

Inevitability 441

Chapter 441 Demoness Cooperation

“Demoness of Catastrophe...” Jenna had never heard of this term from Franca. “Is it a Sequence name?”

Lumian didn't hold anything back.

“Yes, a Sequence 2 angel. Heh heh, the term angel and Demoness always seem strange together.”

Angel... Jenna didn't have a clear impression of individuals at this level.

Though she had often heard Lumian and Franca talk about the terror and might of demigods, it had remained theoretical for her. She didn't know how terrifying or powerful they were.

Jenna muttered to herself, “Krismona... Hasn't She already perished? Why am I still hearing Her sigh? It should be from Her, right?”

Lumian looked at Jenna and said solemnly, “For such a formidable figure, even if They were to perish completely, there would still be remnants of Their mind that wouldn't dissipate. It's like not stiffening even after becoming a corpse.

“In the future, if you come into contact with the inheritance of a similar influential figure, you must be very, very careful.”

Jenna looked surprised and vigilant. She glanced at the edge of the sacrificial square and asked with concern, “What do we do now?”

Lumian chuckled.

“What can we do? What else but wait for Her to sigh? Do you have thoughts of comforting Her?”

“Don't worry. She's imprisoned by death and bound by the spring water. She can't leave the fourth and third levels of the catacombs. As long as you don't explore this place, you don't have to worry about anything.

“How was it? Was there any influence from the Primordial Demoness?”

It was only then that Lumian, holding the white candle, assessed Jenna's appearance.

Her skin, which hadn't been particularly good due to her background and experiences, seemed to have been reborn. Her facial features looked the same as usual, but the details had become more exquisite, as if there was a luster flowing through them. Overall, she exuded an alluring charm and became even more feminine.

Even with Lumian's experience, he couldn't help but marvel inwardly.

Jenna was also scrutinizing herself. She felt that her height had increased a little, and the ratio of her body parts she had previously been dissatisfied with had approached perfection.

“I sensed a peculiar python appear, but it didn't really approach me. It quickly vanished...” Jenna recalled as she took out a prepared mirror. Facing the yellow candle flame in Lumian's hand, she scrutinized her reflection and couldn't help but smile.

It was common for most people to appreciate beauty, and Jenna was no exception. Seeing how beautiful and charming she had become made her quite happy. She even felt enchanted by herself.

Reluctantly, she put away the mirror and assessed her changes from various angles.

I can now use black flames that incinerate the Spirit Body and spirituality. I've gained the blessing of frost. I've mastered various forms of black magic. With prepared ingredients, I can directly become invisible and cast rare spells. Additionally, I can curse targets through blood and other media. I've unlocked the door to Mirror magic and now possess anti-divination and the ability to create substitutes. I am skilled in using staff and can also use them as substitutes...

Compared to Assassins and Instigators, Witches had undergone a qualitative transformation. They possessed comprehensive abilities, considerable strength, and excelled in survival. Only then did Jenna truly feel like a member of the world of mysticism and a controller of superpowers.

She suddenly felt an urge to test a Witch's various abilities on a target.

However, after glancing at Lumian, she abandoned the idea.

She felt that there was still a significant gap between them. Even a Sequence 6 Franca likely wasn't Ciel's match. Of course, if Franca truly intended to assassinate Lumian, her chances of eliminating him weren't slim. Most Beyonders below Sequence 4 were relatively weak. If they committed an error, it could very well plunge them into the depths of hell.

Lumian tossed a burning white candle to Jenna and pointed at his black satchel.

“There's some cosmetics in here. Make yourself look less attractive to hide your striking charm. That way, the Demoness Sect's hidden members won't recognize you as a Witch at a glance.”

For this purpose, he had brought a set of women's cosmetics.

Jenna clicked her tongue.

“You even thought of such details in advance...”

“In the Beyonder world, being cautious and meticulous effectively increases your chances of survival,” Lumian said, turning around. “Let's disguise ourselves elsewhere. It's not suitable to stay here for too long.”

“Why do I get the feeling that you're often impulsive and a little crazy...” Jenna muttered softly before smiling. “Do you also think I've become more beautiful now?”

She wasn't wearing any makeup, but her blue eyes seemed to contain starlight as they darted around.

Lumian scoffed.

“I respect the potion's effects and believe in the influence of Beyonder characteristics.”

With that, he turned around, holding the candle, and walked towards the wide stone steps leading up.

You sure never lose out in a battle of tongues! Jenna cursed under her breath, quickly packed her things, and followed him.

Before she could figure out how to continue teasing Lumian and express her gratitude, she heard the man slowly walk forward and casually say, “Also, you have to work for me tomorrow.”

“Dammit!” Jenna blurted out.

In the library district, Rue des Terraces.

The street was known for its diverse terraces, frequented by tourists.

Lumian stood on a café terrace decorated in shades of green and white, casting a sidelong glance at Building 20, where Guillaume Bénét's widow, Condiment Beauty Paulina, resided.

The terrace of the house was painted a refreshing white, supported by a wooden frame that shielded it from the wind and rain. It resembled a resort hotel on the southern coast of Intis.

Lumian sipped his coffee as all the information and conjectures he had gathered during this period flashed through his mind.

Every week, a mysterious man visits the Condiment Beauty at night. Once or twice a week... At least once this week. It should be within these two days...

According to the observations of the surrounding citizens, there are a total of three mysterious men who visited Paulina at night. One is young, one is in his prime, and one is nearly 60 years old...

Who among them could be the Sinners' liaison, Bouvard Pont-Péro?

One of Bouvard's contracted abilities is Transfiguration. These three might or might not be him. They're just substitutes he creates to attract attention, and he sneaks in disguised as one of Paulina's servants...

The price of Transfiguration is one's own face. The downside is the desire to abuse others... The buildings on Rue de la Terrasse are quite soundproof. None of the neighbors heard Paulina's screams...

Some time has elapsed since Guillaume Bénét's demise. It's highly likely that Paulina officially joined the Sinners organization, received a boon, and became a Beyonder...

The most important part of the plan is to determine who Bouvard Pont-Péro is...

Lumian had a plan. As the sky darkened, he finished his coffee and donned his brown round hat. Without making a sound, he left the building and vanished into an alley on the side of the street.

20 Rue de la Terrasse, in the spacious and warm master bedroom.

The mature and beautiful Paulina, adorned in a pale-white nightgown, walked to the full-body mirror, removed her clothes, and examined the whip-like marks on her body.

They had faded to a faint dark-red hue, likely to dissipate completely within a few days.

Paulina let out a soft sigh at the thought of the pain she would have to endure for the next two days.

Her gaze fell upon the black mark on her right shoulder, and she rejoiced that the first contract ability she had chosen after becoming a Contractee was Regeneration.

Once activated, it could regenerate flesh and skin to a certain extent, allowing various injuries to quickly recover.

Paulina had never tested whether this could regenerate limbs, believing it should work if the conditions were met.

Of course, the dead couldn't activate their abilities.

Paulina adjusted her light-white nightgown and prepared to put on light makeup to welcome a potential guest.

At that moment, she suddenly felt a strong sense of danger.

This also stemmed from her contract ability. She felt that sensing danger was more important than actual combat.

For this, she had paid the price of “fertility” and received the negative effect of mild mental weakness.

Paulina's nerves tightened, and her body abruptly bent backward. With the flexibility of a Dancer, she distanced herself from the source of danger.

Simultaneously, she opened her right palm, and silver-white lightning shot out, intertwining with a crackling sound, enveloping the area where she suspected the assailant was hiding.

This was her third and final contracted ability, Electric Arc. It could effectively compensate for her weaknesses in offensive means. The price was that she was prone to lightning strikes in a thunderstorm. The downside was that her body had become more sensitive. She could originally withstand 70-80% of her original threshold for pain. This made Paulina resistant to Bouvard Pont-Péro's visit. She relied on Alms Monk's endurance to hold on every time.

With a cracking sound, a mirror suddenly appeared in the area covered by the lightning in her palm. It quickly charred and shattered into pieces.

From the corner of her eye, Paulina spotted a figure swiftly outlined by the drawn curtains. She hurriedly contorted her body to avoid it.

Suddenly, a white fist materialized behind her head and smashed below her ear.

With a bang, Paulina blacked out.

Behind Condiment Beauty, Jenna, dressed as a female mercenary, instantly appeared.

She and Franca easily controlled their target with dual invisibility, anti-divination tactics, one to attract attention, and the other to launch a sneak attack.

Franca took a few steps forward, retrieved the Bliss Society's sedative, and brought it to Paulina's nose.

After completing her task, Jenna drew the curtains to leave a slight crack, casting her outstretched palm in the light of the room.

This was a signal to Lumian that the operation had succeeded.

Before long, Lumian scaled the outer wall and entered the master bedroom with Jenna's help.

Then, he tossed the Lie earring to Franca.

Franca transformed the mystical item into a silver pendant and hung it on her chest.

Her appearance and height changed, becoming more and more like Paulina.

Chapter 442 Opportunity to Act

Seeing Franca appear before her as Paulina, Jenna couldn't help but marvel at the wonders of the Lie accessory.

This transformation was countless times more potent than that of an Actor of the Mother Tree of Desire pathway. It was the most mystical disguise she had ever encountered.

Franca gazed at her reflection in the full-body mirror and stroked her face gently. She chuckled and said, "I like this style too."

"What don't you like?" Lumian mocked.

"This is called having an eye for beauty!" Franca opened Paulina's wardrobe and chose a pair of pajamas that could hide many items. She entered the master bedroom's washroom and began changing.

Soon, "Madame Paulina" emerged. Jenna knew Franca well, but she temporarily couldn't tell the authenticity.

After Franca entered Invisibility, Lumian administered some truth serum to the unconscious Paulina.

He estimated the time and felt that it was about time. Then, he took out the Mysticism Smelling Salts and brought them to Paulina's nose.

Amidst the sneezes, Lumian capped the bottle and retreated into a crevice beside the wardrobe, preventing Paulina, who had regained consciousness, from seeing him.

Jenna retrieved a small revolver from her dark brown belt, squatted down, and pressed it against Paulina's forehead, ready to pull the trigger.

Paulina snapped out of her daze and saw a face adorned with a silvery-white half-mask.

The face was uncovered, and although the skin wasn't fair and had some flaws, and the texture was concealed by cosmetics, the curves were quite beautiful, making people of the same sex take a second look.

Immediately after, Paulina felt the coldness of the gun's barrel and saw a revolver held to her head.

Her body tensed instinctively.

Jenna didn't give her a chance to express her doubts or pleas. She asked bluntly,

"When will Bouvard Pont-Péro arrive?"

Paulina replied subconsciously, “In the next two days...”

Before she could finish, she suddenly shut her mouth, disbelief etched on her face.

W-why did I say what was on my mind?

Jenna raised a second question based on her preparations.

“In the past two months, among the mysterious men who visited you under the cover of night, who was Bouvard Pont-Péro? Or were all of them him?”

Paulina struggled for a few seconds before blurting out, “No, it's Bouvard only once a week. The rest are just his attempts to confuse others. Moreover, he changes his appearance every two or three times. He—he has Transfiguration.”

Jenna asked curiously, “Will the others Bouvard Pont-Péro send sleep with you?”

Did they keep up the act to the very end, or did they only keep up appearances for the latter half?

“No,” Paulina replied, swallowing her saliva. “Bouvard possesses a strong sense of possessiveness. Since I've already become his lover, he won't allow me to have any more intercourse with other men. The people he sends will only chat with me, have dinner with me, and wander around the bedroom for a while before leaving.”

Very possessive... Lumian's thoughts raced as he listened in the shadows, recalling the mysticism knowledge he had obtained when he became a Contractee.

Soon, he found a contracted creature that fit the criteria and its corresponding abilities.

Evil Shadow Black Beast, a spirit world creature that resides in the shadows of creatures. The birth of its descendants requires the stripping of a shadow as a carrier. Creatures that lose their shadows will die on the spot...

By sacrificing a human's shadow, he could obtain the Shadow Substitution ability from the Evil Shadow Black Beast, and his possessiveness would significantly increase...

By controlling the target or subduing them in advance, he could complete Shadow Substitution in battle and use someone else's shadow to take damage on his behalf, avoiding dangerous attacks. Under such circumstances, the distance between the main body and the target couldn't exceed 20 meters...

“I wonder how much those actors earn...” Jenna teased with a smile before asking, “What Sequence Beyond is Bouvard Pont-Péro equivalent to. What contractual abilities does he possess?”

Paulina pursed her lips, unwilling to answer.

After a few seconds, she couldn't resist the urge to spill the beans. She opened her mouth and said, “Bouvard is an Ascetic. He said that a Fate Appropriator is the most important Sequence of the Inevitability pathway before obtaining godhood. One needs to make significant contributions to obtain the corresponding boon. He's still far from that.

“He once mentioned that Ascetic can have six contractual abilities, but I don't know if that refers to ordinary circumstances or special circumstances.”

Leaning against the wardrobe, Lumian couldn't help but chuckle inwardly.

Temiboros, are you aware of this?

He didn't ask because he knew Temiboros wouldn't answer such a question.

Paulina continued, “He didn't display all his abilities in front of me. He always wore pajamas and didn't expose his upper body during sex.

“I've seen him emerge from the shadows and know he has three imps. He even suggested I choose the Danger Premonition ability, believing it to be useful.”

Shadow Burial, Tamed Imps, Danger Premonition, Shadow Substitution, Transfiguration... That's a total of five contracted abilities... If Bouvard Pont-Péro is nothing special, there should be only one unknown contracted ability. Even if he's stronger than ordinary Ascetics, there's a high chance that his total abilities won't exceed eight... Lumian quickly formed a clearer understanding.

The price of Shadow Burial was having normal dreams. The downside was becoming more extreme and paranoid. The price of Tamed Imps was three infant corpses that had died before they were born. The downside was that he had to use his life force to feed the imps, and there was a risk of backlash. The specific method was to grow sarcomas that looked like breastfeeding. Danger Premonition involved sacrificing fertility and become mentally weak...

Contractee abilities are truly peculiar... Ever since becoming a Witch and becoming deeply involved in the Sinners organization, Jenna had learned about Contractee, Alms Monk, Ascetic, and other Inevitability Sequences. She now knew why Lumian possessed Spell of Harrumph, Spirit World Traversal, and other abilities.

She thought for a moment and asked, “Apart from contractual abilities, does Bouvard Pont-Péro possess any mystical items, Beyond weapons, or other items?”

Paulina shuddered inexplicably.

“H-he has two pockets that I can't touch. He always chooses the kind of pajamas with pockets or pants pockets.”

Carries some items... I wonder what powers they possess... But at least we won't end up empty-handed... Lumian allowed his thoughts to wander.

Jenna followed the predetermined rhythm of their conversation and inquired about Paulina's performances in front of Bouvard Pont-Péro, her interactions with the butler and servants in the building, her abilities, and her assets.

It wasn't until Lumian tossed the sedative from the Bliss Society that Jenna stopped asking and caught it with her freed left hand.

Then, Paulina fainted again.

“She possesses Regeneration, much like a Vampire's self-healing ability. The sedative's effects will likely be diminished and won't endure for long,” Jenna inquired. “Why didn't you simply eliminate her?”

Lumian cast a glance at the new Witch and let out a chuckle.

“You're quite the ruthless one, aren't you?”

Jenna pursed her lips and stated, “Showing kindness to heretics only harms innocent citizens.”

“Exactly!” Franca, disguised as Paulina, deactivated her Invisibility and concurred.

The more she observed Witch Jenna, the more she found herself liking her. Despite Jenna deliberately donning unattractive makeup and a half-mask, Franca had a discerning eye for beauty.

Lumian scoffed and said, “Haven't you heard that Bouvard Pont-Péro seems to possess Danger Premonition? Even though you can counter divination, if Paulina were to die now and her boon's power returns to its source, do you think Bouvard won't receive a warning from fate?”

“Anthony still has time to enter. He won't engage in direct combat, but he'll serve a purpose in my scheme.”

Lumian not only aimed to capture Bouvard Pont-Péro but also intended to act as a Conspirer in this endeavor.

“I understand,” Franca said with widened eyes. “I just adhere to the notion of being ruthless toward heretics.”

As she spoke, she removed the Lie silver pendant from her chest and tossed it to Jenna. Lumian instructed Anthony Reid to infiltrate the building via the outer wall of the master bedroom.

As the drizzle descended into night, the gas street lamps on both sides of the street emitted a hazy glow.

At 20 Rue de la Terrasse, a man in a silk top hat, black suit, and dark bow tie rang the doorbell.

He had an ordinary appearance, short, thick eyebrows, and deep blue eyes. He wouldn't attract anyone's attention when he walked along the bustling arcade.

The butler of the house opened the door. He glanced at the visitor and discreetly gestured.

The man formed a circle with his hands and asked, “Where's Paulina?”

“Madame awaits you in the bedroom,” the butler replied respectfully.

The man nodded and made his way through the living room and up the stairs, arriving outside the master bedroom.

Without knocking, he turned the handle and entered.

In the spacious and warm master bedroom, the wall lamps had all been extinguished. The candlelight flickered dimly, casting a soft, rosy glow that quickened one's pulse.

The man's eyes fixed on Paulina, reclining on the bed, and a grin crept across his face.

“Why does it feel even more enticing than before?”

“Something special just for you,” Paulina whispered.

The man stared at the alluring contours, his pulse racing. He chuckled and said,

“Why do I find you more captivating than ever?”

“I dressed up just for you.” Paulina, in her two-piece pajamas, seemed bashful, her cheeks flushed as she closed her eyes.

The man swallowed hard, his mind on high alert, though his body couldn't resist taking a step forward.

Chapter 443 Trap Within A Trap

The man suspected to be Bouvard Pont-Péro took a step forward and finally regained some rationality.

He adjusted the dark bow tie beneath his neck, and three indistinct figures materialized above his head and shoulders.

These figures weren't large; they looked like newborns with pale-white, bluish skin and sinister expressions on their round, distorted faces.

Tamed Imps!

The three translucent and indistinct imps burrowed toward Bouvard Pont-Péro's chest, each finding its place and began suckling in a frenzied manner.

Suddenly, their figures became much clearer. They left his body, circling around and flying at an extremely fast speed to different parts of 20 Rue de la Terrasse.

With no corporeal form, they effortlessly traversed walls and doors. In a short span of time, they went through the master bedroom's wardrobe, desk, changing room, and washroom, leaving no room for any assailant to hide.

One sinister-looking imp with a bluish-white face even circled the room's shadows, ensuring that no Beyonder could rely on supernatural powers to lurk in this special environment.

Seeing Paulina's puzzled and watery gaze as she opened her eyes, Bouvard Pont-Péro subconsciously explained, “My Danger Premonition tells me that something is amiss here. Lately, I need to be extremely cautious and avoid making any mistakes. After I eliminate the hidden danger and confirm my safety, I'll enjoy my evening with you.”

For some inexplicable reason, Bouvard's tone was gentler and more eager to explain than before when facing Paulina. It was as if her attire and demeanor tonight had touched his heart, making him irresistibly attracted and eager to please her.

As Bouvard Pont-Péro finished speaking, one of the imps left the master bedroom and entered the adjacent room.

With its bluish-white skin, it reached the end of the corridor, passed through the wardrobe, and entered.

In the next moment, it saw a figure bound and gagged.

The figure wore a pale-white nightgown, and her clothes were disheveled, revealing a large area of her skin. She was beautiful, elegant, and had a plump body like a ripe fruit. She was another Paulina!

The contorted-faced imp let out a shrill cry and rushed back into Bouvard Pont-Péro's embrace. As it drew closer to his chest, sucking, it relayed the scene it had witnessed to its feeder.

Bouvard Pont-Péro's expression changed, realizing he had fallen into a trap and been ambushed.

Luckily, he had been cautious enough to detect hidden dangers in advance!

The Sinners' liaison darkened and merged with his shadow, sliding into the wall's shadows like a snake.

His Shadow Burial's ability was unlike that of many Beyonders. They relied on the dimness of shadows to hide, while he transformed himself into a shadow, truly becoming part of the darkness. Just like the special creatures that inhabited such environments, he could stray into alternate spaces connected to certain shadowy regions.

At that moment, Bouvard Pont-Péro felt as if he had plunged into a lightless sea. His body extended and merged with the inky droplets.

Quickly, he darted towards the room at the end of the corridor.

His mission: to save Paulina and escape Rue de la Terrasse with her.

He harbored an extraordinary possessiveness for this Condiment Beauty.

As Bouvard moved through the shadows, he suddenly heard a crisp crack.

The yellow gas wall lamp blazed to life, filling every inch of the glass cover with flames.

The gas lamps in the corridor transformed into miniature suns, banishing the shadows.

Only a serpentine humanoid shadow remained on the floor.

Jenna, who had transformed into the lady's maid using Lie, emerged from a side room, casting a black flame onto Bouvard Pont-Péro's shadow.

The Sinners' liaison immediately felt pain and weakness originating from the depths of his soul.

Without hesitation, he used Shadow Substitution.

In 20 Rue de la Terrasse, Paulina's butler and servants had already become believers in Inevitability. They submitted to the envoy, Bouvard Pont-Péro, and their shadows were offered for exchange!

In Paulina's lady's maid's room, the human shadow suddenly squirmed and transformed.

The black shadow stood up, becoming plumper, resembling Bouvard Pont-Péro.

The shadows in the corridor quickly dissipated under the black flames. The lady's maid in the room twitched a few times, and black flames oozed from her nostrils, ears, mouth, and eyes. Then, she fell silent and ceased breathing.

Bouvard Pont-Péro seized the moment when Shadow Substitution took effect to activate another contracted ability.

He sprinted forward, leaving behind dozens, even hundreds of phantoms. His body flickered amidst the phantoms, shifting positions so that Jenna couldn't lock onto him or distinguish him.

In the blink of an eye, Bouvard Pont-Péro, accompanied by a group of figures, entered the room where Paulina was bound and opened the corresponding wardrobe.

Paulina's eyes were filled with surprise, desire, and hope as she watched Bouvard's right hand, gleaming with a metallic luster, become incredibly sharp.

In an instant, the Sinners' liaison severed the rope and attempted to escape the encirclement with Paulina.

He had a total of eight contracted abilities, one of which had never been used before.

At that moment, as the rope loosened, Paulina couldn't help but remember her traumatic experiences of abuse at the hands of Bouvard, the pain etched into the depths of her mind.

Uncontrollable hatred surged in her heart. She longed for the one who had harmed her to face justice.

She suddenly raised her right hand.

Alarm bells rang in Bouvard's mind as he sensed an intense Danger Premonition.

Yet, at this distance, no one could react faster than Electric Arc.

Silver-white lightning shot from Paulina's palm and struck Bouvard's body. His body went numb, and even his thoughts seemed to be engulfed by lightning, temporarily rendering him powerless.

Franca, disguised as Paulina, had already closed within five meters, aiming the Ring of Punishment she wore.

Lightning flickered in her eyes, and Bouvard's body shuddered, as if his soul was being torn apart, in excruciating pain that left him unable to think straight.

Psychic Piercing!

Smack!

Jenna, who had dashed to her target's side, clenched her fist and struck behind Bouvard's ear before he could rely on his Ascetic endurance to recover.

The Sinners' liaison slipped into unconsciousness.

Before Bouvard lost consciousness, he glimpsed a pair of black leather shoes and heard a taunting voice.

“I don't even need to lift a finger when dealing with you.”

Bouvard abruptly broke free from the darkness and regained consciousness.

The first thing he saw was a right leg resting on his left knee and that pair of black leather shoes. Then, he saw a young man leaning back in an armchair, his hands pressing on the armrests.

Bouvard instinctively wanted to use his abilities, but all his thoughts seemed to sink into a quagmire, unresponsive.

In the next moment, he noticed that his feet had transformed into cow hooves, and he was wrapped in a layer of brown cowhide.

Animal Creation Spell... Bouvard instantly grasped his predicament. He watched as the young man with golden and black hair leisurely flipped through the grayish-blue cloth bag he had hidden in his pocket.

Wh— Bouvard instinctively held his breath, hoping that the other party would take out the item.

Soon, the young man retrieved a gold coin with a 5 verl d'or denomination with a Sunbird relief from a grayish-blue cloth bag.

Yes! That's it! Bouvard anticipated what would happen next.

Simultaneously, he focused on observing the other party's luck.

This was one of the few abilities not restricted by the Animal Creation Spell.

Bouvard's bullish face now donning an honest look, suddenly froze.

He saw his enemy's luck of all kinds, and he saw layers of colors constantly changing!

A sharp pain pierced Bouvard's brain, and he instinctively closed his eyes. He felt a sticky, warm, and bloody liquid slowly trickle down from his eyeballs.

As Bouvard's pain subsided, as if he had seen something he shouldn't have, he heard the young man say with a smile, "Were you hoping that I'll take away this gold coin of misfortune and have my luck changed passively, allowing you to escape your predicament?"

He knows the Luck Transference Spell... He also knows the Animal Creation Spell... Does he belong to another organization that believes in Inevitability or... A name suddenly flashed through Bouvard Pont-Péro's mind: Lumian Lee?

Lumian seemed to sense Bouvard's thoughts and smiled without humor.

"I thought you were always on guard against me."

Bouvard's heart sank, and he abandoned any hope of luck. He immediately used his spirituality to stir the air within the cowhide and indistinctly recited the honorific name of the individual.

However, he quickly realized that his spirituality was on the verge of drying up, and his mind was extremely weak. He couldn't even do such a thing.

"If you understand your situation, you can answer my questions," Lumian said with a smile.

Bouvard subconsciously opened his mouth and moaned.

He had an urge to communicate with the other party, but he could only let out a cow's moo.

Jenna, dressed as a female mercenary, brought over a brass mechanical typewriter and placed it in front of Bouvard.

This was Franca's suggestion: There was no need to worry that Bouvard Pont-Péro wouldn't be able to answer questions after being transformed into a bull by the Animal Creation Spell. As long as he

wasn't illiterate and had a certain level of intelligence, he could compose answers by typing on the keyboard. The only drawback was that his speed wouldn't be too fast.

Seeing the calf sit down on its hind legs and place its front hooves on the mechanical typewriter's button with difficulty, Franca, who was invisible and could stop the other party from doing any irrational act at any moment, muttered silently, Now, no one can tell if the person typing at the keyboard is human or bull...

Lumian glanced at Bouvard and asked bluntly, "Where are the Sansons?"

Chapter 444 The Sinners' Leader

The brown male calf's front hooves delicately tapped the mismatch-sized mechanical typewriter, careful not to press any keys accidentally.

Lumian toyed with the gold coin of misfortune, patiently awaiting Bouvard's full response.

Seizing the opportunity, he swiftly reviewed the operation in his mind.

From the start, he had no intention of acting personally. First, he wanted to try playing the role of a Conspirer. Second, he aimed to improve the performance and teamwork of the small team members.

Considering Bouvard Pont-Péro's possessiveness, Lumian shifted his attention to Paulina. Through Anthony Reid's repeated Psychological Cues, the woman's accumulated resentment from the abuse had fermented, turning into a seed that would sprout once her restraints were removed.

To make Bouvard lower his guard, allowing his Danger Premonition to only trigger at the end, Lumian not only made Franca prepare against divination but also had his companion masquerade as Paulina, making the target believe subconsciously that the one tied up was the real Paulina.

Of course, she was the real deal. Before Bouvard cut the rope, Paulina didn't hold any true grudge against him. Her sincere desire was to be rescued, an emotion that couldn't be feigned. It was enough to convince Bouvard without setting off his Danger Premonition.

Jenna's role was to launch an attack and provide suppression, preventing the target from observing the environment or contemplating details. This forced him to approach Paulina and escape from 20 Rue de la Terrasse with his precious belongings as quickly as possible. Additionally, they wanted the enemy to instinctively believe that the ambush centered around the master bedroom. The room where the actual Paulina was held was, therefore, relatively secure.

As Lumian had foreseen, Bouvard "sprinted" right into the trap.

Without focusing the conspiracy on Paulina, with Bouvard's Danger Premonition, regardless of how convincing Franca's performance was or how similar she looked to Paulina, he would have sensed it in advance and sent his imps to confirm it cautiously.

From this act, traps are the simplest and most direct conspiracy, while conspiracies are the deepening and escalation of traps... Lumian sensed the potion's minute digestion and sighed inwardly.

Simultaneously, in her invisible state, Franca sensed no impending or brewing danger as Bouvard's hooves struck the keys. She gradually relaxed.

She couldn't help but recall her conversation with the Sinners organization's liaison while impersonating Paulina. Her face flushed red, and she felt intense embarrassment.

How embarrassing! How f*cking embarrassing!

Finally, Bouvard completed his initial keyboard conversation.

Jenna ripped the paper filled with words from the mechanical typewriter and swiftly read it to Lumian and Franca.

“More than two months ago, the Sansons went somewhere and haven't returned yet.

“I don't know where that is. From what they said, it's related to something important.

“Before this, Constace, the mistress of the Sansons, had already gone mad. To prevent her from taking drastic actions when out of control and attracting the attention of official Beyonders and affecting the other members of the organization, her husband, Voisin Sanson, along with their child, killed her and allowed her to return to the Lord's kingdom.”

Purged due to madness? When did you get the impression that you weren't mad? However, the extent of your madness isn't serious. You're at a stage where your perspectives are distorted and abnormal. You even know how to disguise yourself... Lumian muttered silently after hearing that.

From his perspective, ever since establishing a connection with the entity known as Inevitability, those believers were no longer ordinary people. They had more or less been corrupted and had potential mental problems. At some point in time, they might completely lose their minds or collapse.

If Lumian didn't possess Mr. Fool's seal and had the Beyer characteristics balancing things out, he would have been crazier and more terrifying than Constace, whom Bouvard had mentioned.

Jenna, who stood between him and Bouvard, couldn't help but hiss. She felt that it was a good thing to be ruthless to heretics.

Those people had lost their normal emotions. They killed their wife or mother without hesitation!

If they could even do this to their loved ones, one could imagine how they would treat the people around them!

“Who were the ones who went to the unknown place you mentioned?” Lumian inquired.

Tap! Tap! Tap! The calf began typing on the keyboard again.

This time, it was much more proficient than before. Its answers appeared character by character on the paper.

“Voisin Sanson is our leader. He received a revelation and led a few Fate Appropriators in Trier to that place.”

“Voisin Sanson is the leader of the Sinners organization?” Lumian asked in surprise.

According to I Know Someone, didn't Voisin Sanson choose to join the Sinners organization because he was on the verge of bankruptcy and later successfully changed his luck and obtained the power of boons?

Tap! Tap! Tap! A new answer was printed on the paper and read out by Jenna.

“He was the first to spread the faith of Inevitability in Trier. He obtained godhood nearly three years ago and became a Circle Inhabitant.

“He likes to disguise himself. In front of his collaborators, he pretends to only be a key member of the organization and not the founder.

“His wife and children were all brought into the mysticism world by him to become the bestowed of Inevitability. Apart from the deceased Roche, his wife and three other children are now Fate Appropriators. Of course, Constance has already been purged.”

A demigod—a Circle Inhabitant—actually interacted with Low- to Mid-Sequence Beyonders like Loki and I Know Someone. He's truly sinister and cunning... I wonder if I Know Someone and the others noticed. If they didn't, they're truly living in their own world. They think the people around them are fools who can be exploited and squeezed dry of their value... Who's the hunter and who's the prey? Lumian mocked the two key members of April Fool's once again. Simultaneously, he gained a deeper understanding of the Sinners organization.

The cult had been established with the Sansons as its core.

As for how Voisin Sanson had come into contact with the faith of Inevitability and obtained the boon of an evil god, that was another matter.

From the looks of it, his business had failed, and he was on the brink of bankruptcy. With no other choice, he had tried various things.

“Why didn't Voisin Sanson let Guillaume Bénét know he was the leader of the Sinners?” Lumian attempted to confirm the details.

Guillaume Bénét was already a Sequence 5 Fate Appropriator, on par with the Sansons and other key members. He was significantly stronger than Bouvard Pont-Péro.

Once again, the calf satiated his desire to share information with his typewriter.

“His Excellency Voisin believed Guillaume Bénét was overly ambitious. If he's involved in core matters, it will make him arrogant and do unnecessary things.”

To put it simply, Guillaume Bénét's early conduct of the sacrificial ritual in Cordu had left Voisin dissatisfied. He believed that he had messed up the descent of the Inevitability angel. However, due to the entity known as Inevitability not punishing the Fate Appropriator on the spot, he could only suppress his dissatisfaction and temporarily accept Guillaume Bénét before marginalizing him? Lumian roughly grasped Voisin Sanson's take on the matter from Bouvard's response.

He pondered for a moment and changed the question.

“Has Voisin Sanson occasionally contacted you after visiting that place? What are you responsible for? Why do you think you need to be cautious and not make any mistakes?”

The calf's proficiency with the mechanical typewriter increased once more.

“Before His Excellency Voisin departed, he informed me that he wouldn't contact me for three months and would only return after the matter was concluded.

“Me and a few other members are responsible for managing different businesses and contacting different believers. We want them to focus on their prayers and businesses for the next three months and not cause any trouble. Likewise for the few of us.”

Does Inevitability's oracle believe that the catastrophe will descend within three months? It's been more than two months since Voisin Sanson and company vanished... In less than three weeks, the problem will definitely erupt? Time is of the essence... Lumian inquired about the Sansons and the Sinners organization's current situation, but it was evident that Bouvard Pont-Péro didn't know much. He only knew about the matters under him.

Finally, Lumian pointed at the items he had retrieved from the other party's pocket and asked, “What are these? What's their purpose?”

The calf replied truthfully through the mechanical typewriter: “You were holding a gold coin of misfortune made using the Luck Transference Spell.

“I once encountered an extremely unlucky person and used the Luck Transference Spell to give him a new life. As a result, he became a believer of my lord. This gold coin of misfortune was the product of that help.”

Once... Lumian frowned and said, “How long can the Luck Transference Spell of an Ascetic last?”

At the Alms Monk stage, he had relied on a ritual to transfer a target's fate to a corresponding item. The effect could only last three days. Beyond this time limit, if he didn't find another person to shoulder the fate, it would return to the original owner and couldn't be transferred again.

After becoming a Contractee, Lumian hadn't used the Luck Transference Spell again. He could only estimate that the duration would increase to somewhere in the vicinity of five to seven days based on the mystical knowledge he had obtained.

As he spoke, he focused on the 5 verl d'or gold coin in his hand and realized that it was entwined with blood-red—nearly black—luck. It tried to spread towards him but failed to do anything.

Ordinary misfortune can affect me, but extreme misfortune will affect the intertwined fates of Termiboros and me. Without the corresponding level, it can't shake the main stream... Lumian made a preliminary judgment.

The calf replied amidst the tapping: “Thirteen days is the limit of the Luck Transference Spell. If I want to raise it further, I can only rely on the abilities of a Fate Appropriator.

“In 13 days, if I don't have an enemy I need to deal with, I'll randomly choose a target and subject him to misfortune. Then, when his misfortune starts, I'll promote the power of Inevitability and help him change his luck. I'll obtain another gold coin of misfortune and a new believer.”

Dammit, a perpetual motion machine! Franca, in her invisibility state, couldn't help but criticize.

Chapter 445 Spoils of War
Lumian was flabbergasted.

You can do that?

After careful consideration, he realized that it was indeed possible. The mystical knowledge that came with the boon only stated that if bad luck hadn't been transferred and returned to the original individual, it couldn't be affected by the Luck Transference Spell. It didn't mention anything about whether people whose fates had been altered by cursed gold coins and other items could be transferred again.

I can't underestimate others. Although they are mostly foolish and not very clever, they occasionally come up with strange ideas and unusual methods. Aurore had once said that no matter how foolish a person is, they will always succeed once after thinking a thousand times... As a Conspirer, Lumian couldn't ignore such a possibility. Otherwise, he might stumble over a proverbial obstacle sooner or later and fall hard. This experience provided Lumian with valuable insight.

Since he didn't show any signs of losing control or the potion's power dissipating after advancing to Conspirer, and he had already digested a bit of the potion, Lumian could pray for the Ascetic boon in a few days and gain the ability to establish a new balance.

Lumian gazed at the calf “sitting” there with difficulty and pondered.

“Can one keep repeating this process?”

Bouvard's hooves tapped on the brass mechanical keyboard, while Jenna read the contents of the paper.

“With each transfer of luck, the river of fate will undergo a certain change and advance to a higher level. This will result in misfortune occurring sooner. The difficulty of stirring it will also keep increasing.

“Two or three more people's fates on the gold coin of misfortune aren't something Ascetics can stir. The same goes for the unlucky banknote.

“An Alms Monk can only maintain one item of fate at a time, while an Ascetic can manage two.”

The unlucky banknote referred to a single 20 verl d'or banknote that had originally been stored in the grayish-blue cloth bag. On the front was a bust of Intis's first president, Levax, and a large dock on the Srenzo River.

So it wasn't that you didn't want more gold coins of misfortune, but you couldn't make them... Lumian nodded slowly.

“How much longer can the gold coins of misfortune and unlucky banknotes last?”

“Ten days.” The calf quickly typed out two words.

Franca had heard Lumian mention the Luck Transference Spell, instructing her and Jenna to carefully distinguish spoils of war when facing those on the Inevitability pathway and not to touch anything they shouldn't.

Listening to their conversation, she muttered silently, What unlucky banknotes? I think they're life-threatening banknotes!

Before I transmigrated, I knew a little about such sorcery, but I thought it was fake and rooted in feudal superstition. But now, it seems that humans' thoughts and beliefs are similar in similar environments. Even the sorcery they create is relatively similar. Or could there be traces of an Inevitability evil god or a deity in a similar domain in our world?

Lumian pointed at the two metal canisters beside the gold coin of misfortune and the unlucky banknote and inquired, “What are they?”

“They're all Prophetic Concoctions,” Jenna recited the sentence typed by the calf.

Prophetic Concoctions? I've always found them troublesome, so I didn't make them. Besides, if I were to find a corpse and administer the Prophetic Concoction, I might be secretly influenced by Termiboros, resulting in inaccuracies or misleading outcomes. Lumian shifted his attention to the item he found in Bouvard Pont-Péro's other pocket.

It was a monocle—something Lumian didn't dare to recognize—with a peculiar design.

Its main body was a thick, circular cover made of pale-white flesh and dark blood vessels, as if it could be worn directly over one's ear.

One end of the circle extended, connecting to a lens intertwined with a transparent purple tube, still flowing with blood.

Just now, when Franca put on her gloves and took out the item, a strange and illusory voice echoed in her ears, but she couldn't hear it clearly.

“What's this?” Lumian asked.

Bouvard tapped on the mechanical typewriter's keyboard.

“A dangerous mystical item. I call it the Eye of Truth.

“It seems to have been severely corrupted. All that's left is the ability to see through illusions and perceive the truth, the light of spirituality. If you wear it, you can hear the voice of some hidden entity at any moment and experience an irresistible negative influence.

“If you only carry it and don't touch it with your body, you'll only experience faint tinnitus and auditory hallucinations.”

An incomplete Eyes of Mystery Prying... Lumian fell silent for a few seconds before asking, "Don't you have any ritual sheepskin or dog skin?"

"There are three ritualistic dog skins back home," the calf eagerly shared. He took the initiative to provide details even without Lumian asking. "The incantation for usage is 'Circle,' and the dispelling incantation is 'Arrangement of Fate.' Any language that can stir supernatural powers is fine."

Quite devout... Lumian exhaled and smiled.

"What other valuable items do you have at home?"

"There are banknotes worth over 13,000; gold coins, gold bars, and accessories currently valued at 30,000 verl d'or; 20,000 verl d'or worth of stocks and bonds, and real estate deeds for three houses." The calf listed his assets.

Stocks? I need to secure those stocks and sell them on the black market. Who knows if they will crash tomorrow! Franca keenly caught the keywords relevant to her.

Real estate that can't be easily discovered by official Beyonders and is difficult to liquidate with more than 60,000 verl d'or... As expected of the liaison responsible for a portion of the Sinners organization's believers and corresponding businesses... Lumian immediately inquired about the whereabouts of Bouvard's residence.

Finally, Lumian inquired about the other liaisons and important members of the Sinners organization, but Bouvard had limited knowledge. They mainly had one-way contact with the Sansons and handled their own specific tasks. Interaction with other members was minimal, with occasional meetings at the Sansons' residence once or twice.

Lumian listened quietly but didn't immediately decide Bouvard's fate. Instead, he turned to Franca, Jenna, and Anthony Reid, who was waiting outside the door, avoiding Bouvard's sight.

"With Paulina's assets, we'll gain 75,000 verl d'or, the Eye of Truth, three ritual dog skins, two bottles of Prophetic Concoction, a gold coin of misfortune, and an unlucky banknote," Lumian explained.

"None of you can take the last two items. Only I can carry them. In addition to them, I want the Eye of Truth and a ritualistic dog skin. You decide what spoils of war you want."

Jenna cast her gaze at Franca, feeling that her companion's "sacrifice" was somewhat excessive. She had the right to choose first.

Franca dispelled her invisibility and considered her options. She finally said, "I want the two bottles of Prophetic Concoction and a ritual dog skin. Well, forget it, I can't get used to it yet. I'll switch to 15,000 verl d'or, all in gold!"

Jenna then turned her gaze to the door, signaling to Anthony Reid to make his choice.

Anthony's voice quickly reached their ears.

“I want two ritualistic dog skins. They'll be very useful to me. Ciel, I'll need your help when the time comes.

“Oh, and another 20,000 verl d'or.”

Jenna realized that she had a total of 40,000 verl d'or left for her own selection.

She looked at Lumian with a touch of uncertainty.

“I'm essentially working for you as interest payment.”

Lumian replied with a smile, “There are spoils of war even for work. Take them all. Have you noticed that making money has become easier since advancing to Sequence 7?”

Jenna pondered for a moment before saying, “Alright, I'll return 25,000 to you and 15,000 to Franca.”

With this decision, Jenna's debt was significantly reduced, and she no longer owed Lumian anymore. The speed at which she was amassing wealth had surpassed her expectations.

As Lumian and the others discussed the distribution of the spoils of war, Bouvard couldn't help but find the situation intriguing. Most of the items they were talking about had once belonged to him.

He observed them engrossed in their discussion, and even the Demoness, who had been invisibly monitoring him, seemed to relax her vigilance. His heart stirred.

He sensed that Lumian wasn't an Ascetic, as he had questioned about those abilities. This indicated that the ritualistic cowhide covering him likely originated from Guillaume Bénét. The fact that he hadn't been awakened by the power of Inevitability while unconscious suggested that it wasn't a live ritual.

Bouvard was well aware of Guillaume Bénét's Animal Creation Spell item's usage and dispelling incantations.

After a prolonged interrogation, Bouvard's spirituality had somewhat recovered. He began to secretly gather his focus, preparing to recite the incantation of “His Grace.”

However, just as the first word echoed within the brown cowhide, Bouvard's eyes narrowed when he realized that Lumian was looking at him with a faint smile.

“Hmph!”

Two beams of white light shot out and rendered Bouvard unconscious once more.

Lumian looked at the collapsed calf and chuckled.

“The test is completed. There are no other secrets. He only possesses the padre's dispelling incantation.”

Rather than dealing with Bouvard first, Lumian had discussed the distribution of the spoils of war, hoping to uncover any additional secrets held by the Sinners organization's liaison, who had somewhat recovered spiritually.

Franca glanced at the unconscious calf and subtly hinted, “Should we take him away?”

Her suggestion implied taking Bouvard to the pillared square in the catacombs for sacrificial purposes, potentially preventing some of the boon's power from returning and forming Beyonder items.

Lumian considered for a moment before responding, "We might be discovered. Let's deal with him here."

Lumian couldn't teleport Bouvard to a specific area in the catacombs from the outside world. Various entrances were guarded by tomb administrators, and any suspicious activity might trigger their intervention or a police report.

"Alright," Franca responded after a brief pause. She added with anticipation, "I happen to want to try the Prophetic Concoction."

This experiment required a recently deceased corpse, one that had not been purified or cremated and had been dead for less than seven days.

Lumian stood up and gestured toward the door.

"Call me when Bouvard is dead."

He carried the Flog boxing gloves with him as he left the scene. Staying in the vicinity might disrupt the return of the boon's power.

Franca acknowledged his instructions and then turned to Jenna with a mischievous smile.

"Take care of this. This is your chance to act as a Witch."

"Can this be used to act as a Witch?" Jenna had previously found the Sequence name of Witch to be abstract and comprehensive, and she hadn't yet thought of a specific way to act as one.

Franca smiled and explained, "In mysticism, Witches are often associated with negative forces that bring catastrophe. They are seen as possessing mystical, evil, and powerful traits.

"Imagine this: a woman using black flames to kill someone and then pumping their corpse with a strange concoction to make prophecies about the future. It's sinister and mysterious, just like a Witch."

Chapter 446 Prophecy

Witches are associated with negative forces that bring catastrophe... Catastrophe... Jenna, in her role as an Instigator, had come to understand that instigation inevitably led to catastrophe. However, given that the outcome depended on the subjective intentions of the Instigator and the uncertainty of the recipient, Jenna was quite sensitive to the term "catastrophe" and believed it could be a key element in portraying a Witch.

At the same time, she confirmed a suspicion.

Negative force... Witches do indeed represent a negative force...

Sequence 2 of the Assassin pathway is called Demoness of Catastrophe... This means that even at the demigod level, catastrophe is crucial...

Jenna nodded slightly and approached the door of the activity room. She turned the knob on the wall, causing the gas wall lamps to emit a dimmer light.

After doing the same for all four gas wall lamps, the room grew darker. The faint light blended with the shadows, creating an atmosphere of impending terror.

Franca surveyed the room, her curiosity piqued as she asked, "Are you trying to create a dark, terrifying, and eerie atmosphere?"

Jenna smiled and said, "Don't Witches always appear in such settings in various plays and novels?"

"As expected of a true apprentice actress," Franca praised Jenna, a sense of pride swelling within her. She, too, had quickly grasped the essence of portraying a Witch. she had even experimented with concocting dark potions for a period, though it paled in comparison to the work of Apothecaries.

In the gloomy and dimly lit room, Jenna returned to the calf.

She leaned forward slightly and, in a deep voice, whispered two words from the Hermes language, "His Grace."

Nothing happened.

Outside the door, Lumian chuckled, recognizing Jenna's commitment to her role. She knew she lacked the bestowed powers of Inevitability and couldn't use the simplified Animal Creation Spell. To portray a Witch convincingly, she had to follow a predetermined process.

Lumian raised his voice, mimicking the grandeur of Termiboros, resembling a hidden entity responding to a Witch reciting an ominous incantation.

"His Grace."

In the activity room, an eerie darkness enveloped the area, causing the brown cowhide to split open, revealing Bouvard Pont-Péro. He was dressed only in a white shirt, black pants, and dark socks.

With this accomplished, Lumian proceeded until he reached the entrance of 20 Rue de la Terrasse. Through the glass of the oriel window, he stared at the drizzle, which seemed to meld with the night.

Jenna crouched down and placed her right hand on Bouvard's forehead.

From her palm, black flames emerged, seeping into the Sinners organization's liaison.

These flames didn't crackle but engulfed Bouvard like inky water.

After over ten seconds, Bouvard's body convulsed violently.

Moments later, his body relaxed, and the smell of incontinence wafted through the air.

He had lost his life.

Dressed as a female mercenary, Jenna examined her attire with dissatisfaction. She stood and extended her hand to Franca.

Franca understood this as her acting as a mysterious and powerful Witch, so she handed her a bottle of Prophetic Concoction.

Jenna genuflected once more and poured the potion into Bouvard's mouth.

The dark liquid, bubbling with silver-black light, flowed into the corpse's mouth and lingered there.

A faint gust of wind blew, and the dim gas wall lamp's light took on a faint blue hue.

Sensing this familiar change, Lumian knew that Bouvard was now entirely lifeless, and the power of the boon had returned to its source. Thus, he turned away from the door, passed Anthony Reid, and re-entered the activity room.

Gulp!

The sound of the corpse swallowing the liquid reached his ears.

With a swish, Bouvard sat up. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes had turned translucent and devoid of color.

As Jenna gazed into those clear eyes, she marveled at their magical quality—the vibrant colors, the pure light, the invisible form, and the mercurial ripples. She endured the intense chill and then turned her attention to Lumian and Franca.

She had no questions; she was merely acting.

Franca motioned for Lumian to take the lead in asking the questions, as she aimed to learn how to make better use of the remaining canister of Prophetic Concoction.

Lumian, well-versed in the rules, carefully considered the inquiry and addressed Jenna, saying, “Ask, where is Voisin Sanson, the former owner of the Voisin Café in the Trier region of the Intis Republic, this time next week?”

This question carried not only its apparent meaning but also a hidden implication.

If Bouvard's corpse couldn't provide a valid answer, or if the response seemed abnormal, it could indicate that Voisin Sanson had left the place where the powerful bestowed resided, possibly signaling an impending catastrophe.

Jenna nodded and posed the question to Bouvard's lifeless form, her voice deep and enchanting.

The corpse's pale face, tinged with a hint of dark green in the dim blue light, opened its mouth and replied in Intisian, “Room 7.”

Room 7... So specific? But there's no restrictive description from before... Lumian originally imagined that Bouvard's corpse would be like the deceased he had previously used, using a broader description like Trier's Quartier de la Princesse Rouge. This could narrow down the scope of the Tarot Club's investigation. However, he never expected Bouvard's corpse to directly reveal Voisin Sanson's room number.

To Lumian, this answer wasn't as useful as the Quartier de la Princesse Rouge. There were countless Room 7s in Trier.

Furthermore, what if Room 7 wasn't in Trier? It wasn't necessary to plan a conspiracy while in Trier!

Bouvard is a bestowed of the Inevitability pathway. He possesses the power of fate and the corruption left behind by the power of Inevitability... After his corpse consumed the Prophetic Concoction, it must have seen more than the average deceased and foreseen it more clearly. Is that why such a change occurred? Lumian muttered inwardly.

He then asked for confirmation.

“Ask him where Pualis de Roquefort from the Dariège region of the Riston Province in the Intis Republic is this time next week.”

After hearing the Witch's relating it, Bouvard's corpse responded with an illusory and ethereal voice, “Room 12.”

Room 12, Room 7... Madame Pualis and Voisin Sanson are indeed in the same place. The powerful bestowed of these cults in Trier are gathered together. They definitely aren't here for food and drink... Lumian nodded slightly and quickly thought of what to ask next.

From the two responses, he vaguely guessed that it had something to do with where the evil god bestowed were. The Prophecy Spell appeared significantly interfered with and was unable to provide precise information. He could only ask in another manner.

A few seconds later, Lumian looked at Jenna and said, “When will Voisin Sanson leave his current building?”

This question aimed to determine the timing of potential catastrophe or the significant operation.

The strange scenes in Bouvard's eyes quickly dissipated. After hearing Jenna's question, he opened his mouth and replied faintly, “Rain, water...”

Suddenly, Bouvard's eyes burst open, and blood sprayed from them, leaving behind two contaminated black and red cavities.

His body started to swell, becoming pale, dim, and moist, as if he had been submerged in water for an extended period.

In the blink of an eye, the corpse vanished from the sight of Lumian and the others, as if it had never existed.

Franca, clutching the mirror and preparing to cast a curse on the mutated corpse, lost her target. She frantically scanned the area but found only remnants of the exploded eyeballs.

Drawing from her limited experience, Franca speculated, “Could it be that an extraordinary event or entity was prophesied, leading to a horrifying backlash that dragged him away into the unknown?”

She sighed and added, “See, divination and prophecies are treacherous undertakings.”

Lumian nodded in agreement and suggested, “Let's leave now and head to Bouvard's residence to secure the remaining spoils of our mission.”

“Yes, we must be cautious,” Jenna said, gazing up at the ceiling. “What shall we do with Paulina and the other heretics? Should we eliminate them all?”

“I'll take care of it! I'll handle this!” Franca eagerly raised her hand. “I want to find some enjoyment, no—pleasure for myself!”

She wanted to simply act.

Observing the perplexed expressions on Jenna and Lumian's faces, Franca retorted,

“What's on your minds? I'm not talking about that! That's not the only way to have pleasure!”

Doing something to entertain herself? Lumian scoffed and walked out of the activity room, leaving a parting remark. “You have five minutes.”

Five minutes? Franca muttered as she settled in front of the brass mechanical typewriter. Donning gloves, she swiftly typed on the keyboard.

Before long, Paulina, the butler, and the others who were securely bound had notes attached to them. The notes read:

“We're heretics!”

“Our faith is in an entity known as Inevitability!”

“Arrest us!”

“Our leader is Voisin Sanson!”

“Voisin Sanson and his core subordinates have gone somewhere. It's said that they'll stay for three months!”

“They went there over two months ago!”

“I have Regeneration, Danger Premonition, and Electric Arc. Please be careful!”

After pasting the papers, Franca scanned the notes with a sense of delight.

She then turned her attention to the unconscious Paulina and remarked, “A Dancer's flexibility might help you escape the ropes. I can only add two more layers of unconsciousness to you.”

With that, she ignited Paulina's Spirit Body with black flames, significantly weakening her. She followed this with the Bliss Society's sedative.

Clap! Clap! Franca clapped her hands together and left the room, leaving behind black flames that burned all kinds of traces.

After ensuring the success of their police report, Lumian and his companions retrieved assets that could be quickly converted into cash from Bouvard's residence in the library district.

Reverting to his original appearance and taking a carriage back to the market district, Lumian was on the verge of inquiring Franca about something when he noticed a figure darting through the darkness outside the window.

The figure was dressed in a white shirt, black pants, and dark socks. Its eye sockets were hollow and empty, and its skin appeared swollen and pale, as if it had been soaked in water.

Bouvard Pont-Péro!

Bouvard Pont-Péro's previously vanished corpse!

Chapter 447 Association and Speculation

Lumian's body tensed, then he quickly relaxed.

He calmly shifted his gaze away from the carriage window, as if he hadn't noticed anything.

“What's the matter?” Anthony Reid inquired of Lumian.

Lumian chuckled. “Nothing.”

Franca, seated across from him, remarked, “Your smile and your responses always make me suspect you're up to no good!”

Lumian's lips curved into a smile.

“When you assume I'm up to no good, only to discover I haven't done anything, could it be seen as a conspiracy?”

“Why does your sister always teach you such things?” Franca critiqued, sounding “severe.”

Jenna glanced at Lumian but didn't press for more information. She remained on guard.

The four-wheeled rental carriage returned to Rue des Blouses Blanches in the market district. The team didn't immediately go their separate ways. Following Lumian's suggestion, they gathered in Franca's apartment to discuss Bouvard's “confession” and prophecy.

As Lumian closed the door, he suddenly spoke, “I need to use a bedroom.”

“Now?” Franca's smile faded.

She sensed the seriousness in Lumian's tone and, considering the earlier events, realized that something had indeed occurred.

“Yes,” Lumian replied, heading toward Franca's bedroom and closing the door behind him.

Jenna, Franca, and Anthony Reid exchanged glances but remained standing. They each took positions beneath the glow of the gas wall lamp, neither too close nor too far from one another.

In just three to four minutes, Lumian reemerged from the master bedroom.

Franca peeked inside and noticed that the curtains in her bedroom were drawn.

Lumian surveyed the area and smiled before Franca could voice her question.

“Let me introduce you to a friend, but I need you to turn off the lamps first.”

“What friend? You're acting all strange. You can't even speak properly after becoming a Conspirer,” Franca muttered as she turned the knob valve at the bottom of the black gas wall lamp.

Jenna murmured, “He didn't like to talk nicely before either. It always felt like a Provocation...”

This wasn't a Conspirer issue; it was a chemical reaction between his personality and the traits of the Hunter pathway!

Soon, the lamps were extinguished, plunging the living room into darkness. Only the crimson moonlight and dim starlight near the window provided some visibility.

Lumian looked at the glass window and waited patiently.

Franca, experienced, asked thoughtfully, "Do we need to activate Spirit Vision?"

"I don't think so..." Just as Lumian finished speaking, he saw a face reflected in the dark glass window.

The skin on the face was puffy, pale, and moist. The eyes were empty, save for two black holes that were dyed red!

Bouvard Pont-Péro's vanished corpse reappeared!

Jenna, who had little experience with such situations, took a step back in fear, and black flames ignited in her palm.

"Has... has it been following us?" Franca had already taken out a mirror.

"That's right," Lumian said with a relaxed smile. "According to my observations, it only appears in a very dark environment. As for when it will attack us, I'm not sure yet."

"Aren't you worried or nervous? This thing is a severely corrupted mutated corpse. No one knows what terrifying abilities it possesses." Franca was affected by Lumian's relaxed attitude and didn't rush to deal with Bouvard Pont-Péro's corpse, which had its face pressed against the glass window.

Lumian chuckled.

"Shouldn't you be happy to see an old friend again?"

He paused for a moment and explained simply, "I regretted not being able to prevent Bouvard's corpse from vanishing.

"Although its prophecy has been interrupted, the source of the corruption and the backlash it suffered, as well as its traits, can point to many problems and some hidden entities.

"Isn't this also a clue?"

Just as Lumian finished speaking, Bouvard Pont-Péro's bloated corpse, as if drowned, suddenly fell backward. It was as if someone had grabbed his collar and yanked him out of the living room window.

Behind him, the darkness intensified, as if a strange tunnel had opened, leading to an unknown destination.

In the depths of the tunnel, specks of starlight flickered in the distance.

Bouvard Pont-Péro's eyeless corpse plummeted into the tunnel, accelerating and shrinking until it vanished entirely, swallowed by darkness.

"I just found a helper." Lumian's smile persisted.

Even if the four of them could easily deal with Bouvard's mutated corpse, Lumian didn't think anyone present could carefully investigate and determine the source of the problem while ensuring their safety. They had to seek help. In that case, it was better to seek help from someone capable from the beginning.

Entering the room to write to Madam Magician... Franca came to a realization and didn't probe further.

Jenna also guessed that the secret organization that used tarot cards as their code name had taken action.

Their members were connected by messengers!

Anthony Reid pondered for a moment and asked, "So, the next step is to await the autopsy report?"

"Not necessarily. Perhaps the autopsy report isn't something we can read," Lumian smiled and settled into an armchair.

He looked at Anthony Reid and gestured towards the divan, signaling him to take a seat.

"Did you find anything in your investigation of the Dreamseekers charity organization?"

It was a private charitable organization that had received a substantial donation from General Philip's widow.

Anthony Reid shook his head.

"No. In the past two months, they've been operating very regularly. There were no abnormalities. Perhaps, as you said, the key members of the heretics have gone somewhere. The rest have been instructed to behave themselves for the time being."

Lumian nodded slightly and turned to Franca, who had settled into the recliner.

"Do you know what happened to the Bliss Society?"

"It's similar to the Sinners. They've eliminated several key members, but the two most important ones seem to have vanished. They must have gone to that place too," Franca recounted the information she had obtained from Browns Sauron.

'They' referred to the Demoness Sect.

That place... Lumian leaned back on the sofa, his mind racing as he searched for any possible clues.

Ultimately, his thoughts settled on the prophecy made by Bouvard Pont-Péro's corpse.

"Room 7, Room 12... Where could it be?"

Anthony Reid pondered and said, "If it were a private house, there wouldn't be such a numbering scheme."

"Sounds like an apartment."

"Or a hotel," Franca added.

Hotel... Hotel... Lumian's eyes widened as a bolt of lightning flashed through his mind, illuminating a detail he hadn't previously found problematic.

After he and Franca killed Beatrice Incourt, a key member of the Bliss Society, they found a note on her body. It read:

"Go to the hostel and retrieve the painting within three days."

Isn't a hostel a lower-class hotel? Isn't it normal to have Room 7 and Room 12? Lumian's thoughts instantly became clear.

At the time, he had thought that the note belonged to Beatrice, disguised as Theresa, who had purchased the receipt for a painting. Now, it seemed that the note belonged to Beatrice, a key member of the Bliss Society. It was very likely sent by the Bliss Society's high priestess, Siber, who resided in the hostel, for Beatrice to retrieve a painting!

"Hostel..." Lumian uttered the term.

Is that where Trier's numerous evil god bestowed go?

Franca, who had overheard Lumian's question about Theresa, remembered the note's contents.

Her excitement was palpable as she turned to Lumian and asked, "Did Voisin Sanson, Pualis, and the others go to that place with the codename 'hostel'?"

Lumian replied slowly, "We still need to confirm it," before swiftly inquiring, "Has Theresa, the art dealer, returned?"

He had questioned Browns Sauron about Theresa's whereabouts upon discovering the note. According to the member of the Demoness Sect, the art dealer had been sent to St. Millom, the capital of the Feysac Empire, for a business deal, allowing Beatrice to impersonate her without raising suspicion.

Franca responded uncertainly, "She should be back. It's been quite some time."

She hadn't paid much attention to the ordinary art dealer's activities.

Jenna, perplexed, interjected, "What's this about a hostel and an art dealer?"

Franca briefly explained, omitting Browns Sauron's involvement, attributing it to an operation against the Bliss Society.

Anthony Reid, after careful consideration, voiced his thoughts, "The problem now is that even if the 'hostel' is indeed where the heretics gather, we still don't know what it refers to or where it is."

Lumian sighed softly and flashed a smile. "It's better than having no direction."

He then turned to Franca and said, "Ask about the real art dealer, Theresa's residence tomorrow. I want to visit and confirm if the note belongs to her or Beatrice."

“Understood,” Franca replied enthusiastically.

She had two motives: pressing Browns Sauron to determine when the assessment period would end and contributing to averting the impending catastrophe.

Back in her gaming days, she often chose storylines that involved saving humanity. Only when she grew bored of that did she experiment with something different.

Sigh, the phrase Demoness doesn't quite align with preventing catastrophe... Franca sighed inwardly.

Lumian shifted his attention to Anthony Reid, pondering for a moment before revealing his plan,

“Since they've all been behaving themselves, it's our turn to misbehave.”

Anthony Reid, catching Lumian's drift, asked in confirmation, “What do you mean?”

Lumian's smile broadened.

“We'll abduct General Philip's widow and the true controller of the Dreamseekers Charity Organization and interrogate them!”

Chapter 448 The Power of Painting

The next morning.

Lumian changed into fresh attire. As he prepared to depart, a surprise greeted him when the “doll” messenger materialized from the wall, delivering a meticulously folded letter.

Madam Magician has unearthed clues from Bouvard's tainted remains? Lumian's spirits soared with anticipation. He expressed his gratitude to the messenger and proceeded to unravel the letter's contents.

“We possess limited knowledge regarding the evil gods beyond the barrier. The Hostel and its location still eludes us, but we have formulated some conjectures.

“In examining Bouvard Pont-Péro's corrupted remains, I discerned a corruption bearing a resemblance to the Apprentice pathway—a contamination from alternate dimensions and spacetime. Had I not intervened, unless it had manifested and attacked, you would not have been able to make direct contact with it.

“In the past, we've encountered similar instances, primarily involving artists, writers, and avid readers.

“We've observed that painters often descend into madness, but due to their artistic disposition, their ramblings and abstract fantasies often go unnoticed. Some of these musings unveil profound truths about our world, while others exert an uncanny influence on their surroundings, turning the fictional into reality. They emerge from canvases or pages, though their presence typically has a time limit.

“An example involved an artist who, under the influence of a psychotropic substance, painted an indescribable creature. This entity materialized from the canvas, murdering its creator and any other living beings in the apartment.

“I once encountered a perilous artwork, a Sealed Artifact that resembled a painting. The deity portrayed within it came to life and vanished, thankfully without triggering a catastrophe.

“Similarly, while confronting a deranged heretic, we encountered Gehrman Sparrow, the Queen of Ailment, and various characters and scenes that were originally confined to novels within the structure he inhabited.

“Fortunately, these manifestations lacked the full potency of their original counterparts. They possessed only a rudimentary semblance of their appearance, personalities, and abilities.

“It was confirmed that these creations were the handiwork of a deranged bestowee of an evil god. He had been a fervent reader of novels and, upon losing his sanity, instinctively recreated a fantastical realm within his abode, mirroring the content of the novels.

“From this standpoint, it also bears some resemblance to the Spectator pathway, but it is fundamentally distinct. One derives its power primarily from the mind, while the other seems to harness the qualities and might of alternate dimensions or alternate spaces to manifest entities. Initially, it might function as a gateway or perilous portal, but in time, it could evolve into a near-real alternate space or even an entirely separate world.”

As Lumian absorbed the contents of the letter, his eyelids twitched with a whirlwind of thoughts.

His initial reaction: Is this something I can read?

While some portions seemed manageable, others, particularly the elaborate examples and analysis, left Lumian's mind in turmoil. His heart raced, and he felt a peculiar tightness in his skin.

A deity from a painting coming to life and stepping into reality?

Is it that terrifying?

If the painting hadn't been sealed, wouldn't it be able to destroy the entirety of Trier?

Given more time, the entire world might have been finished!

Amidst this mental storm, Lumian's mind struck upon an idea.

What if I captured a skilled painter with similar powers and got them to create a flawless replica of Aurore's oil painting? Could this act bring Aurore back into reality?

It was akin to a resurrection.

After a tense pause lasting over ten seconds, Lumian released a long, contemplative sigh.

While his heart pulsed with the desire to attempt such a feat, rationality won the battle within his mind. The Aurore “resurrected” through this method would likely be a perilous entity, masquerading as Aurore, rather than the genuine person. If it was merely her appearance he sought, he could achieve it at any time with Lie's abilities.

If it was merely her appearance he sought, he could achieve it at any time with Lie's abilities.

In the wake of this realization, Lumian's thoughts turned to a mystical item he hadn't employed in quite some time: the Mystery Prying Glasses!

The brown gold-rimmed Mystery Prying Glasses, originating from a deceased Beyonder, held a mysterious and intriguing history. Its previous owner had crafted an oil painting infused with madness, vibrant colors, and a mesmerizing, psychedelic pattern before their untimely demise.

When Lumian put on these Mystery Prying Glasses, the world around him transformed, revealing hidden truths that were once invisible. Occasionally, these revelations kindled a desire to sketch, resulting in drawings imbued with supernatural power, each with unique effects. For instance, they could cause an itching sensation across his body, ushering in warmth and radiant sunlight, aligning with Madam Magician's account of paintings by evil god bestowed that influenced their surroundings.

With the abilities granted by the Niese Face and Lie earring, Lumian no longer required the Mystery Prying Glasses for disguise. However, he retrieved them from his pocket and pondered for a moment.

Was its original owner bestowed of a Hostel-related pathway, or did it come into contact with a corresponding item and suffer a certain level of corruption?

Yes, I'll report to Mr. K later and inquire about further details. Uh... The Aurora Order is fanatical about hunting heretics. Perhaps they possess more information about evil gods than the Tarot Club. Mr. K might know something about the Hostel...

Lumian was part of four different secret organizations and could gather information from four unusually well-developed information systems. As a result, he didn't have an urgent need to participate in mysticism gatherings. He only visited occasionally to join in the fun and listen to rumors and stories.

After stowing the Mystery Prying Glasses, Lumian continued reading the letter's content.

“Until now, the evil god bestowed following this pathway have been relatively passive, avoiding bloodshed and not frequently engaging in sacrificial rituals. Even if they did, it was usually confined to themselves and those in their immediate vicinity, minimizing the danger.

“However, their nature may not be as ‘harmless’ as previously believed. They could pose a significant threat.

“You might want to consult Termiboros about the Hostel. He possesses the most extensive knowledge of these evil gods and their bestowed. Although, don't be surprised if He chooses not to share.”

Lumian set the letter ablaze with crimson flames and whispered with a chuckle, “Termiboros, do you know the meaning of Hostel and its association with which evil god?”

Termiboros's majestic voice resounded. “Not an evil god, but a great existence.”

After retorting, He answered Lumian's question, “I'm aware.”

Then, there was nothing else.

This provoked Lumian.

Was I hoping to hear you say you are aware or not? What I wanted to know what it represents and to which pathway it belongs!

After pressing further, Termiboros asked in a deep voice, “Do you truly wish to know?”

Lumian, sensing danger, responded cautiously, “There's no need for an honorific name or other details about the evil god. Just describe the situation and characteristics of the corresponding pathway of Hostel.”

Termiboros fell silent, withholding the requested information.

Lumian scoffed, believing that the entity's response indicated: “I have nothing to lose. Why not give it a shot? What if my vessel suddenly turned foolish?” Termiboros had no intention of revealing details about Hostel.

He exhaled and left Room 207, prepared to find Mr. K for further guidance.

As Lumian made his way to Avenue du Boulevard, Franca had already met up with Browns Sauron.

Both were clad in hunting attire, armed with double-barreled shotguns, and positioned at the edge of the East Lognes Forest, where they took aim at wild deer hidden behind the trees.

“Browns, when will you f*cking end my assessment?” Franca stressed her original gender with a touch of stereotypical vulgarity.

Browns, her orange-red hair mostly concealed beneath a deerstalker hat, peered forward and responded, “Soon, soon.”

Franca, her frustration palpable, retorted, “Does the high-ranking Demoness in charge of Trier want to keep testing me indefinitely, or are you playing tricks?”

Browns, her trigger finger poised, stopped abruptly, a subtle change in her expression evident.

“Could it really be you?” Franca exclaimed in surprise.

Browns replied solemnly, “I merely suggested it. The higher-ups agreed.”

“Why on earth would she agree to such an absurd proposal? Is she your mother?”
Franca cursed.

Bang! Browns squeezed the trigger, and the bullet pierced through the forest, narrowly missing the wild deer.

Watching this, Franca mused, Could they really be related, or perhaps they're intimate lovers?

The Demoness Sect is essentially a family, and it's common for members to have some familial connections...

The Sauron family once held sway in the neighboring Assassin pathway, so it's not inconceivable that the Demoness Sect has infiltrated certain branches over the years.

Observing Franca's silence, Browns cleared her throat and made an offer, "If you promise not to partake in the Red House Café's orgies, your assessment will end this week."

"..." Franca fought the urge to curse and burst into laughter instead. "Haha, I'd call you 'pure,' but you're quite the expert in female orgies. As for 'promiscuous,' you're selective with your participants."

Without waiting for Browns's reply, Franca continued, "I can promise that. Besides, I can organize orgies myself."

Her true intentions were rooted in the impending catastrophe that might engulf Trier in a week or two. She needed to swiftly infiltrate the Demoness Sect and procure valuable information. After the crisis subsided, and if she was still alive, she could contemplate participating in Browns's orgies.

A true man could be indulgent and flashy, but when necessary, he could bear personal hardships.

Browns turned her head to scrutinize Franca, who met her gaze without a hint of guilt.

After almost ten seconds, Browns whispered, "Remember what you just said."

Franca responded with a smile, signifying her agreement.

With the assessment period now set to conclude, Franca raised her shotgun and shared,

"Some time ago, Ciel and I ventured into the catacombs and reached the Krismona Night Pillar. I had a peculiar feeling about that pillar. Could it have been left behind by a Fourth Epoch Demoness?"

After hearing about the sigh from Jenna, Franca had become intrigued by the Krismona Night Pillar.

"Ciel? Your lover?" Browns turned to Franca.

Franca replied candidly, "Yes."

Browns fell into a brief silence before revealing, "Krismona is indeed a Fourth Epoch Demoness. S-She is the child of the Goddess."

Chapter 449 Tracking Clues

She glanced at Browns and sought confirmation, "A child of the Primordial One?"

Even though her assessment period wasn't yet over, she had already passed the audit and was now considered an associate member of the Demoness Sect. She knew that this secret organization worshiped the deity known as the Primordial Demoness, often referring to Her as the "Primordial One."

Browns nodded slowly and replied, "As far as I know."

The Primordial Demoness had once given birth? Franca couldn't hide her curiosity and asked, "Who is Krismona's father?"

"I don't know," Browns cautioned Franca. "That's not something we should be privy to."

"Has Beatrice Incourt returned from the Feysac Empire? Do you know where she is residing?"

"Why do you ask?" Browns inquired warily.

In her eyes, Franca Roland and her lovers were powerful and dangerous Beyonders. Only Jenna, who lived with her, seemed relatively ordinary.

Franca chuckled.

"Yesterday, I helped Ciel exact revenge and apprehended a heretic who believed in Inevitability. From him, I learned that many of Trier's bestowed individuals have disappeared to some mysterious and strange place."

"Based on the information he provided, we suspect that the 'hostel' mentioned in the note about Beatrice is the destination for these bestowed of evil gods. We want to confirm with Theresa whether the note is intended for her or Beatrice."

Browns felt uncomfortable hearing Franca mention heretics and the bestowed of evil gods.

In the world of mysticism, the Primordial Demoness had always been considered an evil goddess.

Of course, their sect, followers of the Primordial Ones, believed they were devoted to an ostracized true god, an existence shrouded in secrecy.

After Franca finished speaking, Browns replied, "There's no need for you to seek out the art dealer. When we discovered that the Bliss Society's high priest and another key member had vanished, we patiently waited for Theresa's return based on the contents of the note.

"She told us that she doesn't know what the 'hostel' is, and she hasn't purchased any artwork from any painter staying at a motel.

"We've verified the authenticity."

Franca felt a growing frustration and said, "It's really a message meant for Beatrice. Judging from the note, Beatrice knows the location of the 'hostel.' Otherwise, she wouldn't have the ability to retrieve the painting within three days.

"If only we had found the note first and performed the spirit channeling afterward..."

A realization struck Franca, and she sensed that fate was playing a cruel game in this matter.

It seemed like fate was conspiring to keep information about the "hostel" hidden.

Seizing a rare opportunity, Browns immediately struck Franca down.

“Aren't you guys quite experienced? You conducted spirit channeling without thoroughly examining the corpse. The hour after death is prime time. There's no need to rush.”

Franca considered explaining that fate might be at play, but she decided against it.

Why should she warn Browns and give her a lesson?

It was better to keep her in the dark, potentially for future exploitation!

Franca looked at Browns and clicked her tongue, saying, “You're quite the talker...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she extended her right hand with a smile and gently grasped the other party's chin.

“I don't mind skipping your orgies, but I'd like to undergo your ‘assessment.’

“Are you up for it?”

Browns instinctively pushed Franca's right hand away, taking a step back and saying, “If you acted like a regular woman, I might consider assessing you, but right now...”

Her implication was that Franca's current demeanor resembled a libertine, a playboy who embraced Dandyism.

“You're a tough one,” Franca scoffed, her words, though unusual, comprehensible to Browns.

She picked up her double-barreled shotgun and strolled into the forest without further conversation with Browns.

On Avenue du Boulevard, 19 Rue Scheer, at the base of the luxurious beige house, in the basement, Lumian once again met Mr. K, who was cloaked in a black robe and a wide hood. He had already reported the unusual silence of the cults to his superior, and Mr. K had verified this information after an investigative period.

Today, Lumian's focus was on Bouvard's corpse's prophecy, his own thoughts, and the Sinners' situation.

He relayed the information he received from Madam Magician as Bouvard's confession, including having seen a painting with strange powers from Voisin Sanson.

Finally, Lumian presented the Mystery Prying Glasses.

“Mr. K, has this mystical item also been affected by the Hostel pathway's influence?”

Mr. K stood before a red armchair and spoke in a low, raspy voice, “Wait a moment.”

With a soft clap of his hands, he summoned an attendant into the room and whispered something to him.

As Mr. K waited for the attendant to return, the entire basement fell into an eerie silence due to Mr. K's silence.

Lumian felt somewhat awkward in this silence and thought to himself,

Of course, Lumian was well aware that Mr. K's silence was intentional, and he was likely communing with a deity or uncovering hidden information.

Before long, the attendant returned, holding an oil painting about half a meter in height and nearly 70 centimeters in width.

The painting depicted a dark forest, accentuating the turquoise grass illuminated by the sun.

Upon closer inspection, there was a white area on the grass that appeared to have been scratched, resembling a figure.

Mr. K finally spoke.

“It was discovered with the Mystery Prying Glasses. Apart from the mysterious and chaotic oil painting that can affect one's mind, there was also this artwork hanging on the wall.

“It was originally meant to be a portrait, but when we saw it, the person had disappeared from it. Only the scenery remained.”

He chose not to share this information with Mr. K, considering Bouvard didn't seem to be well-informed.

“Did something abnormal occur that caused the portrait to vanish?” Lumian inquired.

Mr. K's hooded head nodded slowly.

“Perhaps it returned to life and left the painting.

“It could be the source of that Beyonder's anomaly.”

Mr. K added in his raspy voice, “We investigated fairly famous painters in Trier and found that, aside from a few who had completely lost their minds or even died long ago, most seemed relatively normal. However, there were instances of abusing psychotropic substances and alcohol-based drinks.

“Based on other information we acquired, we can confirm that it's not that painters easily become heretics of that pathway and gain corresponding powers. Instead, the bestowed of that pathway gain the ability to create art and naturally become painters. However, only a small number of them specialize in painting. The rest blend into society and create their own works without publicizing them.”

“Is the Sequence name Painter?” Lumian asked thoughtfully.

This seemed to align with the power.

“God says yes,” Mr. K replied devoutly and zealously.

Lumian immediately lowered his head.

“What else does the Lord instruct us?”

“God has revealed that foreign visitors stay at the Hostel.” Mr. K appeared satisfied with Lumian's attitude.

However, Mr. K didn't share further revelations. It appeared that this was all the divine guidance he had received.

Mr. K's raspy voice carried a hint of seriousness.

“Our most crucial task now is to locate the Hostel.”

Without waiting for Lumian's response, he took two steps forward and continued, “The number of evil god incidents we handle pales in comparison to those holding official positions. Perhaps they have more information.

“It's inconvenient for me to directly intervene in this matter, but you can attempt to gather information from them through other means.”

On the roof of Apartment 17 on Rue Doyle in the market district, Jenna, disguised to conceal her allure, met with Imre and Valentine.

She cast a glance at the verdant trees lining the street below and began, “I've got important information.”

Valentine's expression turned serious.

“What information?”

He had been worried that the Assassin might inquire about the primary ingredient in the Witch potion, but now his attention was fully on work.

Jenna spoke truthfully, “I've received news that some individuals suspected of being followers of evil gods have gone to a place known as the Hostel.”

She didn't mention the eerie silence of the evil god's followers. With the help of 007, this had become a consensus among Trier's official Beyonders. Jenna had already been given hints regarding what to focus on.

“Hostel...” Imre, who hailed from the Southern Continent, furrowed his brow slightly.

Imre and Valentine exchanged troubled glances.

They didn't want Celia Bello to be fully informed, but if they kept her completely in the dark, she wouldn't be able to assist in gathering the necessary clues. She needed some information to know what they wanted her to pay attention to.

After a brief pause, Imre carefully composed his words and said, “One of our colleagues once heard the term Hostel from a peculiar creature.”

Chapter 450 Infiltrating Openly

“What kind of peculiar creature was it? What did it say?”

Imre glanced at Valentine before responding, “Under normal circumstances, it's an invisible creature. You can only confirm its existence through some traces and see if it's lingering around you.”

Valentine explained eagerly, “From what I understand, it exists somewhere between the spirit world and reality. It's untouchable and difficult to detect with Spirit Vision. It's in a very peculiar state.”

“I don't think that's all. According to the dossier, there are a few conceptual and abstract aspects about it. In short, you can only perceive it or sense its form through its reactions—if it's willing—or when it attacks you,” Imre corrected Valentine.

Imre, who had a habit of wearing skin-colored tape across the bridge of his nose, paused for a moment before continuing,

“If that peculiar creature hadn't attacked our colleague, it wouldn't have been discovered.

“We obtained several pieces of information from it. One of them mentioned the Hostel.”

“What did it say?” Jenna played along.

Perhaps this contained the future direction of their investigation!

Valentine furrowed his brow.

“It only said that it comes from the Hostel—their home in this world.”

Jenna didn't use her Instigation ability, but it was akin to instigation. “Is there any other information? Otherwise, I wouldn't know how to help you gather information and who to watch out for.”

Imre hesitated for a few seconds.

“The rest of what it said isn't suitable for you to know.

“Yes, it calls itself a Pixie.”

After a brief silence, Valentine said, “Our colleague encountered this peculiar creature in an artist's studio.

“As for the painter, he was once treated for mental illness. He always claimed to travel with his Spirit Body every night and enter a strange space that's neither in reality nor in the spirit world. He fought invisible creatures, strange souls, and evil spirits that attempted to invade reality through that space to protect the peace of the entire street.

“Such claims led to him being sent to the asylum for treatment for a period of time. Subsequently, he was under prolonged medication. Our colleagues confirmed that what he said might be true.”

“It sounds like he's corrupted by an evil god... But why would he wander about as a Spirit Body and guard the street?” Jenna didn't mention the term bestowed.

Imre smiled disinterestedly and replied, “The power of an evil god isn't necessarily evil, but They often bring catastrophe or cause illusions and changes in the recipient's personality. Can you accept that you're no longer yourself?”

Jenna wanted to habitually respond using silence, but she remembered that there were two Purifiers opposite her, so she slowly shook her head.

Valentine's tone remained anxious.

“We're telling you this because we want you to pay more attention to painters, novelists, or those who have private hobbies of painting, reading, and telling stories. If you discover anyone's abnormal behavior and language, report it to us immediately.”

“By the way, some painters' works also possess a certain amount of supernatural power. That's also one of the clues,” Imre added.

Jenna nodded solemnly. “No problem.”

Lumian, who had gathered a wealth of information from various sources, realized that although he and the others had a basic understanding of the Hostel pathway, they lacked substantial progress in their investigation. They still didn't know the location of the Hostel or the heretics' plans.

He had no choice but to turn his attention to General Philip's widow and the charity organization known as the Dreamseekers.

Late at night, at 9 Rue Lviv, Quartier 3, also known as the administrative district.

It was a three-story beige building surrounded by a garden, lawn, stables, a fountain, and statues.

“I was hoping to find an opportunity to ask for your help. I could use the ritualistic dog skin to infiltrate this place and search,” Anthony Reid, with his buzz cut, said, glancing at Lumian beside him.

Lumian let out a chuckle.

“Official Beyonders can't afford to worry about such trivial matters in the current situation.”

As he spoke, he crossed the street towards the beige building with sculpted outer walls.

The two of them circled to the side of the garden and watched as the two valets passed by together and turned to the front.

Lumian leaped up, pressing his hand against the white-painted iron fence. He stretched his body and leaped over, landing silently.

Anthony Reid was a seasoned veteran who had been forged by the crucible of the battlefield and maintained a habit of exercising. Although Sequence 9 to 7 of the Spectator pathway didn't

significantly enhance his combat techniques, nor did his physique improve significantly, it didn't prevent him from easily vaulting the fence and entering the garden.

Lumian didn't bother concealing himself. Holding a top hat, he left the garden with one hand in his pocket and approached the main building.

Occasionally, he paused, avoiding the gazes from inside the building's windows and the maid who was eager to return to her room.

Before long, they arrived at the side door.

The wolf-shaped dog guarding the area had already fallen asleep.

Anthony Reid guessed that it was the doing of the two Demonesses who had long concealed themselves and whose whereabouts were currently unknown. However, he felt that if that was the case, why act as if they were infiltrating?

Lumian seemed to sense the Psychiatrist's thoughts and smiled.

“The sedative we obtained from the Bliss Society is very effective. We have to use it sparingly.”

Furthermore, the Demoness Sect had already purged the Bliss Society once, leaving only two key members and Maipú Meyer, who was currently hiding in the market district. For the time being, no one was available to provide Lumian, Franca, and the others with supplies. Of course, the Demoness Sect had definitely gained a lot. After Franca passed the assessment, she should have a chance to obtain something from them.

Lumian walked past the unconscious dog, retrieved a wire, and expertly opened the side door of the building.

At that moment, almost all the lights in the house had been extinguished, and the corridor was shrouded in darkness.

With one hand in his pocket and the other clutching his top hat, Lumian made his way upstairs to the master bedroom, openly treating it as though it was his own home.

Lumian reached the third-floor master bedroom. Along the way, he took a detour and climbed up from the second-floor balcony, avoiding the bodyguard at the staircase.

Gazing at the vermilion door, he chuckled and said, “After General Philip passed away, didn't his widow receive the protection of Beyonders?”

“The bodyguards they hire with their own money can only scare off ordinary thieves and bandits.”

“There are Beyonders, but Beyonders working as bodyguards not only charge a high price, but they also have an attitude. They typically don't do night duty,” Anthony Reid recounted his observations during this period. “Let's pay attention to our volume later.”

“At a time like this, the benefits of being a Sleepless will be revealed,” Lumian responded in a deep voice as he used the wire to open the master bedroom's door.

Sleepless was a Sequence 9 of the Evernight pathway, renowned for not needing much sleep while staying vigorous.

Anthony Reid followed Lumian into the room and closed the wooden door behind him.

Then, Lumian donned a black top hat and lit the gas wall lamp on the wall.

In the yellowish light, they saw a woman wrapped in a silk blanket lying on the bed.

The woman stirred slowly, her wavy black hair framing a face that had seen four decades of life. Though traces of age marked her features, her skin remained remarkably smooth.

Her amber eyes gradually blinked open, revealing a faint yellowish glow. They fixed on Lumian's transformed face, courtesy of the Niese Face, and the black top hat.

Just as she prepared to speak, a cold muzzle pressed against her crimson lips.

“Relax. We're here for a small fortune and a few answers. If you cooperate, you won't get hurt,” Lumian assured her with a smile.

Despite having her house broken into in the dead of night and held at gunpoint, General Philip's widow, Annis, didn't dare to resist. She nodded quickly, signifying her willingness to comply.

“Look me in the eye. I want to be sure you're telling the truth.” Anthony Reid lit a cigarette and brought it to his lips.

Annis subconsciously met the gaze of the intruder, doing her best to convey her sincerity through her eyes.

She couldn't help but notice the robber's unusually clear, dark brown eyes, as if they held the key to his soul. The cigarette between his lips burned with a fiery red glow.

The red dot flickered...

After a while, Anthony Reid, who had used his actions, words, and demeanor to lull Annis into a semi-hypnotic state, delved into the depths of her Body of Heart and Mind.

“Why did you donate so much of your wealth to the Dreamseekers charity organization?”

Annis's Body of Heart and Mind replied without reservation, “It was in Philip's will. If I didn't donate two-thirds of my assets to that charity, my child and I wouldn't inherit the remaining third.”

There is something suspicious about the Dreamseekers, and perhaps even General Philip too... Lumian found it difficult to believe the general to be that generous.

Noting that Annis continued her life without any disruptions and seemed oblivious to any potential issues with General Philip, Anthony Reid changed his line of questioning.

“Was Philip still a devoted follower of the Eternal Blazing Sun?”

The Psychiatrist believed that the general's daily routines in a marriage were hard to hide from Annis, even when other problems remained concealed.

Annis's eyes grew distant as she replied, "He hadn't prayed fervently in a long time, and his praises were quite perfunctory.

"I overheard him whisper in the corridor once, 'Goddess bless.'"