

Inevitability 401

Chapter 401 Dreamwalker

From Loki losing control and collapsing without being completely dead, Lumian had been vigilant about being reported by the core members of the April Fool's team and staying prepared for potential surprise attacks from official Beyonders. After all, Loki knew that he was Lumian Lee, a leader of the Savoie Mob, overseeing Salle de Bal Brise. He even knew that Lumian carried the aura of the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor.

In the end, official Beyonders merely approached the market district's police headquarters to inquire about the abnormality that night and to see if Ciel Dubois, a capable mob leader, knew anything.

This convinced Lumian that the April Fool's team still had their sights set on him. They were reluctant to hand their target over to the authorities or force him out of the market district where they could no longer keep an eye on him.

It had to be known that a marionette sealed with an angel was undoubtedly an item that could cause Loki's strength to undergo a significant transformation. Missing out on Lumian meant he could almost never meet another one.

Furthermore, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings might have a use for Termiboros.

The core members of the April Fool's team were quite direct about this matter. They didn't bother concealing their mockery and malice. They believed Lumian could see through it and expected him to be provoked, eventually choosing to wait in the market district.

When to make their move was entirely up to them. They wouldn't recklessly attack while Lumian had assistance.

Jenna sensed the anger and hostility lurking beneath Lumian's composed demeanor and calm words. She didn't attempt to persuade him further and simply mumbled, "I hope these villains get what's coming to them."

Lumian's emotions had been on an upheaval, causing the lingering effects of his near-loss of control to resurface.

Taking a deep breath, he raised his right hand and massaged his temples to ease the pounding in his head.

"What's wrong?" Jenna asked, her concern evident.

Lumian replied succinctly, "The mental trauma from the battle with Loki will take a week or two to fully heal."

Jenna's eyes darted as she offered, "Do you want me to give you a head massage? Franca taught me. I'm quite skilled at it.

"Don't be shy. We're friends, after all!"

Her last statement trailed off playfully, an attempt to divert Lumian's attention and alleviate his emotional state with a teasing tone.

Lumian scoffed.

“Why do you keep saying that from time to time? ‘Franca mentioned this, Franca taught me that.’”

“Don't you often...” Jenna started but abruptly stopped herself.

Initially, she had intended to say, “Don't you often say, ‘My sister said that, my sister taught me that.’”

Lumian fell silent, and Jenna did the same. After a few seconds, seeing that Lumian didn't object, Jenna left the chair armrest and moved behind him. She reached out and began massaging his temples and both sides of his head.

Lumian's body tensed up.

Jenna playfully teased, “Have you never been intimate with a girl before?”

Lumian scoffed. “As a Hunter, I would instinctively throw anyone who dared to touch my head or bestow them with a massive fireball. It took a lot of effort not to roast you.”

Amused and exasperated, Jenna tightened her grip.

“Did the Provoker potion completely alter your language and speech patterns?”

Lumian responded bluntly, “Yo, why the fancy words?”

As the two of them bantered, Lumian's body gradually relaxed. After a few minutes, he leaned back on the sofa and half-closed his eyes.

While enjoying Jenna's massage and relieving his headache, he naturally brought up the “pranks” of Loki, I Know Someone, and the other core members of the April Fool's team. Jenna's anger flared, and she subconsciously tightened her grip.

“Take it easy,” Lumian said with a hint of physical discomfort.

An Assassin possessed considerable strength.

Jenna eased her grip, still fuming.

“I've never encountered such scoundrels or vile individuals in all my performances. They deserve every bit of suffering!

“Dammit, why am I not a Witch yet?”

Lumian's eyes remained closed as he asked, “How's the digestion with the Instigator potion? Have you grasped the principles of acting?”

Jenna's attention shifted. As she continued to knead, she reflected, “There are currently two key points. First, Instigation is a means, not an end. Second, the essence of Instigation lies in understanding the core of the matter and the conditions of the people involved, not in the use of abilities. Additionally, I've come to a realization. Instigation will inevitably bring about consequences; it just depends on whom you want to face those consequences.”

“Not bad,” Lumian commended, a rare occurrence.

Standing behind him, Jenna lifted her chin modestly and said, "I find opportunities to practice every day, especially among theater actors and apprentices at places like Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons, where conflicts are abundant. Instigating someone forces me to consider who I want to benefit and who will be taught a lesson or suffer losses. It made me realize that instigation is merely a tool."

Lumian's demeanor noticeably softened as he let his thoughts wander. He casually inquired, "Where do you think I might find an opportunity to act as a Pyromaniac?"

Jenna's hands continued their soothing motion as she thought and replied, "Trier is a place of relatively basic order. You can only act on smaller matters; you can't create a major spectacle there..."

"But there might be an opportunity during the pursuit of those villains. When you mentioned it earlier, I wanted to set them ablaze!"

Lumian suddenly had an idea, though it wasn't entirely clear.

At that moment, footsteps echoed from the stairs, growing progressively louder.

Jenna released her grip on Lumian's head and approached the door with a smile.

"Franca is back."

In the bustling streets of Trier, the night might lack tranquility, but the citizens living in those areas still found their way into slumber.

In one person's dream, they envisioned their children gradually improving and becoming healthier after consuming human blood bread.

Suddenly, a golden retriever carrying a small backpack made an appearance in the dream.

The golden retriever sat at the dream's edge, guiding the hazy scenes to reveal hidden memories deep in the dreamer's subconscious.

It was the excitement of pushing through the crowd and rushing towards the death row inmate's corpse with bread in hand. It was the hesitation that came after believing that human blood bread could cure illnesses. It was the mixture of joy and skepticism that had accompanied their first hearing of this rumor...

The golden retriever caught sight of the figure who had initially informed the dreamer about the blood bread rumors. It turned out to be a neighbor who lived next door.

And so, the golden retriever traversed dream after dream, activating the corresponding subconscious memories to search for the source of the blood bread rumors.

After hundreds of dreams, the golden retriever noticed two dreams with clear contradictions.

One belonged to a father who believed that he had obtained the secret of human blood bread from a Warlock he happened to meet, using it to cure his daughter's illness. The other dream belonged to his child, who had suddenly fallen ill and then just as suddenly recovered, as if the human blood bread was a miraculous elixir.

The golden retriever guided the father to manifest the Warlock in his dream.

It was very ordinary and unremarkable.

Scenes in the dream flickered rapidly, and the image of the Warlock began to change, memories flowing back.

When their initial encounter was revealed, the golden retriever saw a Warlock with a completely different face from before!

Then, the face rapidly shifted, eventually settling into the image the dreamer normally associated with the Warlock.

The golden retriever had her own interpretation of this.

The Warlock's Hypnosis could only be fully effective in a face-to-face encounter, allowing the dreamer to retain their first impression of him. Only then would they be affected by the hypnosis and have the image in their memory altered.

There was no need to repeat the process of awakening the subconscious within the dream. The original image of the Warlock naturally surfaced in the golden retriever's mind.

He had short brown hair, parted in a 3-7 split, flaxen-colored eyes, and a thin, freckled face. He wore gold-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose...

Exiting the dream, the golden retriever turned her attention to Madam Magician, who had suddenly appeared beside her. In a human voice, she declared, "I've obtained a result."

Dressed in a blouse and a long brown dress, Madam Magician sighed and eagerly said, "Give me the information, and I'll confirm it."

The golden retriever remained silent, her eyes darkening.

After a few seconds, Madam Magician took a few steps forward, causing starlight to manifest around her.

It resembled a reflection of the vast cosmos on the ground.

The resplendent and condensed stars spun rapidly, providing a revelation.

Once Madam Magician finished interpreting, she pulled open an illusory door hidden in the darkness and disappeared.

In just over ten seconds, she reappeared and said to the golden retriever, "There's no target on the street the astromancy results point to."

"Were we misled?" the golden retriever inquired in a female voice once more.

Madam Magician nodded and smirked. "But this also proves that what you've seen is the actual target."

As she finished speaking, Madam Justice, clad in a white dress with green trimmings, swiftly materialized.

"Where did you go?" Magician asked in puzzlement.

Madam Justice replied in a gentle voice, "To plant a cue in the dreams of those seeking human blood bread. I've informed them that The Fool Pharmaceutical Company will conduct a volunteer

consultation in Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative this weekend, offering free treatment and medicine.”

“When do you plan to hold the volunteer consultation?” Magician asked out of curiosity.

Madam Justice smiled.

“Tomorrow. I'll sponsor it.”

At 6 a.m., Auberge du Coq Doré, Room 207.

Lumian naturally woke up from his dream and got ready for the day.

Before he could decide on breakfast, he noticed the “doll” messenger appearing and delivering a letter.

Puzzled, Lumian unfolded the letter and saw a portrait.

Beside the portrait was Madam Magician's handwriting: “This should be what I Know Someone looks like. We'll mobilize all the card holders in Trier to search for him, including you.”

Chapter 402 Good Luck

Lumian examined the portrait in his hand and let out a chuckle.

He hadn't anticipated that the Major Arcana card holders would swiftly uncover the source of the rumors and unveil I Know Someone's true identity.

It made sense. Rumors had started circulating two to three months ago, and Lumian hadn't yet arrived in Trier or infiltrated the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society. Loki and I Know Someone hadn't met with any genuine threats. They were naturally audacious when it came to pulling pranks. No matter how cautious they were, leaving traces behind was inevitable.

While it might be challenging for other Beyonders to detect these traces, Madam Justice was a high-ranking Beyonder of the Spectator pathway, also known as the Psychiatrist pathway. She possessed a profound understanding of I Know Someone's various abilities and was his match in every aspect.

Even if this Major Arcana card holder herself didn't execute the operation, her partner, Susie, was more than capable of completing the mission. Lumian knew that this lady was at least a Sequence 5 of the Psychiatrist pathway, just one step away from becoming a demigod.

Gazing at the portrait of I Know Someone, with gold-rimmed glasses, a freckled face, and a thin visage, Lumian caressed the paper and muttered to himself, “Wherever you go, you leave your mark... One day, those unable to control their sinister desires will be exposed.”

Taking the portrait, he knocked on Room 305 before Anthony Reid, who frequently came and went from Auberge du Coq Doré.

“Keep an eye on this individual for me. He's most likely a doctor or a medical researcher.” Lumian presented the portrait to Anthony Reid, who was disguised as a clerk.

Then, he briefly recounted I Know Someone's performance at the gathering and a few of his typical pranks. He asked earnestly, "Where could someone like him be hiding?"

Anthony Reid sighed and replied, "I'm a Psychiatrist, not a Seer.

"You mentioned that he often exhibited extensive medical knowledge at gatherings?"

Receiving Lumian's affirmation, Anthony Reid pondered for a moment and continued,

"In a gathering filled with pranks, the various details displayed by a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway are what he wants you to remember. They don't necessarily reflect his true identity and could even be misleading.

"I suspect that I Know Someone isn't actually a doctor, but he possesses a deep understanding of medicine and has accumulated extensive knowledge."

Not a doctor... Madam Magician's letter had also mentioned not restricting the search to doctors... But this way, millions of people in Trier could be suspects... Lumian felt both relieved and frustrated.

Anthony Reid added, "A person with antisocial tendencies and enough intelligence might have a fondness for flirting with danger. He enjoys playing with others like a clown. Perhaps it won't be long before he pulls another prank, mocking all those who pursue him."

The only condition being that he remains unaware of the many demigods observing this matter... Lumian watched as Anthony Reid hastily departed and then turned toward Rue des Blouses Blanches.

He had initially intended to locate Lugano Toscano, a quasi-doctor, and inquire if he recognized the person in the portrait. However, it was still too early for that. Salle de Gristmill had not yet opened, and he had no information about where Lugano resided.

Apartment 601, 3 Rue des Blouses Blanches.

Franca had already risen early, having also received a letter from her Major Arcana card holder, and was discussing the potential course of their investigation with Jenna.

Franca cautioned Lumian, saying, "We can't involve too many information brokers in the search. I Know Someone might notice it beforehand and change his appearance or leave Trier."

Lumian nodded slowly and responded, "It's nearly impossible to locate someone like this in Trier on our own..."

"Don't forget we still have Anthony." Franca winked at Lumian, implying that they had all the card holders in Trier on their side.

"Yes, and I'm here to help too," Jenna chimed in.

Lumian tersely acknowledged her words and decided to proceed with his original plan to begin with doctors.

In the afternoon, Jenna arrived at Avenue du Marché and patiently waited by the public carriage stop sign.

Today, she had donned a beige dress and a light brown straw hat, which shielded her from the sun and was adorned with a few cloth flowers. Her brownish-yellow hair was neatly tied into a bun at the back, with the rest cascading naturally.

Without any makeup, her face remained fresh, and her blue eyes held a sweeter charm despite the absence of black eyeliner.

Jenna boarded a public carriage and headed towards Quartier 7, Quartier des Thermes.

Situated on the west side of Quartier de l'Observatoire, this district boasted a pleasant environment and was home to many affluent individuals. The now-bankrupt owner of the Goodville Chemical Factory had once lived here, as had the Hôtel du Cygne Blanc, where Charlie had worked as an apprentice attendant.

Quartier des Thermes, also known as the Museum District, featured numerous renowned museums. Adjacent to one of the hot springs lay Delta Asylum, Trier's largest and most formal asylum.

Jenna was visiting Showy Diva, the underground singer who had once taken care of her. Showy Diva had been the victim of rape by Margot of the Poison Spur Mob and had subsequently left the market district to reside in an asylum.

After Lumian eliminated Margot, Jenna had intentionally approached Showy Diva to share the good news. Since then, she had been regularly visiting her.

Initially, Jenna had limited funds and was preoccupied with repaying her debts, so she couldn't do much for her friend. However, when Lumian hunted the padre, Jenna earned a substantial sum of 5,000 verl d'or. Coupled with two compensations and various other sources of income, she still had over 7,500 verl d'or left after repaying all her debts, except the one to Franca.

With less pressure from Franca to repay the debt, Jenna could now afford to allocate a portion of her money to send the former Showy Diva to Delta Asylum, where the facilities, environment, doctors, and nurses were clearly superior.

She visited her friend regularly, partly to pay the fees and partly to demonstrate to the doctors and nurses that this patient had family and friends looking out for her. Anyone who dared to mistreat her would have someone to answer to.

Jenna disembarked from the public carriage, adjusted her brown straw hat, and proceeded along a bustling street.

After a few steps, she noticed a seven- or eight-year-old boy standing alone by the roadside.

The boy had a chubby face and was dressed in the attire of a young gentleman. His neatly combed light-yellow hair complemented his appearance.

Seeing the confusion in the boy's eyes, Jenna approached, crouched down, and asked gently,

“Are you lost? Do you need me to take you to the police station or bring a police officer here?”

The boy sported a mercury bow tie on his white shirt. He sighed and replied, “I'm not lost. It's just that a lady who likes to drink asked me for a favor. I didn't know how to help, and it seemed a bit dangerous where she went, so I decided to wait here.”

Over there... Jenna followed the boy's outstretched finger and realized he was referring to either Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, the market district, or Quartier du Jardin Botanique.

"Why did you choose to wait here to help?" Jenna couldn't quite fathom the child's reasoning.

The chubby boy let out another sigh and said, "I don't know why. My instincts just told me to do it."

At this point, the boy looked up at Jenna with a pitiful expression.

"Could you buy me some ice-cream? The weather in Trier is unbearably hot!"

"Where's the lady who likes to drink and asked for your help?" Jenna inquired, her curiosity mixed with caution.

The boy scanned the area and replied, "After I said I wanted to wait here, she went off by herself to find a place to drink."

Isn't this too irresponsible? What if the child goes missing? Jenna couldn't help but frown.

The boy eagerly asked again, "You can buy ice-cream from this café. That way, I can have ice-cream and wait inside without worrying about getting lost."

Jenna, now financially stable, hesitated for a moment before agreeing, "What flavor would you like?"

"Vanilla!" the boy quickly exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Jenna then spent 1 verl d'or to purchase a cup of vanilla ice-cream for the boy from a nearby café.

Seated by the window, the boy received the ice-cream with pure delight on his face.

"Thank you. You'll be lucky!"

Jenna paid little attention to his gratitude. Instead, she observed as the boy joyfully savored the ice-cream and then quickly left. She found patrolling constables and informed them of a missing child in the café ahead.

Once she saw that the two constables had entered the café, Jenna breathed a sigh of relief and continued on her way with determined steps.

Before long, she arrived at the Delta Asylum.

The asylum was situated near a hot spring, and behind a wall, there stood a three-story building with a grayish-blue exterior and an annex. The surroundings were adorned with lush lawns bathed in the golden sunlight, along with various mobility aids. It was an excellent environment.

Jenna successfully met with her friend.

The former Showy Diva, like other female patients, had short hair that reached her ears. Her face appeared ordinary, and her eyes held a serene expression. She seemed no different from an ordinary person.

When Jenna conversed with her, it was easy to forget that she was afflicted by mental illness. However, Jenna knew all too well that provoking her could lead to an immediate and frenzied outburst, endangering both herself and others.

After chatting for nearly half an hour, Jenna left the designated meeting room, ready to depart.

As she walked along the outer corridor, she gazed out of the window absentmindedly.

On a green lawn, around 20 to 30 mental patients strolled leisurely, each lost in their own thoughts. They leaned against trees, soaked in the sun, or gathered in small groups, engaging in quiet conversations.

They appeared just like ordinary people.

Jenna scanned the surroundings casually, preparing to shift her attention elsewhere.

At that moment, she spotted a figure dressed in a blue-and-white striped hospital gown.

The figure stood tall at over 1.75 meters. His short brown hair was parted in a 3-7 fashion. Gold-rimmed glasses mostly concealed his flaxen-colored eyes, and his face appeared notably thin, adorned with freckles. In that moment, he paced back and forth on the green lawn, seemingly lost in deep contemplation, as if pondering some philosophical question.

Jenna's pupils dilated.

Th-this is I Know Someone!

Chapter 403 Drawing From Experience

Jenna's instincts screamed at her to turn around, her fear that the psychiatric patient, suspected to be I Know Someone, might catch her staring.

Yet, in almost the same instant, she recalled how she'd acted around Hugues Artois. With that memory in mind, she controlled her neck, shifting her gaze away with a slow, natural motion.

She kept her composure, exiting the grayish-blue building one step at a time, stepping into the sunlight that poured through the window. Jenna donned a light brown straw hat adorned with cloth flowers.

As she finally left Delta Asylum, returning to the same street where she had first encountered the mysterious boy, Jenna let out a sigh of relief.

Her expression remained unchanged as she boarded the public carriage bound for the bustling market district.

In the evening, at 3 Rue des Blouses Blanches, Apartment 601.

Lumian, who had been summoned by Jenna, listened to her findings intently.

Lumian couldn't conceal his surprise and suspicion.

“Is this for real? Are you sure you didn't see it wrong?”

Wasn't this just too much of a coincidence?

Jenna had only laid eyes on the portrait of “I Know Someone” that morning, and in the afternoon, she had tracked down the target at Delta Asylum—a place she had visited just twice. Lumian, Franca, and the Major Arcana and Minor Arcana card holders in Trier had turned up nothing!

The sheer coincidence here made Lumian's instincts tingle with hints of conspiracy and arrangements, robbing him of any tangible joy.

“That's right. Isn't this too darn coincidental...” Franca's demeanor had been skeptical even before Lumian's arrival.

She muttered, “Though it's a classic move for an antisocial, intelligent fellow to hide in an asylum and rub shoulders with the doctors, should he really be unlucky enough to cross paths with a visitor who's seen his wanted poster? There can't be more than 50 people in Trier who've laid eyes on that wanted poster!”

This tally included Anthony Reid and the inquiries made by the other card holders today.

“Why didn't I know of such a classic scenario...” Jenna mumbled. “But I did stumble upon him. I'm not mistaken. Maybe I've just been lucky lately?”

At this point, she noticed the disbelief etched on Lumian and Franca's faces.

Lumian, a man well-versed in the power of coincidence, pondered and asked, “Recall this morning and see if any other coincidences stand out, or if anything unusual occurred.”

Seated in an armchair, Jenna delved deep into her thoughts.

After nearly fifteen minutes, she cursed, “It's business as usual! Uh, there is one thing I've never encountered before...”

She recounted how she had come across a lost boy and treated him to a cup of vanilla ice-cream. She had also found constables to watch over him. Finally, she inquired with uncertainty,

“There shouldn't be anything unusual about that, right?”

Franca mumbled to herself, “Did the boy mention anything about you receiving good luck?”

Lumian honed in on another detail.

“Did he say he was brought here by a lady who loves drinking?”

“Yes,” Jenna replied to the two questions with a single word.

Lumian immediately grew suspicious.

Apart from a few dancers, he only knew of two ladies who were quite fond of alcohol. The rest were just casual social drinkers.

One was Madame Hela, and the other was Madam Magician.

The former always carried multiple flasks of liquor with her, while the latter reveled in tasting various alcoholic beverages, and she could even summon a glass of wine from thin air and savor it.

Since the hunt for I Know Someone was a shared mission of the Tarot Club, and Madame Hela hadn't been informed about it, Lumian cautiously deduced that the boy had been brought to Trier by Madam Magician.

Combined with Franca's question about Jenna's “receiving good luck,” Lumian believed that the boy possessed extraordinary abilities that could bestow good fortune upon others. Jenna, having

experienced this stroke of luck, was naturally fortunate enough to cross paths with “I Know Someone.”

As Lumian and Franca fell silent for what felt like minutes, Jenna's unease deepened.

“Is there really a problem with this situation?”

Lumian gazed thoughtfully at his companion and responded, “It's possible that your luck has taken a favorable turn today, starting with your act of buying ice-cream for that young boy.”

Such exchanges of giving and receiving were not uncommon in the realm of Inevitability. For example, the enhancement of luck often required the recipient to willingly accept the medium and derive some benefit from it. Moreover, there had to be a subjective desire on their part to complete the luck-enhancing ritual.

Therefore, Lumian had a reasonable suspicion that the boy might be a Beyonder of the Monster Pathway, also known as the Fate Pathway. Through a subtle transaction involving ice-cream and the bestowal of good luck, he had orchestrated Jenna's encounter with I Know Someone.

The phrases like “I didn't know how to help, so I decided to wait here” or “Buy me ice-cream, and you'll have good luck” had all the mysterious signs of the Fate domain!

“That's right...” Franca had clearly considered this possibility.

Jenna immediately understood.

“Are you suggesting that this boy might be an exceptionally powerful Beyonder? That he granted me an abundance of good luck?”

“But apart from encountering I Know Someone, I haven't felt anything extraordinary. I haven't stumbled upon any money or come across free items.”

Franca sighed, explaining, “Meeting I Know Someone probably consumed all the good luck you were given.”

Lumian abruptly stood up.

“I need to verify this.”

He made his way into Franca's bedroom and closed the door behind him.

Curious, Jenna asked Franca, “How is he planning to confirm it?”

Franca speculated and replied, “He's going to write a letter.”

“To Madame Hela?” Jenna knew that the woman had a messenger.

Franca couldn't give a clear answer. “Another lady.”

In her bedroom, Lumian, who had tidied up the altar, promptly received a response from Madam Magician.

“So, that's how we found I Know Someone. Even as an Astrologer, I find this matter charlatanic.”

“There's no need to doubt that it was indeed a helper we hired. We expended a considerable number of favors and a substantial amount of ice-cream.

“Since there's a result, take action. I'll keep an eye on you and help guard against any unforeseen incidents.”

As expected... Lumian grinned.

From Madam Magician's words, he deduced that the boy wasn't a member of the Tarot Club. Hence, he wouldn't participate in shared missions without receiving some form of compensation, which in this case involved favors and ice-cream.

What the hell is up with ice-cream? Can such a powerful Beyonder be moved by ice-cream? Lumian found it absurd and amusing. However, he recalled Baron Brignais's godson, a rather peculiar individual who could be swayed by delectable treats.

This led him to wonder if Beyonders in a boy's form had similar “weaknesses.”

Lumian pushed open the door and returned to the living room.

Nervously, Jenna stood up and inquired, “Did you confirm it?”

“He's a helper with the specific task of bestowing good luck, and your encounter with him was orchestrated by fate. By treating him to ice-cream, you'd chosen the correct path of destiny,” Lumian responded, using the manner of a charlatan.

As a Beyonder with dominion over the Inevitability domain, he held a certain sway over fate.

“Phew...” Jenna let out a sigh of relief, her worries about falling into a trap dissipating.

Seeing Franca rise from her seat, Lumian produced the silver Lie earring with a smirk.

“Let's head to the asylum now. I can't wait.”

“Very well,” Franca replied, her inner thoughts sighing.

Ever since Ciel's arrival, she had been embroiled in constant battles.

It had been just a few days since Loki's attack!

In a four-wheeled, four-seater rental carriage en route to Quartier des Thermes, Lumian gazed out of the window at the black street lamp poles and furrowed his brow.

He muttered to himself in confusion, “Did Jenna truly spot I Know Someone?”

Franca and Jenna turned their attention to him, simultaneously recalling a similar situation:

From their hunt for the padre, Guillaume Bénét, they had encountered two substitutes in succession, and the actual Guillaume Bénét had turned out to be a large dog lounging by the side!

Franca lowered her voice and inquired, “Do you suspect it might be a substitute?”

Drawing lessons from past experiences and expanding their awareness was crucial. After witnessing the padre's clever deception, failing to consider such possibilities would signify their inadequacy in the Hunter and Demoness pathways.

Lumian pondered for a moment and whispered, “With his issue coming to light and the potential pursuit he might face, wouldn't I Know Someone be concerned that the ‘pranks’ of the past few months could become a lingering threat?”

“If I were in his shoes and couldn't erase the corresponding traces, I'd leave Trier swiftly and return after some time. Yet, he hasn't done that.

“This suggests that he either possesses ample confidence that we won't locate him, or he has something of significance to accomplish in Trier. In that case, remaining in the shadows while presenting a substitute in plain sight would be a clever choice.”

Jenna, puzzled, asked, “Could it be that he also wields Lie or the Substitution Spell you mentioned?”

Lumian chuckled.

“He may not have Lie, but the evil god he believes in governs the Seer domain and ranks as one of the most potent Faceless. With mastery of the corresponding ritualistic magic, he can beseech this deity to alter the appearance of a specific target.”

It was akin to how members of the Tarot Club could summon creatures from the spirit realm in the name of Mr. Fool.

Using Faceless-related ritualistic magic to create a substitute while secretly monitoring in person... But why didn't he just change his appearance? Why resort to creating a substitute? It would make him virtually untraceable! Franca thought of a dangerous possibility.

Lumian nodded.

“If the individual in Delta Asylum is indeed a substitute, it implies that he serves as a trap and is intentionally using it to lure us in. I Know Someone will undoubtedly pay close attention to the eventual outcome.

“Consequently, either the extreme peril concealed within the substitute will not only ensnare the pursuer but also cause a significant disturbance, or the two individuals are intimately connected in some mystical manner.

“Don't be concerned about the first scenario. With a formidable lady guarding against mishaps, the ensuing possibilities will depend on you, Franca...”

If the person in the asylum turned out to be I Know Someone, the situation would be relatively straightforward.

Late at night, in a room on the third floor of Delta Asylum's eastern wing.

A pair of gold-rimmed glasses sat on the bedside table, reflecting the moonlight filtering into the room. The patient in the bed was fast asleep.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure opened the substantial door adorned with iron bars and quietly entered.

With a polite grip, the intruder gently shut the door, rendering the room impervious to external sounds.

The entire interior space seemed to be sealed.

Chapter 404 Patient

Lumian harnessed the power of the Decency brooch, distorting the door and sealing the entire room.

With Lie altering his appearance, Lumian refrained from an immediate attack on the patient lying in the bed. Instead, he strolled to the side, casting a discerning eye upon him.

The patient's eyes remained tightly shut, lost in a deep slumber. His facial features, hairstyle, and hair color undeniably matched those of I Know Someone.

As Lumian observed this slumbering figure, who had no realization of his intrusion, he began to suspect that this might be a substitute.

As suggested by Madam Magician's letter, I Know Someone was at least a Sequence 6 Hypnotist of the Psychiatrist pathway, with a slight chance of being a Sequence 5 Dreamwalker. On either pathway, these individuals were skilled observers, unlikely to sleep soundly in the presence of an intruder.

The conundrum now lay in discerning the trap with such a substitution.

Beneath the faint moonlight filtering through the curtains, the patient on the bed suddenly snapped open his eyes.

In those flaxen-colored eyes, Lumian's image was instantly mirrored.

Simultaneously, Lumian once more glimpsed the dark void, the countless twinkling stars, and the mysterious symbol that had come to life, forming an invisible door.

A voice resonated within his heart and ears, seemingly emanating from the depths of the void and the source of his consciousness.

“Pass through it. Pass through this formless door, and you will gain a transformative experience in your life and boundless knowledge...”

“Everyone possesses godhood and can hear the voice of this world's origin. To hear it clearly, you must open this invisible door and step inside...”

Lumian's head throbbed as he “witnessed” the gradual opening of the formless door. Each word from the voice transformed into a living, peculiar entity within his heart.

Once more, the voice echoed, its tone tinged with perplexity and confusion. It muttered to itself, “Where is the end of the world? What did the universe resemble at its inception...”

“Which deity brought all of this into existence, and who created Him...”

“What lies beyond the confines of the universe? How do other worlds differ...”

“What sets human nature apart from godhood? Does true self-awareness equate to human nature or godhood...”

“Where lies the demarcation between madness and reason? Is madness the ultimate destination for every living being...”

Lumian's head throbbed with agony as he absorbed these questions, a fusion of mystical contemplation and the pursuit of answers to profound philosophical queries. It was the first time in a long while that he felt the sensation of a steel drill boring into his skull, stirring his delicate brain.

Moreover, these questions triggered bizarre alterations in his spirituality and his surroundings.

Madness surged forth, as if probing the boundaries of sanity. The enveloping darkness seemed to take on human nature, visibly writhing. The bed before him and the floor beneath his feet gradually etched out bizarre patterns. Even though Lumian couldn't see them, his body was suddenly consumed by an intense itch, as if yearning to shed his outermost layer of skin...

“Is there something that surpasses all limitations and conceptual thinking...” the voice persisted in questioning the void.

Within the writhing darkness, an indescribable form began to take shape.

Lumian found himself powerless to resist or halt this transformation. All he could do was witness it helplessly as an overwhelming terror descended, his head throbbing.

In that critical moment, a blinding and brilliant bolt of lightning erupted right before him.

The colossal dendrite appeared as if it had sprung forth from a divine realm, and each silver-white “branch” emitted a crackling sound.

Rumble!

As the silver lightning struck the patient on the bed, Lumian was assaulted by a deafening thunderclap that reverberated through his eardrums and resonated within his soul.

The strange creature that had animated those thought-provoking questions convulsed his body, significantly easing the throbbing pain in his head, leaving behind only a disorienting sensation caused by the deafening roar.

A terrifying cascade of lightning surged across the patient on the bed, sending waves of agony and paralysis coursing through Lumian's skin, even though he stood a few steps away.

In the midst of this electric frenzy, a holy chant echoed faintly, as if proclaiming, “I came, I saw, I recorded.” The ward darkened, as if it had been thrust into a mysterious realm, isolated from the outside world by some insurmountable force.

Lumian exhaled and shifted his gaze back to the bed. There, he beheld the patient's entire form transformed into a pitch-black, charcoal-like substance, emitting an eerie burnt odor.

The body, still clad in tattered hospital gown, bedsheets, and blanket, began to dissipate, morphing into a dark silhouette.

On the surface of this shadowy figure, cracks materialized, each adorned with mystical symbols and patterns. These formations resembled eyes or myriad mouths that incessantly opened and closed.

Before Lumian could fully fathom this transformation, his vision was flooded with pure, radiant, golden sunlight.

Once more, the ethereal, holy voice resonated in his ears.

When his vision settled back into normalcy, only a faint black mark remained on the scorched surface of the bed, twisting in an uncanny, serpent-like manner.

It's indeed a trap... Lumian mused, his lack of surprise evident.

He also deduced that both the patient and one of Loki's marionettes were recipients of the same evil god's boon based on the starry void and the formless door formed by wandering symbols. The substitute for I Know Someone clearly occupied a higher Sequence.

Had Loki and I Know Someone once targeted a secret organization that worshiped an evil deity?

This is the will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth? What did He seek to achieve?

Did this all somehow tie into I Know Someone's decision to remain in Trier?

Is this substitute merely a taunting jest aimed at those who pursue them?

I know you're on the hunt for me, and I'm aware of the clues you may uncover. Yet, I'm intentionally granting you a glimmer of hope?

Thoughts raced through Lumian's mind like lightning as he attempted to analyze the current situation from I Know Someone's perspective and extract clues about the fugitive's whereabouts.

Given the level of danger posed by the patient, Lumian deduced that both I Know Someone and Loki would have struggled to capture him alive and recruit him into their team.

With Loki possessing a marionette with a similar pathway, it seemed clear that the patient hadn't actively and consciously cooperated with them.

This, coupled with the bewildered tone and endless questions of the substitute, led Lumian to suspect that the man had succumbed to madness due to some knowledge or truth gained through the boon or the use of some abilities, rendering him a true mental patient.

Leveraging his professional skills as a Psychiatrist, I Know Someone had likely skillfully guided the patient, fostering a sense of trust and camaraderie. Eventually, he reached a point where he could "convince" the patient, enabling him to perform a ritual and request a change in appearance.

Glancing at the iron-barred window, Lumian noticed that the deep darkness had receded. Crimson moonlight filtered through the relatively thin glass and bathed the ward in its glow.

Conversely, the darkness that had once been typical at Delta Asylum's periphery had intensified. The void seemed distorted, as if encased in a spherical barrier.

Madam Magician hadn't employed any additional abilities after dealing with the dangerous patient. She had merely concealed the entire asylum and its surrounding lawn.

It appeared as though she was implying that Lumian needed to handle this situation independently. She only assisted by preventing any disturbances from alerting Trier's official Beyonders.

Lumian breathed a sigh of relief. Starting from his search for Loki, he quickly filtered through the matters related to April Fool's.

Slowly, a conjecture formed, weaving together the pieces of the puzzle into a cohesive "narrative."

I Know Someone had once been connected to Delta Asylum, whether as a doctor, nurse, or patient. One day, he had stumbled upon a peculiar patient who incessantly posed profound philosophical questions.

Guided by the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, I Know Someone had initiated interactions with the patient. During this process, he had likely sensed the presence of an evil god's bestowed lurking around the patient. Consequently, with the assistance of Loki, they had driven away these problematic figures and gained control over the strange patient. Loki had even managed to gain a marionette.

Upon Loki's resurrection, I Know Someone, who had been alerted, had leveraged the patient's trust in him to perform ritualistic magic and beseech the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, resulting in his transformation into a substitute and a walking trap.

As for I Know Someone himself, he must have successfully altered his appearance; his whereabouts now unknown.

Amidst Lumian's frustration, he suddenly thought of something.

Jenna had indeed encountered the substitute for I Know Someone, thanks to good luck.

However, encountering a substitute, one designed as a trap, hardly constituted good luck.

This was unlucky!

That was unless they could somehow use the substitute to trace back to I Know Someone or if Jenna had encountered both the substitute and the real I Know Someone but failed to recognize or directly see him!

Both scenarios pointed toward a high probability that the elusive I Know Someone was still lurking within the asylum!

Even if the trap ultimately failed, pursuers would likely conclude that I Know Someone had long since relocated to a new hiding place.

Beneath an oil lamp lay the darkest and most easily overlooked spot!

With this revelation, Lumian acted swiftly. He spun around, heaved open the heavy door, and sprinted into the asylum's corridor.

With a resounding crash, he burst through a window at the stairwell's corner, landing on the lawn encircled by the main building and its adjoining structures.

Simultaneously, he employed the Niese Face to transform into the patient he had encountered earlier.

In a commanding voice, Lumian bellowed his questions to the cosmos from the lawn:

“Where is the end of the world? What did the universe resemble at its inception...

“Which deity brought all of this into existence, and who created Him...”

His voice resonated throughout the asylum, reaching into every room.

A few seconds later, Franca's voice echoed in Lumian's ears.

“There's an abnormality in the doctor's duty room and the nurse's workstation on the first floor, as well as in the first ward on the third floor near the west wing.”

Upon hearing his companion's report, Lumian couldn't help but chuckle.

He pressed his hands against the void before him, instantly igniting crimson flames.

The flames spread swiftly, illuminating the invisible spiderwebs that enshrouded the entire building.

These intricate layers of spiderwebs extended into every room, diligently monitoring the movements of all its inhabitants.

This complex setup had consumed nearly half of Franca's spirituality and required a significant amount of time to prepare and maintain.

The crimson flames transformed into three blazing serpents, each colossal in size, which slithered through the spiderwebs toward the doctor's duty room and nurse's workstation on the first floor, as well as the ward on the third floor.

Chapter 405 No Reservations

The blazing serpents reflected in the eyes of the doctor on duty, the three night nurses, and the patient who had woken up. Fear appeared on their faces, and they turned around in various panicked movements. As they fled in the opposite direction of the flames, they shouted, “Fire! Fire!”

“Help! Help!”

As their voices echoed, the flaming serpents burned the invisible threads of spider silk, accompanied by a scorching wind formed by the clash of cold and heat. It pursued them relentlessly, blocking the exit from the room and forcing them into a corner.

The five of them acted normally. They darted around, searching for a safe escape, wrapping themselves in blankets, and attempting to force their way through the wall of flames. They also rushed to another window, with the intention of jumping down.

It seemed Lumian had misjudged the situation. Any abnormal movements didn't necessarily mean I Know Someone. If this continued, he risked incinerating five innocent people.

However, the three crimson flaming serpents showed no hesitation. They continued to pursue the doctor on duty, the night nurses, and the mental patient, emanating an icy, ruthless madness that showed no regard for human life.

As the blazing serpents closed in on their targets, a few of them began to show signs of despair. The patient on the third-floor ward suddenly halted and turned around.

Grayish-white, stone-like scales sprouted on his once ordinary face, covering his skin that was not concealed by the blue-and-white-striped hospital gown.

In an instant, he transformed into a horrifying, lizard-like figure. The grayish-white scales resisted the scorching flames and aided him in breaking through the barrier of the crimson serpent.

Sensing this transformation through the flames, Lumian's lips curled into an eerie grin.

According to the information provided in Madam Magician's letter, Beyonders of the Spectator pathway at Sequence 6 Hypnotist would gain an ability known as Dragon Scales. This ability allowed them to manifest grayish-white scales on their skin, greatly reducing and resisting damage.

This ability was closely tied to the Spectator pathway's Mythical Creature form, as every high-ranking Spectator ultimately transformed into a dragon—a mind dragon!

The appearance of Dragon Scales confirmed that the patient in the west wing on the third floor was at least a Sequence 6 Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. Combined with the trap and his unusual movements, the patient's identity became evident—I Know Someone!

Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder and used his ability to traverse the spirit world, instantly appearing in the ward.

During this hunt, he refrained from wearing the Lie earring or carrying the Flog boxing gloves. This was because his adversary was a formidable Psychiatrist, and any openings in his emotions or desires could be easily exploited.

As Lumian's figure vanished from the lawn, the crimson fire serpents, which had expanded from consuming flammable materials in the doctor's duty room and nurse's workstation, abruptly dissipated. They transformed into glimmering specks of light that disappeared before the faces of the despairing and terrified onlookers.

Apart from the charred remnants of various items, there was little evidence of the inferno they had narrowly escaped.

On the third floor of Delta Asylum, Lumian emerged from a room adjacent to the west wing. His gaze locked onto the patient, whose body was covered in grayish-white scales, and whose eyes emitted a faint golden hue.

He didn't exchange pleasantries or make inquiries. Instead, he opened his mouth and let out a sharp exclamation: “Ha!”

An imperceptible yellow beam shot forth from Lumian's mouth, aimed at the suspected I Know Someone.

However, at a distance of two to three meters, the pale-yellow aura beam by the Spell of Harrumph brushed past the Beyonder and struck the iron-barred glass window behind him.

Battle Hypnotism!

This was one of a Hypnotist's Beyonder abilities. It could forcefully hypnotize an enemy in battle, causing them to act irrationally or make incorrect judgments. However, such actions couldn't directly harm the hypnotized person, and the effect would wear off quickly as they regained their senses.

Just moments ago, when Lumian and the Beyonder locked eyes, the former had unwittingly fallen under his hypnosis. He had mistaken his own reflection in the glass window for his target, causing the Spell of Harrumph to veer off course.

Seizing the opportunity, I Know Someone's light-gold eyes widened, reflecting Lumian's male Aurore form.

Lumian's head jerked backward, as if caught in a whirlwind.

His emotions swirled with a mixture of joy and hatred. Crimson flames surged beneath his skin, and his eyes glinted with a sinister madness.

Frenzy!

This was a Psychiatrist's Beyonder ability designed to trigger intense emotions and destabilize the target's mental state, causing them to enter a Frenzied state and suffer severe mental damage. If the target had existing psychological issues or strong emotions, they might even lose control when subjected to Frenzy.

Before undergoing psychiatric treatment from Madam Susie and Madam Justice, encountering I Know Someone in this state could send Lumian spiraling into madness, turning him into a monstrous figure.

At that moment, magmlike blood dripped from his nose. His mind was in disarray, and he instinctively took deep breaths, temporarily losing the ability to execute his planned moves.

I Know Someone refrained from launching another attack on Lumian at that moment. Firstly, causing the other party to lose control or perish would lead to the immediate release of the high-level creature sealed within his body, a sight that could drive even a Beyonder below the demigod level to mental and physical collapse. Secondly, since Muggle's brother was present, it was likely that Hidden Blade wasn't far away. The invisible spider silk that had been ignited was likely her handiwork.

In this dire situation, I Know Someone's first instinct was to swiftly exit the battlefield, escape Delta Asylum, and find a place to conceal himself once more.

In an instant, he retrieved a broken arrow from the pocket of his blue-and-white-striped hospital gown.

The broken arrow looked ancient, with an obsidian-like arrowhead at its tip, adorned with mysterious patterns.

With a squelching sound, I Know Someone thrust the obsidian arrow into his own chest.

The item sprang to life, greedily absorbing the crimson blood that flowed forth.

I Know Someone immediately sprinted toward the tightly sealed door, leaving behind an afterimage.

Despite the grayish-white Dragon Scales covering his face, he exuded an uncanny charm, as if he had transformed into a dashing young dragon.

This was the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty. By piercing it into his chest and feeding it his blood, it temporarily transformed I Know Someone into a Vampire. This granted him extraordinary speed, accelerated regeneration, and a few spell-like abilities.

Bang!

As I Know Someone pushed open the heavy, solid door of the asylum ward, he failed to dart into the corridor. He collided with an ice barrier that had formed at some point.

Amidst the sounds of cracking and shattering, the ice wall crumbled, but it also caused I Know Someone to lose his balance and tumble to the ground.

Most of the shattered ice failed to penetrate his Dragon Scales. Only a handful managed to breach his defenses, leaving traces of blood in their wake.

Thanks to the Vampire's rapid regenerative abilities, the minor injuries swiftly began to heal.

I Know Someone saw no need to rise to his feet. As his light-gold eyes flickered, invisible waves radiated from him, enveloping the surroundings.

In her state of invisibility, Franca felt as though she was witnessing the most horrifying scene from the depths of a nightmare, recalling her past terrors. Her body trembled, and she abandoned the protection of her invisibility, appearing in the corridor of the asylum.

Awe!

This was a Psychiatrist's Awe, also referred to as Dragon Might or Mass Chaos. It had the power to instantly induce panic in a single target or all living beings within its range, plunging them into chaos.

Relying on Dragon Might to maintain control of the situation, I Know Someone agilely leaped up, intending to put some distance between himself and Franca as he sprinted down the corridor.

He refrained from attacking her at this moment because he understood that Demonesses possessed abilities like Mirror Substitution and Staff Substitution. Trying to kill her or cripple her combat abilities with a single strike would only delay his escape.

As he vaulted out of the shattered ice, I Know Someone caught a glimpse of the ward, now empty.

Lumian Lee appeared to have recovered from the effects of Frenzy and used teleportation to evade Awe's influence in the nick of time!

Just as this realization crossed I Know Someone's mind, he saw the male version of Aurore—Lumian—materialize in front of him.

Without hesitation, I Know Someone's golden eyes focused on Lumian, preparing to cast Awe once more.

In the next moment, Lumian's figure vanished again.

He had employed Spirit World Traversal twice in quick succession!

Almost simultaneously, I Know Someone's pupils dilated, and a shiver ran down his spine. The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end.

This time, Lumian's destination was behind him.

It was akin to Blink!

Lumian's figure instantly materialized behind I Know Someone, witnessing a dense black fog emanating from the latter's body, an attempt to evade to the side of the corridor.

Too slow! Lumian harrumphed, sending two white beams of light shooting from his nostrils to encompass the area ahead.

I Know Someone couldn't evade and was struck by the white beams as he was thrown to the ground, tumbling twice.

Lumian breathed heavily, feeling drained as his head throbbed with pain.

Three consecutive “teleportations” and two rounds of using the Spell of Harrumph and other abilities had completely sapped his energy.

If it hadn't been for the substantial amount of Pyromaniac potion he had digested compared to when he hunted the padre, sustaining this level of expenditure would have been extremely challenging.

Franca, who had recovered from Awe, approached and shook her head in disapproval.

“No need for all that. It's not like you don't have assistance.”

Why go all out when help was available?

Even if the Major Arcana card holders hadn't been lurking in the shadows, and even if I Know Someone had managed to escape the asylum, wouldn't he have left behind some blood that could be used for a curse?

Lumian didn't respond, making his way over to the unconscious form of I Know Someone.

Chapter 406 Inevitability-like Ending

Staring at the unconscious enemy in the corridor, Lumian refrained from an immediate attack. He squatted down in silence.

He retrieved a bottle of sedative obtained from the Bliss Society's Rentas, unscrewed the cap, and brought it to the patient's nose.

Franca glanced over and advised, “Remove the broken arrow from his chest first. Otherwise, I think his body can handle most of the sedative's effects.”

The grayish-white stone-like scales on the Beyonder suspected to be I Know Someone slowly dissipated due to the unconsciousness in spirituality brought about by the Spell of Harrumph.

Lumian nodded and used the hand holding the bottle cap to carefully remove the obsidian arrow.

Franca breathed a sigh of relief and continued, “The question now is how do we confirm if this guy is the real I Know Someone.

“A powerful Hypnotist can manipulate a Beyonder of the same pathway and Sequence, altering their self-awareness and making them believe they are ‘I Know Someone.’ They can substitute the real deal to appear in all sorts of occasions, completing different pranks and fight any adversaries.

“F*ck, why does it seem more troublesome than dealing with a Marionettist!?”

What Franca meant was that the enemy in front of her might also be a victim, someone whose perceptions had been altered to make them believe they were “I Know Someone.”

This possibility couldn't be ruled out, so she wasn't capable of steeling herself to kill him before channeling his spirit.

Furthermore, Lumian's remaining truth serum wouldn't work in this case. The hypnotized person would only tell what they believed to be true.

Lumian screwed the cap back onto the sedative bottle and thought for a moment before suggesting, "Let's set up a ritual and seek confirmation from Mr. Fool. Since Loki can use Celestial Worthy's help to locate members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society within a certain range, we can employ a similar method to activate the special aura on I Know Someone. If it's there, he's real. If not, he's fake."

"What if he's a member of the Research Society who was captured by Loki and I Know Someone? In the past, several people went missing without their deaths being confirmed, including some Psychiatrists." Franca began to suspect the source of I Know Someone's Beyonder characteristics that allowed him to advance to Sequence 7.

Research Society members they had hunted?

Lumian pondered for a moment and replied, "In that case, let Jenna in. She might still have some lingering good luck in this aspect. If she doesn't encounter anyone else, it proves that the unconscious one is I Know Someone."

"You're responsible for protecting Jenna..."

Before Lumian could finish, Madam Magician's voice echoed in his ears, "There's no need to go through so much trouble."

Crouching in front of the unconscious person, Lumian sensed the space around him come alive, contracting inward and swallowing the Beyonder suspected to be I Know Someone.

"Wow," Franca exclaimed, and Lumian slowly stood up.

The two of them waited patiently. In just 20 to 30 seconds, the Beyonder in the blue-and-white-striped hospital gown was ejected from the void.

Immediately after, they heard Madam Magician's response: "It's 'I Know Someone.'"

Beneath the crimson moon in the sky, the Delta Asylum loomed, its darkness even denser and curved into an eerie arc compared to the surrounding night.

On the rooftop of the three-story grayish-blue building, the shadowy Magician turned to her companion and said, "Apart from the lunatic, there are no hidden dangers or traps."

"Did I overreact and overestimate the situation?"

Justice, resembling a dream, replied calmly, "There's nothing wrong with your choice. It's never wrong no matter how much importance you attach to matters related to that Celestial Worthy."

"Only by paying enough attention each time can we avoid being suddenly deceived and falling into a true trap."

Magician nodded slightly, closed the notebook in her hand, and cast her gaze towards the third-floor corridor which wasn't in her line of sight.

Upon hearing Madam Magician's conclusion, Lumian let out a chuckle.

He put away the remaining half of the sedative and turned to Franca, saying, "We can let Jenna in now."

Franca nodded and disappeared into the shadows along the corridor.

Lumian looked down at the seemingly ordinary I Know Someone, his eyes deep and a sly smile on his lips.

The effects of the Spell of Harrumph should have worn off long ago, but the Bliss Society's sedative was still doing its job.

Considering I Know Someone's physique, this sedative wouldn't last much longer. However, Lumian was prepared for this moment.

At that very instant, the Delta Asylum was in chaos due to the fire and shouting. Particularly on the first floor, the commotion was intense. The duty doctor and a few burly guards patrolled the area to ensure that no tinder remnants remained.

Meanwhile, Jenna and Franca skillfully navigated through the shadows and ascended to the third floor.

Lumian took a sheepskin from Guillaume Bénét, the padre, and spread it on the ground.

He carefully wrapped I Know Someone in it.

After a brief contemplation, Lumian raised the obsidian arrow in his hand and plunged it into I Know Someone's left eye.

The excruciating pain jolted I Know Someone awake, and his left eye turned bloodshot.

Almost simultaneously, he heard a sinister chuckle.

"Sheep!"

Amidst the echoing Hermes words, I Know Someone, cocooned in the ritual sheepskin, was instantly engulfed by dark light, rendering him powerless.

When the dark light finally subsided, he had transformed into a grayish-white sheep.

Lumian withdrew the obsidian arrow from the crushed eyeball and swiftly plunged it into I Know Someone's right eye.

A blood-curdling scream echoed through the room as Lumian pulled out the arrow. He pressed down on the struggling "sheep" with one hand and stroked its head with the other, a sinister smile playing on his lips.

"Now, we can finally have a good chat."

While Lumian engaged in this whispering conversation, he tossed the obsidian arrow to Jenna.

Next, Lumian produced an ordinary bottle of wound medicine and meticulously applied it to I Know Someone's blood-colored eye socket. He wrapped the other party's eyes in layers of white bandages he had prepared.

Only then did I Know Someone, who had awakened from his coma and was enduring intense pain, regained some composure. He attempted to use his abilities, but to no avail.

Franca and Jenna watched Lumian intently as he continued to tend to the transformed sheep, I Know Someone, feeling a mix of curiosity and unease. Initially, Jenna had wanted to assist Lumian in extracting information or exacting revenge, but now, she felt that this scenario was enough.

She shifted her attention to the obsidian broken arrow in her hand but noticed no negative effects. She wondered if it was one of the mystical items Franca had mentioned before.

As Lumian retrieved a brownish-yellow twine he had prepared in advance and began to wrap it around the sheep's neck, the duty doctor, alerted by the sheep's bleating, arrived on the third floor with several burly guards.

Franca and Jenna swiftly concealed themselves in the shadows, while Lumian, disguised as Aurore, calmly turned and led the sheep to the end of the corridor.

Crimson flames erupted from Lumian's body, which had regained some of its spirituality, and blazed fiercely in the corridor.

The duty doctor and the guards dared not approach, witnessing a figure walking through the flames, heading to the end of the annex corridor.

The figure was also guiding a sheep. It resisted, unwilling to leave, but the rope around its neck forced it to move forward.

After being dragged on the ground for a while, the sheep, its neck tightening and its breathing becoming labored, finally stood up and followed.

By the time the flames in the corridor abruptly extinguished, sparing any damage to the adjacent rooms, the doctor on duty and the guards had lost all trace of the man and the sheep.

Am I hallucinating... The situation was so odd and unbelievable that these individuals shared the same thoughts.

Meanwhile, the charred corridor stood as evidence that a fire had indeed occurred, miraculously without harming anyone.

Leaving a guard to report the incident to the nearest police headquarters, the duty doctor returned to his office on the first floor in a bewildered state.

As he sank into his chair, he couldn't help but wonder, Could it be that the infernal being associated with fire has emerged from the abyss? Is its signature to lead a sheep? Is this the embodiment of flames?

His thoughts grew more fantastical with each passing moment, and he couldn't shake the feeling that he should have gone straight to the cathedral to consult the bishops and padres rather than involve the police.

Knock, knock, knock!

He heard a knock on the door.

The doctor on duty jolted in his chair. He straightened up and responded with a deep voice, "Come in, please."

As the door creaked open, the doctor's eyes froze.

It was the blond devil, accompanied by the sheep with its eyes wrapped in white bandages, and its grayish-white face stained with blood.

“I need to trouble you with something,” Lumian said calmly as he led I Know Someone into the doctor's office. “My sheep exhibits severe anti-human tendencies and extreme violence. I want to treat its mental illness.”

How... Before he could formulate a response, the handsome blond devil inquired, “Do you know how to perform a lobotomy?”

“Yes, a little,” the doctor on duty replied subconsciously. “But it's a sheep...”

Could the brain structure be the same?

As he contemplated this, he watched the sheep struggle frantically in its bindings, unable to escape. Lumian chuckled.

“It doesn't matter. We can give it a try. It's just a sheep. If it dies, so be it. We can still roast it.”

With that, he dragged the unruly sheep toward a nearby treatment table, using his hands and feet to pin it down.

If the patient had been human, the doctor, lacking experience and prohibited from performing a lobotomy, would never have dared to attempt it. However, because it was a sheep, he had no reservations.

In an effort to avoid antagonizing the arsonist devil and cooperate while awaiting the arrival of the police, the doctor on duty cautiously approached the treatment table.

He said hesitantly, “I need an ice pick.”

His intention was to create an excuse to go to the ice warehouse and distance himself from the arsonist devil. However, just as he finished speaking, a hand emerged from the shadows, offering him a sharp icicle.

W-what's going on... In his shock, the doctor vaguely heard the words, “No need to thank me.”

Numbly, he accepted the thin icicle and unwrapped the white bandage covering the sheep's head.

The sheep's struggle intensified.

Assessing the damage to its eye sockets, the doctor on duty inserted the thin, sharp icicle through the crack and carefully manipulated it, stirring its brain's frontal lobe.

After a few moments of struggle, the grayish-white sheep abruptly fell silent.

Chapter 407 Reward for Good Luck

After the surgery, the blind sheep stepped off the treatment table, calm and docile, no longer resisting. The duty doctor felt like he was in a dream.

The operation was a success...

The surgical technique designed for humans had actually worked on a sheep...

The doctor watched in a daze as the arsonist devil guided the blind sheep—now cured of its mental illness—out of the room and disappeared into the crimson moonlit night.

Wherever they went, crimson flames ignited the white bandages and barely visible fur.

In the blazing flames, black fire flowed like a river, “cleansing” away the remaining icicles, footprints, and any other traces.

The doctor felt no immediate danger and watched in a daze, as if enjoying a spectacular fireworks show.

After an unknown amount of time, all the flames subsided. The guard who had been dispatched returned to the Delta Asylum with a group of black-uniformed police officers.

“Why did it take you so long?” the doctor blurted out instinctively.

The leading officer cursed angrily, “Son of a bitch, we were ambushed in the shadows on the way here. Someone was shooting at us from the darkness!”

In Apartment 601, 3 Rue des Blouses Blanches, in the market district.

After securing I Know Someone to one of the dining table's sturdy legs, Lumian paid the sheep no mind. He lay on the sofa in the living room and pretended to be asleep.

His appearance had been altered back by Lie, and the Decency brooch had long been taken off.

Franca glanced at the sheep, which stood silently and didn't attempt to escape with the dining table, and asked, “Aren't we going to interrogate him now?”

She avoided looking at Lumian because he had become so irritating that she felt like punching him. Even the sheep, now a pacifist, was eager to do the same.

Lumian's voice remained calm as he replied, “I'll question him once I've regained my spirituality.”

That makes sense. It's safer this way. After all, I Know Someone is now a sheep with his frontal lobe removed. He can't use his abilities or put up resistance... Franca, dressed in an Assassin suit, averted her gaze and headed to her bedroom to avoid losing control of her hands, black flames, frost, or spider silk.

She wasn't worried that any accidents might occur prior to the interrogation, leading to I Know Someone's bizarre death or him turning into a monster due to losing control. Madam Magician and the Major Arcana card holder had already confirmed I Know Someone's identity. They must have seized the opportunity to obtain the most important information.

Jenna, holding the broken obsidian arrow, approached the divan with a warped expression.

“Your trophy.”

She offered the obsidian arrow to Lumian, who hadn't yet closed his eyes.

During this exchange, her right hand trembled slightly, as if she wanted to thrust the arrow into the other party's eye.

Lumian didn't take it and calmly said, “This is your reward for your good luck.

“Or rather, this is your true stroke of luck.”

Why does he sound like a circus fortune-teller... Jenna didn't refuse. After mumbling to herself, she quickly turned around and entered Franca's bedroom.

It had to be said that after her companion advanced to Demoness of Pleasure, even as a woman, she would blush and feel her ears heat up when she saw her change her clothes.

After changing into comfortable home clothes, Franca used Magic Mirror Divination to get a rough understanding of the name, abilities, and negative effects of the obsidian arrow.

“Name: Arrow of the Bloodthirsty.

“Ability: Plunge it into the chest where the heart and let it absorb blood. The user will gain potent self-healing and regeneration abilities, along with exceptional physical attributes. Whether it's speed, agility, the ability to communicate with animals, vision, smell, or hearing, they will all be greatly enhanced. Their charisma will also receive a significant boost.

“In addition, the user will gain Dark domain spell-like abilities such as Abyss Shackles, Claw of Corrosion, and Wings of Darkness.

“Negative effects:

“While in use, you will despise sunlight and crave blood.

“Your blood will be continuously drained by the item until you succumb to excessive blood loss. You must constantly monitor your condition and remove the broken arrow in time.

“The more you use it, the more likely it is to cause subtle changes in your body. If these accumulate beyond a limit, it might even lead to bodily collapse. Note: Try not to use it for more than three minutes at a time. It's best to use it with intervals of more than three days. This way, your body will have a chance to recover and prevent any mutations.

“Avoid using it during a full moon. While it can enhance your condition, it can also easily lead to illusions and danger.”

“Not a bad mystical item,” Franca praised sincerely as she handed the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty back to Jenna. “Carrying it doesn't have any negative effects. Such a mystical item could fetch over 40,000 verl d'or at various mysticism gatherings.”

Holding the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty, Jenna pondered and said, “If I give it to you, will that settle the debt I owe you?”

She believed she owed Franca 30,000 verl d'or.

Franca chuckled.

“Don't worry. This Arrow of the Bloodthirsty can significantly boost your strength, providing you with true self-preservation abilities. You can sell it later once your Sequence has advanced to the point where it's no longer useful.

“Take your time paying back the money you owe me. There's no rush.”

Jenna fell silent for a few moments before nodding in agreement.

Lumian slept until 6 a.m., feeling refreshed but still with a slight throbbing in his head.

As he sat up and looked around, he noticed that the sheep I Know Someone had transformed into was standing quietly by the dining table, its empty eye sockets filled with dried blood.

Lumian chuckled.

“Your resilience is impressive. Such severe injuries and basic treatment didn't do you in.”

He led the sheep into the living room and poured the remaining truth serum into its mouth.

With that task completed, Lumian recited an incantation in Hermes.

“His Grace.”

A dark light flashed, and the grayish-white sheepskin split open, revealing I Know Someone's body in a blue-and-white-striped hospital gown.

Lumian guided him to a chair and had him sit down. Staring into his empty blood-red eye sockets, he smiled and sighed.

“As I mentioned yesterday, we can finally have a good chat.”

The calm I Know Someone remained silent.

Lumian retreated to the sofa and sat down. He patiently waited for the truth serum to take effect before asking, “What's your name, what was your original occupation, and why were you in the Delta Asylum?”

He began with the simplest questions, using the truth serum to guide the other's instinctive responses.

I Know Someone's voice was unremarkable, yet strangely compelling.

“My name is Pierre Theuriau. I was originally one of the deputy editors of Basic Medicine.

“I once mentioned that I know someone who ended up in an asylum due to negligence and overconfidence. Well, that someone was me. I was obsessed with manipulating the minds of others and didn't pay enough attention to my own issues. One day, I just lost my mind.

“When I finally regained consciousness, I found myself in the Delta Asylum. Fortunately, I was only mentally unstable and didn't completely lose control. I still had

some sense of self-preservation and didn't unleash my Beyonder powers recklessly. If I had, they would have sent me to the Inquisition.”

The person you mentioned is indeed yourself... After discovering that “I Know Someone” was hiding in the asylum, Lumian gained a new understanding of what he had said back then.

He pressed further, “Now that you've regained your consciousness and the ability to think, why do you choose to remain in the Delta Asylum?”

I Know Someone didn't show any mockery or amusement. He answered calmly, “I find the asylum fascinating. The thought patterns, mental states, and mental constructs of the patients here are significantly different from those of ordinary people. They deserve observation, research, and analysis.

“Moreover, some of them have gone mad due to illness, while others have become mentally unstable due to other factors. The latter group includes individuals who have come into contact with the mysterious and abnormal.”

“Including the one that posed as you?” Lumian asked, seeking confirmation.

I Know Someone nodded slowly.

“Yes, he's quite special. I've been observing him for a long time. He's like a philosopher, constantly posing unusual questions. Patients close to him, nurses who care for him, and even doctors who treat him have gradually shifted toward his mental state. There were also guardians with hidden supernatural abilities lurking around him.

“We dealt with the guardians and worked to gain his trust. Everything went smoothly. We learned that they are part of an organization called the Entry Persons and practice a secretive ritual known as Midoro's Worship. It allows one's Astral Projection to ascend to various heavenly domains and witness extraordinary phenomena. They can touch the fringes of immortality and gain knowledge and corresponding abilities, enabling them to undergo a fundamental transformation behind the formless door.”

Entry Persons... Formless door... Lumian memorized the information and continued asking,

“After Loki's resurrection and his given warning, why didn't you immediately flee Trier?”

I Know Someone's response lacked any emotion as he said, “How lame would that be? We'd have to eliminate a few pursuers before making our escape.”

So that's the reason... Lumian thought there must be something significant that had kept I Know Someone in Trier.

“Then why didn't you go into hiding somewhere else?”

I Know Someone replied calmly, “I want to witness the despair and suffering of those chasing me.”

Using my life for amusement... Lumian couldn't help but chuckle.

“Do you not realize the strength of the Tarot Club?”

I Know Someone pondered for a moment and then said, “The secret organization that uses tarot cards as their code names? What do they have to do with you?”

Upon hearing this, Lumian burst into laughter as he bent over, his amusement clearly exaggerated.

Chapter 408 Motive

Amidst exaggerated laughter, the doors of the two bedrooms creaked open.

Franca and Jenna appeared at the door, casting puzzled glances at Lumian.

“What's so funny?” Franca muttered as she approached.

How could he interrogate a criminal to get a reaction akin to watching a comedy performance?

Lumian stopped laughing and remarked, “Ignorance can lead to many dangers, as can arrogance. And having ignorance and arrogance makes it almost irredeemable.”

Observing this, Jenna retreated to the bedroom and closed the door.

She knew there were certain matters between Ciel and Franca that were best left unknown to her.

“Why? Is this guy really ignorant and arrogant?” Franca used her right hand to quickly tidy her disheveled hair after waking up.

She settled into the recliner and fixed her gaze on I Know Someone, who remained composed and emotionless.

Lumian recounted how I Know Someone found it pointless to simply escape and insisted on seeking some amusement. He also mentioned his ignorance regarding the pursuer's connection to the Tarot Club.

Franca was left speechless.

She couldn't decide if this core member of April Fool's was highly professional and committed to his principles or simply arrogant and ignorant.

After a few moments, Franca glanced back at the guest bedroom door.

“Jenna is getting more involved in our affairs. Sooner or later, she would uncover our true faiths and the secret organization supporting us...”

Lumian said nonchalantly, “It's simple. Mr. Fool is an officially recognized orthodox god. In a few days, take Jenna to Lavigny Docks and reveal who we truly worship and whose blessings we receive. Ask her if she wants to secretly convert to Mr. Fool. If she declines, that's okay too.”

“Okay.” Franca nodded solemnly.

Lumian refocused his attention on I Know Someone, who remained remarkably composed, and he redirected the conversation.

“Why were the lot of you targeting Aurore, Muggle?”

I Know Someone seemed to be discussing something unrelated to himself.

“Because many members of the Research Society were praising her, we decided to embarrass her.”

“What kind of logic is that?” Franca blurted out. “You want to tease people when they are praised?”

I Know Someone nodded gently.

“Breaking the idealized image in the minds of many people is part of the spirit of pranks. Their reactions bring us immense satisfaction.”

Franca's face flushed with anger. She wanted to unleash a tirade but restrained herself due to her lacking vocabulary.

She took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

“So, do you even remember what happiness and joy are? Do you still experience these emotions?”

Lumian let out a long sigh and asked, “And then?”

I Know Someone wore a nostalgic expression.

“Capitalizing on Muggle's visit to our team to trade, I occasionally offered her helpful advice. She began to trust me more, even sharing her concerns with me as a psychiatrist seeking solutions.

“During that time, I played the role of a credible source, all while collecting enough information and planning a massive prank. Eventually, I discovered that the body Muggle inhabited following her transmigration belonged to a girl who believed in a evil deity of Inevitability. Furthermore, she realized that her family, including her father, mother, brothers, and sister, displayed odd behaviors. There were numerous unsettling details upon closer examination, enough to induce fear in anyone who delved too deep. So, she found an opportunity to escape from home.

“This situation bore a striking resemblance to a family I knew, with a female member who had mysteriously vanished.

“After careful comparisons, Loki, the family, and I confirmed that Muggle was indeed their missing relative. Then, one day, Loki provided the family's modified Soul Summoning Spell and instructed me to find a way to sell it to Muggle for her use.

“Drawing on my understanding of Muggle's psychological and emotional state, I meticulously crafted a persuasive argument. Leveraging her longing to return home and her habit of searching for clues, I convinced Mad Lady to sell the Soul Summoning Spell to her.

“As expected, she began to suffer from schizophrenia. In a sense, Roche Louise Sanson came back to life.

“In each subsequent treatment session, I made her appear better on the surface, but her condition deteriorated with each passing session. At times, I even guided Roche's personality to emerge and engage with her. It was quite intriguing.”

Lumian listened in silence, refraining from interrupting I Know Someone's account with anger. Franca, on the other hand, was seething with anger, repeatedly sipping water to calm herself.

Why are these people so detestable!

They didn't regard others as real people at all!

After I Know Someone had finished speaking, Lumian inquired further.

“The Soul Summoning Spell comes from Roche Louise Sanson's family?”

“That's correct.” I Know Someone's condition was akin to a windless lake. “They combined the knowledge obtained from a boon and a Warlock's Soul Summoning Spell, giving rise to the Soul Summoning Spell that Muggle purchased. I'm not sure what makes it special; I'm not a scholar of witchcraft.”

Knowledge from a boon... Lumian quickly reviewed his knowledge of Dancer, Alms Monk, and Contractee within the Inevitability pathway, but he found nothing that could be connected to the Soul Summoning Spell.

He suspected that it might be a knowledge linked to a higher Sequence of the Inevitability pathway or perhaps a unique boon bestowed by the evil god known as Inevitability.

After a few moments of contemplation, Lumian asked slowly, “Does Roche Louise Sanson's family know about Muggle's existence and her condition? Are they aware of her true identity and her current location?”

I Know Someone nodded.

“I informed them of the first part, and Roche herself disclosed the rest. Later, they managed to establish contact with Muggle, bypassing both me and Loki.”

The Sinners is involved in spreading the Inevitability faith in Cordu and providing various resources... That's correct. The padre could have joined them immediately after leaving Cordu and become their so-called archbishop. This indirectly confirms it... Lumian's emotions remained subdued, but his mind was sharp.

He subconsciously clenched his fists and focused on I Know Someone.

“What are the names of the members of Roche Louise Sanson's family? Where are they currently residing? Are they affiliated with a secret organization or a cult?”

I Know Someone shook his head.

“After I moved into the asylum, I lost contact with them. During this period, I attempted to locate them but discovered that they had already relocated. It seemed they were no longer using their original identities, as if they were trying to hide from something.

“Roche's father's name is Voisin, her mother's name is Constance, her elder brother's name is Bliss, her elder sister's name is Annette, and her younger brother's name is Atur. They are all part of a branch of the Sanson family. However, I do not know their current names.

“Voisin was once a struggling merchant on the brink of bankruptcy, but he later joined a secret organization known as the Sinners. Miraculously, he escaped his financial woes and regained his success. He had numerous businesses, with the most notable being the Voisin Café, that doubled up as a hotel, restaurant, and various functions. It was frequented by high society, but before they relocated, these businesses were sold.”

Lumian proceeded to gather more information about the Sinners and sought details about the appearance, mannerisms, and habits of each family member.

With the newly acquired information in hand, Lumian spoke thoughtfully, “Do you know what role the Sinners' demigod or Beyonder at a higher Sequence played in the Cordu disaster?”

I Know Someone replied, “Not long before I moved into the asylum, Voisin informed me that they were taken by surprise. This occurred much earlier than the agreed-upon time, so none of them had arrived at the scene.

“It appears that some individuals were overly eager to obtain the boons. The ensuing mishap resulting from their failure also caused them to lose many leads. Otherwise, they would have discovered you much earlier.”

The Sufferer lurking in the shadows of Cordu and around me isn't the demigod of the Sinners, so who is interfering with my fate with Termiboros? Lumian frowned and asked, “Did Roche not inform the Sinners, her parents, or her siblings about the early ritual?”

“No,” I Know Someone replied succinctly. “They believe she wished to reduce the number of individuals receiving the boons and concentrate the power.”

Lumian fell into a contemplative silence, sensing that something was amiss.

Could the lizard-like elf be involved?

It had prevented Aurore from seeking Madame Hela's help and Roche Louise Sanson from contacting the Sinners?

Lumian attempted to inquire further about this matter but did not receive additional information.

Wary of the truth serum's effects wearing off, he decided to change the subject.

“What does the deity you believe in want you to do in Trier?”

I Know Someone's vacant eyes remained fixed on the sofa as he responded, "He occasionally grants us revelations for us to decipher independently.

"If we interpret them correctly and complete the corresponding task, we receive something unexpected.

"Apart from these revelations, He rarely communicates with us directly. We can only pray to Him through a ritual, and this can be done no more than once a week."

The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings and Mr. Fool's state are very similar... Lumian was tempted to inquire about the revelations granted by the Celestial Worthy but decided it might be too risky to discuss.

After a brief moment of consideration and deliberation, he decided to approach it from another angle and indirectly inquire.

"Did you start the rumors about human blood bread?"

"Yes," I Know Someone admitted without hesitation.

Lumian continued, "What about the rumor that Mandrake can treat illnesses?"

I Know Someone calmly replied, "I was the one behind that as well.

"It was a revelation from the Celestial Worthy. It was then that I realized I could influence events this way. After some time, rumors of human blood bread began to spread."

The Mandrake rumor is a revelation from the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings? Will there be any hidden dangers in using it to suppress the spirituality surge? Lumian contemplated the idea of warning the naive Vampire, La Nou Bruch.

He circled around and inquired about other revelations about the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. He didn't obtain much useful information, so he could only move on to the last topic.

"Tell me about Mad Lady, Ultraman, Hisoka, Loki, and Bard."

Chapter 409 Fire Execution

I Know Someone said calmly, "Mad Lady is probably a Traveler. I have no idea where she lives..."

"Ultraman used to be a Sequence 6 Notary of the Sun pathway. I'm not sure anymore. He hasn't been to Trier recently, and I haven't left the asylum. We only exchange a few words at each gathering..."

"Loki is a Sequence 5 Marionettist of the Seer pathway, but I suspect he wields more power from Celestial Worthy than us. He can access resources unknown to us. He even owns a mysterious ancient castle, Dylan, hidden somewhere..."

“Bard is a Sequence 6 Prometheus of the Marauder pathway. Of course, I'm unsure of his current situation. We haven't seen each other in reality for a long time... He did write Emperor Roselle's Secret Chronicles and published it under someone else's name...

“I'm not familiar with Hisoka. He hasn't attended any real-life gatherings in the Northern Continent. In my opinion, he's very dangerous, second only to Loki. He's similar to Mad Lady...

“If I hadn't gone crazy for a while, I would be a Sequence 5 by now...”

Castle Dylan... Lumian recalled Madame Hela's description of Loki's dream and suspected that the mysterious ancient castle hidden somewhere was where Loki had been resurrected.

He hadn't expected Bard to be a Beyonder of the Marauder pathway. He believed that the nickname originated from the Ocean Songster of the Sailor pathway or the Midnight Poet of the Evernight pathway, but on second thought, it made sense. In rural stories, bards often moonlighted as thieves.

This also confirmed the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings's influence on the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways. Half of the six core members belonged to these three pathways.

After I Know Someone finished speaking, Franca asked with concern, “Who else in the Research Society is involved with this?”

I Know Someone couldn't resist keeping it a secret. He replied calmly, “I know Pettigrew is one...”

“Pettigrew?” Franca blurted out in surprise. “I thought he was making fun of his height with that nickname, but it turns out he's mocking his identity?”

I Know Someone nodded gently.

“Before finding the organization and joining the Research Society, he already knew Loki. As you all know, Loki can use the Celestial Worthy's power to sense transmigrators within a certain range, and Pettigrew is also in the Trier Greater Region.

“He first became Loki's subordinate before joining the Research Society. He was assigned to another team. He actually nicknamed himself Pettigrew because he wanted to play a prank and reveal the truth. He mocked and fooled all the Research Society members who lacked insight, but in reality, I knew he was hesitating, feeling guilty, and struggling. He hoped to use this method to warn the other Research Society members that there was something wrong with him.

“My plan was to find an opportunity to tell him that Muggle, who never discriminated against his height and was gentle and amiable to him, was harmed by us. He could be considered an indirect helper. When the time comes, his devastation and pained expression would have been very interesting.”

“Dammit!” Franca cursed.

Although I Know Someone had been lobotomized and he had become very calm, his tone no longer mocking, his straightforward thoughts were still filled with vileness, making Franca unable to control her emotions.

“What else?” Lumian asked on her behalf.

I Know Someone recited five more aliases in a row before concluding, “These are the few I know. As for the ones Loki and the others secretly developed or didn't tell me, I'm not sure.”

“There's quite a few...” Franca was filled with hatred and frustration.

Lumian turned to her and said, “Just share this information with Madame Hela. How they handle it is up to the president and vice presidents. You don't need to be troubled or hesitant. Just enjoy the fruits of your labor. Isn't there a saying back at Aurore, uh, your home? If you don't witness the lamb being killed and don't cook it yourself, you can enjoy the delicious mutton without it weighing on you. Otherwise, it's inevitable that you'll be benevolent, soft-hearted, and conflicted.”

Franca exhaled and muttered, “Your sister's adaptation of famous quotes is ridiculous...”

She gathered her composure and looked at I Know Someone.

“Did you spread news of the impending apocalypse because you believed in the Celestial Worthy and rushed to pursue joy, allowing you to commit all sorts of evil deeds without feeling guilty? Or did you become desperate and believe in the Celestial Worthy because you were certain that the apocalypse was about to arrive and humans couldn't resist?”

I Know Someone replied, “Both. Some tried to replicate their pre-transmigration actions and immediately gained the Celestial Worthy's attention, while others faced catastrophes and learned about the apocalypse. They only believed in the Celestial Worthy after their mental breakdown.”

At this point, I Know Someone's empty eye sockets turned to Franca, who had just asked the question.

“Later, the Celestial Worthy even gave us some revelations, allowing us to guess a portion of the truth, including...”

For some inexplicable reason, Lumian suddenly felt a strong sense of danger and interrupted I Know Someone's statement.

“You don't have to continue!”

I Know Someone immediately closed his mouth.

“Why can't he say it?” Franca eagerly awaited the answer, but there was no response.

Lumian recalled concepts like the “barrier” related to the apocalypse and said seriously, “It's not suitable for you to know the truth about the apocalypse yet. That knowledge might cause you to lose control or be fatally corrupted on the spot. You can inquire about it when you become a demigod.”

“Alright.” Franca glanced at Lumian and muttered, “Why do you act like you know the truth...”

Why can he do it, but I can't?

“I only know a little,” Lumian replied candidly. “And that knowledge brought me danger. It's all thanks to Mr. Fool's seal.”

As the effects of the truth serum wore off, I Know Someone returned to his usual unchanging calm. Even his willingness to answer questions had vanished.

Franca gazed at the lobotomized Psychiatrist for a few seconds before sighing.

“Sometimes, we're still too naive. We might even think of ourselves as the protagonist.”

Lumian knew that “we” referred to the members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society.

Franca averted her gaze and turned to Lumian.

“While the sheep was undergoing the operation, I searched both I Know Someone's and his substitute's wards. I found some papers at the latter's place. I didn't read the content carefully, but it felt a little esoteric.”

As she spoke, she rose and returned to her room, retrieving a thin stack of papers.

Lumian flipped through them and frowned.

“Midoro's Worship...”

“What's this?” Franca hadn't heard the first half of the interrogation.

Lumian explained briefly and concluded, “This should be a spell that allows one to traverse the Formless Door and closely align with an evil god, gaining knowledge and experience. Even ordinary people should be able to learn it after receiving proper guidance.”

Franca sighed from the bottom of her heart and said, “No wonder it sounds so sinister. The layers of the heavenly domains, the Formless Door, the extraordinary phenomena, and the fringes of immortality. It sounds very dangerous!”

Lumian put away the secret deed spell, Midoro's Worship. Although he didn't know how to use it, nor did he need to, he could still grasp the corresponding knowledge. This would help him deal with the heretics who relied on Midoro's Worship to obtain knowledge and strength.

He then said to Franca, “Relay this information to Madame Hela. I'll handle I Know Someone.”

“Alright.” Franca nodded gently and watched as Lumian put on the Lie earring and walked to the armchair. He grabbed the calm man's shoulder and instantly vanished.

Prison district, Rois Comprehensive Execution Ground.

It was not yet 7 a.m., and there was no one here. It was wet, as if isolated from the world.

Lumian emerged from the void with I Know Someone and tied the April Fool's core member to the stake.

Then, he retreated a long distance, crouched down, and pressed his hands to the ground.

Two crimson tongues of fire swiftly darted towards I Know Someone's body along the weed-covered ground.

They grew larger and larger until they transformed into a giant serpent, engulfing I Know Someone completely.

Lumian stood up and used his feet to maintain the flow of flames. He silently watched as the calm Psychiatrist revealed grayish-white Dragon Scales under the stress.

His body subconsciously struggled, but it wasn't as intense. His various Beyonder powers scattered in all directions, but they failed to affect Lumian who stood beyond their range.

Lumian condensed a dangerous flaming spear and hurled it, piercing and burning a hole around I Know Someone's chest and abdomen.

The crimson flames that hadn't incinerated the Dragon Scales elsewhere surged into I Know Someone's body.

As Lumian watched the April Fool's core member truly begin to burn, his body instinctively emitting pained cries, his thoughts raced. He quickly recalled the battle last night and today's interrogation.

He had learned a lot from this, but he couldn't quite grasp the acting principle.

Flames aren't just lethal; they can also be used as deterrence, intimidation, and a signal...

It is necessary for Pyromaniacs to combine their flames with traps...

As the raging flames engulfed I Know Someone, Lumian felt as if a fire was burning in his heart.

It was anger, satisfaction, and catharsis.

At that moment, Lumian's Pyromaniac potion digested a little more, just as it had after the battle the previous night.

After an unknown period of time, in the uninhabited execution ground, I Know Someone ceased his struggles and lost his breath. His body was charred as it cracked apart.

Chapter 410 A Leisure Week

In the drizzling execution ground, Lumian watched as the crimson flames gradually dwindled before his eyes. He observed as translucent, colorless mucus seeped out of the corpse. It surrounded the charred and cracked I Know Someone, attempting to burrow into his head through the empty eye sockets and fuse with some organ.

Crimson Fire Ravens materialized around Lumian, darting through the remaining blood-red eyes before the slime could reach its destination.

Rumble!

I Know Someone's head exploded from the inside out, splattering grayish-white colloids everywhere.

The transparent, colorless mucus had lost its binding substance, leaving it only able to condense independently, eventually forming a sticky colloid.

This colloid landed beneath the stake. From a distance, it resembled an unfixing mirror, capable of reflecting everything around it.

Lumian strode over and retrieved the colorless colloid, which was likely a Hypnotist Beyonder characteristic. He did this amidst the scorching air and the flames that flowed around him.

As he gazed upon it, he noticed minuscule transparent bubbles deep within the colloid. They caught and refracted sunlight from various angles, displaying an array of colors.

After storing away the Beyonder characteristic, Lumian turned on his heel and departed from the stake.

Behind him, the lingering flames continued their relentless assault, devouring the charred corpse.

As the light flickered, Lumian's figure vanished from the Rois Comprehensive Execution Ground.

...

In Apartment 601, 3 Rue des Blouses Blanches, in the market district.

Lumian, who had reverted to his original form with the Lie earring, rubbed his temples and turned to Franca.

“It's already taken care of. It's fitting for someone like him to meet his end at the stake.”

“Unfortunately, he's a believer in the Celestial Worthy. Even if he doesn't take action, he remains a hidden threat—a potential time bomb. Otherwise, I would have spared him, albeit with his frontal lobe removed and his sight forever gone.”

Franca breathed a sigh of relief. “That's reassuring.”

In truth, she felt a twinge of regret. If not for the insanity that had gripped I Know Someone in the past and his faith in the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, who was suspected of triggering their transmigration, she might have attempted to channel his spirit and inquire about the potion formula for the Spectator pathway, from Sequence 9 down to Sequence 6 or even Sequence 5. However, after thorough contemplation, she decided to forsake this perilous scheme.

Lumian's gaze shifted to the open door of the guest bedroom.

“Where's Jenna?”

“She's gone to the Théâtre de l'Ancienne Cage à Pigeons,” Franca taunted Lumian.

“She's much more diligent than you in digesting the potion.”

Lumian replied thoughtfully, “After venting the flames within me to battle and carry out the execution, my Pyromaniac potion has significantly digested. At this rate, if I can distill a new acting principle, it should be fully digested within two months.”

He didn't dwell on the subject and continued, “I intend to share I Know Someone's Beyonder characteristics with Madam Magician. Without her and the Tarot Club's support, we might have lost track of our target or lost control during our initial assault.”

“No problem,” Franca replied without hesitation. “The Beyonder characteristics of these followers of the evil god have eluded the grasp of high-ranking individuals. I wouldn't dare to possess them myself. There's no need to think about repaying me. Dealing with I Know Someone is also a mandate from the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society.”

Lumian didn't stand on ceremony. He observed as Franca returned to the bedroom, changing into a white lace-adorned shirt and slim beige pants, seemingly preparing to go out.

“Where are you off to?” Lumian asked casually.

Franca responded with a hint of annoyance, “I've been caught up in all sorts of messes you've stirred up lately, and I haven't had a moment to pleasure myself. Now that it's finally settled, it's only fair that I take a break, right? I suggest you behave yourself for the next few days!”

Lumian couldn't help but smile as the Demoneess of Pleasure slipped on her boots, swung the door open, and left.

Once the door slammed shut, Lumian, who had originally planned to return to Auberge du Coq Doré to write to Madam Magician, grabbed a pen and paper from the nearby table. He meticulously jotted down all the information I Know Someone had given him.

He then neatly folded the paper and placed I Know Someone's Hypnotist Beyonder characteristic on top of it.

Summoning the “doll” messenger, Lumian patiently waited.

Before long, the “doll” messenger returned, carrying the translucent colloid and a square piece of folded paper.

Madam Magician's reply read:

“This is a shared mission of the Tarot Club. There's no need for a reward. Keep it for yourself. I've already removed the corruption that could be removed.

“We'll mobilize various resources to search for the whereabouts of the remaining five April Fool's members, but we currently lack a solid lead. The pranks mentioned in the information have been ongoing for too long.”

Lumian finished reading in silence, allowing the crimson flames to consume the paper in his hand.

He longed to teleport directly to Feynapotter's Gaia Province and the Southern Continent's West Balam to personally hunt down the suspicious April Fool's team members, such as Bard. However, he knew it was futile. Without sufficient information or clues, it was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

He couldn't rely on the ice-cream-eating boy's luck every time, could he?

All I can do now is wait for the Tarot Club to uncover useful leads... The only person I can track down at the moment is the publisher of the underground book, Emperor Roselle's Secret Chronicles. If only they had met with the real author, Bard... Lumian felt a mixture of disappointment and relief.

He planned to take his time with the Hypnotist Beyonder characteristic. While he searched for a suitable Artisan, he waited for Anthony Reid to investigate General Philip's widow.

If the Psychiatrist gained something and succeeded in curing his psychological issues, Lumian wouldn't mind selling him the Hypnotist Beyonder characteristics and splitting the proceeds with Franca.

If Lumian found a suitable Artisan before that, he would designate the mystical item he crafted as a common resource, allowing Franca, Jenna, and the others to use it as they saw fit.

After tucking away the Hypnotist Beyonder characteristic in a concealed pocket, Lumian exhaled and leaned back in his dining chair.

Only then did he hear the growl of his stomach and realize his hunger.

Since waking up at 6 a.m., he had been engrossed in the interrogation, execution, and letter writing, completely forgetting about breakfast.

Honestly, leaving me alone here; it's as if I live here... Lumian mumbled to himself as he got up and ventured into the apartment's kitchen to see what ingredients were available.

Scanning the area, he spotted a few potatoes.

Lumian was momentarily surprised but quickly rolled up his sleeves and grabbed an apron hanging nearby. With skillful hands, he peeled, washed, and thinly sliced the potatoes into fine strips.

Following the process, he ignited the stove, heated a pan, added oil, sautéed, and tossed in the shredded potatoes. He seasoned the dish accordingly.

Once it was ready, Lumian toasted two slices of bread and poured a glass of milk.

Sitting down at the dining table, he sandwiched the crispy shredded potatoes between the slices of toast and savored them, occasionally taking a sip of milk.

Outside the window, the drizzle had cleared, and the sun beamed brightly.

During the following week, Lumian made the most of his time. He patiently awaited the recovery of his mental damage from the past two battles, taking the opportunity to act as a Pyromaniac and gradually digest the potion.

In the midst of this process, he also managed to report to Mr. K about his recent activities and the discovery of the evil god organization.

Members of the Savoie Mob in Salle de Bal Brise were surprised. Their boss had unexpectedly appeared for five to six consecutive days and had stayed for extended periods each time. Compared to their previous experiences of him being unavailable, it was as if he had found a double.

Charlie was equally astounded. Ciel frequented the basement bar every night to drink, tease, and taunt people, making him the prime target of this unusual dedication.

Just as Franca was about to revisit Trocadéro's Red House café and discreetly remind Browns Sauron not to forget auditing her, Hela's pure silver skull sent out a notice of a special gathering to Apartment 601 at 3 Rue des Blouses Blanches and Lumian's abandoned safe house on Rue des Blouses Blanches.

It had been a while since Lumian had visited the safe house. If Franca hadn't inquired about the letter upon receiving it, he might not have been aware of it.

Many members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society operated in a similar fashion. They had designated locations for receiving and sending letters but did not actually reside there. They only visited periodically to avoid detection by Hela, finding comfort in these small details.

Lumian arrived at the abandoned safe house on Rue des Blouses Blanches and carefully unfolded the letter. Its contents read:

“Muggle:

“There's a special gathering scheduled for 10 tonight. We need to discuss something of utmost importance that concerns everyone's safety.”

At night, just three minutes shy of ten o'clock, Lumian recited the incantation imbued with Concealment powers within the confines of the safe house on Rue du Rossignol.

Gradually, he felt himself sinking into a profound slumber, the sensation akin to his body being erased by an enormous eraser.

After an indeterminate period, he suddenly regained consciousness and found himself standing amidst an ancient palace enveloped in the misty shroud of a town.

Over a hundred members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society had already assembled, their figures still taking shape.

Navigating through what resembled a grand masquerade ball venue, Lumian, now transformed into Aurore using Lie, wore a Warlock's black robe and half-mask as he approached the Academy team.

He scanned the area but didn't spot the member known as Pettigrew.

Standing beside a slender man with a brownish-yellow manila document bag obscuring his head was Professor, adorned in a black butterfly mask, a bow tie shirt, and a long dark coat.

It was her husband, Associate Professor.

Professor regarded Lumian with curiosity and inquired, “Do you know what's happening? Why did they convene this special gathering?”

Lumian, taking on the persona of “Muggle” Aurore, smirked and let out a sigh.

“Because we have traitors among us.”

“Traitors...” Professor and the other members of the Academy team echoed the term.

At that moment, the half-giant president, Gandalf, attired in a simple robe and hood, and the vice president, Hela, who appeared as a black widow with her face concealed by a veil, made their way to the massive stone throne situated deep within the ancient palace.