

## Inevitability 581

Chapter 581 Gap

Upon witnessing the descent of the thick bluish-green vines, Lumian marveled as if a real carriage could traverse their expanse. It felt like a journey back to a scene from a few years ago when he would listen to his sister's nighttime fairy tales.

The dazzling, dreamlike scene and boundless imagination seemed to materialize in reality at that very moment.

Ultraman Lato Guiaro sensed imminent danger.

The individual capable of such an effect couldn't be a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder; they had to be a Saint who had unlocked the door to godhood. Perhaps even beyond Sequence 4!

Another formidable demigod had entered the scene!

Who could it be? Where had they emerged from?

This certainly wasn't Gandalf. While others might be unaware, Loki had thoroughly investigated the president of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, discovering he was a Beyonder of the Warrior pathway—a Warrior who had a penchant for research and mysticism.

In the blink of an eye, Lato Guiaro spotted a black shadow racing down the thick green vines. It was an enormous pumpkin drawn by numerous gray mice.

A hole atop the orange pumpkin resembled a coach. Within, a vaguely discernible woman sat, adorned in a purple robe, with crystalline heels adorning her feet.

A pumpkin coach, mice-drawn carriage, crystal heels—WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT!?! Who could it be? Lato Guiaro's pupils dilated, and he couldn't help but inwardly curse with the same words he used most frequently before transmigration.

Isn't that Cinderella?

Did Roselle actually pen this fairy tale? Why hadn't it gained traction, remaining unknown to most?

For a fleeting moment, Lato Guiaro grappled with uncertainty, unable to discern whether the newcomer was a demigod aligned with another faction or a concealed powerhouse within the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society.

Regaining his composure, he cursed his ill fortune and prepared himself for a confrontation with the enigmatic demigod.

Luckily, being the Governor of the Sea, he could at least temporarily impede the other party in these aquatic surroundings.

Prior to the impending clash, Ultraman Lato Guiaro turned his gaze towards Mad Lady.

He didn't have time to speak, but his eyes expressed the unspoken message: "Hurry up! No time for games!"

Mad Lady swiftly grasped Ultraman's urgency and, with a blink, positioned herself at the entrance of the energy passageway. However, instead of materializing precisely there, she outlined her presence.

This decision was prompted by the sudden appearance of Mr. K and Lumian, seemingly having “teleported” nearby, with their sights set on the energy passageway's entrance.

Splash!

Whether from the imposing weight of the humanoid Sealed Artifact or Lato Guiaro raising his right arm, conjuring a mountainous azure wave, the water around the cave visibly swayed, teetering on the brink of collapse.

In that critical moment, “Cinderella,” seated in the pumpkin carriage, pushed open the door and rose to her feet.

She extended her arms, and a massive iron-black cross materialized behind her.

The weight of the cross proved challenging for “Cinderella” to bear, as though it carried the concentrated sins of the entire world.

A cross? Ultraman Lato Guiaro was caught off guard as an empty room materialized before him.

Within the room, candlelight flickered, revealing a long table adorned with flesh and blood.

On either side of the table, three obscure figures hunched over, gnawing and feasting on a gruesome banquet.

Abruptly, the three figures turned their heads, fixing their gaze upon Lato Guiaro.

He stood frozen, as if their gazes had penetrated his deepest secrets, dismantling them into the essential components of spirit and flesh.

A chilling sensation surged from the depths of Lato Guiaro's heart, immediately alerting him to an intense and terrifying malice.

However, the source of this malevolence wasn't the newly arrived demigod but the silver-gray behemoth trapped at the sea's bottom—the very spaceship Lato Guiaro sought to obtain harbored ill intentions towards him!

In the blink of an eye, the silver-gray behemoth retracted its authority.

Lato Guiaro's status as the Governor of the Sea plummeted. Despite gaining a new boon, he couldn't ascend to the demigod level.

The spaceship had betrayed him.

This treachery was a result of the spell Cinderella had just unleashed—the Feast of Betrayal. Its purpose was to temporarily awaken or bestow intelligence on a target item, compelling it to commit an act of “betrayal.”

Lato Guiaro had seamlessly melded with the surrounding waters, harnessing the authority of the Governor of the Sea on a temporary basis. The spaceship now stood as an entity he had yet to fully master.

Objects beyond his full control were prime candidates for betrayal!

“Cinderella” astutely sensed this vulnerability, initiating the Feast of Betrayal from the outset.

Simultaneously, the sealed environment provided the perfect conditions for her to unleash this magic—an act she might not dare attempt elsewhere.

In that moment, surprise and fear flooded Lato Guiaro. It felt as though a frigid cascade had drenched him, sending shivers through his entire being.

Since merging with the sea and gaining the Governor of the Sea's authority, Lato Guiaro had believed that ordinary Sequence 4 or even Sequence 3 demigods—commonly referred to as Saints—couldn't swiftly overpower him in this realm.

This belief created a sense of parity, but it hinged on him remaining within the waters to fully unleash his strength.

Yet, “Cinderella's” mere magic stripped him of the Governor of the Sea's authority, relegating him to Sequence 5. Without godhood, mastery over the sea slipped from his grasp.

Despite being a dual Sequence 5 of a potion and boon system with numerous unique abilities, Lato Guiaro harbored doubts about facing a genuine demigod.

A demigod temporarily shaped from an item proves fragile in the face of a true demigod. So brittle that, once targeted, they wouldn't endure even a breath... Lato Guiaro grappled with the stark realization of the fragility of a true demigod and sank into deep regret and despair.

At that moment, the silver-gray behemoth trembled violently, causing the energy passageway at the entrance to flicker and cast its luminance upon Lato Guiaro.

With a whoosh, Lato Guiaro found himself hurtling uncontrollably into the spaceship through the pure energy conduit.

This was a facet of the spaceship's calculated “betrayal,” aiming to turn the recent “authority holder” into a mere nutritive substrate within a petri dish!

Lato Guiaro was initially startled, but soon a wave of joy washed over him.

An opportunity had presented itself!

It allowed him to infiltrate the spaceship, wrest control, and set it in motion

—a chance to escape!

His misfortune and despair had suddenly transformed into this golden opportunity!

Observing the unfolding scene, Lumian wasted no time. He employed Spirit World Traversal once more, reaching the entrance of the energy passageway. Stepping in, he soared into the silver-gray behemoth.

Mad Lady trailed closely behind, and Mr. K didn't intervene; instead, he followed suit.

Milo Village, Governor of the Sea's residence.

Bard, strategizing an escape plan, was abruptly interrupted by cheers.

Cheers... Bard's heart stirred, prompting him to dash out of the servant's room towards the nearest glass window overlooking the dock. There, he observed the gathered villagers.

Not a single sea spawn hindered the former Governor of the Sea during this process.

Many villagers raised their hands, seemingly welcoming the waves. As they praised the sea, an almost invisible glow descended, dispersing like water to different individuals.

The nearby children joyfully shouted, "The sea prayer ritual has succeeded! The sea prayer ritual has succeeded!"

That's right, it has "succeeded"... Bard smiled.

From the looks of it, Ultraman and Mad Lady have succeeded.

The April Fool's key member adjusted the collar of his crisp white shirt and hoisted a brown backpack onto his shoulders. With an unabashed smile, he strolled into the grand hall of the Governor of the Sea's residence, smoothly making his way out.

This time, he encountered no resistance. The guards stationed at the entrance knelt on the ground, expressing gratitude to the sea for its boon.

Bard took a detour to the docks, reveling in the genuine joy and praise for the sea. Every time he heard the townsfolk praising the sea and witnessed genuine smiles, his spirits lifted.

These fools!

They are treating a catastrophe as a cause for celebration!

This is a prank, a prank on everyone in Port Santa... Bard closed his eyes in satisfaction and weaved through the crowd, heading deeper into Milo Village. His ultimate destination: the peaks of the Pyraez mountain range.

As a former Swindler, Bard orchestrated the sea prayer ritual operation, serving as its main planner. The plan's success naturally brought him satisfaction.

Crucially, despite taking the most pivotal step in the entire operation, he assumed the least risk and exposure, avoiding direct confrontations.

Navigating through the mix of ancient and modern structures in Milo Village, Bard's brow furrowed slightly.

A sense of unease settled upon him.

Per the initial plan, Ultraman—unhindered by strong opposition—was supposed to use the second command to open the energy passageway. Relying on his temporary authority as the Governor of the Sea, he aimed to secure safety for himself and Mad Lady within him. Seizing the opportunity, he planned to eliminate all present and inflict severe injuries on potential demigod adversaries.

If powerhouses like Hela emerged and proved resistant to the humanoid Sealed Artifact, Ultraman—the interim Governor of the Sea—would leap into action, confronting the formidable foes head-on. Mad Lady, wielding her enchanted ring, would harness the potent energy emanating from the spaceship, transforming it into a boon for everyone present, extending its reach to all the Children of the Sea in Port Santa's vicinity. This strategic move not only allowed them to sidestep danger but also granted them access to the spaceship, enabling them to activate it.

Despite the fact that the people had already received the sea's boon and a few minutes had elapsed, the spaceship remained dormant, and the sky showed no signs of change.

What had transpired during this interval?

With this lingering question, Bard hastened his steps.

Tap, tap, tap.

Behind him, the faint sound of light footsteps echoed once again.

## Chapter 582 Efficient Person-Locator

Port Santa, in the city.

Loki and the unconscious Ludwig had already sought refuge in an apartment that Loki had rented many days earlier. He began manipulating the sealed demigod's Spirit Body Threads.

As for his two marionettes, they lurked within a radius of 100 to 200 meters, with Loki as the center, blending in with the various celebrating and passing crowds. They waited to be discovered by Lumian Lee's teammates and the clergyman of the Church of Earth Mother.

This was unavoidable. A Marionettist couldn't allow a marionette to wield their Faceless powers. As for the mystical item of the Seer pathway, it was in the possession of either Bard or Mad Lady.

In the partially destroyed suite of Solow Motel, Jenna and Anthony encountered Noelia, the combat nun, and her teammates, who had hurried over.

Before this, Lumian had covertly introduced the disguised Jenna and Anthony to Noelia. Hence, the nuns didn't unnecessarily question or apprehend them; they only carefully confirmed each other's identities.

“Rubió Paco is a fake. He's disguised by a Marionettist. He has captured Louis Berry's godson. He possesses two marionettes. One is Madame Martha, the Paco family's matriarch. The other's identity and abilities are unknown,” Jenna recounted the recent events.

She assumed that the Fertility Order was familiar with the term Marionettist and didn't delve into unnecessary explanations. Their primary duty was to guard against the Intis Republic to the north, and many official Beyonders of Bureau 8 in the Intis Republic belonged to the Seer pathway. The two sides must have had considerable interactions.

Marionettist... Indeed, upon hearing the Sequence name, Noelia frowned slightly. Is Intis sending spies to disrupt the sea prayer ritual?

“That's a traitor from Intis's Bureau 8,” Jenna explained, her allegiance to Intis stronger than Lumian's.

Noelia understood that time was of the essence and she couldn't discuss unrelated matters. She asked the key question, “Why seize Louis Berry's godson? Is he held as a hostage, or does he possess some extraordinary significance?”

Jenna thought for a moment and revealed the limited information she had just learned.

“It's a sealed demigod, a creature.

“Loki will need substantial time to transform him into a marionette, not just a matter of minutes.”

A demigod? A sealed demigod? That child with the insatiable appetite is a sealed demigod? Noelia's mouth hung open in surprise and astonishment. She almost questioned the reliability of her own ears.

The supposed godson of the adventurer Louis Berry is, in fact, a sealed demigod creature?

What's his backstory? Why is he wandering around with a sealed demigod creature?

Moreover, there's talk of a humanoid Sealed Artifact, rumored to be at Grade 1, that recently surfaced in Port Santa. It's on par with a sealed demigod creature. Despite extensive searching, no one has been able to locate it.

If not for the disparities in appearance, gender, and age, Noelia might have suspected Ludwig to be the humanoid Sealed Artifact that the Eternal Blazing Sun Church had “misplaced.”

Now, an absurd idea echoed in her mind.

Is it the current trend to stroll around with sealed demigod creatures?

Regaining her composure, Noelia promptly addressed her team members, “Cemilie, quickly return to the Order and inform the dean. Ask her to deploy all available personnel to the city. Locate them as soon as possible. Yes, Madam Martha or Louis Berry's godson, Ludwig.

“After finding them, unless the situation is exceptionally urgent, refrain from acting recklessly. Report first and await assistance.”

Considering that the Marionettist had likely altered his appearance and height, and the identity and appearance of his other marionette were unknown, Noelia concentrated her search on Madam Martha, who had become a marionette, and Ludwig, who had been abducted.

“Yes, Captain!” In a bid to save time, the brown-haired Cemilie darted through the shattered glass window. Utilizing the stone bricks and wood protruding from the outer wall, she leaped from the fifth floor to the street.

The dean Noelia referred to was the head of the local cloister, the clergyman overseeing the Fertility Order in Port Santa—the Fertility Order's headquarters in Torres, the capital of Gaia Province.

Just as Cemilie took a few steps and was about to explore the nearby streets, Jenna, Anthony, Noelia, and the others witnessed a massive bird soaring through the air.

The bird's body was grayish-black, its feathers were tough and lacked softness. Its eyes appeared to be adorned with two rubies.

The grayish-black bird flapped its wings and glided to the collapsed fifth-floor outer wall of Solow Motel.

Only then did Jenna and Anthony realize that the grayish-black bird was sculpted from stone. It was weighty, substantial, and unyielding, yet it emanated a vibrant vitality.

Perched on the back of the lifelike grayish-black bird was a woman in a brown clergyman's robe. She wore a nun's wimple with wheat patterns and seemed to be in her thirties, but she exuded a maternal aura, as if she had nurtured many children.

The brown-haired, brown-eyed, mature, and stunning clergyman turned her gaze to Noelia and succinctly stated, "Details."

Noelia swiftly echoed Jenna's words. She positioned herself with a slight spread of her legs and raised her hands.

"Praise the Earth, praise the Mother of All Things!"

The clergyman was none other than the archbishop of the Church of Earth Mother's Gaia diocese, Agrippina.

Agrippina nodded gently and uttered, "I know Martha from the Paco family. I didn't expect her to meet such a fate. Sigh, may the Earth Mother embrace her soul, and may the flower symbolizing her bloom again next spring."

The archbishop delicately shifted her right foot, conveying a signal to the massive bird sculpted from grayish-black stone.

The stone bird, pulsating with vitality, flapped its wings and ascended dozens of meters into the air.

Agrippina extended her right hand and scattered a handful of dark-black seeds the size of rice grains.

With a flutter, the port's white-headed seabirds flocked in, covering the sky. Each one gripped a seed in its beak and circled around.

They formed a circle within a 300-meter radius.

Observing this spectacle, the jubilant citizens of Port Santa, assuming that the seabirds had joined in the celebration of the successful sea prayer ritual, erupted in cheers of delight.

After two to three minutes, a solitary combat nun spotted Madam Martha. The marionette was concealed on the other side of Aquina Street.

Upon receiving the information, Agrippina turned her head and fixed her gaze into the air.

Soon, the white-headed seabirds released the rice-sized seeds from their beaks.

Agrippina withdrew her gaze and folded her arms across her chest.

Each seed that touched the ground instantly sprouted and grew rapidly, morphing into thick dark-green vines.

Simultaneously, Jenna, Anthony, Noelia, and the others, who were scouring the street for Ludwig and Loki, witnessed the sky darken, as if night had prematurely descended or a colossal creature had eclipsed the sunlight.

Vaguely, they sensed the presence of a massive pitch-black wing covered in a membrane, casting an illusory aura.

In the next moment, a crimson full moon ascended from the night, hanging high in the sky. It seemed as though a tall, slender figure was slowly advancing.

Crimson moonlight bathed the area surrounded by the dark-green vines, captivating all the citizens like statues.

Nourished by the moonlight, the dark-green vines swiftly expanded, swiftly encasing the streets around Aquina Street in a “forest.”

Dark-red flowers blossomed in the “forest,” densely clustered and ubiquitous.

The flowers emitted a faint, sweet fragrance that intermingled, gradually intensifying the scent.

Upon inhaling this fragrance, the residents of Port Santa, as well as the rats and bedbugs in the corresponding area, entered a stupor, swaying and collapsing to the ground.

Dammit! Jenna understood that Archbishop Agrippina of the Church of Earth Mother was employing indiscriminate tactics to influence the area, aiming to locate and control Loki, but she still cursed internally.

This gaseous anesthetic jogged unpleasant memories.

In the past, she had nearly fallen victim to a similar gas used by that Bliss Society pervert.

Yet now, in the diffusing gas with a noticeable difference in smell but a similar effect, her head started to spin, and her body felt uneasy.

The same was true for Anthony and Noelia. One bore dragon-like scales on his skin, while the other held her breath.

At that moment, three white-headed seabirds descended from the sky, each clutching a metallic bottle, circling Jenna and the others.

Noelia glanced at Archbishop Agrippina, who was hovering in midair, and received a nod. Without hesitation, she took the bottle from a white-headed seabird's claw and gulped it down.

She swiftly regained consciousness, no longer affected by the gaseous anesthetic.

Observing this, Jenna and Anthony accepted the metal bottles and consumed the sour agent.

They no longer felt dizzy and weak.

The three white-headed seabirds weakly ascended again, landing by the roadside one after another, and dozed off.

In the area surrounded by the dark-green vine “forest,” only a marionette remained standing at that moment, impervious to the gaseous anesthetic. Its presence was immediately exposed.

In the apartment he had pre-rented, Loki was taken aback to discover that controlling the sealed demigod's Spirit Body Threads was much more challenging than he had anticipated.

This wasn't a problem that could be resolved in ten minutes. According to his initial estimate, it would take at least an hour!

Given the time, the Church of Earth Mother could turn these streets upside down!

As the gaseous anesthetic created by the dark-green vines and dark-red flowers permeated the room, Loki's initial impulse was to craft an air straw nearly 30 meters long and extend it high into the air to breathe fresh air. However, he quickly dismissed the idea.



Perhaps the demigod of the Church of Earth Mother was waiting to detect similar traces to pinpoint his location!

Moreover, Loki had realized that there was more than one demigod in the sky!

If there was only one, he could rely on Sealed Artifacts, bestowments, and other means to concentrate. He could conceal himself in the shadows and contend with them to see if he could endure until the marionette-making process was completed. However, there were at least two demigods observing.

More importantly, he could endure for about ten minutes, but an hour was out of the question!

After weighing the pros and cons, Loki abandoned his original plan to conduct the ritual today and advance to Sequence 4 Bizarro Sorcerer.

In any case, as long as he could restrain the sealed demigod, he could find another opportunity in the future. There was no need for him to perform today!

Why would it take an hour or more? Is this a demigod's Spirit Body Threads? Amidst Loki's confusion, he didn't intend to recall the two marionettes. He planned on using the mystical item to "teleport" away.

From his pocket, he retrieved a bracelet made of different-colored gems.

Just as Loki was about to activate a diamond, he heard the sound of swallowing.

Loki instinctively lowered his head and looked into his arms, realizing that Ludwig had awakened at some point.

With a sincere expression, the boy spoke with a hint of eagerness, "I'm hungry..."

#### Chapter 583 Celestial Worthy's Revelation

Around the betrothal ship and sailboat, thick turquoise vines cascaded from the sky. They entwined, creating a "road" leading to various destinations.

"Cinderella" returned to the orange-yellow pumpkin coach, pulled by gray mice swiftly descending through the vines. They approached the energy passageway formed by pure light, as if about to enter the silver-gray behemoth embedded in the seabed.

Abruptly, the mischief of gray mice came to a halt. "Cinderella," adorned in a purple robe, wore a solemn expression, purple spots dancing in her pupils.

"Cinderella" sensed an unusually perilous presence deep within the silver-

gray behemoth. It remained motionless, as if in a deep slumber or long dead. However, in either case, her intuition warned her not to approach, lest she suffer severe corruption or similar effects.

Staring at the energy passageway where Lumian and company had vanished, she deliberated for a few seconds before shifting her focus to the sailboat.

With Mr. Fool's seal on the Seven of Wands and the sealed evil god's angel, he didn't have to worry about the problem that even she had to be wary of—as long as he didn't directly see those things, hear its voice, or enter the core area.

As for the other one, he seemed to be a Shepherd, so he didn't mind being even crazier.

“Cinderella” observed the mast and shipboard of the sailboat cracking under the terrifying suction of the humanoid Sealed Artifact's “heaviness” characteristic. She was ready to make her move when she retrieved a Roselle chess piece from her dark-purple coin bag and hurled it at the target in the black nun's attire.

Amidst the howling wind, the Queen chess piece soared towards the humanoid Sealed Artifact, accompanied by various miscellaneous items.

As it descended, the humanoid Sealed Artifact's steps towards the sailboat slowed, as if time itself was warping around her.

This was one of the spells of “Cinderella”—the Chessboard of Ages.

It had the power to decelerate the target as if they had entered an area where time moved at a different speed.

Seizing the opportunity presented by the sluggish movement, “Cinderella” closed her eyes and transformed into a humanoid phantom, collapsing into the invisible coffin.

The eyelids of the humanoid Sealed Artifact drooped, as if she might succumb to sleep at any moment.

Sleeping Beauty magic!

Witnessing this, Hela, aboard the sailboat, once again activated the Evernight pathway's ability to forcibly drag people into a dream.

Although the notarization wouldn't immediately expire with Ultraman Lato Guiaro's loss of the Governor of the Sea authority, it would still last until the end. However, the ability to be invalidated by notarization wasn't entirely ineffective. It would only be weakened, and its effects would be significantly reduced. Now, the humanoid Sealed Artifact was already fatigued, swaying and on the verge of falling asleep.

In this state, entering a dream was undoubtedly much easier.

The humanoid Sealed Artifact, donned in a black nun's attire, finally closed her eyes and plunged into a deep slumber. She entered a somewhat sorrowful dream, causing her face to contort slightly as she frowned.

On the sailboat, a dense darkness surged once more, enveloping the humanoid Sealed Artifact, resonating with a distant voice that brought peace and tranquility.

It was akin to a mother reciting a poem to lull her child to sleep, fostering a serene slumber.

The humanoid Sealed Artifact, still in her black nun's attire, hovered in midair with her eyes tightly shut. She descended slowly, landing gracefully on the deck of the sailboat.

Her brows gradually relaxed, her face softened, and crystalline water droplets formed at the corners of her eyes.

The Maidens of the Sea, deputy hosts, and sailors, blessed by the sea and adorned with starlight scales, swiftly settled in the darkness, succumbing to sleep amidst the enchanting chanting.

Franca, within the sail cabin, was taken aback by the unfolding battle.

I-isn't that Cinderella?

I-isn't that Jack and the Beanstalk?

What manner of magic is this?

I-isn't that Sleeping Beauty?

Who is this? Have I arrived in a fairyland?

I have to admit, it's truly dreamlike...

Two demigods working together are undoubtedly formidable. They swiftly subdued the humanoid Sealed Artifact...

I also wish to become a demigod!

A Demoness demigod would do too...

Regaining her senses, Franca concealed herself and sprinted out of the sailboat. Utilizing her run-up and an Assassin's Feather Fall, she elegantly leaped onto the betrothal ship, intending to approach the energy passageway at the bow.

Within the silver-gray behemoth.

After Lumian traversed the energy passageway, he found himself not in the metal beehive he had seen before.

Walking on the silvery-white metal floor, he noticed a hall dozens of meters long and 20 to 30 meters wide ahead.

In the middle of the hall, Ultraman Lato Guiaro stood, donning Simon Guiaro's face, and shouted in delight, “\*(...¥#)”

This represented the first half of the command to activate the spaceship by entering the password and gaining access.

However, there was no response from the spaceship.

Crap... It still holds ill intentions towards me and isn't willing to grant access... This malice stems from that demigod's ability. It shouldn't last long. As long as I can stall for time, I should be able to regain control... Can the humanoid Sealed Artifact hold back two demigods? Or can I rely on the spaceship's internal layout to play “hide and seek?” A series of thoughts raced through Ultraman's anxious mind.

At that moment, through the translucent metal wall to the side of the hall, he saw “Cinderella” in the pumpkin coach come to a halt near the energy passageway, seemingly apprehensive about something.

As expected!

She doesn't dare to enter!

Exhilaration surged from Ultraman Lato Guiaro's heart.

Before the mission kicked off, Loki had set up an altar and sought guidance from Celestial Worthy through divination. The response he got was: Contains a high risk from high-ranking individuals. Avoidable by entering the spaceship.

Loki decoded this as a warning about Hela and Gandalf from the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, as well as the Saint from the Church of Earth Mother overlooking Port Santa. These high-ranking figures were the primary threats. However, if he could take the reins of the mystical sci-fi spaceship first, he believed he could outmaneuver these formidable opponents.

Now, Lato Guiaro noticed that even without absolute control of the spaceship, the new demigod hesitated, as if haunted by an unseen fear.

Facing something capable of unsettling a demigod left Lato Guiaro uneasy. However, armed with the spaceship's command and password, he could soon turn potential threats to his advantage. There was no need for fear.

As Lumian was on the brink of “teleporting” behind Ultraman Lato Guiaro, they both heard a metallic clang.

A silver metal door descended, sealing off the hall's entrance and exit completely.

The walls, ceiling, and floor transformed as metal surfaces shifted and revealed dark pipe openings. Out gushed cerulean-blue gas.

Poison gas! Lato Guiaro's heart raced as he grasped the situation.

The spaceship, still imbued with malice, not only resisted control but also emanated lethal intent, seeking to eliminate him before its animosity subsided.

The magic of the demigod outside is malicious indeed!

Lumian perceived this as an instinctive strike from the silver-gray behemoth against intruders. Swiftly, he tapped into the power of the sea, aiming to invoke the temporary authority of the Governor of the Sea to counter the threat.

He could sense that Ultraman had lost the Governor of the Sea's position after the attack from the “Cinderella” demigod, with no immediate prospect of reclaiming it. With no contenders for the authority, Lumian anticipated an easy acquisition.

Yet, the “waters” resisted, refusing Lumian the temporary position of Governor of the Sea.

Its malice seemed directed at anyone attempting control!

Undeterred, Lumian shifted his focus back to Ultraman Lato Guiaro, a crucial member of April Fool's.

Lato Guiaro's heart stirred as he shouted, “Do you want to fight here? If we don't break out and waste no time, we'll all die!”

In this dire moment, a plan to escape the hall and relocate became paramount. The malice wouldn't linger for long.

Seek vengeance in a safe space. If we perish here, who will assist in eliminating the others?

Lumian nonchalantly flexed his wrists, donning the Flog boxing gloves, and grinned, stating,

“I don't care about my own death. All that matters now is one thing: Ending you!”

As the words left his lips, crimson flames, bordering on white, erupted from his entire being, as if he were cloaked in a fiery shroud.

Not far from Lumian and Lato Guiaro, Mad Lady and Mr. K found themselves in the beehive-like metal room, unable to enter the hall ahead.

Surveying the surroundings, Mr. K's gaze swept across the incubating Batings Black Insect, Little Devils, and other creatures. He nodded in satisfaction.

“It's indeed the power of an evil god, spawn of an evil god. Well done, Lumian! Well done! This is all part of God's arrangement!”

Amidst the hoarse voice, the Aurora Order Oracle turned his gaze back to Mad Lady.

Mad Lady wasn't intimidated. Instead, she applauded in agreement with Mr. K.

She spoke as if they were on different frequencies.

“That's right, it's cool, right? This is a spaceship!”

In the next moment, Mad Lady and Mr. K vanished simultaneously and reappeared behind where the other party had been standing, as if they had negotiated a position switch beforehand.

## Chapter 584 “Helper”

Inside the underwater spaceship, in the silvery hall.

Lumian, enveloped by crimson, nearly white flames, transformed into a fireball and hurtled towards Ultraman Lato Guiaro.

The key April Fool's member remained composed. Holding his breath, he thrust forward with his left palm.

Lumian instantly sensed an invisible force resisting him, causing the blazing crimson fireball to decelerate abruptly, akin to a trapped insect in transparent amber.

Seizing the moment, Lato Guiaro raised his right hand, clenching it into a fist.

A ball of blazing white pure sunlight condensed and compressed, swiftly morphing into a thick, formidable laser aimed at Lumian, fused with the crimson near-white fireball.

This ability resulted from merging the Sun pathway and the Sea boon, utilizing the power of the Sun pathway to propel the Sea boon's Weakening Ray. Though it no longer altered the target's body gradually, causing various negative symptoms, its penetration and melting effects were significantly enhanced, capable of directly injuring or even killing the target.

In the enclosed, poisonous gas-filled environment with the constant threat of malice, Lato Guiaro sought to conclude the battle swiftly rather than wait for Lumian Lee to weaken gradually. Thus, he opted for Sun Ray instead of Weakening Ray.

At laser speed, Sun Ray struck the crimson fireball, melting a substantial hole into it.

The fireball lost its structural integrity and exploded, scattering like rain.

Yet, Lumian was nowhere among the remnants. He seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Simultaneously, behind Ultraman Lato Guiaro, Lumian's figure, adorned with the Lie earring, swiftly materialized.

Initially, Lumian transformed into a fireball and soared towards Lato Guiaro, intending to force him into using Beyonder powers and counterattack. This allowed him to “fix” his original location, not shifting prematurely, creating an opportunity to “teleport” behind the target in the fireball state for a surprise attack.

Having faced bestowed of the sea before, Lumian was aware of Lato Guiaro's ability to manipulate the weight or floatation of objects using the power of the land and stars, altering their speed.

To successfully use Spirit World Traversal in his fireball form, Lumian borrowed Lie's Flame Controlling ability.

As his figure materialized, he promptly opened his mouth and hissed at Ultraman Lato Guiaro, less than two meters away.

“Ha!”

A pale-yellow beam, resembling gas, shot towards the April Fool's key member.

Lato Guiaro didn't have time to turn around, sensing the impending danger through his fate perception, a skill obtained from deciphering the Language of the Stars Beyonder powers.

Specks of starlight emerged in his eyes. He identified several “passages” in the silver hall suffused with cerulean-blue gasses, imperceptible to ordinary humans. Hastily choosing one, he pounced over—a navigating ability bestowed by the sea.

Simultaneously, uncertain of evading the attack from behind, Lato Guiaro infused the surroundings with layers of golden light.

This was the Purification Halo of a Sequence 5 Priest of Light of the Sun pathway.

Amidst the harrumph, the pale-yellow beam swept past Lato Guiaro's back, hidden somewhere in the void.

The key member of April Fool's, code name Ultraman, fainted, but his momentum remained. He continued into the illusory passageway, hidden from ordinary eyes, traversing space and dimensions.

Lumian, within two meters, couldn't “teleport” away in time and was enveloped by the Purification Halo.

His heart ached, as if something sought to tear his body apart and crawl out.

Faintly, he heard the illusory ravings of the entity known as Inevitability, Mr. Fool, or both.

Unclear but unsettling, they made Lumian's brain feel pulled out of his skull by an invisible hand. Despite an Ascetic's endurance, Lumian couldn't help but groan in pain. Collapsing to the ground, he curled up.

A similar experience occurred in his Cordu dream, a reaction after being sprinkled by Valentine's holy water. Lato Guiaro's Purification Halo, an advanced Sun Halo, had evolved from harmless to a partial Sun Holy Water effect. It could exorcize evil spirits and purify the evil power within a target's body.

As Lato Guiaro lay unconscious, the Purification Halo vanished in a flash, only partially dispelling the poisonous gas.

Similarly, the unconscious Lato Guiaro couldn't progress through the illusory passageway, breaking free and falling three to four meters in front of Lumian. The impact left him in pain, slowly regaining consciousness.

At that moment, Lumian slowly recovered from the intense pain induced by the Purification Halo.

Lato Guiaro, just waking up and still uncertain of the situation, instinctively re-entered the illusory passageway to increase the distance between himself and Lumian Lee. This move aimed to avoid another strike from Lumian's Psychic Piercing-like ability or any other unforeseen attacks.

Upon crawling back to the hall through the exit of the illusory passageway, Lumian had already raised his head and regained his composure, though his forehead was soaked in cold sweat.

Observing this, Lato Guiaro felt neither pity, disappointment, nor regret. Instead, he was pleasantly surprised.

It's effective!

Purification Halo is effective against Lumian Lee!

After confirming that the adventurer Louis Berry was indeed Lumian Lee, Lato Guiaro contemplated how to strategize if he were to engage in a battle with him.

It was simple with the authority of the Governor of the Sea. He could repeatedly cast the other party into the Cosmic Void, making him lose himself over and over. Without the Governor of the Sea's authority, he had to consider how to exploit Lumian Lee's vulnerabilities.

Lumian Lee's unique characteristics were clear—possessing a sealing power of the same origin as the Celestial Worthy, with a high-ranking creature sealed within him.

Beyonders in this state often had false high-level statuses and enjoyed numerous conveniences, but they were susceptible to the Sun pathway's abilities.

Lato Guiaro wasn't certain about the effectiveness of the Sun Halo, Cleave of Purification, and other abilities, nor was he sure of the Purification Halo's potency. The only certainty lay in the effectiveness of the Sun Holy Water he could create.

Therefore, if the Purification Halo proved ineffective against Lumian Lee, he would swiftly produce Sun Holy Water and sprinkle it on him.

Looking at Lumian, Lato Guiaro smiled, once again dyeing the surroundings golden as layer after layer spread out.

This sealed environment was ideal for employing the Purification Halo. It denied Lumian Lee a chance to distance himself or “teleport” closer. The entire hall was essentially enveloped by the Purification Halo!

Furthermore, in the spaceship, there was no fear of Lumian Lee losing control and transforming into a monster, unleashing the high-level creature within his body. An intruder at this level would inevitably trigger the spaceship's automatic defense system targeting him. Lato Guiaro might then seize control of the spaceship!

Didn't your sister tell you something Emperor Roselle once said?

If you rely on something to obtain specialness and become stronger, you will definitely be punished because of it!

Upon seeing the surging layers of golden light, Lumian raised his right hand and vanished.

Where is he “teleporting” to this time? As long as he's in the hall, he can't avoid the Purification Halo! Lato Guiaro watched the other party's struggle with certainty and a smile.

Unless Lumian Lee chose to leave the hall, it was impossible for him not to be affected by the Purification Halo. With the spaceship's barrier raised, the door closed, and the place sealed, and using the unique power of the sea, if he wanted to “teleport” out, he had to first destroy the surrounding walls or metal doors to create an exit.

This was also advantageous for Lato Guiaro.

No one knew what the spaceship would unleash in this hall next!

Layer after layer of Purification Halos rapidly “drowned” Lumian's original location, but nothing happened. Lumian's figure was nowhere to be seen in the silver-white hall.

Wh... Lato Guiaro's pupils constricted.

Where did Lumian Lee go?

Is his teleportation ability unaffected by the sealed interior of the spaceship?

Or has he gone into hiding?

Lato Guiaro's heart skipped a beat; he extended his right hand and pulled.

The void in the hall stirred, unveiling an abnormal area nestled between two walls, flanked by dark holes emitting cerulean-blue gas.

Creating an unstable space and hiding inside to avoid the Purification Halo? That's true. The Purification Halo's purpose is to exorcize, purify, warm, and provide courage. Without substantial offensive power, it can't destroy the structure of that space... Lumian Lee actually possesses such an ability. Lato Guiaro quickly saw through Lumian's trick. Calmly raising his right hand, he condensed a penetrating dark-green ray.

Simultaneously, he harnessed his basic control over gravity to pull at the fabricated space.

The dark-green ray struck the spot where it had been pulled, instantly penetrating and obliterating the structure.

Silently shattered, the dark-green ray continued forward, hitting a silver-



white full-body armor with its back turned to Lato Guiaro.

The dark-green ray, now weakened to a certain extent, faded away.

The silver-white full-body armor suddenly pivoted, and two pairs of eyes appeared to lock onto Lato Guiaro from within the vacant helmet.

In the next moment, it charged toward the April Fool's key member, forming a broadsword of light in its hand.

As the silver-white full-body armor rushed out, Lumian's figure emerged in the corner.

He had utilized the terrain there to arrange a simple Bottle of Fiction, using the large hole that emitted poisonous gas as a symbolic window. His goal was twofold: first, to evade the influence of the Purification Halo, and second, to position the Pride Armor with its back facing Lato Guiaro.

Yes, this cursed armor might only target someone standing a certain distance behind it, but it might not. What if that person not only stood more than ten meters behind it but also attempted to attack it by stabbing it in the back?

The answer was clear!

Now, Lumian had a capable helper unafraid of the Purification Halo.

#### Chapter 585 Repeated “Betrayal”

At a distance of just over ten meters, the Pride Armor covered the ground in two powerful strides, positioning itself in front of Ultraman Lato Guiaro. A broadsword, condensed from radiant light, slashed down with deadly precision.

Lato Guiaro had a momentary opportunity to utilize his Navigator ability, escape through hidden passageways in the void and dimensions, and evade the impending attack. However, the sight of the silver-white full-body armor caught him off guard; he hadn't anticipated an aggressive move before Lumian Lee could even don the armor!

This momentary hesitation cost him. The silver-white full-body armor, resembling a relentless steam locomotive, collided with him before he could vanish into the hidden tunnel. By then, it was too late, and the looming threat of being cleaved apart became imminent—a grim fate of upper and lower halves separated.

In this dire circumstance, he was no earthworm with regenerative abilities; his fate seemed sealed.

Facing the approaching silver-white armor and its raised broadsword of light, scales formed from starlight protruded from various parts of Lato Guiaro's body.

The air quivered around him, as if an invisible tide were roaring, amplifying the tension.

As per the intel gathered on April Fool's, the power derived from the “sea” without the Governor of the Sea's authority corresponded to a Sequence 5 at most, known as Tidal Scholar—the current state of Lato Guiaro.

Enveloped by an ethereal tide, Lato Guiaro swung his fist, resembling a colossal wave crashing down.

Thud!

His formidable punch collided with the side of the broadsword of light, forcefully diverting its trajectory.

Simultaneously, Lumian materialized behind him, left hand raised.

Indeed! I knew you'd seize this chance to teleport behind me and launch a sneak attack! Lato Guiaro was ready. Evading the silver-white full-body armor's second strike, he imbued the surroundings in a warm golden hue.

Purification Halo!

As layers of golden light surged towards Lumian, he deftly twisted his left wrist.

Even before that, the silver-white Lie earring on his left earlobe emitted a subtle glow, revealing various blobs of light and colors on Ultraman's body. Among them, a golden ball emitted a warm glow—the representation of the Purification Halo ability.

With a flick of his wrist, the golden ball detached from Ultraman's body and swiftly flew to Lumian.

Steal!

Lumian successfully “stole” Ultraman's Purification Halo!

The number of times the Ring of the Sea Queen could “steal” after the standard process remained unknown to Lumian. However, he was certain that Lie's “stealing” effect persisted for half a month, unaffected by his “stealing” of the sea's power.

After Lie's transformation on the ancestral altar in Milo Village, Lumian diligently experimented with Steal, honing his proficiency to ensure he could deploy it effectively in critical moments. Thus, he had become relatively adept at stealing and dispersing the power of the sea.

Simultaneously, Ultraman's Beyonder powers of the Sun pathway were well-

documented by the Tarot Club's information, making Lumian fully aware of what he aimed to Steal this time. With a solid foundation in mysticism knowledge, he felt prepared.

However, the challenge lay in his lack of experience “stealing” a Priest of Light's abilities. He feared that locating the corresponding symbols for Purification Halo and Holy Water Creation might take too long, leaving him vulnerable to Lato Guiaro's attacks.

Anticipating the Pride Armor's frontal assault, Lumian strategically teleported four to five meters behind Lato Guiaro, enticing him to use Purification Halo.

The distinction between the abilities Lumian used and those he refrained from was clear, providing him with instant recognition.

Before initiating the teleport, he activated the Lie earring and raised his left hand, ensuring he didn't linger in the dangerous area for a moment longer.

The Purification Halo, despite being “stolen,” persisted and continued to surge, enveloping Lumian.

However, it didn't reach its intended target. A formidable formless force emanated from Lumian's body, acting as a barrier that thwarted the encroaching halo.

The power of the sea!

You have the power of the sea, and so do I!

During the Steal process, Lumian had reserved a portion of the sea's power for himself. Although not on par with Ultraman's, it proved sufficient to repel the Purification Halo for a brief moment.

Calmly activating the black mark on his right shoulder, Lumian vanished from the warm golden area, teleporting to the farthest corner from Lato Guiaro.

The Purification Halo pursued relentlessly, but it reached its limit, visibly weakening.

Reacting swiftly, Lumian harnessed the power of the sea once more, watching as the warm golden barrier rapidly dissipated.

Meanwhile, Lato Guiaro's heart skipped a beat.

Intuitively, he sensed the loss of his Purification Halo ability, suspecting it had been “stolen”!

Lumian Lee's item with the Steal effect is still operational? Lato Guiaro couldn't dwell on it.

Dodging the Pride Armor's heavy slashes, he fell to the ground, rolling to evade the attacks. Facing the sky, he raised his right hand, clenching it.

Pure and blazing sunlight condensed rapidly, forming a thick ray that struck the silver-white armor's chest.

It paused momentarily, unable to penetrate, only burning and dissolving into tottering black marks.

Witnessing this and recognizing Lumian Lee as his adversary, Ultraman Lato Guiaro entertained the idea of fleeing. He decided to disengage, cease the confrontation, and seek an escape route.

At that critical moment, instead of launching a barrage of attacks, the Pride Armor shifted its focus toward Lumian.

Lumian, who had previously utilized Spirit World Traversal on the betrothal ship and within the hall, found himself affected once again by the Purification Halo. His spirituality teetered on the brink of depletion, leaving him visibly fatigued and weakened.

Any ordinary human in such a state near the Pride Armor would face indiscriminate attacks.

Wh... Lato Guiaro keenly perceived the shift in dynamics.

Though unaware of the specifics, he sensed an advantage.

Rising abruptly, he directed his attention to Lumian.

In the next instant, the Pride Armor raised its radiant broadsword and charged towards Lumian.

Haha, your Sealed Artifact has betrayed you! Lato Guiaro mocked internally as he closed in, intending to exploit the silver-white full-body armor's attack to create Sun Holy Water and sprinkle it on Lumian Lee.

Undeterred, Lumian took a resolute step forward.

Tapping into his Ascetic powers, the accumulated strength and spirituality within his body surged, replenishing his drained spirit. His body underwent a sudden transformation, growing by seven to eight centimeters and bulking up by two sizes, causing his loosely fitting deputy host's robe to strain.

The advancing Pride Armor abruptly halted, pivoting to face Lato Guiaro, who had followed closely.

Lato Guiaro's pupils contracted, and an instant heaviness enveloped his body, bringing him to a natural halt.

Simultaneously, his gaze locked onto the unusually tall figure of Lumian Lee.

The enemy teleported right in front of him, mere inches away. Their eyes locked, reflecting each other in an intense confrontation.

With a swift whoosh, Lumian swung his right hand, adorned with the Flog boxing gloves, through the air.

Lato Guiaro's "heavy" state naturally exerted a suction force on his surroundings, a downgraded version of the humanoid Sealed Artifact's characteristic. Lumian's punch encountered no repulsion; instead, it accelerated towards its target.

Unperturbed by the close-range attacks, Lato Guiaro harbored concerns about Lumian's Psychic Piercing ability. Unable to dodge or employ other abilities in time, he unleashed a retaliatory fist resembling a thousand tonnes of seawater, causing the sound of surging tides to echo.

Bang!

Lato Guiaro blocked Lumian's attack and swiftly rolled to the side, evading a surprise assault from the Pride Armor.

At that moment, a strong sense of greed surged within him, overshadowing his initial plan to escape.

Seizing the opportunity, Lumian retreated and retrieved a black bone flute with red holes from his Traveler's Bag.

Symphony of Hatred!

While Lato Guiaro resisted the Pride Armor, Lumian brought the flute to his mouth and played a sharp, intense melody.

Lato Guiaro's mind buzzed, freezing him in place.

Bright blood oozed from the cracks in the starlight scales on his body.

Emotional Detonation!

Pfft! The Pride Armor struck Lato Guiaro's shoulder, splintering scales, bone, and flesh.

Closing the distance with two brisk strides, Lumian approached the nearly collapsed Lato Guiaro, his face twisted in pain. He raised the black bone flute in his hand.

In the moment that Lato Guiaro used the pain from the Pride Armor strike to break free from the detonated emotions, he witnessed Lumian Lee thrusting the bone flute toward him with a fierce expression.

Pfft!

The bone flute effortlessly pierced Lato Guiaro's left eye, akin to cutting through butter.

The eyeball of April Fool's key member exploded, and a gruesome mix of blood and other fluids streamed out through the gaps in the black bone flute.

Even if the Symphony of Hatred only struck an ordinary part, it was tantamount to hitting a vital point. Striking a true vital point meant either instant death or a prolonged period of social death. In this case, Lato Guiaro's left eye and brain were undeniably vital points.

His remaining eye widened and protruded, life force rapidly draining as he slumped to the ground.

Lumian seized Ultraman's neck, lifting him up. Releasing his right hand, which held the black bone flute, he delivered a heavy slap to Lato Guiaro's face. With a fierce expression, he growled in Intisian, "Did you go to Cordu Village to confirm the situation?"

## Chapter 586 Gnawing

Ultraman Lato Guiaro, his life rapidly slipping away, fell into a daze. Even his thoughts of self-preservation became blurred.

In the haze, he vaguely saw Juan Oro, the wrinkled old man, standing in the middle of the sea, waving with a mix of joy and mockery.

At that moment, Lumian's voice resonated from the horizon, faint, ethereal, and elusive.

"Did you go to Cordu Village to confirm the situation?"

Cordu Village? The time Mad Lady and I visited Nolfi, and went there just out of convenience? Lato Guiaro lost focus, and Lumian's figure reflected in his closed eye.

With the intent to annoy, he spoke his last words in Highlander.

"I've been there... with Mad Lady. It was... simply for fun... but Loki... seemed to... have ulterior..."

Don't you want to know what happened back then? Sure, I'll speak in Highlander. It's your problem if you don't understand. Your fault for not taking this language seriously in the past!

Lato Guiaro knew his actions wouldn't practically affect Lumian Lee. This was because Lumian Lee could find someone to perform dream divination, hypnosis, or undergo a real dream when he returned. From there, he could memorize the Highlander he spoke and find a way to translate it into Intisian or ancient Feysac.

Still, he just wanted to annoy the other party. About to die, he couldn't care less about future developments.

"Motives..." Lato Guiaro uttered his last word as his life extinguished.

In that final moment, he seemed to hear Lumian Lee speaking to him in Highlander, "Thank you."

The "thank you" flowed naturally, carrying a strong sense of mockery.

Ultraman Lato Guiaro's intact eye bulged even more, his expression freezing on his face, his breath coming to a complete halt.

Lumian's right hand gripped the Symphony of Hatred once more. Simultaneously, he released his left hand, watching Ultraman's key member's head rapidly detach from the black bone flute with red holes, revealing a sinister and deep blood-red hole.

Thud!

Ultraman collapsed to the ground. The sticky blood on the black bone flute coalesced and dripped onto his body.

After the person who had backstabbed it suffered a fatal wound, Pride Armor stopped moving and stood nearby, resembling an ordinary silver-white full-

body armor without any special characteristics.

Loki had ulterior motives? A motive other than helping the Sinners and pulling a prank? As Lumian recalled Ultraman's confession before his death, he bent down to check what items this April Fool's key member had.

Of course, he didn't hold much hope. Ultraman Lato Guiaro had disguised himself as the incoming Governor of the Sea, Simon Guiaro, to board the betrothal ship. Carrying no items, his belongings should have been handed over to Mad Lady, allowing her to conceal them using flesh and blood magic in his stomach. However, Mad Lady clearly didn't have the time or opportunity to return the items to Ultraman.

This was one of the reasons why Lumian could eliminate Ultraman, a powerful dual pathway Beyonder, in such a short period.

If Juan Oro hadn't tipped off the sea spawn on the bridal boat beforehand, Lumian would've been forced to stash his Traveler's Bag temporarily with Mr. K.

At that moment, Lumian observed a strange transformation in the corpse of Ultraman Lato Guiaro.

It swiftly faded, morphing into a semi-translucent, semi-flesh state. Then, like it was being disintegrated by countless tiny creatures, it oozed into the silver metal floor and gradually vanished.

Soon, the remnants of flesh, starlight, and sun-like fragments left by Lato Guiaro were absorbed by the silver metallic floor, leaving behind only a Sea Governor ceremonial robe, shrouded in a faint grayish-white fog.

In the blink of an eye, the grayish-white fog got absorbed by the silver metallic floor and the mysterious structure.

Lumian attempted unsuccessfully to "reclaim" something.

Is this what it means to return to the sea? But why did this peculiar structure absorb the Priest of Light's Beyonder characteristic? Just as Lumian pondered, the sound of metal grinding surrounded him.

The pitch-black holes in the surrounding walls, ceiling, and floor once again got concealed by rotating, protruding metal. No more cerulean-blue poisonous gas spewed out, saving Lumian the energy to engulf his body in a layer of crimson, almost white flames.

Amidst the clanking sounds, two metallic doors ascended, revealing two tunnels leading to different destinations.

With the target of the betrayal now gone, the silver-gray behemoth reverted to its “normal” state.

Lumian peered into the depths of the tunnel ahead, his heart involuntarily racing.

Badump! Badump! He felt inexplicably nervous and uneasy.

In Port Santa, the apartment Loki was hiding.

The moment Ludwig declared, “I’m hungry,” he swiftly bowed his head and sank his teeth into Loki’s hand, gripping the gemstone bracelet as if devouring the marrow from a chicken wing.

An intense wave of pain surged through Loki’s mind. His immediate instinct was to deploy Paper Figurine Substitutes, a desperate attempt to break free from the current situation.

Yet, he hesitated, fearing that such a move might create an insurmountable distance between him and the sealed demigod, eliminating any chance of regaining control.

Amidst the gruesome symphony of bones crunching and flesh tearing, Loki snatched the falling gemstone bracelet with his free hand and forcibly pried open his mouth.

Bang!

A rush of air slammed into Ludwig’s head, akin to a bullet fired from the latest steam rifle, ripping through flesh and hair to reveal a ghastly white skull.

However, Ludwig remained unfazed. Gnawing on Loki’s left hand, he had already severed five fingers and devoured half of the palm.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Air Bullets relentlessly pounded the boy, leaving him mangled and disfigured. Yet, Ludwig persisted in his attentive nibbling on Loki.

Crack, crack.

He had already crunched down on the other party’s wrist bone, a crisp sound echoing through their intertwined flesh.

As Loki nearly blacked out from the pain, he roughly grasped what was happening.

The sealed demigod possessed incredible vitality. Ordinary attacks and Beyonder powers couldn’t cause significant harm. In simpler terms, he could put him to sleep or manipulate his Spirit Body Threads to knock him out, but killing him with regular means proved challenging. It couldn’t even seriously injure him.

In such circumstances, even if the sealed demigod couldn’t utilize any abilities, lacking sufficient strength and speed, merely devouring the other party’s flesh and bones with all his might posed an abnormal challenge for many Mid-Sequence Beyonders.

Loki abandoned the idea of retrieving other mystical items and substituted himself with a paper figurine.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Ludwig, his head covered in signs of Air Bullet destruction and almost devoid of human form, raised his head. Beside his bloodstained mouth was a piece of white paper that quickly swept into his mouth alongside the blood-colored flesh.

Ludwig’s eyes reflected Loki’s outline in the corner of the room. Something beneath his torn skin and flesh seemed to squirm slowly, attempting to break free, but to no avail.

Loki assessed the situation and the items on him. With the Soul Assurer marionette unable to return in time, he sensibly chose not to confront the sealed demigod creature. He would flee first before considering the future.

At that moment, a crimson moonlight streamed through the window.

The moonlight bathed the apartment, wrapping around Loki.

Loki heard a fleeting voice.

“A strong smell of blood...”

As the moonlight faded, a grayish-white and pitch-black paper figurine appeared on the ground.

Loki's figure materialized a few hundred meters away, outside a vine forest.

It was a boon bestowed by the Celestial Worthy during a prayer some weeks before this operation. It had been attached to a pre-prepared paper figurine, forming such a potent substitute that bordered on godhood.

Drip, drip. Blood still dripped from Loki's bitten left wrist.

He activated the diamond on the bracelet and swiftly faded away, preparing to teleport.

Port Santa, Milo Village.

Tap, tap, tap.

The soft patter of footsteps reverberated in Bard's ears, causing him to tense.

Bard surveyed his surroundings, finding nothing amiss.

He sprinted, weaving through several buildings, yet the rhythmic tapping of footsteps persisted behind him.

Attempting to force open a door and seek refuge in a villager's house in Milo Village,

Bard was met with an unexpected sight. Instead of the familiar kitchen, tables, chairs, and household items, his eyes beheld a decrepit stone platform enveloped in darkness.

The stone platform! Bard's pupils widened, as if he had entered an unreal illusion.

He found himself back at the residence of the Governor of the Sea and the altar where Milo Village's inhabitants paid homage to their ancestor.

Something crawled out from a crack in the worn stone platform.

A translucent worm, adorned with multiple rings, swiftly expanded, transforming into a young man donned in the attire of a sea prayer ritual's deputy host, monocle in place.

Seated on the weathered stone platform, the man grinned at Bard.

“Do you comprehend?”

Bard suddenly grasped the meaning behind the question. Swallowing hard, he replied, “Understood.”

Since the altar had an owner and Beyonders residing there, the so-



called rule that it could only be enchanted once a year for the Ring of the Sea Queen clearly didn't hold true!

The other party could affix the power as many times as desired!

The young man, clad in a dark-blue deputy host's sacrificial robe, toyed with the monocle in his right eye and smirked.

“Over a millennium, I've molded the rule that the Steal ability can only be conferred once a year. Little did I expect to deceive you all in the end.”

Chapter 587 “Deceived”

Upon hearing the young man's words, Bard felt his blood rush to his head.

Crafting a seemingly valid rule over a millennium to deceive others?

What kind of lame antique Swindler is this?

Bard blurted out, “The patterns on the altar and the surrounding arrangements are also fake?”

The young man in the dark-blue deputy host robe chuckled.

“If it wasn't real, would you have been deceived?”

“Furthermore, I occasionally venture out. When I do, it grants Steal powers on my behalf. Of course, with the spirituality produced by the surrounding worshippers, it can indeed only bestow once a year.”

As the young man spoke, the smile on his face widened.

Bard's forehead throbbed as he listened, feeling like he had been mocked.

According to the other party's claim that the Steal powers could be bestowed at will, the Ring of the Sea Queen should have been complete and equipped with all its functions. So, why did the success of the sea prayer ritual experience such a significant delay?

Unable to comprehend the situation, Bard turned around and sprinted towards the exit.

It wasn't that he hadn't considered begging for mercy and surrendering on the spot, but these things could be done later. For now, he wanted to take a gamble, betting that the other party's claim of occasionally venturing out was a lie. In essence, he believed he was trapped in the altar, unable to venture anywhere and influence the people around him. If he allowed himself to be intimidated and didn't dare to escape, he would fall into the other party's trap, cheated of his freedom and future.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Bard reached the staircase in a few steps and ran up.

The more he ran, the happier he became. The monocle-wearing young man didn't stop him.

I made the right bet!

He's the core of that altar. There's no way to leave!

Thud! Thud! Thud! Bard witnessed the scene on the first floor illuminated by sunlight.

Amidst his ecstasy, his thoughts suddenly shattered. He felt the darkness around him being pierced by the light, shattering into pieces.

Bard bolted upright, alarmed to find himself lying in the servant's room at the Governor of the Sea's residence. He hadn't left.

He surveyed his surroundings and heard cheers and crackers from outside.

I just had a dream? Did it stem from a spirituality warning, helping me discover a problem with the plan? As Bard pondered these thoughts, he immediately dismissed the corresponding judgment. No, how could I have fallen asleep during the sea prayer ritual? Did I start dreaming after hearing soft footsteps in my room?

Bard rolled to his feet, slung his backpack over his shoulders, and tentatively pushed open the door, entering the corridor.

No longer smug with the plan that required minimal risks or combat, Bard realized he couldn't share in the distribution of items. He couldn't teleport away directly, nor could he return to his original appearance or disguise himself as someone else.

Upon reaching the corridor, Bard noticed the Little Devils leaving the shadows and performing a strange celebratory dance.

He hadn't "communicated" with these sea spawn and knew their intelligence was roughly equivalent to that of ordinary dogs. They could be tamed and controlled, but direct communication was beyond them. However, the amazing thing was that Little Devils had the ability to record and recreate human words, even if they weren't sure of their meanings. Moreover, they could receive signals from their collaborators within a 100-meter radius.

The Little Devils ignored Bard as well. The sea prayer ritual had succeeded. According to their prior agreement, the fake Governor of the Sea could leave on his own.

Bard left the Governor of the Sea's residence and realized that the guards at the entrance weren't kneeling to thank the boon like before. The villagers of Milo Village at the docks were the same. Apart from a few who sincerely shouted that the sea prayer ritual had succeeded, the rest merely echoed what was happening and expressed their joy, with many preferring to release crackers.

Indeed, it was a dream. The villagers' reactions in the dream were too exaggerated... I should know that based on past experiences with sea prayer rituals, only the committee members of the Fisheries Guild and a few people with strong sea bloodlines can sense the arrival of the sea's boon. Others with sea bloodlines wouldn't have a tangible sense. They'd slowly realize they've become stronger, or the changes are too weak to detect. Otherwise, the failure of the sea prayer ritual last year wouldn't have escaped the notice of Port Santa's citizens and would have only circulated within the core circle. Bard used the environment to quickly confirm the essence of his previous encounter.

He didn't dare relax, nor did he "again" head to the docks to admire the villagers being fooled. Instead, he turned to the road leading to Port Santa's city district.

Just as he stepped out of the ancient village, Bard spotted a figure ahead.

The man stood over 2.4 meters tall, clad in a simple linen robe and a hood, holding a thick staff.

"Gandalf..." Bard's heart tightened as he shouted.

With the dream just now, he thought he had been exposed, so he didn't pull off any act.

Gandalf, the president of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, was taken aback and let out a deep chuckle.

“You're really fake.”

H-he's not sure of my identity? Bard was taken aback, wishing he could slap himself.

Inside the underwater spaceship, in a metallic room reminiscent of a beehive.

Having failed to capture Mad Lady twice in a row, Mr. K's body underwent a sudden transformation, expanding to nearly three meters in height.

Fortunately, he wasn't adorned in actual clothes. The blood-colored cloak draped over him had morphed from his flesh and blood. Otherwise, even the loose robe would have succumbed to the drastic change.

Concurrently, Mr. K's skin darkened, assuming the appearance of thick and formidable armor. Crooked goat horns adorned with sinister patterns sprouted from his head, and a pair of bat-like wings, encircled in crimson and blue flames, emerged from his back.

A pungent smell of sulfur hung in the air.

Being a Sequence 5 Shepherd of the Secrets Suppliant pathway, Mr. K possessed the core ability of Grazing. This allowed him to fuse other people's souls with Beyonder characteristics or boon powers and utilize them uniquely. It was akin to grazing lambs for a deity.

Each Shepherd could graze up to seven souls, controlling only one at a time. In this state, Shepherds could employ their Beyonder abilities and three abilities corresponding to the souls. These were chosen during Grazing and remained fixed thereafter.

The most formidable aspect of Shepherds was their ability to Graze demigod-level spirits, enabling them to contend with Saints for a limited duration.

Presently, Mr. K was using a Grazed Devil. He had selected Devil Transformation, Sulphur Fireball, and Sword of Lava in the past.

Mr. K deliberately chose to forgo Devil's most distinctive Danger Premonition because he believed it to be effective only when commanding the Devil's spirit. Under normal circumstances, he couldn't activate Grazing continuously. In any case, if grave danger loomed, a divine revelation would be provided by God. Failure to receive such guidance indicated wrongdoing, warranting divine punishment.

As the expansive bat wings on Mr. K's back unfolded, light-blue fireballs condensed, numbering almost twenty.

They indiscriminately bombarded every corner of the metallic beehive, creating an all-encompassing barrage to counter Mad Lady's elusive “flashes” throughout the space.

Rumble!

The explosion, a mix of fire and poison, wreaked havoc on the metallic hive, tearing apart the incubating Batings Black Insect, Little Devils, and other creatures.

Mad Lady abruptly halted as the Sulfur Fireball condensed.

Cloaked in a blood-colored dress, with grotesque flesh lumps on her face, an illusory, slowly flipping book materialized in her eyes. Faint recitations echoed around her.

Drawing a dagger, she genuflected and drove it into the metal floor of the hive.

Dawn-like light ascended, forming an almost invisible wall around her.

Rumble!

The shockwaves from the Sulfur Fireball's explosion and the poisonous pale-blue fireball relentlessly struck the invisible barrier, causing it to sway, yet it stood resilient.

This was Protection of a Warrior Sequence 5.

Record, the core ability of a Sequence 6 Scribe of the Apprentice pathway, allowed the "recording" of others' abilities for use, each recording usable only once. Scribes could even record Beyond powers with godhood effects, but the success rate was minimal.

After the explosion's aftershocks subsided, Mr. K, donned in a blood-colored cloak and resembling a colossal Devil, wielded a broadsword composed of crimson lava and pale-blue flames. He surged towards Mad Lady in two steps, slashing down.

The nearly invisible wall around Mad Lady couldn't withstand the onslaught and finally shattered. As the illusory book in her eyes flipped, a robust and sharp Sword of Dawn materialized in her hand.

Excitedly, she swung her two-handed light sword.

Clang!

Mr. K's strike sent Mad Lady, lacking a Warrior's physique and strength, flying.

Though Mr. K hadn't anticipated her determination to engage in close combat despite her limitations, the battle's tempo remained unaffected. He advanced, wielding the lava broadsword once again.

Poof! The Mad Lady he struck suddenly thinned, transforming into a paper figurine consumed by sulfurous flames.

Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Mad Lady reappeared beside a demolished metal hive, her illusory book flipping once more.

She then stretched her arms, allowing a pure and magnificent blazing pillar of light to descend from the sky and strike Mr. K, who had attacked the paper effigy.

Priest of Light's Light of Holiness!

Chapter 588 Degree of Madness

Mr. K shifted instantaneously, tapping into the Grazed Traveler's soul. His eyes took on an otherworldly glow, as if concealing doors to different realms.

His form faded, and in an instant, a luminous white column surrounded by flames emerged, shrouding him within its fiery embrace.

In the ensuing moment, Mr. K, stripped of his Devil guise, materialized in a corner of the metallic beehive. His form liquefied, his flesh resembling dripping candle wax.

The Secrets Suppliant pathway symbolized corruption, its influence curtailed by the Sun pathway's capabilities.

Half-melted flesh and blood cascaded onto the metal floor, seeping into it in a bizarre manner. Soon, it was absorbed by the spaceship Mad Lady had earlier detailed. Even Mr. K felt the weight of an unseen force, as if an invisible hand pressed him down. His attempts to extricate himself from the metallic floor proved futile, and he continued sinking gradually.

Mad Lady, with grayish-green eyes gleaming, teleported near Mr. K.

Despite his blood-colored wax-drenched visage, Mr. K faced Mad Lady without a trace of fear. His focus remained fixed on the evil god's aura emanating from the metal hive—his ultimate target.

He switched the Grazed soul to an Arbiter pathway Beyond, with two bolts of lightning gathering in the depths of his darkened eyes.

Psychic Piercing!

Mad Lady refrained from teleporting. The illusory book within her eyes flipped open, revealing the kaleidoscope of colors on Mr. K's body and the shifting hues of light during his Grazed soul transitions.

Excitement illuminated Mad Lady's face. Raising her right hand, she prepared to delicately twist it clockwise.

Steal!

This was an ability she had Recorded from Bard.

A sudden, intriguing notion captivated Mad Lady's thoughts—she yearned to witness the aftermath of stealing the Grazing ability from a Shepherd.

It was crucial to understand that her Steal ability was limited to just one from a target, devoid of any connections to the abilities that came with it. In essence, after snatching the Grazing ability, the soul, characteristics, and powers under Grazing's influence would persist within Mr. K's body.

In this state, Mad Lady pondered whether Shepherds would grapple with internal conflicts, the fusion of characteristics, or a loss of control akin to the switching between non-adjacent pathways.

Excitement bubbled within Mad Lady as she deliberately Blinked near Mr. K, compelling him to switch Grazed souls. She observed keenly, eager to discern which light aligned with Grazing.

As for Mr. K's reaction, she cared little.

You continue your fight; I continue my steal. Whoever dies first loses!

Simultaneously, the metal floor, saturated with Mr. K's flesh, quivered unexpectedly. A previously concealed door within the metal hive withdrew, unveiling a passageway that hinted at a silver metallic hall beyond.

A formidable suction force emanated from that direction. While her attempt to steal Mr. K's Grazing ability was underway, Mad Lady—lacking the strength—was propelled into the air. Dark-blond hair whipped around wildly as she soared toward the origin of the anomaly.

Meanwhile, Mr. K remained “locked” to the metal floor. Though his body swayed precariously, on the verge of being pulled away, he held his ground, unsteady yet resilient.

The face of the blood-colored wax-streaked Aurora Order Oracle betrayed an anxious expression.

The enemy was on the verge of escape!

The source of the evil god corruption had revealed itself!

Mr. K swiftly switched back to the corresponding Devil spirit, summoning a broadsword forged from crimson lava and pale-blue flames. Targeting his body adhered to the metal floor, he executed a slashing motion.

Beneath his calf, flesh promptly separated from his main body, the incision undergoing a mesmerizing melding of half-melting and half-reforming.

Having relinquished a portion of his flesh, Mr. K allowed pale-white, moist, and freshly-formed limbs to squirm out from the severed stump. Concurrently, he harnessed the formidable suction force to pursue Mad Lady and draw closer to the source of corruption.

In midair, he witnessed Lumian, disguised, clutching the door frame in a struggle against the menacing suction. He observed the motionless silver-white full-body armor seamlessly blending with the floor.

Mad Lady surged ahead, on the verge of “flying” past Lumian.

With a wave of her right hand, she emitted a greeting-like “hello”, her face radiating excitement and anticipation.

Lumian's pupils constricted. Disregarding his precarious state, he harrumphed.

Two beams of white light shot forth from his nostrils, accurately aimed at Mad Lady but influenced by the tangible and enigmatic suction force. They bent and “plunged” deeper into the tunnel.

At that moment, Lumian's grip on the silver metal door frame neared its breaking point, blood seeping from the strain.

Faintly, he sensed an abundance of flesh and skin deep within the tunnel, intertwining to shape a colossal structure resembling a pear-shaped bird's nest.

Suspended in midair, fleshy ropes, as thick as two or three adult arms and covered in a translucent membrane, extended, linking the distant wall, the ceiling above, and the metal on the ground.

Within these flesh and blood tendrils, specks of starlight and a mysterious dark substance flowed into the massive pear-shaped object.

The bird's nest-like structure was contracting inward, its various parts deeply sunken, delineating lines that hinted at a substantial disk.

The terrifying suction force, capable of manipulating both reality and mystery, emanated from this pear-shaped object composed of skin, flesh, and blood.

At that moment, the outlines on the pear-shaped object quivered, and all the indentations bulged and expanded.

With this transformation, fragments of starlight spilled from the fleshy bird's nest, rushing into every cabin within the spaceship.

This event resembled the prior two releases of the sea's power, yet lacked the grandeur and vastness, lacking the potential to rend apart anyone obstructing its path.

Lumian could already envision the repetitive expulsion, understanding that the silver-gray behemoth had amassed a power capable of threatening the seal. Year after year, it required the extraction of this accumulated pressure.

As the abundance of starlight scattered, the formidable suction force dissipated.

With two thuds, Mad Lady and Mr. K collided with the ground. One found herself in the tunnel leading to the fleshy "bird's nest," while the other lay in the silver hall where Lumian and Ultraman had previously battled.

Lumian released his grip, landing on the ground. His gaze swiftly fixated on the April Fool's key member, adorned with clumps of flesh and blood on her face.

Mad Lady sprang up, exclaiming to him and Mr. K, "Did you see that? Did you see that? That's an incubating deity. Yes, it should be a deity!"

Despite the intense fluctuations in Mad Lady's emotions, Mr. K discerned no sincerity in her tone.

Her mention of "deity" sounded more like "powerful and terrifying monster," a mere description.

In the next instant, Lumian materialized behind Mad Lady, who promptly vanished on the spot, "Blinking" closer to where the starlight had scattered.

Lumian, sensing danger instinctively, felt his heart quicken involuntarily.

He hesitated to delve too deeply into the tunnel, avoiding proximity to the flesh and blood "bird's nest" he had vaguely "seen" before. Unimaginable horrors were certain to unfold.

However, Mad Lady sprinted in that direction.

Let her venture deeper and potentially meet her end? Lumian's thoughts raced, torn between decisions.

Another second passed, and Mr. K teleported in front of Lumian, fervently pursuing Mad Lady.

In that moment, Lumian, who had often considered himself a bit eccentric, found himself yearning for a bit more normalcy from the duo ahead of him.

While he could comprehend Mr. K's choices and actions—rooted in unwavering faith in God and the pursuit of divine will, coupled with a hint of extremism—Mad Lady's conduct exceeded his expectations.

Drawing from I Know Someone's confession and Mad Lady's previous behavior, Lumian detected no signs of her fanatical devotion to the Celestial Worthy. Simultaneously, due to the ongoing conflict between the Celestial Worthy and Mr. Fool, she couldn't always rely on protection.

This raised a question for Lumian.

If Mad Lady consistently courted danger, how had she managed to survive to this day?

April Fool's lacked the strict hierarchy and coordination seen in the Aurora Order. Most of the time, members operated independently with minimal interaction. Protecting Mad Lady from the start, allowing her to grow steadily with such a mindset, seemed implausible.

Could it be that I Know Someone had once overseen the treatment of Mad Lady's mental and psychological issues? After his demise, did Mad Lady's problems exacerbate? Lumian quickly formulated a plausible explanation, but considering Mad Lady's conduct on the betrothal ship, her current state struck him as abnormal.

On the betrothal ship, faced with the impending release of the sea's power in the energy passageway, Mad Lady, though eager and seeking excitement, had an escape route. As long as she didn't delay until the last moment, she could teleport away, avoiding the actual risk of death.

Now, whatever lurked in the depths of the tunnel made Lumian, despite his feigned high level, intuitively uneasy. He believed it represented an almost certain death sentence. Yet, Mad Lady persisted in her attempt to approach!

Could there be a reason compelling her to make contact with that object? Lumian wondered. He suspected that Mad Lady's actions might be part of the Celestial Worthy's scheme, convincing her that she could confront the provocation head-on and escape in time.

I can't let her and that Celestial Worthy succeed... Besides, personally, I look forward to ending her myself rather than witnessing her being swallowed by that dangerous object... Lumian's eyes narrowed, the desire to teleport forward and intercept Mad Lady compelling him.

However, preventing a Traveler from reaching a specific location in such a manner was clearly impossible. Lumian hesitated, unwilling to genuinely approach the flesh-and-blood "bird's nest" deep within the tunnel.

Suddenly, an idea struck him.

The peculiar structure's rejection of outsiders seems to have lifted, and with Lato Guiaro, a person possessing a potent sea bloodline, deceased. Could I attempt to gain temporary authority as the Governor of the Sea to halt Mad Lady's progress?

With that in mind, Lumian embarked on his endeavor.

Activating the power of the sea within him, he allowed his Astral Projection to merge and swiftly expand outward.

## Chapter 589 Object Within the Nest

As Lumian's Astral Projection expanded with the power of the sea, he immediately sensed the presence of the "waters."

This wasn't a genuine ocean but a fantastical sea created by radiant starlight. At its core lay the projection of the silver-gray behemoth.

Empowered by an ample supply of the sea's power, Lumian's Astral Projection surged forward, merging seamlessly with the phantom.



A burning sensation radiated from the left side of his chest, as if some form of acknowledgment had been received.

His consciousness extended boundlessly, taking command of the dreamlike illusory sea.

In the course of this process, he glimpsed the phantoms of Juan Oro, Ultraman Lato Guiaro, and unfamiliar apparitions.

Those who have returned to the sea? They seem to have transformed into water droplets in the sea... Lumian withdrew his gaze from the joyful Juan Oro and the pained Lato Guiaro, redirecting it toward the depths of the tunnel ahead. From a considerable distance, he spotted Mad Lady.

The silver-gray behemoth harbored entities nurtured within the flesh and blood "bird's nest." With the Batings Black Insect, Little Devils, and other extraterrestrial life forms, it was inevitable that they coexisted in the spirit world. However, this spirit world was entirely severed from the external realm. Consequently, Beyonders skilled in summoning creatures from the spirit world for assistance found themselves bereft of their primary reliance. Teleportation executed through the spirit world, however, retained some semblance of normalcy. Departing directly, however, proved impossible. The only avenues were through the energy passageway at the entrance or by breaching the outer wall to connect the inner and outer spirit worlds.

Simultaneously, the closer one approached the flesh-and-blood "bird's nest," the more peculiar the spirit world became. It was as though the air gradually thickened, becoming almost tangible and impeding the approach of "birds."

In such an environment, coupled with the absence of a flesh-and-blood "bird's nest," Mad Lady found herself unable to teleport directly. Her only recourse was to Blink incrementally, expending her spirituality with each maneuver.

Having focused on Mad Lady and the space in front of her, Lumian suddenly extended his right hand and clenched it into a fist.

The air surrounding Mad Lady immediately grew dense, as if assuming a tangible form. This transformation caused the illusory curtain to bend, compressing the corresponding area into a dark and transparent sphere.

Once more, Mad Lady's form disappeared, but a formless force, shaped by the bending area, yanked her out and sent her plummeting.

Under the authority of the Governor of the Sea, the spirit world within the sphere and the spirit world within the silver-gray behemoth were forcibly separated!

However, this effect was contingent on the peculiar environment. In the external world, given Lumian's current level and mastery of the power of the sea, completely isolating an area from the expansive and genuine spirit world proved challenging. He could merely employ Cosmic Void to create an exit path and a door symbolizing an escape route, a tactic vulnerable to counteraction by a Traveler's abilities.

Mad Lady attempted another Blink, yet found herself unable to escape the dark sphere's confines.

She halted in place, seriously contemplating her Recorded abilities and the items in her possession that might alleviate her current predicament.

Observing her struggle, Lumian couldn't suppress his yearning for demigod-level powers.

As the temporary authority-wielding Governor of the Sea—essentially a faux demigod incapable of withstanding a single spell from the “Cinderella” demigod—Lumian had ensnared Mad Lady in an inescapable dilemma. She proved challenging even for Mr. K to subdue in a brief timeframe.

Mad Lady gazed into the depths of the metal tunnel, representing the flesh and blood “bird's nest,” her face aglow with unrestrained eagerness, anticipation, and excitement.

Confined within the dark sphere, she yearned for escape, dissatisfied with her inability to reach the desired destination.

Head over there, quick! Head over there, quick!

I want to go over!

The longing in her heart intensified, nearly manifesting as a tangible desire.

The desire surged into her chest, seeking to rupture the restraints and liberate her from this predicament.

Mr. K, having switched to a Traveler's soul, swiftly caught up and saw Mad Lady.

Instinctively, an illusory book materialized in his dark eyes.

Positioned in front of Mr. K, the book flipped through its pages while chanting in a low voice, “I came, I saw, I record.”

In an instant, Mr. K underwent a transformation, manifesting as a two to three-meter-tall half-giant donned in cold black armor, brandishing a dark, straight broadsword.

Having Grazed a Traveler, he had selected three Beyonder powers: Blink, Record, and the Traveler's Door, encompassing teleportation or travel. Additionally, with Record, he had acquired an ability capable of influencing godhood from a Saint of the Aurora Order. While only half as effective as the original, it proved sufficient to contend with Mad Lady, who had yet to approach the threshold of godhood.

Mr. K advanced confidently, wielding the dark, straight broadsword, prepared to strike.

At that moment, Mad Lady's chest was overwhelmed by an intense surge of desire.

Then, she experienced a sharp, piercing pain.

She didn't need to lower her head. From the corner of her eye, she witnessed the flesh on her chest tearing apart inch by inch, the white bones snapping one by one. A grayish-white fog, mingled with fragments of flesh, surged forth, coalescing into a humanoid figure resembling her. In an instant, it leaped out of the dark “sphere” created by Lumian and darted into the depths of the metal tunnel.

Don't be in a hurry to leave! Unfazed by the situation, Mad Lady's face reflected excitement and a hint of regret.

Pfft!

Mr. K's dark broadsword cleaved through the dark sphere, diagonally bisecting Mad Lady.

Wearing the ring imbued with flesh and blood magic, Mad Lady didn't succumb immediately. Her two halves of flesh and blood writhed, attempting to reunite, but all endeavors were obliterated by the profound darkness left in the wake of the broadsword. The flesh and blood failed to reestablish a connection.

Come on, come on... Mad Lady's relatively intact head sought to aid her body, but she swiftly perceived the annihilation of her soul.

Her vision darkened, and her unevenly separated bodies crumpled to the ground.

Unperturbed by the fate of the April Fool's key member, Mr. K and Lumian redirected their focus to the grayish-white figure hurtling into the depths of the metal tunnel.

Comprising half fog and half flesh, the figure existed in a realm between reality and illusion.

The temporary Governor of the Sea, Lumian, once again honed in on the target and its surroundings, intending to marshal every ounce of sea power at his disposal.

At that moment, the grayish-white figure collapsed to the ground.

The flesh and blood originally belonging to Mad Lady seeped into the metal floor, and the grayish-white fog was on the verge of being absorbed.

Abruptly, the entire tunnel trembled. Lumian once again “saw” the pear-shaped object fashioned from flesh and skin.

The flesh membrane on its surface buckled once more, outlining a disc-shaped contour.

A formidable suction force erupted. Whether Lumian—the temporary Governor of the Sea—or Mr. K, they found themselves irresistibly propelled into the depths of the metal tunnel, as if an invisible hand seized them and drew them toward the core of the silver-gray behemoth.

Mad Lady's dismembered corpse and her belongings soared into the air, propelled towards the destination she had fervently yearned for in life.

The humanoid form outlined by the grayish-white fog seeped deeper into the metal floor, absorbing a portion.

In that moment, Lumian, wielding the temporary authority of the Governor of the Sea, employed his enhanced perception to “see” the flesh-and-blood “bird's nest” deep within the metal tunnel more distinctly than before.

The pear-shaped object's flesh and skin caved in, and the starlight and dark matter emanating from the surrounding flesh ropes accelerated their flow.

Through the taut skin and flesh, Lumian vaguely sensed the object nurtured within the pear-shaped structure.

It resembled a pitch-black vortex capable of devouring all colors and light. While not overly large, it featured a disc-shaped outer edge.

Wh... Lumian instinctively recalled scientific concepts and simplified scenes his sister Aurore had once explained. He identified a term that matched his observations: A black hole!

Did the Abraham family's ancestor seal a black hole with Amon? A black hole that has yet to fully form and is still nurtured within a mother's body from a mystical standpoint? Lumian found the idea absurd, straddling the line between scientific and mystical.

Simultaneously, he sensed a connection between the “black hole”-like object and another place. A profound, weighty, dense, and terrifying aura loomed over the world.

With a buzzing sensation, Lumian teetered on the brink of losing consciousness. Not only was his physical form being drawn towards the flesh and blood “bird's nest,” but even his thoughts, Spirit Body, and destiny converged in that direction.

It was the same for Mr. K.

One after another, Mad Lady's fragmented remains and a few belongings floated between them.

Beyond the silver-gray behemoth, Franca and the others felt an ominous suction emanating from the seabed. It seemed as though a colossal vortex was forming, ready to engulf everything in its vicinity.

Splash!

The mountainous azure waves and jade-green seawater collapsed, filling the seabed.

Abruptly, resplendent starlight descended from the sky.

Madam Magician materialized, adorned in a deep-black Warlock robe embroidered with shimmering silver stars.

The wielder of a Major Arcana card extended her right hand toward the silver-gray behemoth at the seabed. Her figure appeared in a state of overlap, intermittently clear and blurry.

Each radiant starlight transformed into an illusory door, seamlessly “melding” with the suction force, merging into the silver-gray behemoth.

## Chapter 590 The Truth Behind the Seal

The surface of the massive silver-gray behemoth ignited with illusory doors, casting a star-like brilliance that darkened the sky above the sea.

This existing seal, triggered by Madam Magician, no longer resided in a nadir due to celestial shifts.

Starlight descended, swiftly repairing the temporary damage inflicted upon the seal.

Inside the behemoth, half of the grayish-white fog composing Mad Lady's human form was absorbed by the metal floor, appearing as if it would sink further.

In that crucial moment, starlight permeated the walls, floor, and ceiling, materializing resplendent doors of various shapes. These doors manipulated the void, thwarting the menacing suction and expelling the grayish-white fog.

Abruptly, Lumian felt the formidable suction force from the metal tunnel's depths dissipate.

He “saw” the dented flesh and blood “bird's nest” expanding again, releasing a copious amount of resplendent starlight.

The torrent surged through different parts of the silver-gray behemoth like a flood breaching a dam.

Lumian, Mr. K, Mad Lady's remains, and the items undulated with the sea's waves. As they were propelled forward, they encountered resistance and erosion from the sea's power.

Meanwhile, the fleshless, corporeal grayish-white phantom swayed in the vast starlight, growing fainter before gradually dissipating.

Unlike previous instances, the sea's power did not erupt from the ocean depths this time. Madam Magician had severed the energy passageway, successfully resealing and reinforcing the seal.

Madam Magician, her form seemingly illusory, raised her right hand and pointed at the betrothal ship and sailboat, her eyes mirroring the corresponding scene.

The two ships, along with Hela, Franca, the “Cinderella” demigod, the humanoid Sealed Artifact, the Maidens of the Sea, the remaining deputy hosts, and the sailors, vanished from the underwater cavity, instantly reappearing on the sunny, calm, turquoise sea beyond the seal.

Crash! Mountain-like azure waves and jade-green seawater resembling well walls slammed down, filling the underwater cavity.

Madam Magician's gaze then shifted to Lumian, Mr. K, Mad Lady's corpse, Pride Armor, and other items.

Just as she was about to relocate them, Lumian, still donning the Flog boxing gloves, suddenly felt a heavy, dense, terrifying, and brilliant aura “looking” at him from another place connected to the black hole in the flesh and blood “bird's nest.”

Crack, crack. Lumian heard his bones shattering, his skull caving in, ribs snapping, and flesh compressing layer by layer.

After unleashing the Ascetic's accumulated strength, he, now taller, was instantly compressed into a short, thin, and dense form.

Intense pain flooded his mind, and his brain began to passively contract.

After a moment, Lumian broke free from the gaze and floated into the gradually calming air.

Before Madam Magician, an illusory book rapidly flipped, emitting a faint glow full of vitality. It bathed Lumian's body in light, reconstructing his broken bones and swiftly enlarging his compressed flesh, rescuing him from his near-death state.

Then, Madam Magician tossed Mad Lady's rose-gold ring embedded with the crimson gem to Lumian, allowing him to reassemble his flesh and blood and return to his original appearance. He was no longer a short, thin, and heavy peculiar human.

Simultaneously, in Port Santa, Loki's figure faded as he entered the spirit world, preparing to teleport away.

However, a dark, formless barrier appeared in front of him, blocking his path.

Loki's pupils dilated as he realized that at some point, he had been ensnared in a dark and transparent “sphere,” seemingly bent from the void, with “walls” everywhere, and a hidden door.

High up in the spirit world—near the seven pure lights—Madam Magician hovered, adorned in a deep-black Warlock robe adorned with stars.

Loki's presence registered in her eyes, and an illusory book rapidly flipped before her.

She had strategically waited until the last moment to prevent Loki from receiving the Celestial Worthy's warning, providing her an opportunity to capture him alive.

Loki's lips curled into an exaggerated smile upon understanding the situation.

Rumble!

His body erupted from the inside out, as if a self-controlled bomb had been embedded in his flesh beforehand.

Loki's bizarre suicide succeeded; flesh and blood splattered, and his aura dissipated.

Madam Magician promptly lifted the seal on the area, capturing the information Loki had imprinted in the spirit world.

The spirit world served as a repository for all information. Divination often entailed revelations from the spirit world, and the matter of resurrection inevitably left corresponding information.

As long as she found relevant information in time, Madam Magician could trace Loki to his resurrection spot and pinpoint the ancient castle documented in the Secret Order records.

Soon, Madam Magician obtained something.

Her figure vanished from the spirit world's heights, navigating the endless darkness adorned with symbols.

In the next moment, a vast grayish-white fog materialized before her eyes.

Magician halted, gazing at the seemingly endless expanse of grayish-white fog.

Under the silent, dusky sky, above the calm blue sea.

Using Mad Lady's ring embedded with a crimson gem, Lumian adjusted his internal organs, flesh, and bones to their original state.

Treading on the corporeal wind, Lumian removed the ring that enabled the use of flesh and blood magic and anxiously inquired of Madam Magician, "How's the situation on the other two fronts?"

As he spoke, he sensed a mystical and indiscernible flicker from Madam Magician.

Magician smiled.

"Loki has just been killed by me, but I couldn't prevent his resurrection or seize the opportunity to locate his ancient castle.

"Bard has been captured by Gandalf, whom you intentionally sent to Milo Village. He's alive."

Phew... Lumian instinctively heaved a sigh of relief.

Though he hadn't captured Loki, wasting one more of Loki's resurrections meant he had achieved his objectives.

Furthermore, Ultraman and Mad Lady had been completely eliminated, and Bard had been captured alive. The results were satisfactory.

Initially, Lumian hadn't confirmed Bard's identity. He didn't even know if Bard had participated in the sea prayer ritual. However, he had a few suspects, including the fake Governor of the Sea and Juan Oro's grandson, Fernandez. Since most of the suspects were in Milo Village, he had Gandalf closely monitor them.

Madam Magician continued, "I relocated everyone else from these waters. I sent Mr. K of the Aurora Order back to his rented room in Port Santa. Mad Lady's corpse and items are floating here."

The Major Arcana card holder opened her palm, shrouded in darkness, forming a small box. Inside, Mad Lady's dismembered corpse and other items had "shrunk" to the size of mosquitoes, drifting as if in another world.

Lumian was taken aback. He looked at the bottom of the azure sea and asked, "Is it over?"

He had anticipated gaining control over the silver-gray behemoth eventually.

"Otherwise? Back then, even two Kings of Angels couldn't clean up the mess. How is our Tarot Club going to handle it—unless Mr. Fool awakens," Madam Magician replied in an amused tone.

Lumian recollected the items in the flesh and blood "bird's nest" and nodded in agreement.

He asked in confusion, "Is it true that sealed at the bottom is a black hole? Uh... Do you know what a black hole is?"

"I do," Madam Magician chuckled. "And I also know that the silver-gray thing down there is a spaceship."

Spaceship... Lumian was taken aback.

Upon reflection, he realized that the silver-gray behemoth bore a striking resemblance to the spaceship described in his sister's bedtime stories!

Madam Magician not only knew about spaceships but also grasped the concept of a black hole!

Never underestimate high-ranking individuals. The time-transcending knowledge possessed by transmigrators might not be foreign to them... Lumian sighed with emotion.

At that moment, he noticed that Madam Magician's mystical flickering had vanished.

The Major Arcana card holder gazed at the seabed and explained, "It's a black hole, ready to form, personally created by an evil god. Constantly absorbing surrounding matter and energy, it strengthens itself, eventually becoming a true black hole.

"In the Fourth Epoch, the evil god seized an opportunity to send the embryonic black hole through the spaceship at the bottom of the sea. The plan was for it to rapidly develop, tear apart, and devour our planet, causing the barrier to lose support and disintegrate prematurely. True gods and angels could escape, but without the barrier's protection, who knows what would happen.

“Fortunately, Mr. Door and Amon discovered the threat in time and took action. Yet, They couldn't obliterate the already developing black hole. Any attempts to destroy or destabilize it would only make it stronger. The only viable solution was to seal it and patiently wait for it to weaken through repeated radiations until it ultimately evaporates.

“Alternatively, they could transport it and the spaceship into the cosmos, abandoning it in desolate areas. However, this would require Mr. Door to leave the safety of the barrier and shadow the threat continuously to prevent accidents. Moreover, it remained under the vigilant gaze of that entity, which periodically replenished its energy through their connection. The danger was evident.”

That explains it... Lumian finally grasped why it had been sealed rather than destroyed.

Intrigued, he echoed a term, “Mr. Door?”

It bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Fool.