

## Inevitability 611

Chapter 611 True Name

Rumble!

As Lumian's body was ripped apart by the explosion, he drew upon an Ascetic's tolerance for pain and a Pyromaniac's resistance to burning, activating the black mark on his right shoulder once again.

Alongside Father Montserrat, whose neck had been pierced by the Symphony of Hatred, he vanished into the swirling flames, reappearing at the edge of the dark wilderness.

His linen shirt, black vest, and dark pants lay in tatters. The exposed parts were mangled and charred, revealing white bones in some places.

Father Montserrat, close to death, had the filthy, translucent white membrane on his body torn and burned away by the explosion. The mutated naked body with various organs below was dented and charred, with flesh and blood constantly peeling off.

Snap.

As the first piece of flesh landed on the edge of the weed-covered darkness, it suddenly seeped in, as if absorbed by the soil.

Witnessing this, Lumian's heart stirred. He grabbed Father Montserrat's body and activated teleportation once again.

They left the dark wilderness and materialized on the deck bathed in crimson moonlight.

Simultaneously, the illusory oak tree in the depths of the cargo hold shed its bark, revealing moist, slippery flesh.

The blood-filled flesh began to squirm, but only a palm-sized figure emerged.

The figure, nearly the same size as the blob of flesh that had dropped from Father Montserrat and been absorbed by the wilderness, had clear eyes and a youthful appearance, resembling Father Montserrat, who had shrunk countless times.

Father Montserrat's eyes were glazed, and his expression was rigid, showing no signs of intelligence.

The silver-white Pride Armor rushed over and swung the re-condensed light hammer down, flattening the pixie-like Father Montserrat and turning him into a bloody pulp.

Dawn lit up, melting the meat paste quickly.

The illusory colossal oak tree instantly became more transparent, and the black wilderness with weeds rapidly disintegrated.

In the blink of an eye, the abnormal scene vanished. The cargo hold returned to its original state, but many wooden boxes had shattered, and the steel walls and floor bore obvious depressions and deep marks.

Elsewhere, Lumian drew the Symphony of Hatred's black bone flute and observed as Father Montserrat's blood dripped onto the steel deck without soaking in.

Just as he breathed a sigh of relief, he heard Father Montserrat, who had fallen to the ground and entered a dying state, weakly but persistently shout, "To banish the... Child of God... you must grasp... His true name!

"His true name is..."

Suddenly, Father Montserrat's voice vanished, but his mouth continued opening and closing.

The illusory, hollow cry of a baby echoed in Lumian's ears once more.

Unlike before, the cries were distant, as if in another world. Lumian's body didn't stiffen or turn cold, rendering him immobile.

Is the invisible Child of God still wary of the Blood Emperor's aura? Is this instinctive fear? Lumian quickly surveyed the surroundings and realized that the crimson moonlight on the deck, or rather, around him, had vanished.

The area became abnormally dark, preventing even the sound of seawater splashing.

"Waa! Waa! Waa!"

The baby's cries persisted, growing louder and clearer.

Lumian abruptly lowered his head, fixing his gaze on the breathless Father Montserrat and the stomach of the corpse before him.

At some indeterminate moment, the stomach bulged, as if something writhed within. Despite the already gaping wounds, a demonic blood-red glow emanated from the belly.

Lumian's eyes narrowed slightly as he knelt on one knee. Extending his right hand, which grasped the Symphony of Hatred, towards Father Montserrat's distended stomach.

Slash!

A gentle stroke of the black bone flute cleaved open the blood-red stomach, revealing blood-stained intestines and internal organs. There was no sign of the so-called Child of God or a moist, filthy baby.

Poof! A substantial amount of transparent, pale-yellow liquid spewed out from the ruptured blood-colored stomach, splattering the surrounding deck.

"Waa! Waa! Waa!"

The baby's cries intensified, piercing and shrill, drawing closer to Lumian.

He seemed to be gradually overcoming His fear of the Blood Emperor's aura out of anger and hatred.

I need to find a professional to banish this invisible Child of God... Lumian, whose current spirituality allowed him two uses of Spirit World Traversal, planned on seeking assistance.

Hunters weren't experts in such matters!

Yet, after activating the black mark on his right shoulder, Lumian realized he couldn't sense the spirit world or the coordinates he had once held.

The abnormal darkness induced by the Child of God's cries appeared to seal off this area.

This was closer to Paramita!

I can't find help, summon a messenger, or pray to high-level existences... Lumian's eyes narrowed as his heart sank.

At that moment, the invisible Child of God's cries drew nearer, causing Lumian's body to stiffen and turn cold once again.

As panic surged, Lumian, a Conspirer, swiftly devised a new plan: Exorcism Spell!

One of the five ritualistic magics from Alms Monk, capable of dispelling wraiths and evil spirits.

The unborn Child of God, invisible in the real world, bore a resemblance to wraiths or evil spirits.

Lumian, untroubled by the need for a specific target in his Exorcism Spell, could firstly use his name. Secondly, he could pray to Mr. Fool. The proximity-based response of the seal on his chest, due to the severed connection with the outside world, would provide the necessary level and strength!

An Ascetic, Lumian could simplify parts of the Exorcism Spell for a quick completion.

The hitch was the requirement for the target's real name and an item frequently carried. Lumian lacked both.

His gaze shifted to Father Montserrat's open and deflated stomach, searching for something relevant.

If unsuccessful in a minute, he planned to unleash Blood Emperor Alista Tudor's aura, attempting to scare away the invisible Child of God and break through the abnormal darkness for an indirect banishment.

After scanning the area a few times, Lumian's gaze fixed on the chaotic, blood-stained intestines.

Amidst them lay a short, flesh-colored, bloodstained strip, clearly not fully developed.

Wh... An incomplete umbilical cord of the Child of God? If it's truly an umbilical cord, it's closely tied to the Child of God. Connected to His flesh and blood. I don't even need to know His true name to succeed in the Exorcism Spell... Lumian retracted the Symphony of Hatred and tore off the suspected incomplete umbilical cord.

The illusory baby's cries intensified.

Lumian shuddered and chuckled.

“Thank you for confirming it for me.”

He held the incomplete umbilical cord and danced a rhythmic, distorted, primitive dance.

As Lumian danced, he constantly bent down, using the umbilical cord to draw corresponding symbols on the deck with Father Montserrat's blood.

He simplified the patterns he needed to complete, straightened his body, and pressed his left palm, creating a crimson, nearly white flame on the symbol.

Then, he placed the umbilical cord into the flames.

There was a strong symbolic meaning behind this, representing expulsion, incineration, and purification!

“Waaa!”

The baby's cries heightened, sending a shiver down Lumian's spine, causing his body to tremble slightly.

Swiftly, he positioned a lit candle atop the flame and umbilical cord. Stepping back, he recited in Hermes, “The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck...”

As the honorific name of Mr. Fool echoed, a wispy gray fog enveloped the surroundings. The unseen baby's cries diminished, echoing in a haunting hollowness.

Feeling a burning sensation in his left chest, Lumian advanced two steps with a determined expression. He grasped the smoldering umbilical cord, flicked it thrice, and returned it to its place.

He continued, “I beseech your assistance. I implore you to banish the object connected to this umbilical cord...”

In an instant, the crimson, nearly white, flames tainted the gray fog, burning more intensely. The umbilical cord swiftly charred, revealing Father Montserrat's transparent face marked by explosions and blood. The hollow baby's cries faded into the distance.

Father Montserrat's spirit involuntarily retreated, relief evident on his pained face.

He was also connected to the umbilical cord, and he was now a ghost!

With difficulty, Father Montserrat raised his hands and shouted, “Life's precious embrace, the harvest's grace!

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

His transparent Spirit Body rapidly dissipated into the darkness. The invisible Child of God emitted a shrill cry filled with hatred and curses.

The cry echoed in Lumian's head, making him feel as if he had endured Psychic Piercings repeatedly. He became extremely weak, his thoughts consumed by the pain in his soul, losing perception of the outside world.

Upon recovery, the abnormal darkness on the deck had vanished, and the crimson moonlight returned.

The symbols on the ground and the gray fog-colored flames disappeared, leaving only the quietly burning candle and the charred umbilical cord.

After a brief pause, Lumian bent down to extinguish the candle flame. Pressing his hand to his chest, he whispered, “Thank you, Mr. Fool.”

After stowing away the remnants of the umbilical cord and the ritual candle, Lumian cast a glance at Father Montserrat's still uncharacteristic corpse. He unleashed his Compression power.

His spirituality restored, weakness eased, Lumian finally felt confident enough to return to the cargo hold. Silently, he packed the Pride Armor into his Traveler's Bag.

Completing this task, he changed into tattered clothes and tended to his exposed wounds briefly.

Enduring the pain, he returned to his suite as if nothing had occurred. Addressing the captain, Pedro, and the others, he declared, "The problem has been resolved. Father Montserrat's corpse is on the deck. His belongings will be handed over to the Church of Earth Mother. Right, a Blessed."

Lumian harbored no intention of claiming the Church of Earth Mother's items.

Captain Pedro and the others departed in bewilderment to verify the deck situation. Lugano approached Lumian and whispered,

"Is Father Montserrat really dead?"

"You can take a look at his corpse," Lumian replied with a "smile," intending to instruct the servant to provide treatment.

Lugano frowned and said, "But I vaguely heard his voice earlier. He seemed to be shouting the name of the so-called Child of God."

Shouting the so-called Child of God's name? Back then, Father Montserrat had indeed shouted the Child of God's true name, but due to special reasons, it hadn't reached the real world. Only Beyonders nearby corrupted by the Child of God could hear it? Lumian pondered and said to Lugano, "That was before Father Montserrat's death. What name did he call out?"

Lugano heaved a sigh of relief and recalled, "I think it was... I think it was..."

Finally, he remembered and recited the pronunciation.

"Yes, Omebella."

## Chapter 612 Daybreak

"Omebella."

Termiboros's resonant voice reverberated in Lumian's ears as He echoed Lugano's words.

"You've heard of that?" Lumian hadn't anticipated Termiboros, who had maintained silence for a considerable time, mentioning a name that left no impression on him.

"No, I've never heard of it before today." Lugano thought it was a question directed at him.

Termiboros fell silent, offering no response.

From the looks of it, it seems there is something off about the Child of God's true name... And it sounds like a woman's name. Considering the Villain pathway's progression to Sequence 5 Banshee, where they transition to women, and the inherent female inclination of the Earth pathway's

Sequence 0, Earth Mother, along with the influence of the Great Mother Herself, it's quite plausible that the Child of God is a woman. It's a logical deduction... Lumian glanced at Lugano and smiled.

“It's fortunate you weren't aware of this earlier. Otherwise, you might have found yourself linked to the so-called Child of God.”

As Lumian spoke, his attention shifted to Ludwig, who had silently moved to the living room's balcony. Lumian approached him at a measured pace, his gaze following Ludwig's toward the deck where Captain Pedro and others were examining Father Montserrat's lifeless form.

Lumian asked thoughtfully, “Is it edible?”

He meant whether Father Montserrat's corpse was edible.

While Lumian had abstained from claiming the Church of Earth Mother's possessions, including Father Montserrat's Beyonder characteristics, he hadn't committed to preserving the corpse intact.

In the heat of battle, it was customary for bodies to sustain damage!

Ludwig shook his head. “Not yet.”

“Very well,” Lumian sighed, retracting his gaze with a tinge of regret.

Thus, the mystery of Father Montserrat's inexplicable connection with the invisible Child of God remained unsolved. A peculiar umbilical cord had even taken root in his stomach, leaving Lumian unable to confirm if Prinpino was a byproduct refined from Father Montserrat's remains.

Indeed, Father Montserrat bore signs of severe corruption, though Lumian hadn't anticipated his corruption to rival that of Mad Lady's.

Of course, it paled in comparison to the state of the Mad Lady's corpse; even Ludwig found it too dirty.

As for spirit channeling, Lumian understood that a spirit banished by the Exorcism Spell couldn't be summoned for a specific duration, rendering communication impossible. Once this period lapsed, spirit channeling became futile.

Upon returning to the living room, Lumian sank into a recliner, casually unbuttoning his black vest and linen shirt. Turning to Lugano, he remarked, “Come and treat me.”

Lugano's eyes surveyed the makeshift bandages and the oozing wounds, expressing surprise.

“It's that serious?”

Lumian, with a hint of amusement, responded, “Do you think dealing with Father Montserrat is a walk in the park? If I hadn't taken risks, I might have been the one lying dead.”

Lugano instinctively denied the suggestion, “Not what I meant. Why are your clothes and pants unscathed after such serious injuries?”

Lumian, enduring the pain, replied casually, “I obviously changed before coming back.”

His Traveler's Bag proved invaluable, holding nearly a dozen identical shirts, vests, and pants, albeit varying in vest colors.

The only casualty was the golden straw hat, consumed in the explosion, now burnt to ashes.

However, this setback hardly fazed the great adventurer, Louis Berry, who had stocked up on identical replacements before leaving Port Farim.

This was the benefit of having a Traveler's Bag. Otherwise, how could he have the space to store so many useless items with just a suitcase?

Lugano, choosing not to pry further, focused on tending to his employer's injuries.

Originally considering a more intricate procedure, like cutting off charred skin, Lugano's plans were halted by Lumian, opting for a simpler approach.

Lumian had no intention of enduring the agony of anesthetics-free surgery, knowing that he would revert to his original state at 6 a.m.

With the pain and injuries now manageable and showing significant improvement, Lumian made his way back to his room. There, he unfolded a letter and began recounting the events involving Father Montserrat and the true name of the Child of God, diligently reporting to Madam Magician.

Lumian consistently regarded matters related to evil gods and the so-called Child of God with great gravity. He believed such concerns should be left to his superiors, acknowledging the importance of involving higher authorities.

Had Mr. K possessed a messenger, Lumian would have promptly dispatched a modified copy to inform the Aurora Order Oracle of the situation. The next course of action wasn't within the purview of an ordinary member like him or Minor Arcana; it was a concern for others to address.

Observing a shared stance between the Tarot Club and the Aurora Order in combating evil gods, especially those breaching the barrier, Lumian recognized his responsibility as both a minor Arcana card holder in the Tarot Club and an official member of the Aurora Order.

After meticulously recording the details, including Termiboros's reaction, Lumian summoned the "doll" messenger.

Engaged in a recent dispute with Ludwig and being in proximity to the other party, the "doll" messenger swiftly arrived and departed. It seldom lingered, avoiding casual conversations.

In a clean and refreshing bedroom of Loen Kingdom, Backlund, Madam Magician lay peacefully in bed, immersed in a restful slumber. Abruptly, she sat up, a puzzled expression crossing her face.

Spirituality warning?

Is something significant about to unfold?

Madam Magician, having just poured a glass of Sonia blood wine and not yet delved into her astromancy, was surprised to see the "doll" messenger materialize on her desk. It placed a folded letter next to a dark-red fountain pen.

Lumian's letter... Has he unearthed the issue with the Earth Mother Church's priest? I didn't guide him in vain... Madam Magician mused, letting the glass float in midair. She picked up the letter and unfolded it.

As she read, her expression underwent a sudden change, and she softly repeated the name,

"Omebella?"

The true name of the invisible Child of God is this? Was my spiritual warning connected to it?

This is something worth discussing at the Tarot Club's regular gathering...

After a moment, Madam Magician used astromancy to indirectly verify the information. She then seated herself and observed as the dark-red fountain pen levitated. Removing the cap, she began to inscribe her thoughts on the faux goatskin: "Omebella is a name shrouded in the fog of history. It carries a potent symbolic meaning in mysticism..."

"Using Omebella as the Child of God's true name. I don't know if it's tied to the mysteries of the Second Epoch when the ancient gods, predating the Ancient Sun God, ruled the land, or if the Great Mother is employing intense mystical symbolism to gradually erode Earth Mother's authority and even Earth Mother Herself.

"If we can unravel the secrets of the ancient era, we might find an answer.

"The one the Aurora Order believes in might know something."

As Lumian read the response inked on faux goatskin, he sensed a subtle suggestion from Madam Magician, hinting at him to inquire with the Aurora Order through Mr. K.

He continued reading.

"Simply put, Omebella belongs to the ancient giant race. Once known as the Goddess of Harvest during the era when ancient gods held sway. I can't divulge more at this time. No need to delve into this matter specifically. If you come across the Earth Mother Church's Favored, Nightstalkers, or members of the School of God's Descent, keep a vigilant eye. We'll handle the follow-up. Of course, when the time comes, we might assign you one or two minor missions."

The Goddess of Harvest... indeed linked to the Earth pathway... Lumian pondered as he burned the letter with crimson flames. Returning to bed, he feigned sleep, attuned to the ship's movements.

With the sunrise, his body swiftly healed, and the day unfolded without unexpected incidents.

Lumian returned to the living room and addressed Lugano, who had been awake for an hour, showing signs of a restless night.

"Still hearing the baby crying?"

"No," Lugano replied, a mix of joy and uncertainty evident in his response.

Lugano believed he needed more time to observe before drawing a final conclusion.

Lumian chuckled.

"As expected, seeking Father Montserrat's help is the only way to completely resolve your aftereffects."

Lugano nearly choked on his words.

So, that's why you wanted me to seek help from Father Montserrat?



Killing him is the equivalent of completely resolving the aftereffects I suffered?

Lumian approached the balcony and instructed Lugano, “Find Enio later and use a follow-up consultation as an excuse to confirm his condition.”

Right, Enio was saved by Father Montserrat's surgery. Since there's something wrong with Father Montserrat, he, too, might be problematic... Lugano had concerns seeking the patient, fearing potential danger. However, as he observed the sunlight gradually brightening and the horizon turning red, a sense of relief washed over him.

At 9 a.m., Lugano returned, informing Lumian that the special patient had recovered exceptionally well. There were no signs of surgery failure or hidden dangers, nor indications of corruption.

Around the same time, Captain Pedro approached Lumian, sharing news that the ship would temporarily dock to allow the Church of Earth Mother's personnel to collect Father Montserrat's corpse and relics and remove relevant individuals.

Notably, the adventurer and his servant were explicitly excluded from this directive by the Church of Earth Mother.

Lumian smiled, offering no response to the captain's words. His demeanor radiated confidence and certainty.

Around noon, several combat nuns and a priest in a brown robe boarded the ship, escorting Enio and others away.

On the balcony, Lugano observed Enio being “invited” off the ship, his expression a mix of daze and fear, powerless to resist. Lugano sighed.

“If he's fine, why capture him?”

Lumian emitted a soft chuckle.

“Do you think it's nonexistent just because you say so? Be optimistic—after the Church of Earth Mother confirms there's no issue, he might secure a clerical position within the Church, interacting with combat nuns daily.”

Lugano fell silent, then after a few seconds, he remarked, “But that also means losing his freedom. He's a victim...”

“Freedom?” Lumian scoffed. “The prerequisite for freedom is not endangering others.”

Despite his stance, as he witnessed the terrified and nervous Enio and recalled the deceased Father Montserrat in his normal persona, Lumian couldn't help but recall a peculiar phrase his sister would occasionally utter: “All living beings suffer.”

Ooo!

With a whistle, the ship prepared to set sail once again.

A few days later, Lumian lounged on a recliner on the suite's balcony, soaking in the sea breeze, reveling in the sunlight, and sipping an undiluted Manzan. From his Traveler's Bag, he retrieved the incomplete umbilical cord from Father Montserrat.

The cord was completely charred, stripped of its spirituality. After Lumian's repeated confirmations, backed by Franca and Jenna's divination, a conclusion was reached:

After the Exorcism Spell, the umbilical cord lost its vitality. Moreover, lacking Beyonder characteristics, it couldn't function as a mystical item or a main ingredient for charms, agents, weapons, or any other artifacts.

All it retained now was its distinct uniqueness.

In simpler terms, it mirrored the mark left on Lumian by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. Devoid of power and incapable of emitting the fearsome aura of the Great Mother's Child of God, Lumian couldn't wield it to intimidate and temporarily intimidate a specific target.

Lumian surmised that it could only play a role in two scenarios.

Firstly, it could act as a casting ingredient, enabling specific spells to wield power beyond ordinary standards or aiding Warlocks in utilizing special spells beyond their usual repertoire.

Secondly, it could serve as a supplementary ingredient incorporated during the crafting of mystical items, charms, agents, or Beyonder weapons, imparting unique effects to the final product.

Naturally, Lumian also believed that such an umbilical cord fragment could prove valuable in the presence of the Great Mother's bestowed. For instance, even without Provocation, he could provoke intense animosity from those individuals.

Regrettably, Witches share similarities with Pyromaniacs. They are restricted to utilizing various black magic bestowed by potions, unable to delve into spell study and master new incantations like Warlocks. Among these black magics, only one, the Bloodline Curse, can be paired with an umbilical cord as a casting ingredient. However, the invisible Child of God has yet to manifest in the real world, rendering the curse ineffective against Him. Cursing the Great Mother is also off the table, as Franca and Jenna might find themselves with giving birth right there and then...

Yes, at the next meeting at the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society or any other mysticism gathering, I could aim to acquire a mystical item tied to a Warlock Sequence, then amass potent spells that employ umbilical cords or high-level items as casting ingredients. Uh... isn't this creating several complications? In Aurore's terms, it's akin to raising a sheep for a plate of coarse salt—nurturing it only to be eventually slaughtered and roasted...

I've not needed to seek out an Artisan for crafting mystical items lately, and the absence of primary ingredients complicates matters. Alternatively, should I transform it into a Beyonder weapon with limited use?

This isn't ideal. There's a contamination risk if an insufficiently skilled Artisan incorporates it as a supplementary ingredient. It's not worthwhile enlisting the help of a high-level Artisan for what seems like a practically useless item...

What about fashioning charms and agents myself?

Lumian scrutinized the charred short umbilical cord for an extended period, grappling with indecision. Eventually, he returned it to his Traveler's Bag.

Then, Lumian reached into his pocket, where a finger from Mr. K sat.

In the past two days, he had undertaken a special “return” to Trier to brief Mr. K about Father Montserrat and the invisible Child of God. He received unreserved approval and praise from Mr. K.

The enthusiasm and fervor led Lumian to suspect that Mr. K might, in the next moment, sever his own arm and offer it to him.

His fingers seemed insufficient to convey the depth of his emotions!

Mr. K expressed great satisfaction with his decision to permit Lumian to leave Trier and pursue his adversaries. He perceived it as the Lord's revelation and commended Lumian's peculiar affinity for heretics and incidents involving evil gods, seeing him as a walking calamity for the fallen.

How could a Beyonder of such stature confine himself to Trier? It was imperative to explore various locations in the Northern and Southern Continents!

Regarding the name of the ancient Goddess of Harvest, Omebella, Mr. K didn't exhibit a notable reaction, nor did he seek an immediate revelation from his Lord. Lumian, failing to secure an answer, bid farewell and departed. Instead, he sought out Franca, Jenna, and Anthony to share the details of the surgical removal, human refinement, and Father Montserrat's near-conception of the Great Mother's Child of God as a man.

While Franca and Jenna were already acquainted with the Sowers of the Villain pathway, the connection with Father Montserrat left them feeling like they were hearing a horror story, traumatized by the bestowed of the Great Mother.

Anthony displayed no overt reaction, but he made a rare gesture.

Unconsciously, he gently stroked his stomach.

After conveying his sentiments, Lumian returned to the ship contentedly, resuming his journey to the southernmost part of the Feynapotter Kingdom.

Knock, knock, knock.

Lumian had just flipped through the Dutanese textbook for a few minutes when a series of knocks echoed on the suite's wooden door.

Lugano, ever diligent, played the role of a servant, making his way to the door and peering through the peephole.

In the past few days, the absence of baby cries had eased his anxious heart.

This incident only heightened his gratitude for choosing to stay with his employer rather than returning to Trier.

Lugano believed that if the issue stemmed from the Beyonder ingredients left behind by Tanko, even if he hadn't boarded this ship, he would have encountered a similar situation sooner or later. Moreover, the wait wouldn't be long — perhaps a year or even half a year. Without the aid of a powerful Beyonder like Lumian Lee, his fate would have been quite clear.

Spotting Captain Pedro outside, Lugano turned to Lumian, who was on the balcony, and informed him, “Boss, the captain is looking for you!”

Why would the captain seek me out? Shouldn't we tacitly overlook what happened? Lumian closed the Dutanese textbook and returned to the living room, bathed in bright sunlight.

Pedro, sporting a handsome brown beard, entered the suite and exchanged pleasantries. Clearing his throat, he said, “Mr. Berry, are you interested in taking on a commission? It's a straightforward one and won't consume much of your time.”

Straightforward? I doubt it would remain so after being entrusted to me... After various experiences, he gained a better understanding of his unique constitution: As a Beyonder of the Hunter pathway, harboring an evil god's angel within him and concealed remnants of the Blood Emperor's aura, he naturally attracted calamities, prematurely unveiling problems that might have remained hidden.

Lumian couldn't foresee how a supposedly simple commission would unfold.

Seated in an armchair, Lumian smiled and responded, “What commission? I'll listen to the specifics before deciding whether to accept it.”

Pedro sighed, beginning to explain, “The destination of this voyage is Port Colla, my hometown. My wife and children live there.

“At the start of the year, my beloved eldest daughter, Salah, fell in love with a young man. She was passionate and eager to marry him.

“As you're aware, in Feynapotter, marriage and family are held in high regard. We must approach marriage cautiously and maintain it responsibly. Blindly rushing into the cathedral isn't our way.”

“Is that lad displeasing to you and your Matriarch? Are you hiring me to silence him?” Lumian teased. “Honestly, there's no need for such trouble. A captain like you surely has plenty of ways to handle inexperienced young people. For instance, give him an opportunity and entice him into the sea trade—only for him to never return.”

Pedro chuckled dryly and responded, “I'm a law-abiding citizen. I won't resort to such measures.”

A sefaring captain with Beyonder abilities is a law-

abiding citizen? Spare me the humor... Lumian criticized, smiling at Pedro, prompting him to continue.

“I probed the young man and sensed something amiss. I hired adventurers to investigate him, but the two adventurers never returned,” Pedro explained earnestly. “This raised my alarm. I don't want my child involved with such a person. It's too risky.”

Lumian nodded slightly.

“Is that why you've sought me out?”

“Yes,” Pedro admitted, forcing a smile. “To you, this may seem trivial, but it's of utmost importance to me. I'm willing to pay 20,000 gold risot as compensation. All spoils are yours.”

20,000 gold risot. Being a captain seems quite lucrative... Lumian pondered for a moment and asked, “Are you a Beyonders of the Planter or Apothecary pathway?”

“Are there any Beyonders from these two pathways in your family?”

What kind of question is that... Pedro was taken aback.

“No.”

“Why haven't you sought help from the Church?” Lumian inquired, posing a second question.

Pedro's expression darkened. After a brief silence, he sighed and replied, “As expected of an experienced adventurer.

“I didn't approach the Church because something is off with my daughter, Salah. Her infatuation with that young man is too intense, and she rejects reason. It's as if she's possessed by a demon. Seeking the Church could resolve the issue, but it might also lead to a negative encounter and outcome for Salah.”

Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

“Do you suspect that Salah has been influenced or even possessed by an unknown entity?”

“Yes,” Pedro admitted, appearing worried.

Lumian asked a few more questions and took a moment to reflect before stating, “Alright, I accept this commission.”

He had to consistently pursue opportunities and work towards digesting the Conspirer potion to a level where he could conduct an advancement ritual upon reaching West Balam in the Southern Continent.

Of course, saving up funds for Ludwig's meals was another motivation.

A few days later, at 10 p.m., in Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Trier.

Franca and Jenna glanced at Anthony, who had just knocked and entered, puzzled.

“Why are you here at this time of day?”

Anthony nodded. “I've found that woman.”

Huh? Jenna was momentarily surprised before questioning, “The woman who appeared in the Magic Mirror Divination?”

The woman whose presence caused the Mirror World Fragment on me to tremble slightly?

Anthony affirmed with certainty, “Yes.”

#### Chapter 614 Under-the-table Transaction

Delilah Le Roy, daughter of a gem merchant, already wed with offspring—a boy and girl—indulges in opera, theater, and literature. Despite the prior incident in Quartier de la Maison d'Opéra, she persists in her activities, easily located by my informant within a week... Not one for bodyguards, she ventures out with only her lady's maid and a valet in tow...

Seated in a window booth at a street café, Jenna mentally reviewed the compiled data, observing the refined lady with makeup befitting her stature disembark from her carriage and enter Trier's esteemed Avenue du Boulevard's Bonnie department store.

Jenna redirected her attention, acknowledging Anthony Reid seated diagonally across from her.

“That's her.”

Franca, positioned on the same side as Jenna, deliberated before speaking, “The issue at hand... Is she baiting us? If her reaction was merely surprise without understanding, we might glean little of value. Should she persist in her high-profile activities despite the resonance with the Mirror World Fragment, it's plausible that she or the person behind her seeks to draw out the Mirror World Fragment's holder.”

Having assessed the scenario, Franca concluded, “Engaging with Delilah recklessly poses significant risks.”

“But our Magic Mirror Divination assures the safety of today's operation,” Jenna countered.

Franca smiled in response.

“Place not undue faith in divination. Moreover, the danger may not be immediate. Hastily engaging with Delilah could disrupt our future leads.”

“So, we stand by? Wait a month or two until tensions ease before acting?” Jenna pondered briefly, then sat upright, revealing her plan, “I have an idea!”

“What is it?” Franca inquired, intrigued.

Jenna pursed her lips and smiled.

“Employ the mystical item—Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction. It grants us a discreet opportunity to interact with Delilah unnoticed.

“This way, if the issue stems from the person behind Delilah, our contact remains concealed, preserving the trail of clues. And if Delilah herself is the concern, we can swiftly transition from contact to control.”

Franca contemplated the proposal with gravity for a brief moment.

“It's not implausible... I'm actually interested in testing the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction myself. No need to contest it. I'm a Sequence higher than you, and my self-preservation capabilities surpass yours. Even if evil entities like demons seek a trade, I can invoke Madam Judgment, a formidable Arbiter, as my witness!”

The Demoness of Pleasure appeared eager to put the mystical item to the test.

Jenna remained silent for a few seconds before consenting, “Alright.”

Anthony continued, “I'll handle the brief encounter. Using a Hypnotist ensures no lingering clues or traces for the person behind Delilah to discover.”

“No issue.” Franca dispensed with formalities, directing her gaze at Jenna, awaiting the retrieval of the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction.

Dressed in grayish-white attire with brown leather armor, Jenna, like many female mercenaries, carried a leather brown backpack.

From the backpack, she retrieved a small, dark-painted wooden box adorned with a membrane curtain on each side, placing it on the table in the café's private room.

Franca weighed the terms of her request against the price of the Authority Holder's Bribe powers. Rolling up the sleeve of her lady's shirt, she reached through the membrane curtain on one side of the wooden box with a small cloth bag containing 100 Louis d'or in her right hand. Although the usage instructions didn't explicitly exclude banknotes, Franca, drawing on her extensive mystic experience, opted for gold coins, a more universally accepted form of currency.

In the next instant, she felt contact with wrinkled and moist skin, five fingers enclosing around the cloth bag containing the gold coins.

Suppressing a momentary surge of disgust, Franca articulated her request in Hermes.

“I desire an uninterrupted, unobserved, and highly discreet face-to-face encounter lasting over three minutes between my friend Anthony Reid, seated across from me, and Delilah, a member of the Le Roy gem merchant family in the nearby Bonnie department store.”

Franca had included meticulous qualifiers, ensuring precision in the parties meeting and the manner of their encounter to avoid any distortion.

The object with the wrinkled and wet palm-like texture lifted the cloth bag containing the gold coins and withdrew.

This signified the agreement of the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction.

Franca withdrew her right hand, using a white handkerchief to meticulously cleanse the touched area while expressing her discomfort with continuous spitting.

“Where should we position ourselves while waiting for the opportunity to meet?” Anthony inquired.

Franca stowed away her handkerchief, offering a smile.

“The request specified only two individuals: yourself and Delilah Le Roy. Consequently, your best chance is to shadow her until the opportunity arises.”

“Fair enough...”

At this juncture, Franca retrieved the resplendent Seven-Stone Bracelet from her Traveler's Bag, extending it towards Anthony.

“In case of any complications, teleport away immediately.”

Observing the seriousness in the Demoneess of Pleasure's demeanor, Anthony swallowed his inclination to politely refuse and accepted the Seven-Stone Bracelet.

After a moment of contemplation, Franca suggested, “If you place trust in me, I can craft a Paper Figurine Substitute using your blood and hair.”

Anthony remained silent for a few seconds before agreeing, “Okay.”

Within the confines of the Bonnie department store, Anthony swiftly pinpointed Delilah Le Roy, exercising his keen observation skills as a Hypnotist.

Delilah stood amidst the first floor, accompanied by her lady's maid and the valet, engrossed in a magician's performance held by the department store to elevate the ambiance.

In the midst of the spectacle, the magician's assistant wheeled in a substantial wooden box capable of accommodating three to four individuals. The magician, with a theatrical flourish, removed his top hat and made an announcement.

“For my next act, I require the assistance of two fortunate members of the audience.

“Madame, would you do me the honor of joining me on stage?”

The magician's invitation was directed at Delilah Le Roy.

Though hesitant, Delilah couldn't muster a refusal and reluctantly ascended the wooden stage prepared for the magical performance.

A weak personality and a difficulty in declining others... Perhaps influenced by the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction... Anthony vaguely anticipated the nature of the intended meeting as he observed Delilah's demeanor. With a calculated step forward, he drew the attention of the magician.

“This gentleman, please join us on stage as well.”

Feigning reluctance, Anthony awkwardly made his way up onto the stage.

The magician gestured toward the wooden box, instructing, “Please take a seat inside.”

Pursing her lips, Delilah sighed and, urged by the crowd, entered the wooden box.

Choosing a seat the furthest from her, Anthony, while there was still illumination, offered a smile and remarked, “Truth be told, I feel a bit embarrassed too.”

His words were delivered with a calm and genial tone, causing Delilah's tense demeanor to ease.

Anthony continued, “Don't believe me? Look me in the eye.”



He pointed to his eyes, inviting her gaze.

Delilah instinctively turned her gaze toward a pair of dark brown eyes reflecting her figure.

My figure... Delilah was caught off guard as her gaze seemed to descend into a spiraling depth.

In that moment, the magician closed the wooden box, enveloping it in darkness.

Seizing the opportune moment, Anthony posed a question, "Did you experience anything unusual in Quartier de la Maison d'Opéra a week ago?"

"Yes," Delilah responded truthfully, sensing a trustworthy demeanor.

"What was that sensation?" Anthony inquired as the magician recited his rehearsed lines.

"My heart started racing, and my blood felt like it was boiling," Delilah recounted her experience.

"Do you know what that means?" Anthony probed further.

In the darkness, Delilah shook her head.

"I'm not sure, but my real father instructed me to inform him immediately if I had similar sensations."

"Real father?" Anthony had a hunch.

Delilah chuckled self-deprecatingly, explaining, "My real father, my mother's lover, and the current government's Minister of Industry, Moran Avigny."

Moran Avigny... Sensing the magician's maneuvers with the wooden box, Anthony swiftly posed a final question. "What did he say upon learning about your reaction?"

"He told me not to worry and to continue living as usual," Delilah admitted, still harboring some concerns.

Anthony acknowledged her words succinctly.

"Lovely lady, I'm thrilled to share this magic moment with you. Can you provide me with something memorable? Perhaps a few strands of your hair?"

His voice, deep and captivating, made Delilah feel that the request was entirely normal.

Consequently, she plucked a few strands of hair and handed them to Anthony.

Upon touching the hair, Anthony sighed in relief and continued in a resonant voice, "I don't want this to jeopardize your family. Once you step out of this wooden box and hear my snap, you'll forget our interaction here..."

As his compelling voice echoed, Delilah's thoughts blurred.

Smack!

The wooden box opened, revealing only Anthony. Delilah, on the other hand, had been gracefully pulled from behind the stage by the magician.

The audience erupted in excited applause.

Once the ovation died down, the magician, hand pressed to his chest, bowed in gratitude. Without casting a glance at Delilah, Anthony snapped his fingers.

Intent on engaging in conversation with the man who had established a connection with her, Delilah was jolted when she heard the snap. Her body shuddered slightly, her eyes momentarily glazed over before regaining awareness.

Turning on her heel, she descended the wooden platform, returning to her place between the lady's maid and valet.

Meanwhile, Anthony departed at a measured pace, seamlessly blending into the crowd.

In Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca applied the ashes of Delilah's hair onto the surface of the makeup mirror using black flames, reciting the familiar incantation for the Magic Mirror Divination.

Amidst the splashing water and the dark luster, Franca posed the question, "Is the owner of this hair a Mirror Person?"

The aged voice responded, "No."

## Chapter 615 Descendants

Based on Anthony's feedback, Franca had long suspected that Delilah wasn't a Mirror Person but had some connection to them. Otherwise, she wouldn't have reacted abnormally without knowing anything.

She raised the question during Magic Mirror Divination to ensure Delilah hadn't made preparations in advance or been hypnotized.

After a moment of contemplation, Franca posed her second question.

"Is the owner of this hair a descendant of the Tamara family?"

Amidst the splashing water in the dim mirror, an aged voice replied, "No."

Not a descendant of the Tamara family... Franca used the elimination method and chose a pre-prepared question.

"Is the owner of this hair a descendant of Mirror People?"

The aged voice replied in a calm and hoarse tone, "Yes."

Yes... Franca and Jenna were both shocked and delighted.

Though they had similar suspicions, confirming it stunned and terrified them.

How long had the Mirror People infiltrated Trier? Why did they have descendants in their thirties?

Moreover, they could marry, have children, and have descendants like ordinary people...

Aside from believing in the mirror's Primordial Demoness, who had a more extreme personality and naturally harbored resentment towards Her counterpart outside the mirror, what was the essential difference between them and ordinary people?

Franca and the others weren't sure if most Mirror People dissipated after death, leaving behind fragments of the mirror world, or if only a few special Mirror People like Mirror Gardner were like this.

Combined with Delilah's biological father, the current Minister of Industry, Moran Avigny, instructing her to pay attention to abnormal reactions, Franca concluded that the high-ranking official had been replaced by a Mirror Person many years ago.

“According to the information gathered, the municipal modifications in Underground Trier, particularly the catacombs, were implemented to address the leakage of the Fourth Epoch Trier's seal. Mirror People had already replaced the originals by then, making it reasonable for them to inhabit Trier,” Anthony said after some thought. “The problem now is that Mirror People can actually have descendants normally.”

Jenna's eyes flickered as she interjected, “One more thing. Did a descendant of the Tamara family bring the Mirror World Fragment into the tomb in recent decades? Or was it a special Mirror Person searching for something and ended up perishing in there?”

“Or could it be that before Fourth Epoch Trier sank underground or was sealed, Mirror People were already active on this land?”

Franca hissed and said, “Your latter conjecture is a little terrifying.”

“Our original deduction was that the special Mirror World stemmed from the War of the Four Emperors, which caused Fourth Epoch Trier to sink. It was closely related to the Primordial Demoness's divine descent, Blood Emperor Alista Tudor's counterattack before death, and the demise of the Demoness of Catastrophe, Krismona. However, if Mirror People had appeared in Fourth Epoch Trier before all of that, the root cause of the problem would be even more mysterious and terrifying.”

Fear of the unknown.

Franca couldn't help but gaze at the makeup mirror in her hand and address the dark mirror, “Am I a descendant of Mirror People?”

She didn't expect an answer, knowing that Magic Mirror Divination usually allowed only three questions at most. She merely voiced her thoughts and was concluding the divination.

The mirror fell silent for a few seconds before resuming, “Your ancestor had nothing to do with Trier.”

Oh, does that mean I can't be related to the Mirror People? Wait a moment... Franca's surprise reverberated in her voice. Then, a sudden realization struck her. “So, you're not an emotionless answering machine. You don't have to strictly adhere to the corresponding rules.”

The darkness on the mirror's surface swiftly dissipated, and the aged voice ceased.

Franca was left speechless.

Jenna drew closer to Anthony, her words a hushed murmur, “Did you catch the helplessness in that answer?”

Anthony cast a subtle glance at Franca and nodded imperceptibly.

“Hey! Don't whisper in front of me. I can hear you!” Franca complained, her Assassin's keen senses picking up their conversation.

She swiftly shifted the topic, “Fortunately, it said no. If it was a yes, it would be terrifying.

“Hmm... Your grandfather or great-grandfather shouldn't be Trieriens, right?”

“I'm not even a Trierien myself,” Anthony replied.

Jenna tersely acknowledged.

“The generation of my father's and mother's grandfathers came to Trier.”

Franca breathed a sigh of relief, stating, “Now, the direction of the investigation is clear. The current Minister of Industry, Moran Avigny!”

She pondered whether to conduct a covert investigation to gather crucial information or to promptly inform 007 and let the Eternal Blazing Sun Church handle it. Opting for the latter meant potential constraints due to confidentiality principles, limiting her access to the specific details she could seek from 007.

Ooo!

Amidst a whistle, a ship steered into Port Colla on the southernmost coastline of the Feynapotter Kingdom.

It was already mid-November, and Trier was gripped by a cold winter. Although Port Santa demanded thick clothing due to plummeting temperatures, Port Colla retained a warm climate. Passersby adorned themselves in fancy short-sleeved shirts and loose pants, exposing their ankles.

Unlike Port Santa, Port Colla lacked the tradition of carrying sabers or swords, but Lumian, drawing from her knowledge, knew that the people here were still rambunctious, with large-scale armed conflicts being commonplace.

Port Colla differed significantly from Port Santa, which thrived on pastures, plains, and mountain range mines. With limited arable land and scarce pastures, the inhabitants originally depended on the sea for their livelihood.

Over generations, the Church of Earth Mother's advancements in land development, seed cultivation, and livestock breeding transformed Port Colla. While the region achieved a level of self-sufficiency in food production, the rambunctious folk customs endured.

Nevertheless, Port Colla continued to be a major importer of food, serving as one of the primary trade hubs between the Feynapotter Kingdom and the Southern Continent. The bustling port hosted numerous foreigners and stood as a key base for the Harvest Fleet.

Captain Pedro, standing beside Lumian, observed the lively port scene.

“It's the dry season, so the weather isn't as hot, and there's not much rain. It's the most comfortable period in Port Colla. You're welcome to visit.”

These words, spoken out of courtesy, hung in the air.

Lumian, leaning against the shipboard, directed his gaze toward the distant sea, shrouded in what seemed like dark clouds.

“Is that the Berserk Sea?”

The Berserk Sea divided the Northern and Southern Continents. Only when Emperor Roselle found a safe sea route could the Northern Continent's countries cross the sea and reach the Southern Continent.

Pedro nodded, a hint of solemnity in his voice. “That's right. Without a captain and sailors familiar with those waters, a ship will undoubtedly be swallowed by the ever-changing and violent weather there. Shipwrecks occur around Port Colla every year, claiming lives.”

When the majority of the passengers disembarked, Lumian guided Ludwig and Lugano to Captain Pedro's residence.

He intended to assess the situation of his eldest daughter, Salah, and her lover before deciding on his next course of action.

Carrying a suitcase and holding Ludwig's hand, Lugano trailed closely behind his employer.

It wasn't until they left the dock that he realized something startling.

His employer and the captain were conversing in Highlander!

Since departing from Port Santa, his employer and most of the ship's occupants had been using Highlander for communication.

When did he learn Highlander? How had he become proficient in it?

As Lugano observed his employer's retreating figure, he fell into a thoughtful silence, absorbing the relatively fluent Highlander being spoken.

Port Colla, 7 White Shark Street, Pedro's house.

A five-story building with a green front lawn and a charming garden in the rear, it was home to nearly thirty people under Pedro's mother's care.

Passing through the iron gates, Lumian spotted a couple strolling arm in arm on the lawn.

They were both very young. The woman, in her early twenties, possessed brown hair, brown eyes, and a naturally fair, now-

tanned complexion. Although her appearance was remarkable, Lumian, accustomed to interacting with Demonesses and having a beautiful sister, deemed her merely decent.

The man, in his mid-twenties, had ordinary features, single eyelids, and curly brown hair. Clad in a white shirt and dark-gray pants, he had very average looks and demeanors that would be lost in a crowd.

“Salah, let me introduce you. This is the great adventurer, Louis Berry. His legendary experiences will soon reach Colla,” Pedro joyfully introduced Lumian without a trace of gloominess.

Salah, sporting a fishnet hat to shield herself from the sun, approached with curiosity,

“What kind of legendary experiences?”

“Does earning 300,000 gold risot from a commission count?” Pedro replied, representing Lumian with a smile.

“300,000 gold risot?” Salah exclaimed.

This was a huge fortune for most people in Feynapotter.

Lumian observed the father-daughter interaction with a smile. In his peripheral vision, he detected a darkening expression on Salah's lover, a clear sign of displeasure.

Jealousy, vigilance, and worry? If there's truly something amiss with him, he should be more confident... Lumian mused, unfazed.

Pedro then introduced Salah's lover.

“Flores, Salah's fiancé. They met in Feynapotter City.”

Feynapotter City, nestled in the highlands, stood as the capital of the Feynapotter Kingdom. Salah had encountered Flores there during her university studies, though Flores hailed from an ordinary family with modest educational qualifications. Having completed only elementary grammar school, he later established a grocery store near Highlander University.

“Greetings,” Lumian nodded slightly, exuding the self-assured air of a great adventurer.

Following the welcoming banquet, Flores departed from Pedro's house.

He ventured into his favorite romantic bar, settling at the counter with a discontented expression.

While casually surveying the surroundings, he couldn't help but notice a woman seated two or three spots away.

Her flaxen-colored hair was elegantly tied up, and her lake-

colored eyes held a crystalline glimmer. With a high nose bridge and rosy lips, even her side profile was breathtakingly beautiful.

## Chapter 616 “Love”

For a moment, Flores found himself captivated by her presence. He couldn't resist leaning in to compliment her straightforwardly, a habit common among male Feynapotterians.

“Today is my lucky day to encounter such a beautiful lady. Could I be luckier to buy you a drink?”

The woman's eyes flickered, and a smile graced her lips. She gently shook her head, indicating that his offer wasn't accepted.

Undeterred, Flores wanted to say more, but he noticed the woman's expression cooling off, prompting him to retreat to his seat.

In the following moments, he alternated between stealing glances at the woman's figure, clad in a simple shirt and slender black pants, and observing the rim of her glass, watching it touched by her moist red lips.

Flores's body heated up, and his mouth grew dry. The more beer he drank, the harder it became to quench his thirst.

Eventually, the woman finished her light-gold Manzan, placed the tall glass on the bar counter, and gracefully left amid the soothing and elegant music.

Flores hurriedly approached, pulling out a soft tissue that had gained popularity in recent years. He wiped the edge of the wine glass, where the woman's lips had just touched.

Then, he folded the tissue, meticulously scanning the surroundings of the bar stool. He collected a few flaxen-colored long hairs, securing them in the tissue.

Completing this task, Flores became aware of the bartender and the nearly twenty male customers around him, all staring with a shared judgmental gaze: "Pervert!"

Flores wasn't the sole victim of the woman's enchantment—it extended to all the men and a few women in the bar. All of them had witnessed his perverted actions.

Despite the accusatory stares, Flores kept his composure and left as if nothing had transpired.

He vowed never to return to this bar again!

Yet, he harbored no regret for his actions.

On the way back to the apartment, Flores's heart pulsed with anticipation, fueled by the promise of gains. His pace quickened, though practicality dictated a more measured speed.

Upon reaching his residence, he drew the curtains and retrieved an old notebook with a yellowed cover from his suitcase compartment.

Inside, a mottled note held a complex vocabulary that didn't belong to any language from the Northern Continent, accompanied by numerous instructions in Highlander.

Flores eagerly placed the tissue containing the woman's hair and saliva on the notebook. He then took up the mottled note, reciting the intricate and peculiar words with marked pronunciation.

"Naboredisley..."

This was the love incantation Flores had chanced upon.

With the true name, date of birth, closely related items, or bodily fluids like flesh and blood, he could insert the medium in his notebook and recite the incantation seven times, compelling the target to fall irrevocably in love.

Flores had patiently waited for the opportune moment to orchestrate Pedro's daughter, Salah, to fall and be injured. His timely aid had not only garnered gratitude but also facilitated the collection of her blood, fulfilling the conditions for the love incantation.

Reality had validated the enchanting power of the love incantation!

Flores refrained from using it again, uncertain of how to dispel its effects. If pursued by multiple women before his marriage to Salah, provoking a conflict among them could jeopardize his standing within the large family and hinder access to resources and support.

However, today was different.

She was the most captivating woman he had ever encountered. He was ready to pay any price to make her his own!

Uncertainty lingered in Flores's mind about whether the salivstained tissue and the naturally fallen hair could truly serve as a medium for the love incantation, but the desire to find out overwhelmed any reservations.

Excitement and anticipation surged within him as he envisioned the possibility of witnessing such a beautiful scene, an uncontrollable smile gracing his face.

“Naboredisley...”

Flores continued reciting the love incantation with abnormal devotion and enthusiasm, his heart pulsating with desire and joy.

“Naboredisley!”

After repeating it seven times, Flores watched in amazement as the tissue and hair burst into flames, reflecting a rainbow before swiftly turning to ashes.

Success... Success! Flores couldn't initially believe it, but immense joy struck his heart.

Surprise lingered, but Flores cared little.

What mattered was that it worked!

That captivating woman is now in love with me!

Thoughts of what would unfold next raced through Flores's mind. He hastily closed the notebook, clipped the note, and dashed to the door without bothering to put them away.

He yearned to walk the streets, confident that the lovely person must be seeking him!

As Flores swung the door open, there she was—the woman from the bar, standing outside.

Flores's entire being went slack under the lake-colored crystalline gaze, his balance teetering on the edge of surrender. Every fiber of his being yearned to yield.

As the woman willingly stepped into Flores's embrace, he eagerly enveloped her in his arms, leaning in for a kiss.

Yet, the sensation he encountered was far from the warmth and softness he had imagined. Instead, it was cold and unyielding.



Wh... Flores's surprise turned to shock as he realized he was embracing a waist-high mirror. The mirror brushed against his chest, swaying back and forth, resisting his attempts to disengage.

Flores recoiled in unnatural fear. The lingering sensations from his earlier fantasies refused to dissipate. His heart froze while his body burned.

With mounting dread, he struck the mirror with increasing force.

Finally, retreating to his suitcase, Flores delivered a decisive blow, shattering the mirror with a resounding crack.

It shattered into countless fragments, piercing Flores's clothes, chest, stomach, and arms.

Agony surged through Flores's body, searing his senses, snapping the fraying nerve that was already on the brink.

In that moment, he tasted a euphoria unlike any other.

Collapsing to the ground, Flores lay motionless, caught between fear, longing, anguish, and ecstasy.

“It can truly assist in digesting the Pleasure potion...” Franca clicked her tongue, observing the scene unfold in the mirror of the apartment diagonally opposite Flores's room.

With her expertise, the spectacle before her could be deemed a novelty.

“I assured you I wouldn't deceive you,” Lumian, sporting a golden straw hat, responded with a grin.

Upon accepting the commission and identifying Flores's primary problem of inexplicably garnering the fervent affection of a stunning girl, Lumian's initial instinct was to deploy a Demoneess to test this individual.

Franca's saliva and hair served as part of the investigation. After all, mysticism likely played a role.

Naturally, for safety precautions, Franca had treated the saliva and hair beforehand. Thus, she devised a Mirror Substitution, a dark magic of Witches, which accurately connected to them.

Now, the results were in—splendid. Franca had subjected Flores to pleasure's torment, exposing him to the agony of chasing fleeting satisfaction.

“Curious, Flores managed to ensnare my mirror's affection with just a single-word incantation. No ritual or supplication to any entity,” Franca mused with emotion. “Even I can't achieve that.”

Lumian chuckled in response, remarking, “You can. No incantation or medium needed. Just unleash your charm.”

“...” Franca was taken aback. “You're starting to resemble an Intisian. Or is this a result of your Feynapotter education?”

Pursing her lips, her gaze flickered.

Lumian continued, "There's another issue. Pedro previously tasked two adventurers with probing Flores, but they vanished. And it appears this fellow lacks Beyonder powers."

Franca suddenly smiled. "This is intriguing... If the Mirror Substitution failed, and I fell under the sway of that incantation, falling in love with Flores, what would you do?"

Lumian emitted a soft chuckle.

"Making someone vanish without a trace is simple. I don't even need to lift a finger."

Lumian was confident Ludwig could consume the fellow entirely, with counter-divination to top it off.

Without awaiting Franca's response, Lumian headed for the door.

"I'll pay that fellow a visit. Keep vigilant for any developments and beware of mishaps."

"Understood," Franca replied solemnly.

As Flores hadn't managed to close the door in time, Lumian found the entrance accessible without the need to pry it open.

Sensing the intrusion, Flores snapped out of his daze, hastily rising to his feet.

By this point, Lumian had already picked up the notebook, unfolding it to the two pages displaying the mottled note.

"W-what are you doing?" Flores asked, horror etched across his face.

He immediately recognized Lumian.

Louis Berry? The great adventurer Louis Berry?

"Did Pedro hire you to investigate me?"

Ignoring the inquiry, Lumian walked toward the window, ushering in a gust of fresh air.

"A love incantation can make a woman fall in love with you. All you need is to obtain her true name..." Lumian began reciting the Highlander annotation on the mottled note in front of Flores. "The incantation's pronunciation is..."

He abruptly halted without completing the recitation.

Flores's face had already turned a sickly grayish-white, as if he could foresee the impending demise of his reputation and his capture by the Church.

"Where did this come from?" Lumian pointed at the mottled note and the old notebook.

Cold sweat broke out on Flores's forehead, and his eyes gradually turned fierce.

Suddenly, he shouted, pronouncing the word in a rugged and awkward tone, "Naboredisley!"

This time, there was no target or corresponding medium.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian sensed his surroundings fall silent as an ominous aura rapidly enveloped the room.

## Chapter 617 Transaction

Flores's demeanor suddenly shifted, his expression turning icy, and a malevolent smile curling upon his lips. His aura underwent a dramatic transformation.

He raised his gaze, Lumian's dark hair and green eyes reflecting in his now ominous stare.

Lumian's suppressed emotions, desires, and the haze surrounding him erupted like a volcano.

This was a force even an Ascetic's endurance couldn't withstand.

Crack!

Lumian's body cracked, shrinking into a palm-sized mirror.

The mirror shattered completely, fragments scattering across the ground.

In the room diagonally opposite, Lumian materialized beside Franca, wearing a solemn expression.

Had he not prepared Mirror Substitution beforehand, he might have endured a double explosion of emotions and desires. It resembled the same outcome when evil god bestowed heard the Symphony of Hatred's different melodies.

Of course, if Franca hadn't been lurking nearby, if he hadn't readied Mirror Substitution, he wouldn't have used himself as bait to “converse” with Flores.

Lumian seized Franca's shoulder, his voice deep as he uttered, “Let's leave this place first.”

He promptly activated the black mark on his right shoulder, in an attempt to teleport away.

Confronted with an adversary capable of exploiting his weaknesses and latent dangers, Lumian's initial response was to switch to support, utilizing his corresponding abilities from a distance.

Franca would assume the role of the main attacker. However, considering Franca, a Demoness of Pleasure, hadn't indulged herself for a long time, he feared she might not resist the explosion of desire. It seemed prudent to retreat, regroup with others, and return later.

At that moment, a voice alternating between masculinity and femininity echoed in Lumian and Franca's ears.

“There's no rush to escape. I've changed my mind. I want to make a deal with you.”

A deal? Something jolted in Lumian's and Franca's minds. After some thought, they chose to stay put.

Simultaneously, Lumian sank his consciousness into his right hand, ready to activate the remnant aura of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor.

This wasn't meant to intimidate Flores, but if his emotions and desires were triggered again, Lumian could “alert the police” in time!

Being one of the Feynapotter Kingdom's primary ports for trade with the Southern Continent and a key base for the Harvest Fleet, Port Colla undoubtedly housed at least one Grade 1 Sealed Artifact even without a demigod.

Franca gazed at the wall and the air in front of her, questioning, "What deal?"

Flores, dressed in a floral shirt, casually pushed open the unlatched door of the apartment and spoke in a deep, cold, and dignified manner,

"Let me introduce myself. Naboredisley, a Demon."

A Demon? A genuine Demon... The cost of using the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction actually materialized here—to make a deal with a Demon... However, Lumian's acceptance of the captain's mission and our pursuit of Delilah are distinct matters. If we had opted to patiently wait a month or two before engaging with Delilah instead of utilizing the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction, what would have transpired today? Could there have been a so-called deal? Franca smiled in surprise, suspicion, and confusion.

"How can you reveal yourself as a Demon?"

"Shouldn't a true Demon conceal their identity to lower our guard?"

The Demon, identifying himself as Naboredisley, clenched his right fist and pressed it against his lips. He smiled and replied, "A true Demon is both Demon in body and mind. I'll inform you that you're dealing with a Demon, but refusal isn't an option. I won't obscure my identity to achieve my goals like the foolish ones.

"For instance, this man named Flores is well aware of the consequences of repeatedly reciting my true name through the notebook. Heh heh, back then, that foolish Warlock labeled it the Love Incantation, but he still couldn't resist the temptation and couldn't control himself. Haha, for Demons, this gradually decaying soul that slowly descends into the Abyss is the most delectable feast. The sensation of resistance and constant decay is as unforgettable as the finest wine."

Lumian and Franca didn't disdain or ridicule Naboredisley's unabashed and alluring depravity.

Since a Demon had spoken, there had to be a deeper motive!

Moreover, Lumian couldn't be certain if Naboredisley was a genuine Demon or a self-proclaimed one. He couldn't verify if Naboredisley was his actual name or if he had a different origin.

Although the activation of desire aligned with the traits of a Sequence 5 Desire Apostle of the Demon pathway, it wasn't exclusive to Demons. Lumian's Symphony of Hatred could achieve a similar effect.

Franca grinned at the Demon's incessant narrative and remarked, "That foolish Warlock probably assumed your true name as a Love Incantation because of your cues. Is that really your true name?"

"That's why he's foolish," Naboredisley replied with a faint smile.

Lumian wasn't eager to rush into the transaction. Instead, he inquired, "How did you manage to convince Flores that the Love Incantation actually works?"

Naboredisley casually glanced back at Flores's rented apartment and assumed a relaxed posture.

“He tried some other incantations from the notebook, and some of them worked.”

“He's just an ordinary person, yet he can cast an incantation like a Warlock?” Franca expressed disbelief.

Naboredisley grinned.

“I've heard a very reasonable saying: 'All things possess godhood.'”

“No matter how ordinary a person is, as long as they're willing to pay the corresponding price, they can create Beyonder effects.”

All things possess godhood... Mr. K often says this when preaching... Lumian observed Naboredisley, the self-

proclaimed Demon.

Franca seized the opportunity to ask, “What price did Flores pay?”

Naboredisley smiled meaningfully. “I already told you.”

The part where the soul gradually decays and falls into the Abyss? Franca nodded thoughtfully.

Lumian suddenly grinned.

“If he hadn't paid the price, how could you communicate with us so easily using his body?”

Naboredisley smiled back but remained silent.

Lumian shifted the topic.

“Did you have a hand in the deaths of those two adventurers who were investigating Flores?”

“Consider it a bit of interest,” Naboredisley replied, glancing around. He smiled and pulled a chair over, casually remarking, “You lack the necessary courtesy.”

“Because we never considered making a deal with you,” Franca deliberately stated. “I won't make a deal with a Demon.”

Naboredisley chuckled and said, “Although it's amusing for a Demoness to claim she won't trade with a Demon, I can assure you that I won't force you into a deal. I won't even hinder you from informing the Church of Earth Mother about Flores later.

“I differ from my inept peers. I prefer transparent trade, avoiding the convoluted legalese of contracts where terms and conditions are twisted. I'll make you choose to trade with me, even knowing the content and price.”

“I decline,” Franca replied with a smile. “I refuse to entertain your deal.”

Naboredisley narrowed his eyes dangerously but maintained his usual amiable demeanor.

“You can listen first before deciding if you want to accept this deal.

“I won't boast that I can fulfill any of your wishes, but I can help you fulfill most of them. This is a promise from an ancient Demon.”

“Ancient?” Lumian looked curious. “Have you heard of the Ancient Sun God?”

Naboredisley's expression darkened subtly.

“I'm aware.”

“Can you tell me about Him? The deity I believe in now seems to be the resurrected Him.” Lumian's lips curled up, revealing two rows of pearly-white teeth. “This can be used as compensation for the transaction, but it has to be paid first before we fulfill the contract. Don't think of fabricating it. That would be blasphemy to my Lord.”

Naboredisley fell silent. After a few seconds, he smiled and said, “As I mentioned earlier, I can't accomplish certain things and fulfill certain wishes. This is one of them.”

When one's humble enough, it's really difficult to win a war of words... Lumian sighed inwardly and turned to Franca, silently inquiring if she wanted to seize this opportunity to the-table Transaction.

Franca hesitated for a moment before addressing Naboredisley. “Tell me about the deal first before I decide.”

Naboredisley chuckled.

“A wise decision. I hope you can help me kill another Demon's descendant. He resides somewhere in the Berserk Sea. Don't worry, Demon descendants are cold, cruel, and bloodthirsty. He definitely meets the death penalty standard in your hearts.”

“Then why don't you do it yourself?” Franca clicked her tongue. “You seem quite powerful.”

Is it because you're sealed? Or could it be that he can't leave the Abyss and can only project himself onto a human like now, unable to maintain it for long?

Naboredisley replied calmly, “Any abnormal movements from me will attract the attention of the other Demon. The reward for this transaction is that I fulfill one of your wishes. It's a predetermined wish that I can fulfill.”

“Can you help us digest the potion in our bodies?” Lumian probed.

Naboredisley shook his head.

“I won't lie to you. I can't do it. The digestion of the potion is a personal matter.

“Of course, I can create conditions and opportunities to indirectly help you digest the potion as soon as possible, but whether you can seize those opportunities depends on yourselves.”

Quite honest... Franca muttered silently.

Suddenly, she revealed a bright smile.

“This deal tempts me, but I need a reliable and powerful witness.”

Author's Note: The inspiration for the love incantation in the previous chapter originated from the real world. I believe I've shared it on my public WeChat account before—Aphrodite's hidden name is Nephherieri, meaning “beautiful eyes.” Repeating this incantation can win a woman's love. When I read about this, I found it a little sinister. I mainly changed the pronunciation.

## Chapter 618 Divination Ritual

Franca's request met with a gentle shake of Naboredisley's head.

“You can request the deity you believe in to bear witness when signing the contract, but I don't want anyone else present.”

A chuckle escaped Naboredisley's lips.

“I'm a Demon. I need to be careful to avoid becoming prey.”

We can recite a god's name as a witness when signing the contract? The temptation loomed over them both.

For ordinary Beyonders who held faith in the Eternal Blazing Sun or the God of Steam and Machinery, invoking a deity's name as a witness might offer no more than psychological comfort. True gods rarely intervened in such trivial affairs of ordinary Beyonders without a proper ritual.

Yet, as Minor Arcana card holders of the Tarot Club, Lumian and Franca followed the great existence, Mr. Fool. Simply invoking his name could draw attention, a fact not lost on them.

Franca's heart raced with uncertainty. Should she strike a deal with the Demon under the watchful gaze of Mr. Fool, in exchange for elusive benefits?

Naboredisley reiterated his stance.

“This is a fair transaction. There's no coercion. It's the same for you and me. If you insist that there must be a powerful witness present, I choose to give up.”

Just as Lumian contemplated the idea, Termiboros's resounding voice echoed within his mind, “It's best if you don't agree. Don't even make a false promise.”

Lumian found himself taken aback as Termiboros, an Angel of Inevitability, unexpectedly warned him about the unfolding situation.

Alarmed, Lumian pushed aside thoughts of Termiboros's possible intentions, choosing instead to focus on scrutinizing Naboredisley's every move and assessing his own mental state.

The more Lumian delved into the matter, the more alarmed he became. Initially planning to teleport away immediately and seek help, he and Franca had gradually shifted their stance, considering Naboredisley's propositions and exploring potential exploitations. Their plan had evolved from seeking the presence of a powerful Arbiter like Madam Judgment as a witness to contemplating a deal without one. Now, all they hoped was to ensure their safety by invoking a god's name.

Compromising one step at a time, changing bit by bit... This is very similar to Naboredisley's description of degenerating bit by bit, slowly rotting one's soul before ultimately plunging into the Abyss... It also said that Demons aren't just about the body but also about the mind... Lumian swiftly snapped out of his reverie, sensing a possible influence from Naboredisley on both himself and Franca. It resembled the signs of a Spectator's presence. Similarly, he could glean insights through Anthony's self-examination technique.

Even in this state, Franca displayed remarkable control over her emotions. She turned to Lumian, seeking agreement. With thoughts racing, the corners of Lumian's mouth curled up slightly as he addressed Naboredisley.

“We don't require a witness, but I need to confirm something first.”

“What is it?” Naboredisley's demeanor remained cold, yet his attitude was composed.

Lumian nodded at Franca, conveying that he would handle the situation.

Franca, in turn, silently acknowledged her understanding.

Turning back to Naboredisley, Lumian stated, “I need to verify that the name you're using now, the name you'll use in the contract later, is indeed your real name.”

Deliberately avoiding the term “Naboredisley,” Lumian exercised caution to mitigate potential risks.

Naboredisley pondered for a moment before responding, “Sure. As a Demon, I don't just dislike but also admire your caution.”

Lumian maintained his smirk.

“The way to confirm is Magic Mirror Divination, a complete one. We'll set up a ritual and seek answers from a hidden entity. As you know, my friend is a Demoness. She's quite skilled at this.”

Lumian pointed at Franca as he spoke.

Indeed... we should confirm if Naboredisley is the Demon's real name. Otherwise, the deal would be a joke... Franca suddenly became alert, realizing she had been too eager to conclude the deal and had overlooked many potentially problematic details.

Naboredisley pondered for a moment before agreeing, “Alright, but I have to observe from within the wall of spirituality where the ritual takes place.

“This is a Demon's caution. We're worried that you'll use Magic Mirror Divination to inform certain Demons' natural enemies.”



“No problem,” Lumian said with a bright smile. “To complete Magic Mirror Divination, I want you to write your real name on this note and bring over the ancient notebook from the opposite room. Together, they can act as a medium for divination.”

Naboredisley, well-versed in the intricacies of complete Magic Mirror Divination, responded with a smile, “No problem.”

He stood up, taking the note from Lumian's hand. Using Flores's fountain pen, he inscribed a complex word with the pronunciation “Naboredisley,” its language unknown.

The self-proclaimed Demon then left for Flores's rented apartment, retrieving the ancient notebook and the note.

Lumian had already arranged a simple ritual, placing three candles and a mirror on an empty table.

Before Naboredisley returned, Franca approached him and whispered, “The usual Magic Mirror Divination target?”

Lumian shook his head, indicating they weren't. Softly uttering a single word, he said, “Him.”

A pure male pronoun.

Franca's pupils dilated as she tacitly understood whom Lumian was referring to.

The implications were self-evident!

After Naboredisley handed her the ancient notebook, Franca smiled happily and said, “Demons are likely higher-level godhood creatures. I can't afford to be negligent. I plan to seek answers from a more special entity. Inevitably, my companion will need to assist me during the ritual. I hope you can understand what you'll see next. If you're unwilling, we'll abandon this transaction.”

She didn't make it sound too firm, making the “abandon the transaction” option seem more like a negotiating strategy.

Naboredisley smiled and replied, “No problem. I've seen too many special rituals.”

His implication was clear—if there was a problem with your ritual, I would be able to tell immediately.

Franca sanctified the ritual silver dagger and created a wall of spirituality. Lumian placed the ancient notebook and the note with the real name in front of the lit candle and mirror, using a small amount of Gardner Martin's spiritual blood to draw a few complicated and strange symbols.

Observing from a distance, Naboredisley muttered, “Seeking guidance from fate... Questioning an entity in this domain?”

Lumian seized the opportunity to turn around and ask, “What can I do to dispel Salah's infatuation with Flores?”

Naboredisley smiled meaningfully and said, “Either they both perish, or they seek my approval.”

With the preparations complete, Franca stepped back, gazing at the three burning candles and the palm-sized makeup mirror. She recited an honorific name in ancient Hermes.

“The Fool that doesn't belong to this era...”

Upon hearing this, Naboredisley's expression changed.

His face turned icy, and his eyes revealed a chilling cruelty.

Just as he was about to project Lumian and Franca's figures in his eyes and ignite their desires and emotions, he realized that a thin gray fog emanated, making the two targets indistinct and challenging to lock onto.

Lumian gripped Franca's forearm.

In mysticism, this signified that the two people in the ritual were one.

Of course, the prerequisite was that the original ritual host didn't resist.

Lumian took over the ritual host's position and recited the last two paragraphs.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck...”

The thick gray fog surged even more visibly, and Naboredisley, manipulating Flores's body, grew increasingly malevolent.

He tried to break free from the altar, attempting to shatter the wall of spirituality, but the gray fog stood as an impenetrable obstacle.

Lumian advanced two steps, presenting the note with the real name to the candle symbolizing the ritual's host. He ignited it and flicked it three times, dispersing ashes onto the ancient notebook.

After these preparations, Lumian spoke in a deep voice, “I beseech your assistance. I implore you to banish the creature named Naboredisley...”

Naboredisley, in control of Flores's body, opened his mouth, emitting a sharp cry.

Simultaneously, filth, depravity, and evil ravings echoed in Lumian and Franca's ears. Each word seemed to assault their minds, causing their bodies to contort and their souls to decay.

Yet, under the ritual's shield and the layers of gray fog, the words appeared distant, as if emanating from the horizon. Even if Lumian and Franca strained to listen, the specifics eluded them.

Amidst a faint shriek, pitch-black gas emanated from Flores's body, swiftly dissipating.

Faces emerged from the pitch-black gas, mouths opening and closing, cursing Lumian and Franca vehemently, only to dissolve into the gray fog.

In a matter of seconds, the pitch-black gas completely vanished, and Flores's demeanor and aura returned to normal.

Exorcism Spell!

In just a few days, Lumian had employed the Exorcism Spell once more!

From his perspective, Naboredisley, hiding his true form somewhere, had stealthily infiltrated Flores's breath for control. He was akin to a Wraith evil spirit possessing another.

Most surprising was the effectiveness of the name Naboredisley!

Of course, if this wasn't the true name, if the Exorcism Spell proved futile, Lumian could resort to Mr. Fool's complete honorific name to intimidate the Demon and drive it away with the gray fog and the gaze of a great existence.

This time, it wasn't Mr. Fool's seal on his chest that answered, but the great existence himself!

Lumian forced a smile and said to Franca, "This fellow is less formidable than the invisible Child of God of the Great Mother."

Despite Naboredisley's frenzied curse affecting his desires and emotions, requiring him to endure with his Ascetic powers, it still paled in comparison to the invisible Child of God's ability to partially breach the gray fog's protection of the ritual host, repeatedly creating a Psychic Piercing effect.

Franca remained silent, her gaze fixed on the makeup mirror serving as decoration.

In the mirror, a faint fog permeated the air, and a vague figure approached from a distance.

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Franca strained her eyes, attempting to discern the figure amidst the dimly lit surroundings. The tall buildings loomed mysteriously, their outlines blending with the fog, reminiscent of stars reflecting on a foggy night.

In the distance, lights flickered, accompanied by indistinct honking sounds.

Wh... Franca's pupils dilated, and her eyes widened in astonishment.

Her heart, previously gripped by the effects of Naboredisley's frenzied curse, now surged with shock.

Instinctively, she focused all her might on the figure, trying to pierce through the layers of gray fog and unravel its face and clothing. However, the thin fog grew hazier, dissipating along with the fleeting images it carried.

In just three to four seconds, the mirror on the altar reverted to its normal state.

"What's wrong?" Lumian turned to Flores, who lingered in the residual gray fog, seeking an update on Franca's condition.

Franca, still captivated by the mirror, fell silent for a moment before speaking.

"Did you see the scene reflected in the mirror?"

"I did." Lumian reflected briefly and suggested, "Perhaps it signifies Mr. Fool's divine kingdom."

Their prayers for the Exorcism Spell had been directed towards Mr. Fool. Therefore, the mirror used to deceive Naboredisley while being ineffective in actuality was likely related to Mr. Fool.

Franca stammered, "B-but the backdrop resembles the city before your sister and I transmigrated. It's like those foggy times—every building morphing into colossal creatures nestled in the fog, adorned with countless glowing eyes."

Lumian, understanding Franca's emotions, showed no surprise at the familiar street scenes.

Reminding his companion, he said, "Don't forget about the Celestial Worthy. He has a close connection to your homeland, and he and Mr. Fool have been engaged in a dream battle. It's quite conceivable that such dreamscapes can manifest in reality through rituals."

Franca fell into a momentary silence before releasing a sigh.

"You're right..."

She followed with a self-deprecating laugh.

"I got worked up for nothing."

Lumian mitigated the negative effects from Naboredisley and methodically extinguished the candle flames, concluding the ritual.

As Franca dispelled the wall of spirituality and the wind howled, clearing away the lingering gray fog, Flores seemed to snap back to reality, no longer lost in the confusion of searching for an exit.

However, upon seeing Lumian and Franca, his face turned an even more pallid shade.

Just as he was about to plead for mercy, a sharp pain shot through Flores's body.

Instinctively, he lowered his head and observed a black, almost ethereal, filthy liquid oozing from his body. Highly corrosive, it swiftly dissolved his blood, flesh, and bones.

"No!

"Save me!

"Save me!"

Flores unleashed a blood-curdling scream, repeatedly calling for help. Lumian, however, observed with interest, as though studying the toll exacted on those who made a deal with Demons.

In less than ten seconds, Flores's body succumbed to corrosion, collapsing with a resounding crash, immersed in the almost illusory black liquid.

Flores's head continued to wail, his voice gradually fading.

After a while, he breathed his last with wide-open eyes.

His relatively intact head swiftly disintegrated into the filthy liquid.

The once-illusory liquid lost its evil, mystical aura, revealing the remains of the corpse, now filled with a foul, noxious mud-like substance.

"Dealing with Demons doesn't end well.." Franca sighed, reflecting on her earlier temptation.

Her laughter echoed hollowly as she continued, "Thankfully, we didn't strike a deal with that self-proclaimed ancient Demon. Still, I missed an opportunity to eliminate the latent threat of using the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction."

Lumian chuckled and remarked, "Consider this carefully.

“I remember Madam Magician's usage instructions, emphasizing the possibility of encountering transactions with evil entities like Demons.

“Recall, it was about encountering a transaction, not completing one.

“You've faced it; you simply chose not to accept it. That fellow didn't force you either.”

Franca contemplated the situation and admitted, “You make a point. It does seem that way...”

She clicked her tongue and glanced at Lumian.

“If you had chosen the Lawyer path, you might be equally promising...

“In reality, I believe that's the norm. The Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction is, at most, equivalent to a Sequence 5. Every use means one less opportunity. How could the negative effects be a transaction with a Demon? From what I know, Demon is a High Sequence term within the Criminal path. What does it signify? It represents a demigod!

“Yes, it's merely encountering a transaction, not completing it. There's room for negotiation. Yet, it's also highly dangerous. Demons and other evil entities aren't known for their philanthropy. If we refuse to trade with them, why would they spare us indefinitely? Furthermore, predicting when we'll encounter them is impossible, making it challenging to prepare in advance.”

Lumian smiled.

“If you can't predict it, try approaching it differently. After using the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction, immediately prepare and take the initiative to create an opportunity to negotiate with Demons and other evil creatures. Set the pace and manage the risks. For instance, 'invite' Demons to Saint Viève Cathedral for a deal.”

The Eternal Blazing Sun Church's main cathedral in Trier, Saint Viève Cathedral!

Franca chuckled.

“Demons aren't brainless zombies. Why would they willingly walk into Saint Viève Cathedral to meet their doom...”

Franca suddenly halted.

Saint Viève Cathedral might not be suitable, but they did have a few hidden locations with a similar atmosphere. It wasn't entirely impossible.

For example, the sacrificial square on the third level of the catacombs, Krismona Night Pillar...

“That's an interesting idea,” Franca commended Lumian. “In the past, when facing the negative effects of mystical items, we always endured and waited passively.

Taking the initiative is a different approach. Hunters indeed have their own unique styles.”

Taking the initiative involved making preparations in advance and minimizing potential dangers.

Of course, taking the initiative didn't necessarily mean triggering the effects, but it required considering such possibilities.

Lumian glanced out the window.

“Flores's scream has likely attracted the attention of the nearby residents. Someone may have called the police. Let's vacate this place before examining the contents of this notebook.”

He gathered the ancient notebook, candles, and other items from the dining table as he spoke.

“Agreed.” Franca surveyed the room, and dark flames silently ignited in various spots.

As the flames flickered, Lumian teleported Franca away, returning to the guest room of Captain Pedro's five-story house.

“Go through the notebook and check if there's a way to dispel the love incantation. I'll verify Salah's condition and inform Pedro about Flores's situation and outcome. He can handle the Church of Earth Mother and liaise with the local police.” Lumian handed the ancient notebook to Franca before opening the door and stepping into the corridor.

Franca settled into the recliner and opened the notebook.

Suddenly, she murmured to herself, Something feels off. Knowing Lumian's approach, shouldn't he have immediately perused the notebook after the ritual, searching for a solution to dispel the love incantation? Why did he hastily leave the moment the police were mentioned after discussing matters with me extensively?

He should be aware of the critical issue...

As these thoughts raced through her mind, Franca suddenly came to a moment of realization.

Naboredisley's chilling rants and wild curses had a disturbing impact on Lumian, stirring up his desires and emotions. Despite his attempts to endure the onslaught using his Ascetic powers, subtle signs of struggle manifested.

Franca's eyes darted around, a sly chuckle escaping her lips.

Lumian found Pedro in the small living room on the first floor.

Before he could delve into Flores's situation, the captain exclaimed in surprise,

“Mr. Berry, Salah came to me a few minutes ago. She was crying in fear and pain, saying she dreamt of falling in love with Flores and couldn't wake up. However, she suddenly woke up tonight, feeling like it was a nightmare, and she wishes to annul the engagement.

“May I know how you did it?”

Pedro spoke with a touch of unconscious politeness.

She's back to normal? Could it be because Flores is dead? No, more likely Naboredisley's expulsion through the Exorcism Spell has restored those affected by the devil to normal... Lumian guessed, smiling.

“Flores is already dead.”

“Did you kill him?” Pedro, showing no aversion to the idea of killing, was even more intrigued by the fact that Flores's death seemed to have awakened his daughter.

“A Demon killed him.” Lumian briefly recounted the events, avoiding mentioning Naboredisley by name. Instead, he handed Pedro the love incantation note tucked into an ancient notebook for a closer look.

Finally, he said, “You handle the rest. It's advisable to keep Salah in a cathedral or cloister for the next month or two. I'm uncertain if the Demon will revisit the former victim once he recovers.”

“Understood.” Pedro clenched his teeth, his expression somber.

After receiving the 20,000 gold risot bounty, Lumian returned to his guest room.

Franca, holding the ancient notebook, frowned as she said, “This doesn't seem like the notebook of an evil Warlock. It's more like a collection of a novelty hunter's chronicles. It contains various legends of Devils and Demons from the Northern and Southern Continents spanning the past thousand years. The last record appears to be over a hundred years ago.

“Mmm... There are peculiar incantations scattered within, as if fabricated.

“One of them mentions a legend of a Demon on Hanth Island in the Berserk Sea.”

Lumian grasped Franca's concern.

Naboredisley had mentioned that the Demon descendant he sought to eliminate resided somewhere in the Berserk Sea!

## Chapter 620 Abnormality in the Abyss

“Could it be that some of the Demon legends in this notebook are true?” Lumian held the yellowed notebook and flipped through a few pages.

Franca tersely acknowledged and said, “In a world where superpowers exist, where true Devils and Demons roam, many related legends must be true or have originated from the true prototype. Do you think Nabo—uh, the Demon who claimed to be ancient, might be the protagonist of one of these legends? And the Demon on Hanth Island is its archenemy, living in the real world disguised as a human. It lied, claiming the other party is a descendant of a Demon and tempted us into taking risks to achieve a certain goal?”

“Perhaps,” Lumian smiled. “Let's not speculate about such matters involving high-level creatures. I'll just write to Madam Magician and report it to her.”

Franca glanced at Lumian and chuckled.

“You're really proficient in dealing with management.

“However, it does make sense. We know very little about real Demons. Making wild guesses is a waste of time.”

She then pointed at the notebook and said, “The handwriting differs from the note that wrote the Love Incantation. It's not the same author.”

Lumian had already sat at his desk, unfolded a piece of paper, and wrote to Madam Magician. As he deliberated over his words, he responded to Franca's words, “Does the notebook have the phrase that represents the Love Incantation?”

“I scanned through it. Nothing,” Franca replied affirmatively.

Lumian contemplated for a moment and said, “There are two possibilities. The first is that the Demon used someone under its control to insert the Love Incantation into this notebook that records Devil and Demon legends, hoping that it could secretly spread and affect more people. The second possibility is that those who once read this notebook were unknowingly influenced by the demon and obtained a so-called revelation. They wrote this Love Incantation and provided commentary.”

“Mysticism sure is dangerous...” Franca sighed with emotion.

Lumian swiftly composed the letter and dispatched the ancient notebook and the note with the Love Incantation to Madam Magician.

While awaiting a response, Franca and Lumian briefly delved into the Demon legend of Hanth Island in the Berserk Sea.

Thirty years after Emperor Roselle discovered a safe sea route to the Southern Continent, numerous mysterious deaths of colonists and natives plagued the newly colonized Hanth Island. Witnesses claimed to have seen a valley ablaze with sulfur flames in the island's forest. At night, pitch-black Demons with goat horns were suspected of circling the area.

After the authorities intervened, the mysterious deaths ceased. The owner of the notebook that chronicled the legend even attempted to explore the forest, but he failed to locate the alleged valley burning with sulfur flames.

As they conversed, time passed. The doll messenger arrived with Madam Magician's reply, the ancient notebook, and the Love Incantation note.

Lumian illuminated the gas wall lamp and began reading. Franca didn't hesitate and leaned in.

“It's impossible to determine its true name with just the fact that the name 'Naboredisley' could expel that fellow.

“This is because it admitted, in a short period of time, that it was its real name. Even if it's lying, sometimes, under certain circumstances, admitting something makes it the



truth. It possesses the corresponding mysticism connection. This is one of Mr. Fool's authorities. Amon, too, could do it in the past.

“As you prayed directly to Mr. Fool and used his power to exorcize Naboredisley, it doesn't matter if it's its real name. It won't affect the final outcome.

“Do you understand? Termiboros's warning was correct. You have to be cautious even if it's a false promise.

“If it's truly a Demon and its true name is indeed Naboredisley, the problem ends up more complicated. Since the Fifth Epoch, Demons active in the human world have either taken the form of Sealed Artifacts or come from Andariel, Beria, or Nois. Demons without surnames in their true names are often ancient or come from the Abyss where Devils and Demons reside. As for the Abyss's current state, Emperor Roselle's diary has mentions of it.”

Upon reading this, Lumian turned to Franca.

In the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, he often observed others trading Emperor Roselle's diary. When the April Fool's members were still active, they would even recite the relatively comedic parts publicly. However, having joined the transmigrator organization only recently, he had no interaction with translations from the past. He had no way of knowing what Abyss-related matters the Emperor had recorded.

Franca said with a solemn expression, “Emperor Roselle once found the entrance to the Abyss and conducted a thorough exploration.”

“As expected of Emperor Roselle,” Lumian praised instinctively and sincerely.

There weren't many people he admired—in fact, very few—but Emperor Roselle was one of them.

Knowing that this emperor was a transmigrator like his sister made him feel an affinity with him.

Franca continued, “In the Abyss that Emperor Roselle explored, Devils and Demons had long perished. Not a single one remained.

“All he saw before him were either corpses or silence.

“This state made him feel fear. He left in a hurry without completing his exploration.”

“All dead?” Lumian frowned slightly. “Is the Love Incantation fellow either not a Demon or an ancient Demon from the Abyss's core?”

Pausing momentarily, he added, “If it's really an ancient Demon, it might know why the Abyss underwent such an abnormality.”

Franca nodded solemnly.

The duo cast their gazes at the back of Madam Magician's reply.

“I reckon you've already grasped the gist of the Abyss from the Two of Cups, so I won't dive deeper. Simply put, Naboredisley could be a potent Demon who slipped

out of the Abyss's anomaly, or it might have roamed the Northern Continent before the three major Devil clans—Nois, Beria, and Andariel—held sway. It didn't pledge allegiance to any ancient gods, whichever way you slice it. But dealing with an ancient Devil King who's fled back to the Abyss isn't something the two of you are capable of, let alone striking a bargain with it.

“You can explore the Demon legends on Hanth Island if it's on your route, but stay cautious.

“Remember, the Abyss's corruption is potent. It can corrupt people without their awareness. During this time, be vigilant for changes in your thoughts, concepts, emotions, and desires. If you notice anything unusual, consult a Psychiatrist for confirmation. If you're genuinely affected by the Abyss aura from Naboredisley, contact me or Judgment. Experts skilled in purifying such influences will assist you. Avoid burdening Mr. Fool unnecessarily.

“Thinking about the name 'Naboredisley' is okay, but refrain from writing or reading it.”

After reading the letter, Lumian mumbled to himself, “Madam Magician seems more inclined to believe it's a Demon and not some other hidden entity.”

“That's right,” Franca echoed, puzzled. “Let's assume that fellow is a Demon, yet it doesn't even have Danger Premonition, allowing us to complete the preparations for the Exorcism Spell. If we say it isn't, it can create fluctuations and trigger our desires and emotions. I was just guessing that it's a secret entity that possesses a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact of the Demon pathway.”

Lumian pondered for a few seconds and said, “Perhaps Madam Magician has seen more.

“That fellow probably doesn't have Danger Premonition because its true form isn't here. It only descended with a sliver of its aura and power. Or perhaps, the danger originated from Mr. Fool, so it couldn't sense it!”

“That makes sense,” Franca agreed before saying with a strange expression, “Ever since we became Minor Arcana cards, we've increasingly come into contact with the depths of the mystic world. The Demoness Sect, the mirror world, the War of the Four Emperors, the Great Mother, and a Demon of the Abyss this time... In the past, when I read Emperor Roselle's diary, I often had the feeling that 'that's just how the world is.' But now, the contents of his diary have truly come to us.”

Without waiting for Lumian to speak, Franca added in a self-deprecating manner, “For example, a Demoness does taste pretty good.”

Lumian chuckled and remarked, “Think about it carefully. Did you encounter these things after becoming a Minor Arcana card holder, or after getting to know me?”

“Uh...” Franca's lips twitched. “You know yourself well.”

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Two days later, Lumian, Ludwig, and Lugano boarded a long-distance ship set to pass by Hanth Island, en route to the Southern Continent's West Balam.

Lumian aimed to investigate the Demon's legend and seize an opportunity to fully digest the Conspirer potion.

After outsmarting Naboredisley and banishing it with the Exorcism Spell, Lumian realized that his potion digestion had made significant progress.

With another decent performance, he could advance the digestion further. This would eliminate the need for the final advancement ritual's aid, allowing him to plan the subsequent matters more calmly.

Captain Pedro, accompanied by his eldest daughter Salah, and a few Favored and Blessed, expressed sincere gratitude to Lumian. They watched as he ascended the gangway with his godson and servant, boarding the ship named 'Berries.'

Once the ship set sail, one of the Blessed appeared to sigh in relief and commented, “He's finally left Port Colla...”

Without waiting for Salah to inquire about the reason for the sigh, the Blessed, wearing a brown priest's robe, turned to her and Pedro and advised,

“The circumstances at the scene of Flores's death indicate that this matter involved a true, high-ranking Demon. Miss Salah, it's best if you stay in the cloister for a year to avoid any possible aftereffects.”

Salah, aware of her awakening thanks to the adventurer Louis Berry's assistance, was horrified. However, lacking personal experience, she inquired, “A year? A real Demon... What kind of Demon is that?”

The Blessed, in a brown clergyman's attire, responded solemnly, “It's the Demons from the legends you've heard of, or something even more powerful.”

“Wh...” Salah turned to her father with a face filled with fear, confusion, and disbelief.

Did you guys save me from such a Demon?

Pedro was equally surprised.

He had never imagined that his daughter's situation would involve such a terrifying existence.

And Louis Berry had only received 20,000 gold risot!

No, he actually succeeded!

Pedro, having witnessed the adventurer Louis Berry's strength through the colossal wave he created, could now grasp his power more vividly in this direct comparison.

In the first-class cabin suite aboard the Berries.

Lumian handed the ancient notebook and the note with Love Incantation to Ludwig and asked with a smile, “Is it edible?”