**Chapter 274: What I can give (6)**

"What did you say?"

"Cleassia has revealed all of the Envy Worshiper's hideouts, available troops, and underlings currently spread throughout other organizations."

After leaving the underground prison.

When I handed over a paper with the achievements of the past hour to Idelbert, who was receiving the miracle of healing, she had a dazed expression.

"...What are you saying?"

"I said that Cleassia has revealed all of the Envy Worshiper's hideouts, available troops, and underlings currently spread throughout other organizations."

Since Coolid also expressed the same doubt, I answered the same way, and Idelbert and Coolid stared blankly at each other before looking at me simultaneously.

Balkan found their bewilderment both amusing and satisfying.

It was evidence that he had accomplished something difficult enough to surprise them this much.

In fact, Coolid and Idelbert's impressions weren't much different from that.

"...No, how did you—"

The paper Balkan handed over.

After confirming the various information confessed by Cleassia, Coolid couldn't finish her words and broke out in a cold sweat.

'I thought he might have some method when he requested a private audience, but...'

However, she never thought that method would be enough to break down an underling of a demon worshiper with distorted and twisted beliefs.

As Idelbert's violence had proven, that person was not someone who could be subdued by simple violence.

What superior means did he have compared to Idelbert that made him succeed in getting a confession?

-Glance.

Coolid’s gaze suddenly went to the massive flesh between Balkan's legs and quickly came back up.

'No, that can't be... but other than that...'

Getting information by satisfying a prisoner.

While Coolid was punishing and blaming herself for having thoughts that a priest should not have.

"There's no point in being surprised here. Let's go back again."

Idelbert, with her mostly recovered body, got up and patted her disciple's back.

Having arrived at the underground prison.

"...Balkan."

Cleassia, imprisoned behind the iron bars, murmured the name of the man who came to see her.

The woman who had been resisting with fierce eyes until before was no longer there.

No, there was still resistance in her eyes, but the intensity was very weak.

When Cleassia’s eyes, now devoid of ferocity, turned to Balkan, there was a faint sense of kinship and admiration.

When she looked at Idelbert and Coolid, there was contempt, disdain, and mockery that far surpassed them.

A face that seemed to be holding back laughter inside, as if looking at those who didn't even know they were being used.

Her actual thoughts weren't much different.

Cleassia had changed her mind about Balkan, who had allowed her to meet a great being.

'The Demon of Gluttony herself called him her underling.'

Why are demon worshipers called demon worshipers?

Demon worshipers want demons with desires, also called deadly sins, to realize their ideals, and they try to resurrect beings they've never even seen.

But just because you believe in, follow, and act for gods doesn't mean you become a messenger of god.

—The will of my underling is my will.

However, the great demon herself had said that Balkan was carrying out her will.

So how could he be compared to mere demon worshipers?

He wasn't a primitive being who worshiped demons, but one who directly executed the will of demons...

'He is literally an apostle of demons!'

If the Apostle of Gluttony took root in the church and the adventurer's union, other demons would one after another aim for resurrection.

Although she would be imprisoned for the time being, from a macro perspective, this was a great opportunity.

"Why did someone who had been keeping their mouth shut suddenly change their words?"

When Idelbert glared at Cleassia with a questioning look, her lips twisted strangely.

"You've trained your disciple well. Your disciple satisfied me quite well."

Idelbert felt an instinctive rage as the ugly fat woman looked at her disciple with a sticky gaze.

She sniffed, smelling the surrounding air, but detected no scent of lust or semen.

Idelbert felt somewhat relieved by this, but Coolid, an ordinary human woman, didn't have such a sensitive sense of smell and could only assess the situation based on Cleassia’s expression.

'Did he really...sexually satisfy this ugly demon underling to obtain information?!'

Coolid looked at the male standing calmly beside Idelbert with a shocked expression.

A man who willingly sacrificed his pure body for the sake of avenging his master and punishing the hideous demon worshiper.

A man who sacrificed himself for the sake of doing good.

-Trickle.

Coolid’s eyes, which had grown weak with tears in middle age, became moist.

'How, how beautiful and kind a heart...'

Who could point a finger at that man saying he couldn't protect his chastity?

'I...no, the church. We must embrace that child with love and warmth in the spirit of the Earth Goddess.'

While Coolid was having this twisted misunderstanding, Idelbert slapped the paper filled with information about the Envy Demon Worshiper forces and asked.

"This information. There are no lies, right?"

"That depends on how you take it."

When Balkan sent a restraining glance at Cleassia’s sneering reply, she nodded slightly.

"20th floor, north. The Envy Worshiper's Hideout is in the ice cave near the fountain. The core force consists of four high-level priest successors and paladin successors who were previously brainwashed by the Envy Worshiper, and two high-level adventurers who were kidnapped and brainwashed in the labyrinth."

When Cleassia mentioned their names and appearances, Coolid and Idelbert's faces frowned simultaneously.

"Those children..."

"They weren't ones to be defeated by mere monsters. How..."

High-level priest successors and high-level adventurers are among the most important personnel in the labyrinth city.

They must have been quite skilled for the two to remember their names.

"Three of the six, including me, have infiltrated the church, academy, and Claudia trading company to brainwash capable individuals there and draw them to our side, and the other three are constantly guarding the worshiper."

Coolid and Idelbert processed the information that continued to flow like a broken dam.

Balkan had opened the closed mouth of the creature and made it disclose information, so it was up to them to figure out how to use that information to deal with the enemy.

"At least I don't smell any lies."

"I told you, didn't I? Your disciple really satisfied me."

"Kuhubb...! You filthy demon underling! What did you do to that young child...!"

Wiping away tears of anger, Coolid patted Balkan's shoulder while catching her breath.

"Balkan. I say this on my honor as a priest. Our church will always embrace you warmly. We will never forget your sacrifice for providing us with valuable information."

"Ah, yes..."

Balkan didn't correct the misunderstanding of the oddly affectionate middle-aged priest.

'There's no need to clarify and lose out.'

He simply nodded with a pitiful look, realizing what kind of misunderstanding Coolid was having.

Idelbert, sensing her disciple's thoughts, just smiled wryly.

He was a disciple who sometimes slacked off but performed amazingly when needed...truly, she couldn't help but cherish him.

'I'd like to give him a hundred cat tail praise stamps, but...'

If she did that, she'd become a pathetic doormat who would have to comply with her disciple's every word not just at night but during the day as well, so she couldn't bring herself to do it, and instead gave him a tight hug.

"Well done. My disciple. Really."

"It's for helping my master, so I had to do it properly."

"......"

Noticing her disciple's warm voice tickling her ear and the sensation of his firm pectoral muscles pressing against her breasts, Idelbert felt her tail wagging slightly.

Along with the pleasure as a female, a sly smile spread across her face at the thought that her goal had come much closer but she couldn't stay immersed in joy forever.

They immediately left the underground prison to establish a plan to subjugate the Jealousy worshiper.

"Balkan. No, Lord Balkan."

Cleassia, clinging to the iron bars, urgently called out to Balkan, who was following behind them.

"I have given you everything I can offer. Not just information, but I will follow everything you say. So, please promise me one thing."

A wish filled with ugly desire burst from her lips.

"If you ever resurrect the Demon of Envy, please let me be the first to receive that one's blessing...!"

[Puhub!]

Bunny, who was listening to her wish, couldn't hold back her laughter and burst out.

[Balkan, look. Those who plead their wishes to demons are this ugly. They put their own goals first without even thinking about what others might lose, and even brazenly betray the organizations they belong to.]

Even that infamous demon couldn't hide her contempt, disgusted by the ugliness of humans blinded by desire.

[This is why I ate all the ones who claimed to follow me in the old days. And yet they keep appearing from somewhere like cockroaches...tsk. Don't you become like that.]

[I know.]

The Demon of Sloth came to mind at Bunny's words.

A demon who despised humans who only prayed for their own wishes, and even gave execution requests to prevent them from resurrecting her.

Demons hate them so much, so why are demon worshipers so desperate to resurrect demons?

'This is why people should live kindly without greed.'

Balkan looked with contemptuous eyes at Cleassia, who was bowing her head saying she would do anything, and even getting down on her knees, and said.

"We'll see how you do."

Of course, her wish would never come true.

"......!!! Yes! Absolutely!"

[Puhub!]

Cleassia’s voice, expressing gratitude for a promise without guarantee, was drowned out by Bunny's laughter.

What is the way to catch a demon worshiper with powerful forces?

Idelbert gave a very simple and clear answer to this question.

"It's just a matter of bringing an overwhelmingly strong party compared to the opponent."

And so we arrived here.

The sign of the Cozy Winter Night Inn hanging in front of the door swayed in the light breeze.

Carefully opening the door and entering, I saw the face of someone sitting at the table.

As if already sensing our presence, Diana, with her eyes slightly open, was looking at us.

"...You're a bit late today Balkan."

The moment I heard Diana's voice, much more gentle and affectionate than usual for some reason, the sperm dispenser felt a chill run down his spine.