

"That's a hurtful thing to say."

"What?"

"If it's your revenge, Master, why is it not related to me?"

-Flinch!

At that voice, Idelbert's black cat tail stood up stiffly.

Unlike the tail showing an intense reaction, I asked Idelbert, who had a dazed expression as if hit by a hammer.

"If I were to die, would you not seek revenge against the one who killed me?"

"No."

Idelbert immediately shook her head.

It seemed like an unpleasant thought just to imagine, as her brow was deeply furrowed.

"I don't know who would have killed you, but I would immediately go find that person and cut off their head. No, just cutting off the head wouldn't be enough. I would make them feel the pain of becoming a living corpse by denying them food for a month and controlling their breathing. ...No, no. That's still not enough. I would turn them into minced jerky and make Shuding eat it three times a day—"

After listing dozens of execution methods, Idelbert suddenly came to her senses and shook her head vigorously.

"Besides, talking about dying is too extreme an example. This and that are completely different cases."

"They are not different. Master, you would calmly do such cruel things for my revenge. I am the same."

If he were to die, Idelbert had promised to avenge him.

'Then, what I must do is the same.'

I too must help with her revenge.

"If you would move for my revenge, Master, I should rightfully help with your revenge as well."

"......"

Faced with eyes filled with resolute will, Idelbert turned her head quickly and grabbed her black cat tail tightly.

-Swish. Swish.

Representing her pounding emotions, her cat tail that couldn't be controlled waved rapidly, but when she grabbed the middle of it with a strong grip, the tail moved gently, controlled by the fierce force.

Idelbert, who bowed her head deeply to hide her flushed face, spoke as if reluctantly.

"Yes, if you insist that much, well. I guess it can't be helped. Ugh... let's stop here for today."

-Thud.

Idelbert let go of Cleassia’s collar and looked at Coolid.

"Heal me a bit."

"Sigh..."

Coolid, who nodded with a deep sigh, prepared to leave the underground prison with Idelbert.

"Balkan. Why aren't you coming along?"

At Coolid’s question, Balkan clenched his fist and glared at Cleassia, who had been beaten to a pulp.

"...I'd like to have a conversation with this one for a moment, would that be possible?"

"Hmm. According to regulations, outsiders shouldn't even be here, let alone having a private meeting with a prisoner..."

-Glance.

Coolid looked at Balkan for a moment and wore a contemplative expression.

'...If he's someone Idelbert trusts so much, and has holy power similar to Lady Sheriff...'

It might be good to create a debt now.

Coincidentally, in a few months, one of the most important events of the order, the True Repentance Ceremony, will be held...

Coolid spoke as if it was nothing.

"If you participate in the order's event that will be held in a few months, today's me might become a bit dim-sighted."

"If you call, I should naturally go."

"Hoho. Is it because I'm getting old? My sight is a bit blurry. I should go out and put in some eye drops."

Coolid turned her steps with a satisfied face at the deal that ended quickly.

Idelbert looked at Balkan and the axe he carried on his back for a moment.

Then she patted his broad back and whispered quietly.

"Don't overdo it."

"I'll be moderate."

Balkan smiled softly at the voice filled with subtle concern.

Idelbert was one of the few individuals who saw through Bunny's magi concealment, along with Zirnier, the creator of Bunny.

Even though Bunny's power and concealment ability had grown stronger after receiving part of the Sloth demon's magi, it wasn't at a level to evade the eyes of someone as skilled as Idelbert, and we had sparred with weapons, so it was natural.

Judging by how she seemed to have already noticed what I was about to do, the period we spent as master and disciple was definitely not short.

Shortly after they left, Balkan and Cleassia looked at each other with a cell bar between them.

"What the hell are you?"

Cleassia asked, filled with feelings of doubt.

"What the hell kind of bastard are you?! What's your purpose?!"

The image of a man wearing a helmet was captured in Cleassia’s eyes as she trembled and growled.

"You imprison me here, make that senior priest your ally, and play master and disciple with the Adventurer Union leader who has been chasing us from before?!"

"Would you even listen to what I say now?"

I chuckled and pointed my axe at Cleassia.

"What are you trying to do? If you kill me now, wouldn't you suffer more loss?"

"I'm not going to kill you. Why would I kill you? You need to spill all the information you have, right?"

"Ha. Do you think I, a faithful servant of the one who will resurrect the Demon of Envy, would reveal even a single piece of information about that one?"

It was a foolish and impossible thing.

The idol of the demon, the faith in those who follow a distorted belief.

All of those things made up Cleassia, so.

"No matter what torture you inflict, I will not open my mouth to you bastards."

"It's not torture."

"Huh. Then are you saying you're going to make me repent? You? Ha!"

Cleassia mocked with an expression that didn't hide her incredulity, and he nodded.

"That's right."

"...What?"

To the voice expressing doubt, Balkan simply pointed his axe.

Crack—

As the cold axe blade split in half and revealed vicious teeth, a shadow began to cast over Cleassia’s face.

"You will open your mouth on your own with submission."

Crunch—!

In a world filled with pure white, Cleassia opened her eyes.

"...Where is this?"

Heaven? Hell?

This place was too desolate to compare with places that had such clear colors.

A sense of facing an emptiness that had devoured everything, including the world and herself, leaving nothing behind.

[Foolish one.]

A woman's voice echoed throughout that empty world.

The moment she heard the voice that seemed to pierce her brain, Cleassia’s entire body was covered in goosebumps.

'What, is this—'

Just from hearing the voice, she shrunk like an insect facing a carnivore, confronting such horrible and ugly magic that gave her goosebumps all over her body.

She had never heard or faced such a terrible aura in her life.

'...No.'

She had.

The axe that the guy who destroyed the plan she had worked on for years and caused her downfall was carrying.

From there, magi similar to this had—

[The will of my subordinate is my will. How pathetic that a person who handles magi cannot perceive that deep meaning.]

With each word uttered, the immense magi that contained a grand caliber pricked Cleassia’s entire body like needles.

Eventually, Cleassia faced a being sitting majestically on a throne with legs crossed.

That being was looking down at Cleassia indifferently.

For a moment, her eyes went to the oddly numerous restraining chains scattered under the throne.

Cleassia, feeling the magi possessed by the being before her, knelt in astonishment.

-Tremble...

The joy of facing a great being boiled up throughout her body.

And, everything was roughly understood.

Why that man had raised holy power, why he carried an axe imbued with magi, why he tried to bury her to gain the trust of the order, why he had infiltrated as a disciple of the Adventurer Union leader...

'After all, he was a demon worshipper too!'

Didn't they say to deceive your allies first to deceive your enemies?

—You will open your mouth on your own with submission.

Cleassia, feeling that she finally understood him at this moment, bowed to the great being.

"To the one who is a part of the seven great demons and has risen to the seat of Gluttony, this lowly creature offers greetings."

Bunny, seeing Cleassia bowing to her, held back laughter inside.

'I was preparing to enchant that guy according to the scenario recited by my attached creature...'

Looking at that appearance, it seemed unnecessary.

The next day.

"...What is this?"

The worshipper of the Demon of Envy received a letter.