

## Inevitability 541

### Chapter 541 Simple Entrustment

How did my reputation spread so quickly? Even if the rumor of me hunting Burman arrived in Port Santa two days before the Flying Bird, the trustee would have to take time to determine where I live, the authenticity of the news... Lumian estimated a few days before someone sought his services, and this led his thoughts to the unnatural 'Madame.'

He stood up and said to Lugano, "Invite that Madame in."

With those words, Lumian stooped to pick up the distinctive golden straw hat from the small round table. He aimed to make Louis Berry's image more memorable, adding a touch of flair to his persona.

In no time, Lugano escorted a woman in her thirties into the room.

She wore a loose-fitting white dress adorned with red flowers, accentuating her curves.

Port Santa's women, in contrast to the Dariège region just across the mountain, favored glamorous and stylish attire, embodying a romantic and liberated aesthetic—reflecting the traditional taste of the Feynapotter Kingdom.

The lady, with long brown hair tied up and a healthy complexion, entered without a maid. Her azure eyes, framed by thick eyelashes, focused on Lumian, who held the golden straw hat.

Her red lips moved, and though Lumian couldn't grasp every word, the name "Louis Berry" was discernible in her pronunciation.

Promptly, Lugano initiated the translation.

"The Madame says, Honorable Monsieur Louis Berry, I've heard about your hunt of the Demon Warlock. I wonder if you're willing to help my family solve a problem."

Lumian's gaze shifted from the jeweled bead bracelet on the lady's wrist to her beautiful and mature face.

"What's your name?"

"Giorgia," the lady replied after Lugano translated.

Lumian repeated, acknowledging the lady's name with a smile,

"Madame Giorgia, what would you like to entrust me with?"

Giorgia listened attentively to Lugano's translation and spoke in Highlander with a slight local accent, "An evil creature has appeared in my household. I need your help eliminating it."

Lumian, though grasping the gist, awaited Lugano's translation by casting his gaze at him.

When Lugano conveyed Giorgia's words in Intisian, Lumian chuckled and said, "I'm sorry, I forgot to invite the beautiful Madame to have a seat.

"The great adventurer Gehrman Sparrow taught us that manners are very important."

Gesturing toward the sofa, Lumian settled onto the divan, attempting to caress Ludwig's head, like a godfather.

Ludwig quickly shifted his position, avoiding Lumian's attempt to treat him as a child.

As Giorgia took her place in an armchair, Lumian, shaking his golden straw hat, leaned forward.

“Since it's an evil creature, why don't you just find a clergyman of the Earth Mother Church to handle it?”

Giorgia looked at Lugano and listened attentively.

She pursed her thick lips and replied in Highlander,

“We don't want the Church to know about this. It will damage our family's reputation.”

Is that why you are entrusting me, a foreigner who will leave after watching the sea prayer ritual? And that's after confirming my ability to deal with that evil creature... Lumian, pondering this choice, shifted his gaze away from Lugano. After a brief pause, he inquired, “Tell me more about that evil creature.”

After a brief pause, Giorgia contemplated and then shared, “It resembles a tailless lizard. It attacked everyone in the household, killing a few maids and valets and devoured their bodies.

“Our family's bodyguards fired on it and injured it, but they failed to kill it because it has very strong scales. We could only chase it to the basement and lock it up.

“We thought it would slowly starve to death from hunger and thirst. To our surprise, nearly two weeks later, it's still alive and trying to break open the basement door.”

It doesn't seem very dangerous. They could repel it with ordinary firearms... They didn't mention why the lizard appeared. It appears that this is why they aren't willing to seek out the Church of Earth Mother and the local government to handle it... Lumian thoughtfully compared the few words he understood to the content translated by Lugano and confirmed that the guide hadn't embellished or redacted any content.

Lumian then casually inquired, “Were there any casualties among the bodyguards?”

Giorgia, after the translation, shook her head slowly.

“No fatalities. Two were injured, but nothing severe. Yes, that monster made the entire room feel like it had been dragged into the deep sea, affecting normal movements.”

As if dragged into the deep sea... There's indeed certain Beyonder phenomena, but it seems relatively weak... Deep sea... Lumian's interest was piqued as he earnestly inquired about the details.

After a series of responses, Giorgia said gently, “Monsieur Louis Berry, we're willing to pay you 15,000 risot, but you have to promise not to publicize this matter.”

15,000 gold risot? According to your description, the monster is worth at most 5,000 gold risot. The remaining 10,000 should be a hush money, right? Lumian smiled and said in broken Highlander, "Sure thing."

Rising from his seat, Lumian announced in Intisian, "I want to observe the situation at the scene."

Giorgia stood up and listened to Lugano's translation.

She wasn't surprised by Louis Berry's request. Familiar with adventurers and bounty hunters, she understood the importance of assessing the situation firsthand and making thorough preparations. It meant survivability or success for the elites.

"Now?" Giorgia sought confirmation.

Lumian comprehended the word and affirmed in Highlander, "Now."

Adorning his golden straw hat, he made his way to the door, supplementing in Intisian, "Also, prepare a sumptuous dinner for me, my godson, and my translator."

Giorgia, slightly taken aback by the translation, watched Lumian's departure. She couldn't shake the feeling that this adventurer possessed a distinct quality compared to those she had encountered before.

Port Santa, Saint Lana Street.

To the northeast of the city stood multi-story villas adorned with gardens, lawns, and stables.

Giorgia's residence occupied number 21 on this street. The five-story villa boasted brownish-red outer walls, adorned with statues of Angels and Saintesses from the Earth Mother Church, along with symbols depicting waves and fishing.

Wearing his distinctive golden straw hat and holding Ludwig's hand, the latter carrying a red school bag, Lumian trailed behind Giorgia, accompanied by her maid and valet. Together, they entered the villa's hall, which also served as a spacious dance floor beneath a tall, dome ceiling.

As Lumian stepped inside, he felt unseen eyes upon him from the circular railings on the upper floors.

It's indeed a household with multiple families sharing one roof. There are quite a few people... Lumian mused, choosing not to look up, smiling inwardly.

The concealed observers remained hidden. Giorgia then summoned two legally armed bodyguards, leading Lumian and the entourage down to the second basement where the iron-black door stood tightly shut.

As if sensing someone approaching, the door slammed as if struck by a powerful force.

"It's inside," Giorgia stated, pointing at the iron door with a complicated expression.

Lumian, understanding without the need for translation, pressed down on his golden straw hat and directed, "Take my godson to the living room for pre-dinner dessert."

As he spoke, he strode towards the subterranean iron door without a backward glance.

Upon hearing Lugano's translation, Giorgia and the maid hastily guided Ludwig back to the surface. A bodyguard caught up to Lumian, his expression serious, and handed him a pewter-black key.

Without delay, the two bodyguards drew their revolvers, positioning themselves to aim at the iron door, preventing the monster from escaping.

Lumian methodically inserted the key into the lock, unlocking it.

He tossed the key aside and effortlessly pushed the iron door open with one hand.

In an instant, the monster's figure came into view.

A humanoid lizard, adorned with glistening, robust scales, met Lumian's eyes. Where there were no scales, smooth, sinister snake-like skin was exposed.

The monster's eyes were vertical, and they glowed with a nearly transparent light. Its mouth harbored sharp teeth that formed a menacing vortex.

Simultaneously, Lumian felt the air around him grow dense, like shackles enveloping him, clearly impeding his normal movements.

The moisture gave the sensation of plunging into the deep sea, enduring pressure from all directions.

The humanoid lizard lunged forward, and Lumian's body leaned towards the enemy as if pulled by a vortex.

Yet, the obvious smile on his lips persisted as he calmly attempted to pivot.

Suddenly, a latent power surged within him, allowing him to break free from the air's constraints.

Lumian swiftly rotated his body, swinging his right fist from below.

Instantly, crimson flames, nearly white, ignited from his fist, spreading to his forearm, resembling a dazzling fire serpent.

Bang!

The punch struck the humanoid lizard's chest and abdomen, causing the flames to compress.

Boom!

The humanoid lizard was sent flying, crystalline scales splattering from its chest and abdomen, resulting in a massive wound.

Lumian didn't give chase. With one hand in his pocket, he changed his right fist to a palm and gently pushed forward.

Crimson, nearly white fireballs materialized before him, whistling into the wound on the lizard's chest and abdomen.

Rumble!

The monster disintegrated, its flesh and blood splattering across the ground.

Lumian observed for a few moments before adjusting his golden straw hat. He turned around and walked towards the stairs leading to the surface.

The two armed and vigilant bodyguards maintained their original posture, still in a daze, unable to comprehend what had transpired.

Lumian didn't "rouse" them as he ascended the stairs.

Upon hearing the explosion, Giorgia, on the ground, left the lounge with Lugano and approached the staircase. She saw Lumian coming up.

"Have you confirmed the situation?" Madame Giorgia asked with concern.

Lumian replied with a smirk, "It's resolved."

## Chapter 542 Abnormal Situation

It's resolved? It's already resolved? Giorgia suspected that the translator had made a mistake. Instinctively, she asked, "Is there a quick solution, or has it already been resolved?"

Lugano cast a sympathetic glance at the beautiful madame, experiencing the same emotions he felt when reading about how his employer had slain the Demon Warlock.

How could a monster confined to the basement by ordinary armed bodyguards compare to Burman, who had a bounty of 600,000 verl d'or?

Despite finding it unnecessary, Lugano respectfully conveyed Giorgia's words to Lumian.

Lumian removed the golden straw hat from his head and said, "You may instruct the servants to clean the basement."

Upon hearing Lugano's translation, Giorgia's pupils dilated as she looked at Lumian in bewilderment, unsure of what to say.

At that moment, a bodyguard guarding the basement ran up. Upon seeing Giorgia, he immediately leaned over, lowered his voice, and whispered something to her.

Giorgia's expression shifted a few times before she smiled and said to Lumian, "As expected of the renowned adventurer. I previously suspected that your hunt for the Demon Warlock was merely a rumor. Now, I completely believe it. Your might is enough to resound throughout the Five Seas."

She paused for a moment and said apologetically, "I'm sorry; we haven't had time to prepare dinner. We might need you to wait in the lounge for a while."

"Better to have me wait than a beautiful lady," Lumian replied with a smile.

That's basic courtesy!

He followed Giorgia's maid into the lounge specially catered for Ludwig to enjoy the pre-dinner dessert.

Giorgia and her bodyguard descended into the basement.

A sense of relief washed over her as she surveyed the blood-stained room, finding no trace of the humanoid lizard; it had completely vanished.

Dinner unfolded in a private chamber, exclusive to Lumian, his companions, and Giorgia. The lady's maid attended to them, serving dishes and pouring wine.

Lumian, intrigued by his surroundings, noted how the expansive mansion accommodated the needs of its diverse occupants. Small private rooms outside the grand banquet hall ensured the privacy of gatherings.

The meal was a delight for everyone. Lumian received 15,000 risot in banknotes; Giorgia appeared visibly at ease; Ludwig appreciated the villa's chefs; and Lugano experienced a high-end banquet for the first time.

The great adventurer, usually one to boast and joke while not in his monster-hunting cold persona, lightened the atmosphere at the dining table.

This pleasant ambiance continued until Lumian departed from 21 Saint Lana Street alongside Ludwig and Lugano.

Lugano, slightly flushed from the white wine, gazed back at the brightly lit building and sighed deeply.

“I wonder when I'll have a house this grand, with numerous servants and chefs, and a wife like Giorgia.”

Lumian teased, “Your emphasis is on the last part, isn't it?”

Lugano chuckled sheepishly and replied, “Well, based on your description, I might as well have been capable of taking down that humanoid lizard too.”

It meant he possessed the skills to tackle a mission worth 30,000 verl d'or!

With a few more successful missions, Lugano's dream could become a reality!

“With guns and special bullets prepared in advance, coupled with ample combat experience, a Planter is indeed capable,” Lumian carefully assessed his guide.

He avoided using “Doctor” to refer to Lugano, as this Sequence primarily bestowed healing superpowers and didn't offer significant improvement in combat.

Lugano was delighted to hear this, sensing a newfound hope in his life.

Lumian glanced at him and added with a smile, “However, if you were to accept this commission, the reward might only be two to three thousand risot.

“The rest accounts for the premium based on the great adventurer's reputation and the hush money for such a renowned figure.

“That's why you need to hunt down Demon Warlock before you can accept such a lucrative mission.”

The smile on Lugano's face gradually faded.

If I could hunt down Demon Warlock, my dream would be fulfilled. I wouldn't have to be an adventurer!

Lumian paid no mind to the translator's emotional shifts. He glanced back at the large five-story villa and said thoughtfully, “The Matriarch of this family didn't appear even until the end...”

While it was understandable that the other family members hadn't shown themselves, logically speaking, as the head of the family, the Matriarch should have at least expressed her gratitude to the adventurer who had helped them resolve the problem.

“That's correct. A woman of Giorgia's age shouldn't be the head of such a large family,” Lugano acknowledged, sensing the anomaly.

He refrained from bringing up the potential absence of a Matriarch in the villa. In extended families like this, there were likely more than one older woman who had given birth. If one Matriarch passed away, another would soon assume the role. Additionally, the Earth Mother Church was renowned for its adept treatment of illnesses in the Northern and Southern Continents. The Feynapotter Kingdom's average lifespan surpassed that of Loen, Intis, Feysac, and other nations. Plenty of individuals lived beyond the age of 70, especially with Giorgia's family's wealth providing ample medical resources.

Lumian averted his gaze and took a few steps.

“Go to the bar tonight and inquire about Giorgia's family.”

As he spoke, he counted out 1,000 risot for Lugano.

“This covers your expenses for your activities during this period, including Ludwig's meal expenses when I'm out.”

“Yes, Boss.” Lugano appreciated his employer's generosity the most.

Near midnight, the Doctor returned to the suite at Solow Motel, reeking of alcohol. He addressed Lumian, who was observing Ludwig eat supper, “I got the info. Giorgia is the wife of Rubió Paco, a shareholder of Port Santa's Fisheries Company and a committee member of the Fisheries Guild. The Paco family's Matriarch is Rubio's mother, Martha.”

Committee member of the Fisheries Guild... Lumian instantly focused.

This was a person knowledgeable about the complete process of the sea prayer ritual and the accident from last year.

“What else did you find out?” Lumian asked casually.

Lugano rambled on for a while before adding, “By the way, Martha was once a Maiden of the Sea.”

Maiden of the Sea... Lumian pondered for a few seconds. She had been sought after by a specific crowd before marrying into the Paco family? He asked, “Did you find out anything about Martha's recent situation?”

“No.” Lugano shook his head.

Lumian leaned back in his chair, as if preparing to doze off, not pressing for more information.

The next day, he stayed at the Solow Motel, awaiting Valerio's preparations for his local identification documents.

As evening approached, his messenger, Penitent Baynfel, emerged from the void and handed him a letter.

Lumian glanced at the charred corpse, still engulfed in viscous black flames, and casually asked, “Who sent it?”

Only five people were aware of his messenger's summoning incantation.

“A woman very close to death and darkness,” Baynfel replied.

Lumian unfolded the letter and read the familiar handwriting: “There's a gathering scheduled for 10 tonight...”

This was from Hela. Before leaving Trier, Lumian had specifically summoned Hela's messenger and informed her of his messenger's summoning method. With his frequent travel and changes in residence, it was impractical to summon Hela's messenger each time he stayed in a motel. Hence, he made such arrangements to convenience her in getting him.

Each messenger was intricately bound to its master. Through the mystical connection of the contract, the messenger could track the contracted target regardless of their changing locations.

The Research Society has another gathering... Lumian dismissed Baynfel and moved to the window of the master bedroom.

He peered into the distance, toward the mottled mountain range to the northeast.

Under the afterglow of the setting sun, the mountains seemed to doze in the burning sky.

Lumian silently observed for a moment, then retrieved the silver Lie earring and placed it on his left earlobe.

In an instant, his hair transformed, turning golden and elongating downward.

At 10 p.m., in the ancient and dilapidated palace of the Nation of the Evernight, Lumian, cloaked in a black robe, hood, and a silver-white half-mask with a “Muggle” label, materialized.

He immediately spotted Franca, who wore an Assassin suit and had pulled down her hood.

Franca, no longer concealing their amicable relationship, leaned in and lowered her voice.

“Port Santa didn't have a Derangement outbreak, I suppose?”

“I'm not the embodiment of calamity,” Lumian replied.

He then said to Franca, “Help me inquire in different teams later if there are any potions, charms, or items that can allow me to master a language in a short period of time—not true mastery, but the kind that allows mastery for a short period.”

Franca asked in confusion, “Don't you have a translator?”

Lumian smiled and said, “It's just that I suddenly had an idea. When everyone thinks I don't know Highlander, I can understand what they're talking about. Perhaps it can bring about unexpected gains.”

Your scheming heart is truly stained! After Franca playfully cursed him, she wanted to praise Aurore's beautiful lips and smile, one that ought to be seen more often, but her rationality made her give up on the idea to avoid triggering Lumian.



She glanced at a corner of the palace and said, "The team most likely to obtain such items is actually the Academy. However, it's inconvenient for you to ask. It can easily arouse suspicion. Coincidentally, I'm heading to the Academy team today to inquire if anyone knows who the owners of the ancient tombs in Trier's catacombs are. Heh heh, many of them are considered semi-historians. If no one knows, I'll get 007 to delve into the Church's confidential information."

"Why do you ask?" Lumian raised his eyebrows.

Franca recounted how she and Jenna had obtained a new Mirror World Fragment in the catacombs. Lumian listened attentively and scoffed.

"Aren't you guys too bold? Jenna has been inspired by your courage!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw 007 approaching menacingly.

### Chapter 543 Same Dream

Wearing a lion headgear, 007 intercepted Franca's path, gritting his teeth.

"Hidden Blade, thanks to your intel, I might be deployed on a mission right now."

"Huh?" Franca didn't quite get it.

Deployed on a mission? If you're out, who do I report problems to in Trier?

007 glanced at Muggle, standing silently beside them, and took a deep breath.

"I might head to Feynapotter as an assistant to retrieve that Sealed Artifact.

"It's Intis' loss, and it wouldn't be good for it to end up in the hands of the Feynapotter Kingdom."

"Will the Feynapotterians allow you to enforce the law in their country? Isn't transnational cooperation troublesome?" Franca roughly understood 007's concerns.

007 pondered for a moment and said, "We're still working through the process, but the Feynapotterians aren't too opposed this time. They want to eliminate the hidden dangers of the Sealed Artifact ASAP. They have precautions to take and can't spare many to surround and intercept it, so they might as well borrow our strength."

The Church of Earth Mother and the Feynapotter Kingdom need to be vigilant. Are they short on manpower? This is a problem with a single Church country. They don't have the resources like a combination of two or three Churches. Wait, that doesn't make sense. The Feynapotter Kingdom has a royal family, and Beyonders of the Church don't only follow the pathway of their deity. Lumian sensed something amiss from 007's words.

This made him feel that the hidden dangers in the Feynapotter Kingdom were no less than those in countries with multiple deities and Churches.

"Is that so..." Franca suddenly had an idea. "I have a way to ensure you don't have to be deployed!"

“What way?” 007 asked skeptically.

Franca smiled and said, “If you're on an important mission in Trier, there's no need for you to be deployed.”

“Important mission...” 007 repeated in a low voice, suddenly having an ominous feeling.

Franca seized the opportunity and said, “We've located another Mirror World Fragment in an ancient tomb on the fourth level of the catacombs.”

“Now, we have a lead to pursue the Mirror People in Trier. If you report it and convey that you're conducting an investigation, you likely won't end up in Feynapotter.”

007 stared at Franca, dressed in an assassin suit, for a moment. He raised his hand to rub his forehead and spoke gravely, “Thanks a lot, Hidden Blade!”

Franca pretended not to catch 007's underlying message and continued, “The tomb is situated near the Crazy Mushroom Cave. Its door is wide open, and there are no conspicuous signs. Please gather information from the catacombs about its construction date, its occupants, and the ancient family it belongs to. Only then can we determine why the peculiar Mirror People entered and met their demise there.”

007 took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

“You're a perfect boss for me.”

All you know is to assign me missions!

Franca let out a hollow laugh and shifted the topic.

“Do you have any idea what's happening in the Crazy Mushroom Cave? Mushrooms are somehow thriving in that silent, dark, and tightly sealed place. Moreover, it seems to be the only location in the fourth-level catacombs where mushrooms grow.”

007 nodded gently and replied, “I have some knowledge about that. Once upon a time, I was quite intrigued by the mushroom cave. I conducted an investigation and discovered that it was initially quite ordinary—a naturally formed cave among the ancient tombs. When the catacombs were completed, some of the ancient corpses were relocated there. Within a few weeks, it became overrun with mushrooms and sealed off.”

The Beyonder powers brought about by the seal's formal formation combined with the problem of certain ancient corpses created such a Crazy Mushroom Cave? Lumian analyzed the reason thoughtfully.

Observing Muggle's attentive silence, 007 nodded courteously and turned to head towards the Sanctuary team.

Franca couldn't help but chuckle.

“He's so polite to you. If only he knew that most of his troubles and fatigue stemmed from you, his expression would be quite the sight.”

Lumian chuckled in response.

“But the Mirror People situation has nothing to do with me.”

As they conversed, they strolled toward the corner where the Academy team congregated.

Midway, Lumian suddenly turned to Franca.

“Do you think any member of the Research Society, especially those in Trier, might have been replaced by the Mirror People?”

“That's impossible... Don't scare me!” Franca sounded alarmed.

Lumian fought the urge to pout, not wanting to destroy his sister's beautiful image.

“What's impossible? Any Trier citizen could be replaced by the Mirror People, even if they're part of a secret organization.

“Moreover, most in the Research Society are Beyonders with a strong spirit of exploration. Their encounters with Beyonder incidents are more frequent than regular folks.”

Franca nodded seriously, acknowledging the potential risk couldn't be disregarded.

“As a Review Committee member, you should liaise with Madame Hela and the others, observe discreetly,” Lumian reminded her.

There lingered uncertainty about whether the Mirror People of transmigrators retained their pre-transmigration memories. If they did, they could bypass the Committee's safeguards easily. Their interactions within the Research Society could go undetected unless they caused harm, staying concealed.

“Understood,” Franca responded with solemnity.

At that moment, many familiar members of Lumian's team gathered in the corner, including Professor, Associate Professor, Headmaster, Periodic Table, Bear, Griffin, and Isotope.

Some wore different disguises than before, though Lumian had grown accustomed to their diverse outfits. They were individuals who wouldn't attend a masquerade ball in the same attire twice. Regardless, their general body shape, language, and chest labels helped others accurately identify them.

After exchanging greetings, Lumian and Franca each took a seat.

After a few minutes, Franca raised her hand and said, “Is anyone selling Language Comprehension-type items? I know someone who's going overseas and wants to acquire some.”

Upon hearing her request, some chuckled, while others pursed their lips. The former wanted to inquire if her friend was herself, while the latter recalled the key member of April Fool's who had caused numerous catastrophes in the Research Society.

Bear, encased in a brown bear hide, spoke in ancient Feysac in a muffled voice, “I have a Language Comprehension charm that achieves a similar effect.”

“Language Comprehension charm?” Franca asked with interest.

Having been fluent in ancient Feysac for many years, she had become relatively proficient in Loen, Highlander, and other languages of the Northern Continent. However, she lacked knowledge of the Southern Continent's languages.

The Academy team member with the code name “Bear” glanced at Hidden Blade with his coffee-colored eyes.

“Yes, its essence is to temporarily strengthen and alter the Body of Heart and Mind, improving understanding, reasoning, and communication. It also imparts a portion of the corresponding language's knowledge. Using one lasts seven days.

“Currently, Language Comprehension charms are divided into three types. The lowest level is for all ancient Feysacian languages. Creating them is the least difficult. You only need...”

Bear paused, making a conversion based on the current exchange rate.

“A thousand verl d'or.

“The middle level covers all ordinary languages. It costs 2,000 verl d'or. At the highest level, you can temporarily master a designated supernatural language. 5,000 verl d'or. Hidden Blade, which one do you want?”

Franca listened attentively, sensing a subtle expression of pity and regret in Bear's gaze.

Is he pitying me for daring to drink the Witch potion back then? Franca wondered silently. Without looking at Muggle, she made the decision.

“Three lowest-level Language Comprehension charms, one mid-level. Uh, can I get a discount?”

She believed Lumian would eventually track down Hisoka in the Southern Continent. It was better to prepare a Mid-level Language Comprehension charm now.

“No.” Bear shook his head.

“Alright,” Franca said, lacking talent for bargaining. She habitually asked for a discount to avoid potential future regret.

After Franca paid and settled on the delivery method, Professor, adorned with a black butterfly mask, surveyed the area. After a moment of contemplation, she spoke up.

“Associate Professor, I and a few Warlocks I know have been having strange dreams lately. In these dreams, there's a wilderness with many indistinct figures wandering around.”

“Have any of you had one too?”

She directed her inquiry towards the other Warlocks in the Academy team.

Wilderness... Wandering figures... Could this be related to some Madame's Paramita? Lumian, concealed behind a silver-white half-mask, furrowed his brow slightly. It seemed unlikely that a Warlock would dream of Paramita. Why would they?

Observing other Warlocks expressing that they had similar dreams, but the frequency and clarity decreased over time, Lumian, acting as Aurore, nodded and posed a question instead of providing an answer.

“When did you guys start having this dream?”

Could it be an abnormality caused by the Hidden Sage?

Professor had clearly made confirmation on this matter.

“The two of us and some friends started after the night of the terrifying storm in Trier —last month.”

She knew that Muggle was also in Trier and knew the exact night she referred to.

The sudden, terrifying downpour occurred the night the Hostel ritual was activated... Could it be influenced by the leaked power of the seal? Is there a high-level power of the Mystery Pryer pathway sealed inside? Or were the fallen monks of the Deep Valley Cloister connected to the Hidden Sage? Did this evil god secretly do something that left some power in the real world? Lumian pondered and then said, “I heard something happened to Trier's Deep Valley Cloister that night, and the Savant pathway and the Mystery Pryer pathway are neighboring pathways.”

Professor, Associate Professor, and the others turned their gaze to Muggle. They hadn't expected their companion, who had recently moved to Trier, to possess such secretive knowledge about the local area.

Lumian continued slowly, “Shouldn't we inquire with people from the Savant pathway and see if they had similar dreams?”

Good idea! Franca silently praised.

## Chapter 544 Threat

Professor agreed with Lumian's suggestion, believing it could help verify certain things. Both Professor and Associate Professor went to another team and found Stonemason, who was known for crafting mystical items.

Dressed in a doctor's white coat with a saucepan over his head, Stonemason's azure eyes focused on the Academy Warlocks through two specially dug holes.

He nodded and said, “Recently, I've also been having strange dreams related to a wilderness. However, in addition to the endless wilderness and wandering figures, there are also some peculiar scenes in my dreams.”

As expected, it affects the neighboring pathways of Mystery Pryer and Savant... Lumian nodded slightly as Professor pressed further, “What scenes are they?”

Stonemason's voice echoed within the saucepan.

“I see scenes of primitive humans independently creating fire for the first time. Ancient humans making sacrifices to the sky and land. There were many similar scenes, but they were very vague. I was in a dream and couldn't scrutinize them carefully. I can't remember the exact situations clearly.

“According to the Savant pathway's Beyonders, this is a fragment of civilization.”

Upon hearing Stonemason's response, Lumian's forehead twitched imperceptibly.

It reminded him of the moment he heard a peculiar sound accompanying scenes while wearing the Mystery Prying Eye in Fourth Epoch Trier!

As the scenes unfolded, a chorus of voices echoed one name: Celestial Master!

Was what I received a fragment of a civilization? The Eye of Truth correspond to the Mystery Pryer pathway. Upon their use, they activated the powers of neighboring pathways, revealing corresponding sounds? But there is a prerequisite, a special environment... Fourth Epoch Trier holds remnants of advanced powers from the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways. Celestial Master—the term is similar to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings which influences Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways. Meanwhile, Celestial Master correlates with the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways. Lumian fell into deep thought after his initial shock.

Franca glanced at him, perplexed by his limited participation in the discussion.

After a moment, Lumian snapped out of his daze. Considering Professor, Stonemason, and others' speculations, he carefully stated, “The sudden downpour in Trier is an outward manifestation of a catastrophe, much like the Deep Valley Cloister.

“I suspect that a high-level power leaked during the catastrophe, affecting Beyonders from two neighboring pathways. The impact is more pronounced for those in Trier but relatively minor for those outside.”

At this point, Lumian smirked.

“I've observed that Warlocks outside Trier experienced significant decreases in the frequency and clarity of their wilderness dreams. Strangely, none of the Warlocks in Trier mentioned this.”

Bear in a brown bear skin suit nodded approvingly.

Professor and others concurred with Lumian's hypothesis, relieved that the situation was indeed improving.

They couldn't help but marvel at Muggle's remarkable growth after surviving the April Fool's trap.

Franca then inquired about the owner of the ancient tomb beside the Crazy Mushroom Cave in Trier's catacombs.

No one knew the answer. The Warlocks in Trier offered to assist in the investigation, but there were no guarantees of finding anything.

Franca had already entrusted this matter to 007. Her current focus was on uncovering any Mirror People who might have infiltrated the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, thanks to Lumian's teachings.

After agreeing on the reward, she left the Academy team and headed towards Hela.

After discussing the Mirror People situation with Hela, Lumian emerged from the corner where the Academy team was located, ready to gather mysticism knowledge from the death domain with the Purgatory team.

Franca immediately approached Lumian, lowered her voice, and asked with a smile, "What were you thinking when Stonemason recounted his dream? It seemed like you had thought of something important."

Hadn't I shared what I saw and heard after using the Eye of Truth underground? That shouldn't be the case. I won't forget sharing matters involving the Celestial Master with Franca... Lumian's heart suddenly stirred, feeling that his spirituality was hindering this matter.

After a moment of contemplation, he responded, "It's rather complicated and involves high-level powers. I'll write to Madam Magician later and see if I can share it with you."

"Alright," Franca said eagerly. "Don't forget!"

Her curiosity was piqued.

At that moment, Hela, still dressed as a black widow, approached Lumian and asked, "Any progress in tracking Ultraman and Bard?"

"Not at the moment. I'm still compiling the necessary information," Lumian replied truthfully.

Hela nodded slightly and replied, "If you need assistance, don't hesitate to reach out to me or Gandalf."

The primary objective for most members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society was to eliminate the April Fool's traitors.

"Got it." Lumian had no plans to confront the key members of April Fool's on his own.

Undoubtedly, it was optimal for him to carry out the final execution.

Upon returning to the real world, Lumian noticed that night was falling. He set out a stack of late-night snacks for Ludwig and summoned Madam Magician's messenger. After freshening up—washing his face, brushing his teeth, and snuffing out the wall lamp—he settled into bed.

Just then, a sense of alertness surged through him. He sat up suddenly, focusing on a specific spot in the room.

Outside the window, a faint crimson glow shimmered. In one corner, a shadow swiftly expanded, reaching up to the ceiling, forming a silhouette resembling two goat horns.

It was as if a devil had emerged from the dark abyss.

Lumian's eyebrows twitched as he stared at the colossal black shadow.

The devil-like shadow resonated with a deep and imposing voice.

“Lowly human, you must answer my question truthfully.”

It spoke in Intisian.

Lumian cracked his neck gently and asked, “What's the question?”

The devilish figure rumbled in a deep tone, “What did the Paco family's Giorgia hire you to do?”

Lumian chuckled.

“What do human affairs have to do with a devil like you? I'm a professional adventurer. I won't betray my employer.”

The devilish shadow growled, “Then I'll use your blood as the answer!”

Before it completed its sentence, its aura surged, and the crimson moonlight in the room instantly succumbed to darkness, shrouding the space in a chilling aura.

The corners of Lumian's mouth curled up. With a swift press of his left hand, he catapulted from the bed like a cheetah, propelling himself towards the ceiling.

Overhead, darkness enveloped him, resembling an abyssal reflection.

In a sudden twist, Lumian's body turned pitch black, almost zero in thickness.

He morphed into a shadow creature and seamlessly melded into the darkness!

Within the dimly illuminated fishnet of shadows, Lumian spotted the “devil.”

Standing just over a meter tall, the creature was child-sized, yet its skin was creased like that of an elderly man in his seventies or eighties.

Its disproportionately large head featured protruding eyes, presenting a grotesque visage that was beyond Lumian's knowledge of creatures.

In the form of a shadow, Lumian “swam” toward it, aiming to ensnare the peculiar creature that manifested the devil's projection. He planned on pulling it out of the darkness and controlling it with the Spell of Harrumph.

Many of Lumian's abilities were constrained in the shadow creature form.

The short, malevolent creature with wrinkled skin appeared defenseless against the shadow's entanglement, surprising Lumian, who had anticipated fierce resistance.

Without hesitation, he prepared to depart, leaving the shadow to detain its captive.

Just then, the darkness surrounding him brightened, illuminated by the light from the “sky.”

Instinctively, Lumian looked up and witnessed the pure darkness rapidly dissolving, unveiling a colossal star hanging in the void.

The star bore a faint blue hue, resembling a demonic eye.

In an instant, Lumian felt his blood freeze, involuntarily snapping out of his shadow creature form. The big-headed “shorty,” adorned with wrinkles, seized the chance to break free from its constraints, swiftly merging into the pale-blue starlight and disappearing from sight.



After a moment, Lumian fully recovered. He stared at the now-normal room, sinking into contemplation.

What in the world was that thing? It seemed so weak, yet it came to intimidate me!

Nevertheless, the blinking star held an air of peculiarity.

Why not just send the star to frighten me right away? After suppressing me, it didn't seize the opportunity to attack. Even though I regained some mobility upon escaping the shadows, I was still relatively slow... Lumian mused silently.

While he couldn't grasp the full picture, certain details became apparent.

No wonder Giorgia didn't casually enlist a foreign adventurer with Beyonder powers to handle the humanoid lizard. Someone lurking in the shadows would interrogate me about the entire matter in the future. Only a renowned adventurer like Louis Berry, capable of hunting Demon Warlocks, can resist it.

Heh heh, earning 15,000 risot isn't a walk in the park...

The one in the shadows knows Louis Berry isn't weak, so they didn't dare to attack directly. Instead, they dispatched a small monster with unique abilities to intimidate me, hoping to extract information?

Why not go to Giorgia's house and ask? Their family doesn't seem to possess any superpowers...

Is this an internal conflict within the Fisheries Company and the Fisheries Guild?

Yes, it's an opportunity to interact more deeply with the Paco family and understand the core process of the sea prayer ritual...

Shaking his head, Lumian reclined on the bed and resumed his slumber.

Around 8 a.m. the next day, Lugano, who had gone out to buy breakfast, rushed back and said to Lumian, "Boss, those combat nuns are looking for you!"

## Chapter 545 Order

Combat nuns? Amidst Lumian's surprise, he felt a sudden sense of order return to society.

In any country on the Northern Continent, wild Beyonders were unwelcome. They faced control and even apprehension. This wasn't like colonies such as Port Farim, where renowned adventurers could freely roam the streets and boast about their experiences without the concern of official Beyonders knocking on their doors.

"Boss, is there any danger?" Lugano nervously inquired, his perpetual fear evident as a wild Beyonder.

Lumian chuckled, responding confidently, "That depends on their attitude."

The implication was that the nuns were the ones facing danger.

Lumian teased, "Aren't you excited about the combat nuns? Shouldn't you be thrilled that they're here?"

Imagination isn't the same as reality... Seeing his boss showing no intention of “teleporting” away with him, Lugano nervously descended and extended an invitation to the combat nuns.

The leader was the same one Lumian had encountered before.

Most of her naturally curly, thick black hair was neatly tucked into a black hat with white patterns. Her bright and lively light-blue eyes, along with her thick eyebrows, bestowed upon her a unique and captivating charm.

The woman in leather armor gazed at Lumian and inquired gently, “Are you the adventurer Louis Berry?”

Lumian nodded. “Who might you be?”

The strikingly beautiful combat nun replied with a smile, “I’m Sister Noelia of the Fertility Order, in charge of a combat team.

“Praise the Earth, praise the Mother of All Things!”

Noelia raised her hands to the sky, her feet slightly apart.

Observing that Noelia and the other combat nuns of the Fertility Order were not as judgmental as he expected, not viewing wild Beyonders as inherently evil creatures, Lumian smiled.

“Madame, what brings you here?”

Noelia smiled and explained, “You’re a great adventurer who hunted Demon Warlock. If we hadn’t known you were in Port Santa, we might not have bothered. However, now that we are aware, we must come and speak with you, reminding you to abide by the corresponding order.”

“What order?” Lumian inquired, anticipating the answer while holding the golden straw hat.

The demeanor of these combat nuns made him wonder if they were official Beyonders. They didn’t directly arrest him, nor did they use stern warnings.

Is this the distinction between the Church of Earth Mother and other Churches? Emphasizing motherhood and respecting life?

Noelia’s red lips formed a beautiful smile as she spoke, “In other cities, we would issue a direct warning, bringing you under our control. If you dare to resist, you could be apprehended or even eliminated.

“However, this is Port Santa, and many sea merchants here have a genuine need to resist pirates and protect their goods. We lack the manpower to safeguard them all, so we’ve tacitly agreed to allow them to hire Beyonder bodyguards.

“Monsieur Louis Berry, you are free to roam Port Santa, but you must adhere to three rules:

“Firstly, you cannot venture inland without our permission. To reach other cities, you need our approval. Secondly, you cannot perform any rituals in Port Santa, consume

potions for advancement, or engage in mysticism experiments. Thirdly, you must refrain from using your abilities to cause chaos or catastrophe.

“Of course, if you return to Port Santa in the future, you'll need to register with us first.”

It's a reasonable request, and coming from the ruling Church, it's not excessive at all... It's even simpler and easier than obtaining a firearm permit in Port Farim or other places. Of course, not applying for identification in Port Farim isn't a big deal. No one will report it, and there won't be any issues if you don't directly encounter the officials... Lumian nodded gently and replied,

“Sure thing.”

At this moment, Lumian's thoughts raced, and he couldn't help but chuckle.

“But Port Santa isn't entirely safe. I encountered a monster last night...”

He briefly recounted how the little monster had disguised itself as a devil to intimidate him. While he didn't conceal that he had accepted Giorgia's commission, he refrained from specifying the details.

Noelia listened attentively and responded without surprise, “We'll handle it. Try not to get involved in the Fisheries Guild's matters in the future. Their internal issues will be resolved internally.”

Does this mean that the Earth Mother Church refrains from interfering with the internal strife of the Fisheries Guild, allowing them complete autonomy? Lumian smiled and said,

“I'll do my best to avoid participation, but I'll reserve the right to defend myself and counterattack.”

Noelia didn't offer any further comments. Her smile faded as she led the combat nuns to the door.

In just two or three steps, she smoothly drew a straight sword from her back, half-turned, and slashed at Lumian.

The series of movements flowed seamlessly, occurring in the blink of an eye.

Lumian stared at the sword beam, neither dodging nor raising his hand to block.

With a swoosh, the straight sword grazed the tip of his nose and pointed to the ground.

Noelia smiled radiantly and nodded in satisfaction.

“As expected of a great adventurer. Your foresight, judgment, and courage are exceptional.”

She then turned around and addressed the combat nuns who followed her.

“This is a true man. Those who only know how to flaunt their muscles and swing their swords can only be called male beasts.”

As they spoke, the combat nuns exited Lumian's rented suite.

Lumian raised his right hand and stroked his chin, feeling a strange sensation.

The sight of women openly scrutinizing men made him uncomfortable.

After watching Noelia and the nuns leave, Lugano lowered his voice and asked, “Boss, did a little monster really come to warn you last night?”

“That's right. If you were the one who completed Giorgia's commission, it might not be just a warning.” Lumian put on the golden straw hat and casually remarked as he walked towards the door, “We have an obligation to remind our employer that someone is secretly spying on their family.”

Lugano was taken aback for a moment before understanding Lumian's intentions. He grabbed Ludwig and followed closely behind.

21 Saint Lana Street, in the activity room of a suite on the fifth floor.

Lumian encountered Giorgia once again.

Dressed in a vibrant dress adorned with intricate patterns, the lady glanced at the boy, whose appetite exceeded her imagination, before turning her gaze to the adventurer, Louis Berry.

“What brings you here?”

Lugano translated professionally.

“Last night, a monster came to intimidate me, but I chased it away.” Lumian briefly recounted the monster's appearance and behavior.

Upon hearing Lugano's account, Giorgia displayed no obvious surprise. After a few seconds of contemplation, she said, “Wait a moment.”

Leaving the maid and valet behind, she disappeared into an inner room.

After a few minutes, she reappeared, arm in arm with a man.

The man seemed to be in his forties, tall and gaunt, his eyes a nearly translucent blue. His grayish-black, slightly curly hair cascaded over his shoulders like an artist's. His appearance couldn't be described as particularly good or bad, yet he possessed an unforgettable quality.

“This is my husband, Rubi3 Paco,” Giorgia introduced.

The shareholder of the Fisheries Company and a committee member of the Fisheries Guild? Lumian had gathered information about the Paco family through Lugano over the past two days.

Rubi3's father had initially been a prosperous fisherman who shared a boat with others. After marrying Martha, who had once been a Maiden of the Sea, he gradually established himself. Not only did he manage the Fisheries Company for a time, but he also ascended to become a committee member of the oldest local guild, the Fisheries Guild.

Shortly after the sea prayer ritual last year, the old gentleman passed away. With strong support from Matriarch Marta, Rubi3 inherited his father's status and became the youngest committee member of the Fisheries Guild.

However, he no longer held a specific position at Port Santa Fisheries Company. He only held onto the shareholders' voting rights and dividends.

This middle-aged man had once been rebellious. He was expected to comply with his parents' arrangements and marry a Maiden of the Sea. However, he remained single until his early thirties and then married Giorgia, the daughter of a textile merchant. If it were any other prominent family, the matriarch would have surely intervened and perhaps even banished Rubi6. Yet, Martha indulged him and eventually chose to compromise.

Before Lugano could commence with the translation, Rubi6 spoke in less fluent Intisian, "We can communicate directly. When I was young, I often took a boat out to sea and visited places like Port Farim."

"Monsieur Rubi6, I don't think there's a need for communication, and I don't intend to find out why the monster came looking for me. I'm just here to inform you about this." Lumian glanced at the puzzled Giorgia and suspected that Rubi6 had switched to Intisian not out of politeness but to keep his wife in the dark about something.

Rubi6 nodded gently and said, "I understand your concerns. I merely wish to entrust you with another mission."

"What mission?" Lumian asked with a smile.

Rubi6 calmly replied, "My mother, Martha, hails from Milo Village. Recently, she wishes to return and meet the current Governor of the Sea to request his permission to seek treatment at the Church of Earth Mother. Yes, my mother hasn't been in good health recently. She can't get out of bed."

Martha is still alive? Lumian was slightly surprised.

Experienced as he was, he deduced that the monster might have been transformed by Martha, based on the absence of the matriarch, the Paco family's reluctance to expose the humanoid lizard, and the fact that she was once a Maiden of the Sea!

The sea prayer ritual wasn't just an honor for the Maidens of the Sea. Perhaps there was also hidden corruption that might erupt at some point in time.

But now, from what Rubi6 had said, Martha was still alive. Previously, she had only been seriously ill.

Where did that humanoid lizard come from? Lumian suppressed his puzzlement and asked in confusion, "Why does Madame Martha need the Governor of the Sea's permission to seek treatment?"

Rubi6's expression shifted, a mix of disgust and resistance evident in his words.

"All Maidens of the Sea have to follow the orders of the Governor of the Sea when dealing with Church-related matters. Failing to do so would be blasphemous to the sea prayer ritual."

Following the Governor of the Sea's orders holds more weight than reverence for the Church... The Earth Mother Church appears indifferent. Lumian chose not to push further. He nodded subtly and stated, "I'll take on this commission without expecting compensation, but I do have a request."

"What might that be?" Rubió asked cautiously.

A cunning smile formed on Lumian's lips.

"I'm here to witness the sea prayer ritual, but I've heard only a select few can observe its core segments. I seek such an opportunity."

Rubió remained silent for a prolonged moment.

Giorgia, unable to contain her curiosity, questioned her husband in Highlander about the conversation and his concerns.

Lugano seized the chance to approach Lumian and translated the couple's exchange.

Lumian's eyebrows twitched imperceptibly upon hearing they were genuinely considering allowing him to pose as a sailor and board the special sacrificial ship.

Is Rubió Paco truly considering my request?

I'm merely offering an outrageous deal to test if I can glean details about the sea prayer ritual. I don't intend to leverage this seemingly straightforward task to gain access to the last two segments of the ritual!

It remained a secret harbored by the Fisheries Guild for over a millennium, the wellspring of their power and prestige!

As these thoughts raced through Lumian's mind, he strongly suspected that the commission to send Madame Martha to Milo Village to meet the current Governor of the Sea carried a high risk. It wasn't a task for any random Beyonder. Therefore, Rubió Paco was reluctant to let go of Louis Berry, the proven adventurer.

But where could the danger lie? This is Port Santa, not the islands on the sea or the remote towns of the Southern Continent. Which Beyonder would dare to attack me on the streets in broad daylight? Aren't they afraid of being captured by the combat nuns and turned into fertilizer for the land? One can't underestimate the power of an orthodox Church!

Unless someone possesses a special ability, like Loki's, to kill me undetected on the bustling streets, or if a Saint with godhood personally takes action, aiming to end the battle before the Church of Earth Mother reacts... But it can't be that exaggerated. It's such a trivial matter... As Lumian pondered, Rubió and Giorgia reached a conclusion.

The former said to Lumian, "I cannot permit your participation in the last two segments of the sea prayer ritual. It is a blasphemy against the sea. Those involved will face expulsion from Port Santa, including their family.

"However, I am willing to allow you to conceal yourself in Milo Village in advance and witness the ancient performances during the vigil ritual."

So, I can't directly witness the vigil ritual, but I can partake in the accompanying folklore performance? Did Ultraman, Bard, and Mad Lady use a similar method to approach the core of the

sea prayer ritual and complete the most crucial part of the prank? Lumian noticed that Rubi3 had already made a significant concession and no longer insisted. He smiled and replied, "Deal."

Without waiting for a response, he "kindly" suggested, "Let's send Madame Martha to Milo Village today, shall we? We mustn't delay when it comes to illnesses. Get her treatment as soon as possible."

Rubi3 hesitated for a moment before saying, "My mother is already asleep. She's been resting a lot lately. Forcing her awake will impact her body and mind. How about tomorrow morning?"

Is some advanced preparation needed? Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

"No problem."

He cast a quick glance at Lugano, and his heart skipped a beat.

"Monsieur Rubi3, my interpreter is, in fact, an excellent doctor. Moreover, he doesn't adhere to the beliefs of the Earth Mother, nor is he affiliated with any Church. If he were to treat your mother, you probably wouldn't need to seek the Governor of the Sea's permission in advance."

Lumian emphasized the word "doctor."

Without hesitation, Rubi3 Paco shook his head and said, "We trust the Church's doctors more. My mother is my most important family. I don't want her to take any unnecessary risks."

What he implied was that he couldn't vouch for the medical skills of the interpreter. He couldn't use the Paco family's matriarch as an experiment.

Lumian was actually looking forward to sending Madame Martha to Milo Village because it meant he might meet the current Governor of the Sea and have a chance to learn something. He had only suggested that Lugano treat the matriarch to test Rubi3.

The result of the probe revealed many hidden secrets in this matter!

Having agreed to escort Madame Martha and her maid to the Governor of the Sea at 9 a.m. the following day, Lumian led Ludwig and Lugano out of the main house at 21 Saint Lana Street. Giorgia walked them all the way to the door.

Lumian nonchalantly remarked, "Does the Governor of the Sea have to reside in Milo Village?"

With Lugano's translation, Giorgia nodded slightly and said, "The Governor of the Sea resides in the building where the vigil ritual is held every night. He can move freely during the day, but he can't leave Port Santa."

The building where the vigil ritual is held? The essence of the vigil ritual is to allow a quasi-Governor of the Sea to enter the residence and replace the former Governor of the Sea, waiting to be officially appointed by the sea the next day? Lumian speculated, combining his mysticism knowledge.

He smiled and asked, "What are the perks of being Governor of the Sea?"

After hearing the translation, Giorgia fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "Among the fishmongers, the merchants, he's already the true governor in their eyes."

It wasn't an answer, just a whisper of truth.

Lumian nodded without pressing further. He led Ludwig and Lugano through the iron gates.

After taking a few steps along the verdant path in the forest, he suddenly looked up.

On a branch stood a gray-feathered myna.

Lumian gave it a cursory glance and continued on, his steps brisk towards the waiting carriage.

After a while, the myna flapped its wings and flew up. After circling a few times, it circled a house two streets away before dipping down towards an open window.

It landed on a middle-aged man's forearm and spoke in precise Highlander, "Louis Berry is back at the Paco house! He stayed nearly half an hour!"

The middle-aged man, dressed in gray clothes with disheveled brown hair, resembling a suburban farmer, fed the myna a few self-made rice grains and said, "Observe further and see if Rubi3 Paco and Giorgia will go out today."

After the myna flew out of the window, the middle-aged man exhaled and turned around.

Suddenly, his eyes froze as he saw someone sitting in the only armchair!

The man had black hair and green eyes, wearing a white shirt, a black vest, dark pants, and a golden straw hat.

Louis Berry!

Adventurer Louis Berry!

The middle-aged man's back arched slightly, and his feet parted slightly, but he took no further action.

Lumian leaned back in his chair and engaged in casual conversation in Intisian, as if he had been expected.

"What did you have your bird spy on?"

The middle-aged man fell silent for a moment before speaking in somewhat awkward Intisian, "Watch if anyone enters or exits Paco's house, and see if there's anything unusual there."

"Very honest." Lumian nodded approvingly. "Who asked you to do it?"

He was pleased that the other party knew some Intisian. Otherwise, he could only rely on key words to communicate or capture him to have Lugano translate.

"Juan Oro," the middle-aged man replied without hesitation.

Juan Oro... The president of the Fisheries Guild and the former village chief of Milo Village? Lumian smiled and said, "I'm surprised you're so forthright."

The middle-aged man forced a smile and said, "I don't think I'm stronger than Demon Warlock and can defeat you."



“That's right. Those who understand the situation and themselves can live longer.” Lumian crossed his right foot over his left leg. “Why is Juan Oro monitoring the Paco family?”

“I don't know, and there's no need for me to know. I'll receive a reward as long as I pass on what I see,” the middle-aged man replied sincerely.

Lumian gazed at him for a few seconds before saying, “Did you send that little monster last night?” The middle-aged man was taken aback.

“What little monster? What happened last night?”

Lumian chuckled and stood up without explaining.

“What's your name?” he asked as he walked towards the door.

The middle-aged man hesitated for a moment before answering truthfully, “Sanchez.”

Lumian opened the door, walked out, and disappeared from Sanchez's sight.

Upon his return to Solow Motel, Lumian noticed a folded letter resting on the master bedroom's desk.

Skillfully unfurling it, he found the distinct handwriting of Madam Magician.

“You can share those matters with the Two of Cups, but avoid delving into excessive detail.

“I refrained from elaborating on the voices you heard and the fragments of civilization you glimpsed earlier as they remain too advanced for your understanding. Simply remember not to heed random sounds or sights in an ancient ruin like Fourth Epoch Trier. Also, caution your Warlock associates—

it's acceptable to occasionally take in the Hidden Sage's indoctrination, but they mustn't fully believe in Him. His state is precarious.”

After incinerating the letter, Lumian contemplated for a moment and decided to “teleport” back to Trier to inform Franca in person and avert any potential mishaps.

Trier, nestled within the Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai.

As Lumian materialized, Franca and Jenna were engrossed in perusing a stack of ancient information from an unknown source.

“Hey, could you 'teleport' outside and knock? It's quite startling when you suddenly appear like that!” Franca nearly tensed the formless spider silk she'd permanently set up in the room.

Lumian chuckled and remarked, “With a Witch's spiritual perception, what's the difference between me 'teleporting' outside the door and appearing in the living room?”

“Why the sudden return?” Franca paused before asking, “Madame Magician said you could share about that matter?”

“What's going on?” Jenna queried, looking puzzled.

She stood up and prepared to leave.

“Yes,” Lumian replied to Franca's question, but he made no attempt to stop Jenna from leaving.

Nor did Franca intervene.

Once Jenna had retreated to her bedroom, Lumian turned to Franca and disclosed, “When they discussed the wilderness dream, it made me recall the voices and visions I encountered in Fourth Epoch Trier. They're connected to the Celestial Master!”

#### Chapter 547 Source of Familiarity

“Is this related to the Celestial Master?” Franca's interest piqued.

Confusion enveloped her.

“In the Fourth Epoch Trier, what did you see or hear that we didn't?”

Everyone had been together unless it was before they met, but Jenna should have been aware!

Without pausing for Lumian's response, Franca contemplated for a moment and suggested, “Could it be the aftereffects of using the Eye of Truth?”

She recalled Lumian's abnormal behavior during that time.

“Yes, that's right.” Lumian nodded, pulled up a chair, and settled down. He described the collision of two rocks, sparks flying, and the ensuing blaze that engulfed dry leaves and withered branches, amid echoing voices chanting “Celestial Master.”

The more Franca listened, the more her focus intensified. Uncharacteristically, she refrained from interrupting.

As she listened, her gaze gradually shifted, seemingly lost in reminiscence and distant thought.

Once Lumian finished recounting, Franca remained motionless for what felt like an eternity, frozen like a mechanical doll paused mid-action.

After several seconds, she abruptly straightened up, pinched her nose, and forced a smile.

“As anticipated, the Celestial Master is part of our world.

“The fragments of civilization you received bear a striking resemblance to some aspects of my country's history, yet there are differences... Could it be the true history concealed beneath the surface?”

“The Celestial Master is attempting to interfere and breach into this world, wielding significant influence over the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways, much like the way the Celestial Worthy affects Seers, Apprentices, and Marauders?”

“Could the depravity among some of the monks in the Deep Valley Cloister and the peculiar state of the Hidden Sage be linked to the Celestial Master?”

Franca's thoughts crystallized as she spoke, her eyes sparkling like a serene lake.

“That's my hunch too,” Lumian concurred with Franca.

Franca rose and paced, seemingly alone, contemplating how to follow this trail and unveil the truth behind the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society's transmigration.

After a few minutes, she muttered to herself, “The connection between the two worlds is stronger than I expected. It's not just through the River Styx...”

“We should still be able to find many traces of the interaction between the two worlds...”

Franca halted her pacing and fixed her gaze on Lumian.

“When we grow stronger and amass enough gold, I want you to summon Chen Tu again, the Armored Shadow. He should possess some insight into the Celestial Master.”

“Alright,” Lumian agreed.

Franca lapsed into silence once more, her mind retracing an unknown memory.

A few moments later, she produced four brass metal plates and handed them to Lumian.

“The Language Comprehension charms you wanted. The one with the most intricate patterns allows you to understand the languages of the Southern Continent. The others are for the ancient Feysac language family. The activation incantation is the word 'knowledge' in ancient Hermes.”

She and the Bear had completed the delivery through Madame Hela's messenger. The other party proved quite efficient.

After Lumian handed Franca the money, he “teleported” out of Trier and back to Port Santa.

In the hushed aftermath, Jenna cautiously opened the bedroom door and stuck her head out.

“Has Lumian left?”

“Yes,” Franca replied, her emotions subdued.

Jenna glanced at her but didn't press for more information. Instead, she redirected the conversation to the stack of information related to the underground tomb.

Late at night.

Franca returned to her room.

Glancing at the small analyzer, the accompanying typewriter, and the radio transceiver, she didn't sit down to chat as usual. Instead, she climbed into bed.

Sitting in the middle of the bed, leaning against the pillow, hugging her legs and curling up, Franca's gaze unfocused on the crimson moon and stars outside the window.

Lumian's words today plunged her into nostalgia, but the more her emotions fluctuated, the less she wanted to reveal vulnerability. She endured it, pretending to have recovered.

Only when solitude enveloped her, as the night fell silent and the seemingly eternal stars adorned the sky, did she shed her thick "armor" and sink deep into her emotions.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Franca lowered her head, burying her face between her knees.

That night, she delved into a multitude of dreams. Broad shoulders carried her as a child, a touch of white hair at the temples, dishes not particularly delicious but always suited her tastes. Pure emotions of her youth, memories of being the "atmosphere livening machine," and her "broadminded" self all danced in fragmented sequences...

As her two decades unfolded in her dreams, she unknowingly opened her eyes, feeling the coldness on her face. Reluctant to move, she lingered in the moment.

Suddenly, a recollection struck her.

Back on the fourth level of the catacombs, she and Jenna had encountered a man who seemed strangely familiar.

Initially, she believed that the original owner of her body had encountered him. Now, the reason for his familiarity became clear.

The man bore an uncanny resemblance to someone from her home country before transmigration!

Despite altering his appearance to thwart immediate recognition, Franca was now certain that his facial features differed from those she had encountered in this world. Softer, less chiseled!

With a mix of fear and excitement, Franca sat up and pondered, Could it be that, aside from us transmigrating souls, there are others who physically transmigrated? Or has someone mastered the ability to freely traverse between both worlds?

After breakfast, Lumian stepped into the master bedroom's washroom and retrieved a low-level Language Comprehension charm from his Traveler's Bag.

"Knowledge," he whispered in ancient Hermes.

The brass-like charm ignited with bluish-green flames and swiftly vanished.

Instantly, Lumian felt an abnormal clarity in his mind, as if an avalanche of additional knowledge had flooded in, unveiling the structural origins and connections of numerous words.

Today's agenda: a visit to the oldest fishing village, perhaps meeting the Governor of the Sea. Mastering Highlander in secret seemed imperative to avoid missing crucial clues!

The charm's effects would last for seven days.

Leaving the bedroom, Lumian took Ludwig and Lugano to 21 Saint Lana Street in a rental carriage, where they met Martha, the matriarch of the Paco family.

Martha didn't look like she was in her sixties, with only faint wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, appearing more in her early fifties based on her eyes, nose, mouth, and brows. Her features retained a unique charm.

At that moment, the old lady with grayish-black hair and light-blue eyes wore a black, widow-like dress and a dark, old-styled bonnet. Pale-faced, she was supported by two young maids as they boarded a four-wheeled, four-

seater carriage.

“Monsieur Berry, I'll be relying on you,” Rubi3 Paco nodded at Lumian beside the carriage.

He was to accompany his mother to Milo Village to meet the Governor of the Sea.

Lumian directed Ludwig to Giorgia.

“Please keep an eye on him until I return from Milo Village.”

Rubi3 translated this time.

Giorgia smiled and replied, “Don't worry, I'll make sure there's plenty of food.”

She had already realized that this boy had the appetite of two or three adults, but as the godson of a great adventurer, it was understandable that he was special.

Lumian wasn't concerned about Ludwig's treatment in the Paco household. He feigned his understanding of Highlander and waited for Lugano's translation before saying, “A meal every two hours.”

With that, he sat on the right side of the carriage driver and didn't enter the carriage. Seeing this, Lugano had no choice but to choose the seat to the left of the carriage driver.

Before doing so, he diligently translated Lumian's final instructions.

Although he didn't know what would happen if Ludwig starved, he felt that it wouldn't be good, so he emphasized it twice.

As the carriage set off, Giorgia processed the translation.

“A meal every two hours? Two hours?”

The Paco family's carriage rolled along the grayish-white stone-paved street. Lumian leaned against the carriage wall, retracted his right leg, and stepped on the edge of the carriage driver's seat.

Lugano glanced at him, feeling a bit uneasy.

A seasoned bounty hunter, Lugano sensed something awry in this seemingly ordinary mission that prompted Rubi3 to assist his employer in hiding in Milo Village.

His heart raced as he observed armed pedestrians on the street, fearing an imminent attack from the crowd.

Under the October sun still blazing in Port Santa, the streets, damp from the previous night's heavy rain, hadn't completely dried. Lugano yearned to reach Milo Village quickly.

Glancing at Lumian, he noticed that Lumian had narrowed his eyes. Lowering his straw hat, Lumian seemed to be peacefully napping, showing no signs of nervousness.

Phew... With a powerhouse like him around, there shouldn't be a problem... Lugano silently reassured himself.

The carriage headed north, leaving Port Santa and reaching a village nestled against the Dariège mountain range, overlooking the azure sea.

Fishing boats set off, accompanied by the resonant singing and chirping of seabirds.

Milo Village's buildings exuded a historic feel. Brown, yellow, and beige stone-brick outer walls, blackened at the lower half, gave them character. Though the wooden components had been replaced, weeds still clung.

A small cathedral belonging to Earth Mother stood near the mountain, and facing the fishing village dock was the Governor of the Sea's residence.

The four-story building, with a white backing and gray bricks, resembled a cathedral and a sacrificial ground more than a human residence.

As they arrived safely at their destination, Lugano sighed in relief and jumped off the carriage. Two maids supported Madame Martha as they headed toward the Governor of the Sea's building, accompanied by Rubió Paco.

Suddenly, Lugano heard his employer's voice.

“Take a look at what's wrong with that old lady.”

Uh... Lugano glanced at Lumian, who had appeared beside him, wearing a golden straw hat. He raised his hand and gently tapped his forehead, activating his Spirit Vision.

Observing Madame Martha's back for a few seconds after she entered the Governor of the Sea's residence, he frowned and said, “Most notably is the excessive loss of blood and weak vitality...”

Lugano hesitated before concluding, “It doesn't look like illness. It looks more like an injury.”

## Chapter 548 Governor of the Sea

Injured? Injured by the humanoid lizard? Lumian made a casual guess after hearing Lugano's judgment.

He stood by the carriage, his gaze naturally surveying the surroundings of the Governor of the Sea's residence.

The location was close to the fishing village's docks, with boats sailing into the sea and fishing nets secured to the reefs. Around nearby houses, women were busy processing seafood, turning them into salted fish and jerky. Children ran along various village roads, playing games.

Though different from Cordu, the essence of the scene remained similar.

In front of the Governor of the Sea's residence stretched a sizable square where Lumian and the others awaited Madame Martha, Rubi3 Paco, and their emergence.

Children gathered in a corner, arranging numerous shells and engaging in an acting game.

The eldest, dressed in a linen shirt, declared, "I'm the Governor of the Sea!"

"I'll be the guard!"

"I'm the mother," the other children replied.

The youngest hopped around, asking, "What about me? What about me?"

The child playing the role of the Governor of the Sea pondered for a moment and said, "You can be the Child of the Sea."

Child of the Sea? What's that? Lumian, though not looking, listened intently to the children's discussion.

These kids may not understand many terms, but their lack of confidentiality made them unwitting carriers of information. The adults in Milo Village wouldn't be overly vigilant against such young children, who might inadvertently reveal details remembered in their daily games.

Recalling his experiences in Cordu, Lumian recognized the value of sounding out children and playing games with them. It was a subtle way to glean insights into family matters.

After absorbing the children's discussions and gauging the time, Lumian adjusted his golden straw hat and headed straight for the Governor of the Sea's residence.

Lugano was taken aback and swiftly followed Lumian.

Two "guards" in brownish-green shirts and pants, each armed with a rifle, blocked the entrance of the cathedral and sacrificial ground, fixing their gaze on Lumian.

"Halt!" the "guards" shouted.

Undeterred, Lumian continued forward, speaking in Intisian nonchalantly, "I don't understand what you're saying."

With a swoosh, the two "guards" raised their rifles, aiming at the outsider in the golden straw hat.

Lugano hurriedly translated, "They won't let you in."

Ignoring his guide, Lumian neither sped up nor slowed down as he approached the white building with gray bricks.

A cold glint flickered in the blue eyes of the two "guards" as they squeezed their triggers.

At that moment, the outsider in the golden straw hat vanished from their sight.

He melded into the sunlit shadows of the governor's residence.

In the next instant, Lumian reappeared from a shadow in the foyer behind them and continued walking.

It was as if the distance between them had been erased.

The two “guards,” with keen senses, quickly turned around, peering behind them. However, Lumian had already entered the building, leaving the foyer.

Outside, Lugano stood in a daze, uncertain whether to take the risk of following and acting as a translator or to prioritize his own safety.

After passing through the foyer, Lumian suddenly noticed the space ahead darkening. The dome, just over ten meters tall, emanated an inaccessible aura. Aqublue walls adorned with various reliefs caught his eye. Unlike the typical statues of Angels and Saints, these depicted objects from the sea

—  
starfish, corals, numerous fish, lobsters, and crabs.

Simultaneously, Lumian sensed the reliefs coming to life, casting a dangerous gaze at him.

No, they weren't alive. The building itself seemed alive, instinctively rejecting intruders and exerting layers of pressure.

Lumian's steps instantly became heavy, as if burdened by hundreds of kilograms of food.

Within his field of vision, Martha, the Paco family's matriarch, knelt diagonally on the ground with her legs crossed. Rubió Paco stood at a distance. The two maids also knelt, their backs turned towards the entrance hall, as if unwilling to look at a certain important figure.

Directly opposite the high dome lay a “carpet” made of fish skin. A young man in a retro white robe reclined on it, propping himself up with his elbows as he quietly observed Martha.

Four other beautiful women adorned the “carpet.” One knelt behind the lad, serving as his cushion. Another peeled late-ripened grapes and delicately fed them to the lad. The remaining two held trays with alcohol, food, and towels, each standing in a separate spot. Their pregnant bellies were unmistakably visible, radiating a maternal glow.

Upon Lumian's sudden entrance, the lad appeared alarmed, sitting up straight and seeking solace in the embrace of the woman behind him.

Sensing the abnormality, Rubió turned around and saw the adventurer he had hired, Louis Berry.

His pupils dilated slightly as he urgently spoke in Intisian, “Why did you come in?”

Only then did Lumian pause and smile.

“I'm a professional adventurer. You've been inside for too long. I'm worried something might happen.”

As he spoke, Lumian sensed dangerous gazes from various parts of the building.

Rubió fell silent for a moment before saying, “Don't worry. Just wait outside for us to come out.”

“Alright,” Lumian chuckled, turned around, and sauntered into the foyer, acting as if the dangerous gazes didn't exist.

Back in the foyer, he faced the two “guards” and their rifles without giving them a glance as he walked past.



The expressions of the “guards” shifted, but they refrained from firing, allowing Lumian to exit the Governor of the Sea's residence.

Lugano breathed a sigh of relief, grateful he wouldn't be hunted down by the people of Milo Village.

Despite being a Beyonder, facing more than one armed soldier still made him uneasy.

Glancing at Lumian, he hesitated to ask why his employer insisted on barging in.

Lumian settled back beside the carriage driver, tucking in his legs with one bent and the other extended, allowing his right arm to rest on it.

After nearly ten minutes, Rubi3 Paco and his mother, Martha, emerged from the cathedral-like building.

Rubi3 took a deep look at Lumian and said, “Let's go. The Governor of the Sea has agreed to let my mother receive treatment at the Church.”

Is that lad the current Governor of the Sea? He looked weak and appeared panicked. How can he protect Port Santa's fishermen and sea merchants for a year? Or does he lack abilities but possess a special symbol? Did the April Fool's prank cause an accident at last year's sea prayer ritual? This Governor of the Sea might have failed to receive the sea's boon or appointment, but the Fisheries Guild members conceal the matter to avoid causing panic, treating him as the real Governor of the Sea. He must know about what happened back then... Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

He smiled and asked Rubi3 in Intisian, “Then, should we thank Earth Mother for Her love and care or the Governor's approval?”

Rubi3 didn't respond and followed his mother, Martha, into the carriage.

Lugano hurriedly took a seat on the other side of the carriage driver, watching as the horse circled around and changed direction, gradually departing from the Governor of the Sea's residence.

Phew... Lugano sighed from the bottom of his heart.

This commission doesn't seem dangerous...

Apart from his employer insisting on barging into the Governor of the Sea's residence, there were no surprises.

Lumian chuckled and remarked, “That's because I'm here. If it were just you, those hidden observers might have already come knocking.”

Lugano fell silent, observing as his employer pointed at the Governor of the Sea's mansion, resembling a cathedral, and uttered a phrase in Highlander word by word.

“What. Will happen if. Blown up?”

Lugano shuddered, his hair standing on end.

He glanced at the astonished carriage driver and advised his employer in Intisian, “You'll probably be hunted down by the entire Port Santa.”

Lumian smiled and averted his gaze, remaining silent.

Only then did Lugano realize.

His employer was testing someone!

Why else would he use Highlander, a language he hadn't mastered yet?

He was testing the reactions of the carriage driver and Madame Martha in the carriage!

Listening to Martha and Rubió's conversation, Lumian noted the mother and son barely spoke during the journey, perhaps due to Martha's poor health, with occasional moans of pain.

As the carriage left Milo Village, the driver suddenly pulled the reins, stopping the horses.

An old man with a black cane had appeared in front of the carriage.

With dark and white hair, eyes as blue as the sea, and wearing common fishermen's clothes, the wrinkled face of the old man could have killed a mosquito with its folds.

"Mr. Oro..." the carriage driver whispered, his expression tense, uncertain how to react.

Juan Oro? Lumian thought. The president of the Fisheries Guild and the former village chief of Milo Village?

Supported by a young man resembling him, Juan Oro approached the Paco family's carriage with his cane.

In the carriage, Rubió and Martha remained silent.

At that moment, a revolver appeared on Juan Oro's forehead, pressing the cold muzzle against his flesh.

Lumian raised his chin slightly and looked at the president of the Fisheries Guild. With a calm expression, he asked, "Who allowed you to approach this carriage?"

## Chapter 549 True Purpose

The young man supporting Juan Oro glanced up at Lumian, who sat beside the carriage driver with one leg bent, the other propped up. His eyes blazed with undisguised anger.

The carriage driver jumped in fright and desperately tried to distance himself from Lumian. However, with a horse in front of him and Lugano on his left, dodging proved impossible in his haste.

Lugano swallowed hard, blaming his employer for being overly aggressive.

Is he trying to imitate Gehrman Sparrow?

But his employer hadn't exhibited such madness before; instead, he seemed intelligent!

Juan Oro, an elderly man with mottled black hair, seemed oblivious to the revolver pointed at his forehead. He turned his head, stepped aside from the firearm, and continued forward.

Observing this, Lumian pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Bang!

A yellow bullet shot from the revolver, heading straight for the side of Juan Oro's head.

At some point, a palm intercepted the bullet, causing it to decelerate and spin. The bullet landed in the palm, feeling as if it had fallen into a thick swamp.

The wide, bronzed hand belonged to the young man supporting Juan Oro. He glared at Lumian, his lips curling in disdain. Then, he bellowed, "Have you lost your mind?"

Before he could finish, fiery crimson orbs, nearly white in hue, materialized right in front of him, barely a meter away. They surrounded him in a blaze.

Almost instantly, Lumian felt as though he'd been ripped from reality. The carriage disappeared from beneath him, the ground vanished from his sight, and he found himself in an endless void of darkness.

The crimson fireballs, almost white, were controlled by an unseen force and changed direction, hurtling down from their original path.

Rumble!

They collided with the roadside dozens of meters away, carving deep, massive craters.

The horses, startled, reared up, neighing in terror. The carriage driver instinctively pulled at the reins, struggling to calm the panicked animals.

The "illusion" Lumian experienced dissolved with the explosion. He saw Juan Oro and the lad again.

Juan Oro, deeply wrinkled with his beard and hair standing on end, lifted his black cane and growled in a low voice, "Have you had enough?"

Lumian grinned and raised his revolver once more, aiming it at the president of the Fisheries Guild.

At that moment, Rubi3 Paco's voice echoed from the rear carriage.

"Let them through," he spoke in Intisian.

Only then did Lumian lower his arm and offer a smile in Intisian.

"My employer says you're free to pass."

He acted as if he couldn't comprehend Juan Oro and the lad's Highlander.

Juan Oro observed him for a moment before shifting his attention. Using his cane, he circled around to the side of the carriage. The lad supporting him shot a glare at Lumian, but he was at a loss for cuss words since Lumian couldn't understand.

Juan Oro glanced at the window and calmly inquired, "Martha, I heard you're not feeling well?"

"Yes," the old lady weakly replied through the glass.

Juan Oro nodded.

"Has the Governor given you permission to seek treatment? Do you need my help in pleading your case?"

"He's already given permission," Rubi3 replied on behalf of his mother.

"That's good." Juan Oro nodded slightly and didn't press further.

He turned and slowly walked toward the building housing the Governor of the Sea's residence, using his cane as a crutch.

The young man supporting him shot a final glare at Lumian before refocusing on the old man.

Lumian adjusted his posture, acting as if nothing had transpired. He said to Lugano, "The carriage can continue forward."

Lugano snapped out of his daze and quickly directed the startled carriage driver to soothe the horses and exit Milo Village as soon as possible.

Without any issues, they made their way back to 21 Saint Lana Street.

Lumian retrieved Ludwig, his mouth still glistening with oil, from Giorgia and smiled at Rubió Paco.

"Remember your promise. Otherwise..."

He smiled and left the statement hanging.

"Don't worry," Rubió replied in Intisian.

After Louis Berry, his godson, and the interpreter departed, Giorgia sighed in relief and glanced at her husband.

"I've never seen a child eat so much. He must be abnormal!"

"Otherwise, Louis Berry wouldn't have let him stay with us so easily," Rubió responded, unfazed.

Aquina Street, Solow Motel.

After shutting the door, Lugano couldn't resist asking Lumian, "W-why were you so aggressive? He's the president of the Port Santa Fisheries Guild, a big shot. And, we're in Milo Village!"

He suspected his employer had some hidden agenda.

Lumian gave his guide a glance and grinned.

"Why else? When making a scene in public, it's unlikely both parties can go all out. It's the perfect chance to test them, see what they're made of. Trying it under the cover of night, when no one cares about the Earth Mother Church's authority and the Feynapotter government? That would be way too risky."

If Lumian had discovered that Juan Oro had godlike powers, he'd need to act quickly and call for backup!

"Ah, I see..." Lugano had an epiphany.

His employer's craziness was just a facade. Every radical move had an ulterior motive!

But why is he in Port Santa? Is he planning something during the sea prayer ritual? Why target people from the Fisheries Guild?

That sounds very dangerous!

Should I resign early and forget about the remaining paycheck?

Lumian observed the silent interpreter and strolled over to a reclining chair in the living room, settling in with a smile. He leaned back and relaxed.

What he'd told Lugano was just one layer of the motivations behind his recent actions—the most surface-level one.

Most importantly, Lumian aimed to send a clear message with his radical actions:

He was in Port Santa to investigate the sea prayer ritual, unafraid of the Fisheries Guild or Milo Village. He possessed the strength and courage to back it up!

Breaking into the Governor of the Sea's residence or casually pointing a gun at Juan Oro's head and firing—all of it was to convey this information.

Lumian believed there were dissatisfied people in Port Santa regarding the Fisheries Guild's sea prayer ritual. After all, the primary beneficiaries were fishermen, sea merchants, and those in related industries, not representative of the entire Port Santa population.

For instance, even though the Church of Earth Mother and the Port Santa government had allowed the Fisheries Guild autonomy and excluded outsiders from involvement, someone bold enough to investigate, regardless of consequences, might tempt others. Could they silently or even covertly support this person to stir up trouble for their benefit?

Likewise, the beneficiaries wouldn't be united. Some gaining meant others losing; the powerful had jealous rivals. While not wanting the sea prayer ritual to end, they likely desired those in power to suffer and vacate their positions.

Lumian, by setting up a flag to investigate the sea prayer ritual and displaying decisiveness, steadfastness, and strength, didn't need to painstakingly gather clues. From his residence, he could receive various pieces of information, openly and covertly, and compare them to determine authenticity.

For an outsider with limited time, this was the fastest and most effective way to uncover the entire sea prayer ritual process and the truth about last year's accident.

For the key member of April Fool's lurking in the shadows, possibly setting a trap, this was a strategic move to draw attention to adventurer Louis Berry and raise suspicion.

In due time, armed with the acquired information and discovered clues, Lumian had a chance to expose them through their own trap.

Of course, the main drawback of this plan was its relative danger. Putting himself in the spotlight was a risk, but in the pursuit of prey, risks were inevitable. Moreover, Lumian had plenty of allies.

As these thoughts raced through Lumian's mind, he realized that becoming a Conspirer had given him a clearer understanding of the situation and the conflicts between various groups. Using a term favored by Aurore, he developed a deeper insight into conspiracies: “The most brilliant conspiracy is an open conspiracy!”

This became a key principle for his future acting.

Around 2 p.m., Lumian spotted his messenger, Penitent Baynfel, emerging from the void and handing him a letter.

Puzzled, he asked, “Who's it from?”

Haven't those he needed to communicate with already been reached?

“It's from the tall Demoness,” Baynfel replied.

What's up with Franca again? Lumian took the letter and began reading.

The man she and Jenna encountered on the fourth level of the catacombs is suspected to be from the world where the Celestial Master resides—the world before her transmigration? Lumian's pupils dilated slightly.

This was different from the members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society; they had transmigrated through their souls, but these individuals had brought their bodies over!

In the midst of his surprise, Lumian pondered a crucial question.

Why would someone like that venture into the fourth level of the catacombs?

Was it because the Samaritan Women's Spring lay sealed there, along with the River Styx's overflowing water that bridged the two worlds?

Had similar individuals entered our world before? If so, why hadn't they left any trace like Emperor Roselle and the other transmigrators?

Franca and Jenna's expedition to the fourth level of the catacombs appears laden with coincidences. Not only did they uncover a new Mirror World Fragment, but they also encountered such a person.

After penning a letter to Franca, Lumian was about to request Lugano to translate today's newspapers when footsteps echoed from the corridor.

His eyebrows twitched as he pulled up an armchair, facing the door.

Knock, knock, knock. A few seconds later, a knock resounded on their suite's door.

“Who is it?” Lugano inquired.

A mature and gentle voice floated from beyond the door.

“I'm Noelia of the Fertility Order.”

Upon hearing this name, Lumian leaned back slightly and offered a smile.

He sensed that his digestion of the Conspirer potion had progressed a bit further.

## Chapter 550 Effects of the Sea Prayer Ritual

Lumian hesitated, embodying the character of the adventurer—Louis Berry—grappling with the unfamiliarity of Highlander.

Once Lugano finished translating Noelia's words, he nodded gently, sporting a welcoming smile as he spoke in Intisian, “Come in, please.”

Simultaneously, he rose from his seat.

Lugano, who had already reached the door, opened it.

The figure outside indeed proved to be Noelia, the combat nun of the Fertility Order. Contrary to expectation, she wasn't cloaked in black or adorned with religious headwear. Her thick, black, curly hair flowed over her brown leather armor, and her lively light-blue eyes exuded energy.

Lumian noticed the pair of straight swords strapped to Noelia's back and the revolver at her waist. Smiling, he stepped forward.

“Thank you for your assistance.”

Previously dependent on Lugano's translation, Noelia replied in Intisian, “How did you know I was here to help?”

Lumian didn't conceal his intentions for today's performance. He raised his hand, pointing at his head, indicating deduction.

Of course, his gratitude stemmed from her aid in digesting the Conspirer potion.

Noelia's thick eyebrows twitched approvingly as she nodded.

Then, she turned her gaze to Lugano and Ludwig, as if seeking Lumian's opinion on whether to have them leave. Lugano's expression made it clear he preferred not to be part of it.

Sparing Lugano, Lumian gestured for him to take Ludwig outside, perhaps for street snacks.

After the two departed the suite, Lumian remarked to Noelia, “You actually know Intisian. You didn't say a word of it earlier.”

Noelia replied with a smile, “We often take turns guarding the mountain passes in the southern foothills of the Pyraez mountain range.”

The Pyraez range, termed by the Feynapotter Kingdom, referred to the Dariège mountain range. Shepherds frequently traversed it, entering the plains and pastures of Gaia and other provinces.

Without awaiting Lumian's further inquiry, Noelia tucked her hair behind her ear and grinned.

“It's impolite to have a lady standing and chatting with you.”

Only then did Lumian invite Noelia to sit on the divan while he chose the armchair.

Noelia gazed at him and continued, “Port Santa's sea prayer ritual dates back to the late Fourth Epoch. It's over a thousand years old and can be considered ancient. The Church once purged it, relocating all relevant insiders and purifying all participants. However, less than a hundred years later, someone here began secretly conducting the sea prayer ritual again.”

She didn't explain why she shared this history; it seemed like she was merely recounting.

“They didn't continue purging it afterward?” Lumian inquired.

Noelia pursed her red lips and replied with a solemn expression, “In this matter, the brass's orders are often contradictory. Sometimes, they let our Fertility Order handle it; other times, they signal us to observe for a while. All of this has been permitted by a second-in-command Blessed.”

Lumian, drawing knowledge from Madam Magician, the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, and other sources, had come to understand that the Earth Mother Church operated on two major systems: Favored and Blessed. Favored referred to Beyonders of the Earth and Moon pathways among clergymen. Meanwhile, Blessed encompassed Beyonders of other pathways favored by the

Earth Mother. Orders from a Favored required at least one second-in-command Blessed to be valid. Without this, they risked being considered products of the influence of evil gods and demons.

Lumian found the Earth Mother Church's intricate system perplexing, seemingly designed to guard against the Favored. Nevertheless, he believed that there must be a reason behind such complexity.

Having undergone numerous experiences, he became increasingly aware that seemingly inconspicuous rules in the mystical world often held lessons etched in blood.

After a moment of contemplation, Lumian inquired, "Are you a Favored or a Blessed?"

"I'm a Blessed," Noelia replied without delving into the specifics of her pathway.

Lumian nodded slightly, indicating for her to continue.

Noelia smiled and sighed.

"After a long period of repetition, we eventually reached an unspoken agreement to allow the sea prayer ritual. At the very least, it brought prosperity to Port Santa without causing social chaos or significant disruptions beyond the participants.

"That decision was made ages ago, and while ancient dossiers provide a rough understanding, the exact reasons convincing matriarchs, presidents, and archbishops remain elusive. Essentially, the sea prayer ritual has evolved into a traditional folklore in Port Santa, fostering prosperity in maritime trade and fisheries."

Crossing her arms over her chest, Noelia intoned with piety, "Life's precious embrace, the harvest's grace."

Lumian, intrigued, narrowed his eyes and inquired, "Why did you change the prayer gesture?"

Is there a problem?

Noelia opened her eyes and grinned.

"This was a gesture frequently used in the past, but as Earth Mother regained some lost authority, we adopted a new posture for formal occasions."

She rose, positioning her legs slightly apart, hands raised high, and passionately explained to Louis Berry as if preaching.

"The feet connect to the benevolent earth, and the palms reach towards the spiritual sky. In the middle resides the light of life. This is the domain of the Mother of All Things."

One can regain some of Their lost authority? Lumian was puzzled, but that wasn't the focal point.

Noelia settled back into her seat and continued, "While we haven't deciphered the core process of the sea prayer ritual, years of surveillance have yielded some insights.

"The Governor of the Sea, who successfully gains the sea's favor, wields the power to control this stretch of the sea, preventing shipwrecks. However, this seemingly comes at the cost of their lives and something more. Simultaneously, the ritual triggers



rapid reproduction and thriving life in the area, ensuring fishermen a bountiful harvest. It also intertwines with fate; families with Maidens of the Sea in their lineage tend to experience good fortune, not just due to preferential treatment.”

The sea prayer ritual's effects are intricate, wielding the power of the sea domain and influencing fate, reproduction, and abundance... Lumian struggled to grasp the reasons behind these occurrences.

Noelia peered into Lumian's face, her eyes bright yet gentle, and said, “The committee members of the Fisheries Guild, some villagers from Milo Village, and participants in the core process of the sea prayer ritual have all acquired mystical powers. We once confronted the little devils you encountered. When pursuing certain criminals, we discovered them transformed into lizard-like monsters.”

Humanoid lizards? Similar to the Paco family's? Lumian hadn't anticipated obtaining any clues from Noelia.

Noelia smiled.

“Later, we found a commonality among those who can transform into lizard-like monsters.”

“What is it?” Lumian couldn't conceal his curiosity.

Noelia replied with a faint smile, “Their mothers were once Maidens of the Sea.”

Maidens of the Sea's children? Child of the Sea? Which of Rubi6's siblings did I kill? Not only did he transform into a humanoid lizard, but he also went mad and severely injured his mother? Lumian swiftly connected the dots, sensing he had grasped the essence of the Paco family's commission.

Yet, confusion crept in.

If this information is known to families with Maidens of the Sea, why would the Paco family conceal it from Juan Oro and other committee members in the Fisheries Guild?

Noelia didn't seek his thoughts and teased, “After confirming the link between the lizard-like monsters and the sea prayer ritual, we intentionally alerted the Fisheries Guild committee members. Since then, no such criminals have surfaced. They show discipline and restraint. This is why, at times, I understand why the brass tacitly permit the sea prayer ritual in Port Santa. The participants are more obedient and easily controlled compared to adventurers like you.”

Noelia implied: “I just advised you to stay away from the Fisheries Guild. Yet, the next day, you stormed into the Governor of the Sea's residence, pointing a gun at Juan Oro's head. That's much more troublesome than those involved with the sea prayer ritual!”

Lumian smiled, choosing not to comment.

Noelia pondered for a moment, locking eyes with him.

“I'm not sure why you're investigating the sea prayer ritual, and I don't want to know. What I can say is, if your actions endanger all of Port Santa, we will step in and expel you. With that condition, we might offer some assistance.”

Lumian picked up the straw hat beside him and pressed it against his chest.

“It would be an honor.”

Noelia left the Earth Mother Church's objectives in this matter unspoken, and Lumian chose not to delve into it.

The combat nun of the Fertility Order rose, making her way toward the door.

With her left hand on the handle, she abruptly turned around, her eyes sparkling as she asked with a smile, “Do you want to have a child here?”

Lumian was taken aback.

“Madame, aren't you changing the subject too quickly?”

Noelia's eyes held a maternal glint as she said with pity, “According to our assessment, the sea prayer ritual is at least as dangerous as a Saint or a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact when fully utilized for a short period. I don't know what you're up to, but once you're involved in this matter, you can't escape just because you want to.

“Before that, have you considered leaving a descendant for yourself? I can help you.”

Are your Earth Mother Church's combat nuns way of inviting someone to a one-night stand so special? Lumian was momentarily speechless.

Noelia spoke sincerely, “Descendants are the continuation of our lives. Flowers wither and fall to the ground, only to bloom into a more brilliant scenery the next year. Are you really not considering having a descendant?”

“Not for now,” Lumian replied with a cold expression.

Noelia expressed regret, “Whenever you think it through, come to me.”

With that, she opened the door and walked out.