

## Inevitability 621

Chapter 621 Hanth Island

Ludwig, savoring succulent roasted lamb chops, cast a quick glance at the ancient notebook and the note containing the Love Incantation.

“I can only provide details about the paper's age, the raw materials, and the manufacturing process.”

The knowledge and concealed content inscribed on it couldn't be extracted.

“Alright.” Lumian withdrew his hand, his disappointment minimal.

He had approached Ludwig with the intention that it didn't harm asking.

Finding nothing else of interest, he settled into the recliner, immersing himself in the warm sunlight. Flipping through the ancient notebook filled with Demon legends,

Lumian found it composed entirely in Highlander. Flores, having only attended elementary grammar school, wouldn't have comprehended it otherwise.

Reading with enthusiasm, as if engrossed in a gripping novel, Lumian discovered that certain legends surpassed even the thrill of contemporary horror stories, sending shivers down his spine.

Occasionally, incantations emerged, some fabricated by the ignorant and subjected to numerous alterations. Others carried a subtle malevolence, bearing a resemblance to Naboredisley. Lumian refrained from uttering them aloud, silently reciting them instead.

The first day of the Berries' voyage unfolded in tranquil serenity.

Late at night, Lumian dreamt of enchanting scenes, weaving into blush-inducing stories that heightened his emotions.

Suddenly, Lumian awoke. Sunlight filtered through the window curtains, casting a faint glow.

It was 6 a.m.

Lying in bed, Lumian experienced a sense of loss.

He lacked the endurance of an Ascetic in dreams, causing certain scenes to be unusually poignant.

Phew... Lumian exhaled, emitting a self-deprecating laugh. Almost forgot, this isn't a boon; it's a curse.

Reverting to a physical state when Termiboros was newly sealed at 6 a.m. every morning brought benefits like fearlessness of serious injuries, no heed of energy consumption, and automatic healing.

Though thoughts of Cordu's catastrophe and his sister Aurore haunted him with each reset, the initial pain gradually dulled, becoming a bearable numbness after his psychiatric treatment.

Occasionally, he felt a dull ache and emptiness.

Lumian rose from bed and drew open the curtains, revealing two contrasting scenes of the azure sea.

To the right, a crimson sun had just surfaced on the horizon. To the left, fog lingered, and waves surged, shrouding the situation 100 meters away.

Exiting the master bedroom, Lumian noticed that Lugano was already awake, captivated by the seascape.

“You're in a good mood,” Lumian teased.

Lugano grinned sheepishly and replied, “It's my first time in the Berserk Sea. I'm a little excited and woke up early.”

He added, “Besides, if I want to be your interpreter, I have to master Dutanese as soon as possible.”

On the coffee table in the room lay numerous Dutanese books recently purchased by Lumian from Port Colla. Being a primary trading port for the Southern Continent, Port Colla's citizens had a practical need to learn Dutanese, resulting in a trend. Lumian easily acquired two sets of teaching materials covering elementary, intermediate, and advanced levels, along with practice materials, thanks to various teaching aids and Dutanese instructors. This was a stark contrast to Port Santa, where obtaining a few barely usable books required considerable effort.

Lumian applauded gently.

“Not bad.”

Lugano pointed towards the foggy sea and explained, “Last night, I heard from a sailor on the ship that many vessels attempted to explore the sea in that direction, but they never returned. Occasionally, people would spot one of those ships quietly passing by at night with no lights or anyone on the deck.

“They say it's the Berserk Sea. Stick to the safe sea route; attempting unknown routes often leads to unknown and irresistible danger.

“See, the sun is rising over there, right? The sea seems calm, but venture beyond the safe route, and we might face a sudden hurricane, a lightning storm, or even get melted by the sun and evaporated. These are tales from sailors; I'm not sure if they're true.”

Lumian nodded and suggested, “Look into more similar rumors.”

With his employer's approval, Lugano's expression brightened, finding a purpose in his work.

The voyage through the Berserk Sea proved relatively uneventful. Lumian, Ludwig, and Lugano managed to avoid causing any disruptions.

Occasionally, they witnessed storms capable of city-wide destruction or forest-like lightning. Sometimes, they noticed the absence of fish throughout the entire sea, creating an eerie silence akin to the legendary Underworld.

Guided by the seasoned captain, first mate, and sailors, the Berries navigated through these regions along the safe sea route.

After a few days, the ocean-venturing steamship reached Hanth Island, the transit port. The crew replenished coal and water, conducted machine maintenance, restocked light beer, and replenished various food supplies over two days.

“There doesn't seem to be any specialties on this island,” Lugano remarked, consulting the travel guide from Port Colla. “But due to its strategic geographical location and natural deepwater port, it's one of the main transit ports controlled by the Feynapotter Kingdom.”

Specialties? Does that include Demons? Lumian critiqued silently, producing two gold risots and twirling them in his hand.

“I'm going to try the local self-brewed wine.”

He made his way to the port's largest bar and ordered a glass of thick, pomegranate-colored local red wine, Paha.

Lumian struck up a conversation with a few patrons near the bar counter, deliberately approaching one with a local accent.

“I met a nice chick,” he said with a sly wink and an ambiguous smile. “We're going on a date later—on a quiet night. Can you share a few local horror stories? They don't have to be well-

known, just terrifying enough, preferably with a specific location. For instance, if there's a horrifying tale about an empty house on a certain street, heh heh, I plan to take her there for our date.”

The local, his beard dampened with ale, set down his oak beer mug and chuckled.

“How devious, but I like you! It's a battle of wits between men and women. For victory, anything goes!”

After a brief pause, the local suggested, “You can take her on a date at the edge of the forest outside the city. You know, a forest at night is always chilling. Besides, there might be more than one Demon lurking in the woods on Hanth Island.

“As far back as I can remember, the priests have been warning everyone against venturing deep into the forest or even thinking about cutting wood in the middle of the island. There are many hidden dangers.

“What kind of dangers, you ask? The priests never specify, but someone always tells me about some random person encountering a Demon with goat horns and an unpleasant sulfuric smell in the forest.

“As for those who claim to have seen the Demon with their own eyes, it's said that they all met their demise—for some unknown reason.

“How about that? No woman isn't afraid of a Demon. Well, except my wife. She's even scarier than a Demon!”

Have the Demon stories on Hanth Island evolved to such an extent? It resembles the legend of the Montsouris ghost, but encountering a Montsouris ghost does result in the death of an entire family. Hanth Island doesn't have such an obvious characteristic... Lumian raised his glass of red wine, toasting the local before saying, "Though I'm quite charming, I doubt any chick would be willing to follow me to the edge of the forest outside the city on our first date, especially at night. Even if she's not afraid of me doing harm, she might worry that I'm a criminal with a penchant for harming young girls. How about this: Is there a legend of a serial killer? Ideally, one that haunts the city."

Drawing from Aurore's grimoires and the information gathered in recent months, Lumian discerned that Sequence 9 of the Demon pathway was Criminal, Sequence 8 was Coldblooded, and Sequence 7 was Serial Killer.

The name of Sequence 7, Serial Killer, indicated that Beyonders, regardless of their grasp of the acting method, would actively or passively engage in serial killings.

Although the Demon on Hanth Island had clearly surpassed Sequence 7 and evolved beyond the Serial Killer stage, Lumian wondered whether, as a high-ranking individual who had progressed through the ranks, it retained certain preferences acquired during its Serial Killer phase.

Intelligent beings, be they human or of a certain creature, tended to maintain certain desires if not deliberately restrained or controlled.

Just as humans might occasionally indulge in a drink, Demons might occasionally engage in serial killings.

Moreover, if Naboredisley's commission wasn't concocted merely for a verbal agreement, the Demon of Hanth Island or its descendants should be concealed among humans.

The bearded local pondered for a moment before responding, "There haven't been any serial killers. In a small place like ours, if serial murders were happening, everyone in the city would know."

He paused, then added, "But what if someone goes missing in the forest outside the city every year? Would that count?"

In Trier, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony managed to gather sufficient information about Moran Avigny, the current Minister of Industry.

This information included a color photograph.

In the picture, Moran Avigny displayed a striking resemblance to an Intisian. Despite his age, he exuded an air of elegance.

In his late sixties, his once-black hair had transitioned into a distinguished gray. Refined facial features and dark gray eyes added to his overall presence, with the wrinkles on his face highlighting the passage of time.

"Dark gray eyes are rare in Intis..." Franca sighed.

Mid-sentence, she abruptly halted.

Another individual with dark-gray eyes in Intis crossed her mind—Demoness of Black Clarice.

Under normal circumstances, dark-gray eyes wouldn't usually grab one's attention. Such pupils were rare in Intis but not uncommon in places like the Loen Kingdom. However, Franca sensed that there was crucial information hidden within.

Moran Avigny was suspected to be a Mirror Person. The Demoness of Black Clarice pursued the Mirror People, and being a demigod of the Demoness pathway closely related to the Mirror World, they all shared those unusual dark gray eyes.

Too much of a coincidence, isn't it?

“What's wrong?” Jenna asked with concern when Franca paused.

Franca deliberated for a few seconds before revealing that the Demoness of Black shared the same eye color as Moran Avigny. Finally, she said, “None of the Mirror People we encountered previously had such characteristics.”

“Only relatively special Mirror People have them? Is the Demoness of Black also a Mirror Person?” Jenna guessed, her thoughts wandering.

“Impossible,” Franca subconsciously denied. “She even tasked me with investigating the Mirror People... Right, it's not impossible. Haven't we read enough stories of burglars calling the police to catch thieves?”

Anthony thought for a moment and said, “Could it be a symbol of being corrupted by the mirror's Primordial Demoness? Could special Mirror People at a certain level have such eye color? Could it be the same for a Demoness who has become a demigod and has been corrupted?”

“No, Moran Avigny should have had dark gray eyes to begin with. It's impossible for the Mirror People who replaced him to change the color of his eyes without attracting suspicion,” Franca pondered and deduced, “In other words, does the Demoness of Black come from the same family as the original Moran Avigny? I previously thought she belonged to the Sauron family and was Browns Sauron's elder. Otherwise, she wouldn't have nurtured such a simple-minded Demoness. Now, it doesn't seem so...”

“Not necessarily,” Franca and Jenna said in unison.

Everyone had a paternal and maternal side of the family. Just because they were from the Sauron family didn't mean they weren't from a dark-gray-eyed family!

Franca hesitated for a few seconds before saying, “It's been a while since I updated the Demoness of Black on the Mirror People investigation. I plan to visit her this week and discuss Moran Avigny.”

“Be careful,” Jenna cautioned.

A gleaming smile played on Franca's lips as she replied, “Don't worry. She tasked me with the Mirror People inquiry, so she should anticipate some updates. If she has ties with Moran Avigny, we might see something unfolding for the Minister of Industry shortly. If not, we can seek her assistance!”

On Hanth Island, Lumian strolled through the dimly lit streets, relishing the cool sea breeze that replaced the earlier heat as he casually headed back to the Berries.

Hands tucked into his pockets, his mind raced with unusual activity. He sifted through the legends and stories he had recently gathered, attempting to uncover any hints about the elusive Demon.

Had Madam Magician not issued a cautious warning, and had Naboredisley not disclosed the Demon descendant's name and identity, Lumian might have considered using himself as bait. In such circumstances, he could have showcased his malice, devised a plan with a chance of success, triggering the Demon's Danger Premonition, luring it out to eliminate the perceived threat. A concealed trap would await it.

It's been a century or two. Numerous adventurers have ventured to unravel the Demon legend. Despite the Church of Earth Mother's relentless efforts to eradicate lingering issues, there's still no resolution. Relying on conventional methods to track down that elusive Demon seems impractical...

Looking at it from a different angle, why would the Demon choose to remain on Hanth Island?

The Church of Earth Mother already purged it once. Why take the risk to stay?

If it were me, I would have relocated ages ago. As a Demon, where couldn't I survive?

If I truly believed I was a highly intelligent criminal—a genuine Criminal—why use such a method to taunt the clergy of the Church of Earth Mother? It would become dull after all these years...

Could there be a reason for its persistence on Hanth Island?

Is it perhaps partially sealed? Or is there something profoundly significant buried on the island that cannot be moved?

The valley ablaze with sulfurous flames?

Moreover, Demons can live for centuries, but ordinary people cannot. If the Demon indeed concealed itself in human towns, it would have to change identities every few decades, potentially leaving traces.

Hanth Island serves as a transit port for trade routes between the Northern and Southern Continents. With numerous foreign settlers, the Demon can effortlessly forge a new identity. However, how can it smoothly exit the stage with its original identity?

The residents here all devoutly follow Earth Mother. Upon their demise, they are invariably sent to the cathedral for a wake. Would a Demon have the audacity to feign death and undergo Earth Mother's scrutiny and the purifying touch of holy water?

Yes, vanishing is the optimal solution. Whether through a sea adventure or disappearing into the forest, it effectively sidesteps corresponding problems.

Every year, people vanish in the forest outside the city... Did the Demon purposely orchestrate some accidents, concealing its 'death' among them? Lumian's thoughts raced as he gradually formulated deductions and speculations.

This was also a tempering of a Conspirer's powers and a method to digest the potion.

He had a vague understanding of the entire situation.

If I want to locate the Demon concealed among humans, I must find the mysterious valley ablaze with sulfur flames deep in the forest. To unravel the valley's secret, I must rely on that Demon. These two matters are likely intertwined and inseparable.

Lumian had a tentative plan for tomorrow's investigation.

I'll begin by exploring the forest, utilizing my Hunter powers to search for the remains of the missing. If I discover one or two, and they still retain some edible structure, I'll bring them back to Ludwig and determine who the deceased last encountered.

Throughout this process, without alerting the clergy of the Church of Earth Mother, I'll delve deeper into the island to identify any anomalies. If they exist, what kind of anomalies they are...

As he strolled leisurely, Lumian suddenly looked up and observed the stars in the sky veiled by dark clouds.

In an instant, torrential rain poured down.

Drops of rain misted in front of Lumian. Without an umbrella, he had no choice but to dash under the eaves of a three-story building on the street and seek refuge outside a café with its lights off. He waited for the storm to end impassively.

The few pedestrians on the road unfurled their umbrellas.

Lumian couldn't help but chuckle as he recalled the common depiction of the Berserk Sea's islands in the travel guide: The weather is highly erratic; remember to bring an umbrella or a hat when out.

Clearly, Lumian didn't take the reminder seriously.

He wasn't in a rush. Leaning against the café's two glass windows, he quietly observed the raindrops streak down and the people returning home late traverse different streets.

The sound of the rain masked all movement, and white mist veiled most of his vision, creating the sensation for Lumian as if he were in another world.

Observing this scene, Lumian reminisced about his wandering days.

Wanderers often struggled to predict the weather, making it challenging to secure refuge in cathedrals and other places in [Directly support the authors on WebNovel!](#)

advance. Consequently, he would occasionally huddle in a corner of a street, sheltered from the rain. He watched the rain with fear, worry, uneasiness, and gloom, praying that no other vagabond would snatch his temporary shelter.

But now, his mood was entirely different.

The heavy rain in the Berserk Sea ceased as swiftly as it had arrived. In less than half an hour, only stagnant water remained on the street.

Lumian chuckled and tucked his hands back into his pockets. He strolled along the wet street toward the harbor and boarded the Berries.

Just as Lumian pushed open the door and entered, he saw Lugano wiping Ludwig's dripping hair with a dry and fluffy towel. Ludwig looked as if he had taken an unexpected plunge.

"You didn't bring an umbrella?" Lumian asked with a smile.

Lugano replied awkwardly, "I thought I was a Planter and could predict changes in the weather in advance, so I didn't bring an umbrella and led Ludwig to the streets to buy supper. He said he didn't want to eat cakes and biscuits tonight. Sigh, who knew that even though I predicted a rainstorm, it only took tens of seconds before it arrived. At that time, I wanted to carry Ludwig and rush back to the ship before the rain started..."

Seeing that the Doctor didn't seek an objective reason and only complained about his lack of ability, Lumian kindly added,

"This is the weather in the Berserk Sea. Even Planters can't predict it."

This was also one of the reasons why the islands in the Berserk Sea, clearly under the rule of the Church of Earth Mother, didn't always experience bumper harvests like the Feynapotter Kingdom.

"Yes, yes, yes." Lugano heaved a sigh of relief.

Lumian turned to Ludwig, whose hair was now dry, and casually inquired, "Do you smell anything?"

Is there any particularly alluring "food" hidden nearby?

Ludwig nibbled on a tortilla and responded, "There's the smell of death."

Smell of death? Lumian frowned slightly.

"Did someone die near the night market?"

Ludwig shook his head.

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"When it rains, there's the smell of death everywhere."

What... what does this mean? Lumian probed, voicing his doubts.

Ludwig replied candidly, "I don't know. It disappeared later."

It happens when it rains, but not after... Is this an abnormality from the Berserk Sea, or is it the island's abnormality triggered by the Berserk Sea's weather? Lumian pondered for a moment, but he wasn't in a rush to write to Madam Magician and inquire.

This was a digestion opportunity for him. He felt that he should avoid relying on the power of a high-ranking person to digest it better unless it was crucial.

That night, Lumian fell asleep with a heavy heart.

In his hazy dream, he saw many familiar and unfamiliar things.

The pale-white Samaritan Women's Spring, the mountain-sized Blood Emperor's afterimage dripping with yellowish magma, and the unknown object protruding from the spring...

The scene suddenly changed, revealing Lumian wandering alone in the deep darkness underground.

It was as if he had become the Montsouris ghost.

In the endless darkness, cramped quarters, and jumbled thoughts, Lumian found himself unusually frustrated, even within the confines of his dreams. He longed to rip apart the cage around him and shatter everything in his path.

Slowly, the realization dawned upon him that he was dreaming. He struggled to open his eyes and wake up, but his efforts were in vain. Each time he thought he had finally awakened, in the blink of an eye, he plunged into a deeper darkness and a more profound dream.

After an unknown stretch of time, Lumian naturally awoke to some light seeping through the curtained window.

It was 6 a.m.

Lumian raised his right hand and wiped his forehead, sensing a layer of cold sweat.

Is this a spiritual warning, or had memories of the Samaritan Women's Spring and the afterimage of the Blood Emperor haunted me after I contemplated the smell of death on Hanth Island yesterday? Previously, I had drawn connections between the mysterious deaths of those who witnessed the Demon and the Montsouris ghost, possibly leading to a shallow corruption? Lumian couldn't accurately decipher the complete meaning of the dream. All he could do was remind himself to be cautious and stay focused on his original goal for coming to Hanth Island:

To investigate the Demon legends, not to eliminate the Demon.

Setting aside whether he possessed the strength to face the Demon or if he needed assistance, the fact that the Church of Earth Mother had operated on the island for over a century without completely eradicating the target suggested even the Tarot Club's Major Arcana card holders might not resolve this matter entirely.

Lumian got out of bed and retrieved the golden pocket watch from Salle de Bal Brise. Opening and glancing at it: 6:01 a.m.

Though early, Lumian felt a sense of urgency. The Berries would depart from Hanth Island the morning after tomorrow. He had only two days to delve into the Demon legends, unravel the truth, and identify potential suspects.

If he succeeded, his Conspirer potion might very well be digested.

Gathering, screening, and utilizing information were crucial aspects of a conspiracy!

And if Lumian were a Sequence 7 Detective of the Reader pathway, successfully solving a century-old unsolved case involving high-level powers in just two days would be a remarkable leap from initial digestion to complete digestion.

At 9 a.m., in the suburbs of Port Hanth, Return Cemetery.

Holding a bunch of yellow flowers, Lumian navigated through the tree-lined cemetery.

Armed with Ludwig's intel and the insights from the previous night's dream, he adjusted his plan. Instead of hastily venturing into the forest to search for the missing people's remains, he decided to dig up graves here!

His objective: to investigate the circumstances surrounding the mysterious death of someone who had glimpsed the Demon's figure in the forest depths. He aimed to discover if they would meet the same fate as those killed by the Montsouris ghost—exhibiting self-mutilation.

According to the gathered information, the last person to report the Demon's presence to the Church of Earth Mother rested in a quiet corner of Return Cemetery.

His name was Antonio Elias.

Before long, Lumian, clutching the bouquet of yellow flowers, reached the grave. Apart from the deceased's name, birth and death dates, a concise epitaph adorned the stone tombstone: "This wretched man's life was taken by a Demon."

Lumian stooped down, placing the bouquet before the tombstone. Then, he straightened up, silently studying the stone tomb.

Details about Antonio Elias flashed through his mind.

A local, not a foreigner, with parents, a wife, and children. Nine months ago, during a hunting trip in the forest, he encountered a wandering Demon. Fearing his imminent demise, he sought refuge in the cathedral and cloister of the Church of Earth Mother for a full five months. Afterwards, intending to serve as a crew member for three years, steering clear of Hanth Island and its hidden dangers, he was discovered dead at the bottom of the cabin on his second voyage...

Lumian scanned the surroundings, gathering ten to twenty withered branches from beneath nearby trees. He planted them around Antonio Elias's tomb, forming a short, makeshift, and somewhat futile barrier.

Lastly, he laid a withered branch flat on two adjacent branches, constructing a shaky door impassable to anyone.

With that completed, Lumian stepped over the "wall" and entered the grave.

He then bent down, extending his right hand to touch the makeshift door constructed of withered branches.

Simultaneously, a black mark activated on his body.

In the blink of an eye, Lumian's figure vanished. Antonio's tomb remained undisturbed, except for the added circle of withered branches.

In reality, Lumian had retrieved an iron pick, shovel, and other items from his just-purchased Traveler's Bag. He began prying open the stone slabs and digging into the soil.

Bottle of Fiction!

Lumian utilized the "wall" and "door" he had fashioned to employ the Bottle of Fiction contract ability.

In less than two minutes, relying on his understanding of the cemetery's layout and two precise explosions, Lumian cleared the soil from the coffin and pried open the black-painted wooden plank.

A pungent odor of decay wafted out, and Lumian casually ignited it.

After a brief wait, he squatted down, donned gloves, and examined the white bones, now devoid of flesh and blood.

The first item he picked up was Antonio Elias's skull. With a cursory glance, he noted cracks on the inside of the skull, while the exterior remained intact.

A brain explosion as the cause of death? Lumian pondered the force required to induce such damage. Regardless of the ability responsible, Antonio's cerebrum, cerebellum, and brain stem should have exploded into mush at the time of his demise. It seemed illogical for the hard inner cranium to crack while the soft brain remained unharmed.

Examining Antonio Elias's other bones yielded no additional injuries. The stains in the coffin offered no further clues.

Lumian concluded that Antonio's death resulted from an internal explosion in his head. The explosive force, while not physically strong enough to shatter his skull entirely, was sufficient to destroy his brain.

With Fire Infusion, I can precisely control the quantity and Directly support the authors on WebNovel!

quality of the flames. I should be able to achieve a similar effect. How did the Demon do it? Lumian's comprehension of the Demon pathway came from his sister's grimoires, information provided by the Tarot Club, and Franca's account. He had only truly interacted with a Demon above Sequence 6 once, and that was with Naboredisley.

He immediately recollected the sensations when Naboredisley stirred his desires and emotions. The echoes of the ranting transmitted through the gray fog during Naboredisley's expulsion and the tumult of his own desires replayed in his mind.

For ordinary people, inducing an upheaval in their desires before detonating them could lead to their brains exploding, given an increase in potency... It shouldn't be a challenging feat for a demigod creature like a Demon. Moreover, the Demon can use those ravings to achieve this remotely? As Lumian completed his deduction, he was convinced that a Demon was indeed concealed on Hanth Island. A Demon of the Criminal pathway, a Demon surpassing Sequences like Devil and Desire Apostle.

With this confirmation, Lumian believed it would be relatively straightforward to locate the Demon if he put his mind to it.

However, the prerequisite was finding it and not resolving the situation, all while risking his life.

Removing the glove, he reached into his Traveler's Bag and touched the Flog boxing gloves.

Following the incident with the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings and the Great Mother, Lumian had already speculated that the Mother Tree of Desire stood at the peak of the Prisoner, Criminal, and Scrooge pathways. Therefore, the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction and some members of the Devil family believed in Her and followed Her.

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In that case, the Flog boxing gloves made from the branches of the Tree of Shadow, closely related to the Mother Tree of Desire, had a high chance of attracting the Demon's attention within a certain range. Just as its negative effects meant being observed by some hidden entities, influenced and attacked by dangerous creatures!

Phew, there are no useless items. Only Beyonders who don't know how to use them. Lumian chuckled self-

deprecatingly and withdrew his right hand from the Flog boxing gloves.

He abandoned the plan to directly lure out the Demon.

This decision stemmed from the realization that the Demon was still active on the island, claiming lives, yet the Church of Earth Mother hadn't eradicated it completely!

Having encountered various challenges, Lumian possessed a reasonable understanding of an orthodox Church's strength. He knew that if the Church of Earth Mother genuinely committed, it could eliminate all residents suspected to be Demons and obliterate the island, similar to what the Church of Storms had done to Bansy Harbor.

It wasn't that the Church of Earth Mother lacked the will, but there was a reason holding them back.

This brought Lumian's thoughts back to the valley burning with sulfurous flames deep in the forest. He believed that the Demon couldn't be slain under regular circumstances. It could only be sealed and constrained.

As the Church of Earth Mother couldn't achieve this, and Lumian doubted his ability to do so, enticing the Demon directly would be futile and perilous.

Lumian's current strategy involved leveraging his fake level and Directly support the authors on WebNovel!

his allure to evil gods to traverse the forest. During critical moments, he planned to use the Flog boxing gloves to see if he could converge on the mysterious valley burning with sulfur flames to investigate the source of the Demon legends.

In the heart of the forest, surrounded by towering trees, Lumian navigated a path untouched by human presence for years. He moved forward at a measured pace.

From time to time, he would extract the Flog boxing gloves, relying on intuition to guide his course. After ten to twenty seconds, he stowed them away.

After almost an hour, the dense forest unexpectedly cleared.

A menacing brown bear emerged from behind a tree, advancing toward Lumian with ponderous steps.

“Stop, foreigner!”

The bear's mouth emitted a buzzing human voice.

## Chapter 624 More Than One?

Lumian remained unfazed as the brown bear uttered words in precise Highlander. Instead of fear, delight filled him—a clear sign that he had stumbled upon the correct location!

This was the Planter pathway, the main pathway of the Church of Earth Mother, known as a Druid at Sequence 5. Capable of transforming into a formidable three-meter-tall bear.

Encountering a human-speaking brown bear in the desolate forest of Hanth Island hinted at his proximity to the heavily guarded area, possibly the mysterious valley of sulfur flames from Demon legends.

Without the signature golden straw hat, Lumian studied the brown bear's furry visage openly, making no effort to conceal his extraordinary nature.

“Alright,” he sighed with regret, turning on his heels and retracing his steps.

Twenty to thirty meters away, Lumian vanished from the brown bear's view, concealed by towering trees that had stood for over a century.

He halted, leaning against a tree trunk, and casually retrieved an item from his Traveler's Bag.

It was a pair of brown gold-rimmed glasses—the Mystery Prying Glasses!

Lumian had no intention of recklessly breaching the Church of Earth Mother's protective circle and venturing into the sealed-off region.

Perhaps it was no safer than confronting the hidden Demon on Hanth Island.

Without sufficient and effective information, Lumian wasn't inclined to take such risks.

What if it resembled Fourth Epoch Trier?

Lumian's strategy involved skirting the edges of the problem zone, wielding the Mystery Prying Glasses to shift his perspective and uncover hidden truths.

From Lumian's familiarity with the Mystery Prying Glasses from previous, the item's lower level hindered his ability to directly perceive various seals. In Trier, he had utilized them multiple times but couldn't catch a direct glimpse of Fourth Epoch Trier. Instead, he witnessed concealed elements beneath the ground, lurking in darkness, or disguised through distorted, overlooking, or prying angles.

This inherent flaw safeguarded Lumian from directly encountering the Church of Earth Mother's sealed artifact, thus averting potential catastrophe. Nonetheless, it allowed him to discern abnormal traces.

And that was sufficient!

More traces equaled more information, bringing Lumian closer to the elusive truth!

Ready to teleport at a moment's notice, Lumian positioned the brown gold-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose.

An unsettling dizziness gripped him, akin to being buried underground. Despite looking up at the soil, trees, and sky, he sensed an elevated vantage point, overseeing everything.

Withering tree bark, decaying leaves, crawling insects, and animals circling a water source—all these details and buried bones spun in Lumian's vision, inducing nausea from the depths of his soul.

Amidst the nausea creeping from the depths of his soul, Lumian's gaze fixated on a startling sight.

Silent blue flames devoured the entire landscape.

Whether above, below, or around the flames, the trees swiftly transformed into an inky black, dissolving into sewage. From the decaying remnants, new trees sprouted, rapidly expanding and flourishing.

In the midst of the blue inferno, Lumian vaguely discerned a crimson, colossal figure sprawled at the core. Submerged in pitch-black, viscous sewage, it sank gradually, only to be yanked upward by an invisible force.

This unseen power emanated from beyond the withering and burgeoning forest, from...

Abruptly, a pair of eyes materialized within Lumian's line of sight.

They were bloodshot, icy-blue eyes tinged with pain.

Without hesitation, Lumian removed the Mystery Prying Glasses and activated the black mark representing Spirit World Traversal.

Swiftly fading, he disappeared into the forest and reappeared outside the Church of Earth Mother Cathedral in Port Hanth, behind the familiar stone pillar observed earlier that morning.

After stashing the Mystery Prying Glasses back into his Traveler's Bag, Lumian departed the secluded spot. Blending in with believers, he entered the cathedral exuding scents of wheat and milk, occupying a pew closest to the Sacred Emblem of Life. With crossed arms, he mimicked the old man in a black formal suit, feigning prayer.

Only then did he exhale a sigh of relief, assured that those icy-blue eyes wouldn't target or lock onto him.

These Mystery Prying Glasses could pass through countless hands if not in my possession. Its negative effects are indeed unique and beneficial, but they're also very dangerous... Lumian couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Then, he analyzed the scenes witnessed through the Mystery Prying Glasses.

There's a region engulfed in sulfur flames, but the Church of Earth Mother's trees seal it off, cycling between death and rebirth. It's nearly impossible to spot from the outside. Even with the Mystery Prying Glasses, I can only vaguely discern its outline.

It's akin to lurking outside a cage and surveying the interior through the gaps in the railing. Despite the Mystery Prying Glasses' capabilities, they shouldn't breach the seal.

That colossal, blood-colored figure resembles a small mountain, yet I can't discern any details... Could it be the true form of the Demon of Hanth Island? How can others see it when it's sealed inside, causing those who witness it to mysteriously vanish?

Could there be more than one Demon on Hanth Island? The ice-blue eyes staring at me may belong to another Demon. Is it utilizing the invisible connection between itself and the blood-colored Demon to prevent its descent into the pitch-

black, viscous sewage?

If so, the Church of Earth Mother should eliminate the Demon active both outside and on the island. By doing so, the blood-colored Demon would lose its assistance.

Or does the Church of Earth Mother not want the blood-

colored Demon to completely sink into the pitch-black sewage, letting the ice-blue-eyed Demon exist only to restrict its range and frequency?

If it's not entirely sealed, would the invisible connection between the two parties disappear? Is it because the ice-blue-

eyed Demon will also be affected by the pitch-black sewage?

Lumian deepened his understanding and speculations regarding the Demon legends on Hanth Island. He sensed that his Conspirer potion had become active, showing signs of digestion, but it was still one step away.

He wasn't in a rush to succeed. Instead, he pondered the mission that Naboredisley hadn't entrusted to him and Franca.

Killing a Demon descendant from an island in the Berserk Sea...

That's correct, a descendant! The ice-blue-eyed Demon is a descendant of that blood-colored Demon. Is that why an invisible connection binds them?

Does Naboredisley desire the blood-colored Demon to fully submerge into the pitch-black sewage?

Is this beneficial or detrimental for the blood-colored Demon?

If it's beneficial, it makes sense why the Earth Mother Church impedes it. Why does the blood-colored Demon's descendant persist in pulling and preventing its descent?

Suppose the ice-blue-eyed Demon is under the control of the Church of Earth Mother, yet it can kill and cause disappearances. Conversely, why doesn't it flee Hanth Island? This implies that it's not in the ice-blue-eyed Demon's favor if the blood-colored Demon were to completely sink into the pitch-black sewage. It's even willing to forfeit its freedom to obstruct it.

If it's not favorable, perhaps Naboredisley isn't deceiving. It's an adversary of the blood-colored Demon, hoping for its complete submersion and assimilation by the pitch-black sewage. This might have a certain impact on Hanth Island, the Berserk Sea, or even the entire world. That's why the Church of Earth Mother seals and monitors it...

Can't they just kill it? Without the blood-colored Demon, the issue of it sinking completely into the pitch-black sewage would cease...

Can't be killed?

What Naboredisley feared wasn't that the blood-colored Demon might sense danger, but that the Church of Earth Mother might be alerted?

Lumian gradually understood the mentality and stance of the Church of Earth Mother, the local Demon, and Naboredisley, but he lacked sufficient evidence.

What he was most certain of now was: the pitch-black, viscous sewage wasn't simple!

Perhaps it was something akin to the Samaritan Women's Spring.

Furthermore, it bore a striking resemblance to the pitch-black form of the Montsouris ghost.

Trier's catacombs is a labyrinth of complexity, filled with corruption and unique monsters that defy easy elimination. It's the aftermath of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor's significant accomplishment, an act that nearly brought the gods down with Him. Ultimately, He perished. What could be the reason for Hanth Island? Could it be a divine battle and the demise of a deity?

That's not beyond the realm of possibility... While my knowledge of the Fourth Epoch's history is limited, I do know that the Berserk Sea was not as tumultuous back then. There were still interactions between the Northern and Southern Continents. Could it be that another emperor from the War of the Four Emperors or two emperors met Their end here, permanently reshaping the terrain and weather to give rise to the Berserk Sea?

Is this the manifestation of a deity's power? The Blood Emperor sank a colossal city underground, forcing over a million people to live above it to contain the subsequent effects. And the deity who perished here has been influencing the Berserk Sea for more than a thousand years. This surpasses the waters near Port Santa... As Lumian sighed, he prepared to stand up and return to the Berries to strategize his next move for gathering more information.

Sensing the quietude around him, his movements softened, cautious not to disturb the prayers of the Earth Mother believers.

Subconsciously scanning his surroundings, Lumian noticed that the believer beside him had also finished praying and retracted his arms.

A gray-haired old man in a black formal suit with a bow tie caught Lumian's eye. His face bore well-defined features, and his beard was meticulously shaved.

In the next moment, Lumian observed the elder turning his head—revealing bloodshot ice-blue eyes.

## Chapter 625 Repentance

Ice-blue eyes!

That Demon!

It's lurking right there in the cathedral!

Lumian tensed. Without a second thought, he tried to teleport away.

This time, he chose Trier—the entrance to Saint ViÄve Cathedral!

In that moment, his reflection stared back at him in those chilling, ice-blue eyes.

His face twisted, expression sinister, eyes cold.

Soon, Lumians manifested, encircling him.

There was one Lumian, eyes intoxicated, breathing heavy, face flushed red. Another, trembling in fear. Another, expressionless and resolute. One, lost and sorrowful. Another, with no will to live. And one more, eyes filled with anger and hatred, red with intensity...

In an instant, Lumian seemed to multiply into countless versions, each appearing tangible.

This severely impacted his thoughts and actions, hindering him from activating the contract mark representing Spirit World Traversal.

Instinctively, he focused his remaining will on his right hand and the mark left by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor.

To escape this state and gain the strength to teleport away, he needed to terrify the ice-blue-eyed Demon!

Suddenly, Lumian heard ravings filled with intense madness and depravity.

His mind turned to mush, swelling dangerously.

The Blood Emperor's aura didn't activate in time.

Fragmented, emotional, and painful thoughts burst in Lumian's mind like fireworks before gradually descending.

An intense burning sensation in his chest anchored him, preventing complete loss of self.

After an unknown span of time, Lumian finally regained command of his thoughts.

His first thought was: I'm still alive?

It must have been a considerable duration since the onslaught of ravings and his subsequent awakening. The Demon's power could have easily ended him multiple times!

As Lumian concentrated on his right hand, he scrutinized the Demon with ice-blue eyes.

The white-haired Demon, adorned in a black formal suit and bow tie, sat upright once more, facing the Sacred Emblem of Life. It inclined slightly, crossing its arms over its chest.

Shutting its eyes, it whispered with a pained expression, "Oh, merciful Mother, I implore your mercy for my transgressions..."

Merciful Mother, I implore your mercy for my transgressions... Lumian's resolve wavered as he abandoned activating the Blood Emperor's aura.

He settled beside the Demon.

Observing the Sacred Emblem of Life on the altar, he waited silently, refraining from disrupting the Demon's repentance. Contemplating his encounter, he mused quietly.

The various selves I witnessed must be genuine illusions—not existing in the physical world but within my heart and mind...

Could this be a sophisticated manifestation of emotional and desire fluctuations, triggering individual emotions and desires to vie for control of the body without reaching the point of dissociation?

The subsequent ravings resembled Naboredisley's frenzied curse upon expulsion. Yet, this time, there was no shield from Mr. Fool's gray fog. Well, not entirely absent. Otherwise, the mad river of ravings would have capsized my identity. Even if I hadn't lost control, I would have succumbed completely before the Demon found its "conscience" and started repenting...

I believed the safest haven on Hanth Island was the cathedral of the Church of Earth Mother. I specifically chose it to evade the Demon. Surprisingly, it's praying here... Judging by this, blind trust in the orthodox Church's cathedrals might not be foolproof in the future. Without adequate information, nothing is absolute...

Yet, it was only within the cathedral that I survived. Anywhere else, it would be Termiboros grappling with the ice-blue-eyed Demon. Then, the Angels of the orthodox Churches and the Tarot Club would descend...

Lumian had formed some hypotheses and waited with assurance. He condensed his experiences and absorbed his lesson.

After a brief span, the white-haired, ice-blue-eyed Demon, donned in a black formal suit, concluded its repentance. Its expression regained composure, but the blood vessels in its eyes deepened.

Only then did Lumian observe the black leather gloves on both of its hands. Even during confession and prayer, they remained unremoved—a departure from devout believer behavior. In the human world, wearing gloves while praying was deemed disrespectful to a deity, except in emergencies or special circumstances. The same applied to wearing a hat.

The Demon cast a glance at Lumian and spoke in a deep but composed voice, “You haven't fled yet. Aren't you afraid of angering me again?”

Lumian gazed at the Sacred Emblem of Life and smiled.

“I'm not. This is Earth Mother's cathedral.”

“Weren't we in the cathedral just now?” The Demon moderated its volume, not disturbing the other supplicants.

“Occasional accidents are understandable,” Lumian replied unhurriedly. “Moreover, I believe you can certainly control yourself in a short period. It'll be more challenging beyond half a year.”

The Demon also directed its gaze at the altar, its ice-blue eyes reflecting the Sacred Emblem of Life.

“Why do you think so?”

“I'm an experienced adventurer,” Lumian said with a smile. “I know that orthodox Churches adhere to a common rule. Survivors entangled in a mysticism incident are often drawn into the Church if there's any hidden danger. They become civilian staff and receive long-term protection to prevent sudden deaths. However, those who witnessed the Demon's figure on Hanth Island didn't undergo this process. They only received a few months of protection before departing.

“Could it be that the Church fears prolonged stays might lead to deaths even within the cathedral or cloister?”

“In such instances, it would undoubtedly tarnish the Church's reputation. One can't keep a constant watch on higher-level powers indefinitely.”

The white-haired Demon fell silent for a few moments before confessing, “I didn't want to kill them, but I...”

At this point, its face twisted once more, icy-blue eyes filled with pain.

Once again, it crossed its arms over its chest, resuming a low-voiced prayer.

This time, it swiftly regained its composure.

Lumian resumed the conversation with a smile.

“Don't tell me you penned all those epitaphs for those people?”

“That's correct.” The Demon in the black suit maintained its slightly forward-leaning posture.

It seems this Demon has a rather amicable relationship with the Church of Earth Mother... Not strictly devout, but a believer nonetheless... Lumian understood that the ice-blue-eyed Demon wouldn't respond even if he inquired. Such questions might even provoke serious consequences. He had to capitalize on its stable emotions to seek some details.

Before Lumian could speak, the Demon posed a question.

“Foreigner, why did you come to Hanth Island?”

Lumian deliberately smiled.

“I previously encountered a Demon incident...”

Lumian briefly recounted Salah's encounter with the Love Incantation in Port Colla. While leading the investigation, the suspect's body had been suddenly commandeered by a Demon seeking a deal, which he rejected. Lumian, utilizing undisclosed official powers, had then expelled the other party.

Lumian omitted details about the Love Incantation's content and refrained from mentioning Naboredisley's name, fearing deep-seated animosity that might trigger intense agitation.

Concluding, he stated, “I read in the notebook about Demon legends on Hanth Island, connected to the deal the Demon sought. Intrigued, I decided to investigate. My intention wasn't to finish off anyone.”

“You can't finish off anyone either,” the Demon with ice-blue eyes remarked candidly.

It continued gazing at the Sacred Emblem of Life and added in a calm, deep voice, “Curiosity kills the cat.”

Lumian chuckled.

“It's indeed risky, but finding you within a day and discovering the sealed valley indicates my capabilities.”

Next time, I'll choose a safer “sanctuary.”

The Demon with ice-blue eyes, with few wrinkles, smiled—an uncommon sight.

“Your methods are unconventional, but they align with the mysticism world's underlying laws.

“But had I not controlled myself and repented for past deeds, you would be dead. Such an investigation would have been futile.”

Lumian didn't dispute. With the information he gathered, he knew there was no immediate danger in the cathedral of the Church of Earth Mother. The recent episode proved to be a false alarm.

He shifted the topic.

“Why did that inexplicable Demon target you?”

“Moreover, with the strength of me and my companions, it's likely impossible to eradicate a so-called Demon descendant like you. Was it deliberately leading us to our demise?”

The Demon, clad in a black suit, kept its gaze fixed on the Sacred Emblem of Life and responded, “I'm not certain which one you encountered.”

It refused to disclose more.

Lumian didn't dare press further, let alone provoke. His mind raced, searching for an alternate approach.

“You seem unrestricted. Why not leave Hanth Island?”

“There appears to be some force influencing you here.”

The Demon's expression twisted as it stated, “This is my duty and my atonement.

“Since converting to Earth Mother, there are times when I can't resist the urge to kill, accumulating profound sins.”

Recalling his earlier deduction, Lumian inquired casually, “Then why not fully confine yourself?”

“Confinement won't suffice. I can't do it, and it can't be achieved that way.” The Demon with ice-blue eyes displayed pain once again.

Indeed, closely tied to the blood-colored Demon in the valley... Yet, as a Coldblooded, why does the act of killing, and the subsequent “healing” by the Church of Earth Mother's reverence for life, still cause you pain? Lumian decided to steer the conversation to a less sensitive realm and soothe the other party.

In a relaxed tone, he said, “I apologize. I wasn't courteous earlier and failed to inquire about your preferred address.”

The Demon with ice-blue eyes stared blankly for a moment before responding, “Naboredisley.”

## Chapter 626 Blatant Malice

Naboredisley? Lumian almost thought the ice-blue-eyed Demon was jesting with him.

However, he swiftly confirmed a crucial detail.

When it came to matters concerning the Love Incantation, he had never uttered the name Naboredisley!

Not only did he fear that Naboredisley and the ice-blue-eyed Demon were adversaries, but he also adhered to Madam Magician's instructions to abstain from writing or speaking this name.

If so, why did the ice-blue-eyed Demon identify itself as Naboredisley?

Could it truly be the genuine Naboredisley?

Then, why did the repeated chanting of "Naboredisley" summon a different Demon and not the ice-blue-eyed one?

Or were they equals? Was Naboredisley scheming to manipulate someone else into killing me?

Amidst Lumian's astonishment and confusion, a smile crept onto his face.

"I wouldn't dare utter that name."

He was testing the Demon with ice-blue eyes.

The Demon with ice-blue eyes turned towards Lumian.

"You've heard of Naboredisley and are aware of the concealed perils of uttering this name?"

"Yes," Lumian replied with a grin.

From the Demon's reaction, it seems unlikely to be the one propagating the Love Incantation... That's intriguing... Lumian pondered.

Though this might unveil greater horrors and deeper secrets, as a Hunter, fear and curiosity didn't contradict each other. It was akin to how everyone in the army feared death, yet it didn't deter them from banding together for combat.

The Demon with ice-blue eyes nodded slowly and spoke, "Here, within Earth Mother's cathedral, you needn't fret about uttering the name Naboredisley."

"That's evidently not the name you typically go by. Why don't you disclose your true name instead?" Lumian didn't reply. Instead, he posed a query.

He had a persistent feeling that the other party intended to harm him.

Had he not encountered the Love Incantation and received guidance from Madam Magician, he might have inadvertently mentioned the concealed Demon on Hanth Island, Naboredisley, after leaving Earth Mother's cathedral today. That could have been troublesome!

The Demon with ice-blue eyes fell silent for a few moments before stating, "The name I go by in human society holds no significance for you.

"Moreover, after learning the name Naboredisley and uttering it at least three times outside the cathedral...

At this juncture, the white-haired Demon's visage twitched, and a pained expression surfaced.

“I will establish a connection with you. When I can no longer control myself, I may choose to end your life. Ending the life of an uninformed adventurer like you, seeking to uncover the truth of Hanth Island's legend, would bring me greater satisfaction than harming ordinary people. I won't feel as regretful or guilty.”

The ice-blue-eyed Demon gazed at the Sacred Emblem of Life once more, bowed its head, and expressed remorse.

“Oh, merciful Mother, I implore your mercy for my transgressions. I should not have harbored malevolent intentions...”

The corners of Lumian's mouth twitched, and his expression darkened.

Did you genuinely intend to harm me?

He couldn't afford to let his guard down for a moment when dealing with Demons. Vigilance was paramount, even if it was a Demon professing allegiance to Earth Mother!

Moreover, a seemingly innocuous conversation could clandestinely plant a time bomb. Any other adventurer would have fallen victim to it. Truly befitting the Criminal pathway, known for its high IQ crimes...

Cold, calculating, and overtly malicious...

After the ice-blue-eyed Demon, self-identified as Naboredisley, concluded its repentance, Lumian feigned a nonchalant smile and remarked,

“If you truly cannot control yourself and desire to take a life, target pirates. It aligns with a sense of justice.”

The ice-blue-eyed Demon's expression darkened as it retorted, “This is my prison. I cannot depart until I have atoned. If any pirates enter Port Hanth, I will make them vanish into the forest outside the city.”

Lumian nodded and redirected the conversation.

“The Love Incantation I mentioned earlier was the name you brought up. The Demon who proposed a deal with me also identified itself with that name.”

The gray-haired, ice-blue-eyed Demon remained silent, gazing at the Sacred Emblem of Life for an extended period.

Rather than detecting anger and animosity, Lumian sensed surprise and bewilderment.

What... It can't pinpoint the Demon's true identity either? Is there no direct connection between the two parties? Lumian pondered inwardly.

After a while, the ice-blue-eyed Demon, self-dubbed Naboredisley, spoke,

“According to you, the Love Incantation has been clandestinely circulating for many years, yet I've never established a connection with anyone outside Hanth Island.”

“I'm puzzled by that too. Could it be that someone can intercept the direction of the name? Is it conceivable to assume your identity in the future?” Lumian feigned curiosity as an adventurer.

He believed that, based on Madam Magician's words, Mr. Fool could accomplish such a feat. Amon was capable of it once too. Whether any Demon could do it remained unknown for now.

The ice-blue-eyed Demon fell silent once more. After a few seconds, it spoke with a deep voice, “Foreigner, you've inquired enough. Let's conclude it here. Otherwise, you may meet your end unknowingly.”

Clad in a formal black suit, the Demon self-dubbed Naboredisley slowly rose. It positioned its feet apart, raised its hands adorned with black leather gloves, and whispered,

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

Then, it turned around, picked up its cane, and shuffled towards the cathedral's door, bathed in the midday sun.

Lumian scrutinized the ice-blue-eyed Demon, realizing it wasn't tall and appeared rather thin. It emitted a withered and feeble aura, resembling that of an elderly ordinary human. It hardly resembled a terrifying and mighty Demon.

Observing closely, Lumian sensed a dark, blatant malice expanding and contracting beneath the thin human skin and aged flesh. The Demon struggled to maintain composure, refraining from tearing through its fragile facade.

The frightening inner core sharply contrasted with its frail appearance, yet the overall aura seemed feeble and commonplace.

This is reminiscent of Ludwig... One is a child concealing an unknown monster beneath the skin, while the other is a pitch-black Demon concealed within an old man's body... Lumian exerted great effort to refrain from fixating on scrutinizing the ice-blue-eyed Demon's luck.

The gray-haired elder in black leather gloves, wielding a cane, slowly departed from the cathedral.

Lumian wasn't in a rush to return to the Berries. He remained seated in the first row, contemplating the local Demon legends, which had recently become clearer yet were shrouded in numerous mysteries.

Suddenly, from the corner of his eye, he spotted a brown clergyman's uniform.

This was the attire of a clergyman from the Church of Earth Mother.

Lumian looked up and saw a middle-aged man with well-defined facial features and thick eyebrows. He noticed a pair of bloodshot, ice-blue eyes filled with pain.

Ice-blue eyes?

Dammit! Lumian's hair stood on end as he cursed inwardly.

The ice-blue-eyed clergyman sat beside Lumian, where the Demon had been.

He smiled warmly and said, "Don't provoke Boselli or attempt his suggestions. His self-control diminishes with age."

"Boselli? Are you referring to the old gentleman with ice-blue eyes?" Lumian feigned ignorance.

"Yes." The ice-blue-eyed clergyman nodded slightly.

Lumian pondered for a moment and grinned.

"What about you? How's your self-control?"

"I'm much better than him. I lose control only once every few years," the ice-blue-eyed clergyman replied candidly.

Is he admitting that he's also a Demon? I'm not in Earth Mother's cathedral, but a Devil family's dining room... Lumian felt a chill and couldn't help but criticize.

Maintaining a composed smile, he said, "Are you acquainted with him? Are you from the same family?"

The ice-blue-eyed clergyman reflected for a moment and replied, "We're all born in the Port Hanth Cloister."

Children born in a cloister? The description made Lumian uneasy.

In other Churches, having a child in a cloister was a grave matter, deviating from the teachings of the deity, a symptom of succumbing to carnal desires and blaspheming faith.

Lumian pondered for a moment before reaching a realization.

This was the Church of Earth Mother. The more nuns and monks had children in the cloister, the more aligned with the doctrine!

He immediately understood why the ice-blue-eyed clergyman and Boselli were born in the cloister.

It would conceal their origins and identities well, preventing them from implicating ordinary families.

This shattered Lumian's previous deductions about the local Demons.

Demons didn't need to vanish to conceal their "corpses." The Church of Earth Mother would assist in concealing them. For instance, replacing genuine holy water with distilled water during a wake and later providing new identities and legal origins.

My earlier deduction was based on the assumption that the Church of Earth Mother and the local Demons weren't allies. No wonder there are so many errors... This is a factor I need to be mindful of when crafting conspiracies in the future. If I'm mistaken, any subsequent clever arrangements will lose their significance... It seems the Church of Earth Mother is directly offering protection to these ice-blue-eyed Demons, both resisting restrictions and cooperating to shield them? Lumian reflected on his investigations over the past two days.

This introspection couldn't enable him to digest the potion completely, but he felt it was more beneficial than a complete digestion.

Lumian gazed at the clergyman with ice-blue eyes and inquired with a smile, “Could it be that you're also using the name Boselli mentioned just now?”

The ice-blue-eyed clergyman responded with a warm smile.

“Yes, my name is also Naboredisley.”

Without waiting for Lumian to probe further, it continued, “I don't know your background, but you can report Hanth Island to the other orthodox Churches. I believe they will advise you against delving into the truth of the Demon legends.

“Just as Boselli mentioned, Foreigner, let's conclude this here. Leave Hanth Island.”

Lumian nodded, stood up, and departed from the cathedral.

Under the bright sunlight, he strolled along the street, his mind filled with pairs of icy-blue eyes and the name Naboredisley. He felt a little disoriented.

#### Chapter 627 Treatment Plan?

Lumian had initially theorized the presence of multiple Demons on Hanth Island, specifically the sealed blood-colored Demon and the ice-blue-eyed Demon. However, to his astonishment, he discovered various ice-blue-eyed Demons—in the cathedral!

How many Demons inhabit this island?

Are they all part of the same family with ice-blue eyes?

As expected of the Mother of All Things. Even a Demon can be Her child. A whole nest of them!

As thoughts swirled in Lumian's mind, accompanied by those piercing ice-blue eyes and the name Naboredisley, he felt that his previous investigations and speculations were completely off course.

The complexity and mystery surrounding the legend of the Demons on Hanth Island surpassed his initial imagination.

No, there are still gains and benefits...

Speculation involves bold assumptions and careful confirmation. It's normal for initial assumptions to be overturned. The elimination method is a crucial deduction tool...

How can there be unsolved cases that are guessed completely correct from the beginning? The crucial aspect lies in consistently refuting the incorrect path through falsification and integrating new information acquired during the investigation to uncover the right one...

Heh heh, if I were to take the Reader pathway, it should be relatively straightforward for me to act the role of a Detective. Discerning a conspiracy stands out as one of the primary duties of a Detective...

Lumian reassured himself, disentangling from the impact of the two ice-blue-eyed Demons. He regained his clarity and rationality, no longer feeling befuddled and disoriented.

Under the blistering sunlight, he swiftly identified an issue.

In the scene I witnessed through the Mystery Prying Glasses, the blood-colored Demon was pulled by an invisible force, but there was only one invisible force, and only a pair of ice-blue eyes gazed at me...

There's only one ice-blue-eyed Demon closely linked to the blood-colored Demon, and that's the elder Boselli who repented before the Sacred Emblem of Life. The others, including the ice-blue-eyed clergyman, are its descendants. Could they be the offspring it left behind with the nuns when it used the Hanth Island's cloister to 'restore its youth' and obtain a new identity?

However, when the ice-blue-eyed clergyman mentioned Boselli, it didn't sound like it was referring to its father, grandfather, or ancestor. It was as if it was discussing a friend with whom it didn't share an amicable relationship...

Moreover, it also identifies itself as Naboredisley...

Could this be a family name? A significant family name among the Abyss Demons?

Puzzled, Lumian boarded the Berries and returned to his first-class suite.

At that moment, Lugano and Ludwig were relishing a lavish lunch.

Upon spotting Lumian, the Doctor grinned sheepishly and said, "I thought you'd be indulging in the local delights on the island, so I didn't wait for you."

Lumian sat down and grabbed a wheat-flavored bun. As he chewed, he asked thoughtfully,

"What do you know about the abilities of the Planter pathway?"

Lugano hesitated for a moment before truthfully responding, "Sequence 9 Planter significantly boosts my strength. I can predict the weather to a certain extent by observing clouds, wind, and other natural phenomena. I'm adept at identifying seeds and nurturing them. Farming tools suit me more than knives and guns.

"Sequence 8 Doctor's primary abilities revolve around healing. They can discern the patient's specific situation through Spirit Vision. They possess outstanding surgical skills, such as suturing severed limbs and transplanting internal organs. Additionally, we gain Beyonder abilities like Evil Ailment Treatment, Trauma Treatment, Soul Suture, and Life-Giving.

"As far as I know, the next Sequence is called Harvest Priest. It mainly focuses on promoting the reproduction and growth of creatures and bringing about a bumper harvest with Beyonder powers..."

Upon hearing this, Lumian suddenly interrupted Lugano.

"Soul Suture?"

"How is this implemented?"

Lugano grinned sheepishly and said, "I haven't really used this ability yet. It's used to treat soul injuries. As you know, some superpowers can attack the soul, making it difficult for it to heal on its

own. At this moment, as long as the injured let go of their bodies and minds and don't resist, I can carry out a soul-level surgery to stitch up the corresponding wound.”

Lumian's concern wasn't about stitching up a soul; it was another matter that provided him with a fresh perspective on the Demon legends of Hanth Island.

He downed the pre-meal bun and took a sip of the golden liqueur. After a moment of contemplation, he inquired, “Since you can suture souls, from a different standpoint, can you also sever souls?”

Lugano fell silent. After ten to twenty seconds, he responded, “Theoretically, yes, but it requires the corresponding person to completely open up their body and mind, leaving their soul unprotected. It would be even more effective if their physical body doesn't exist.”

The Doctor hesitated for a moment before adding, “This can serve as an attack on the soul, but it could also be a treatment method. If a patient's soul is corrupted by a curse, they can address it by severing the depravity and allowing their soul to gradually heal.”

Upon hearing this, Lumian smiled and applauded softly.

“Well said. Well said.”

Lugano, being thick-skinned, couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed by the praise. He blurted out, “That's just my speculation. I haven't tested it yet.”

Lumian ignored him and proceeded to emulate what Ludwig had done. He forked a lamb chop onto his plate and began cutting with determination.

Simultaneously, the initial sensations when he faced the onslaught of the ice-blue-eyed Demon resurfaced in Lumian's mind.

He witnessed diverse versions of himself—a version brimming with hatred, another immersed in pain, one engrossed in lust, and another consumed by various desires and emotions...

As Lugano detailed the process of suturing and soul-severing, an idea sparked in Lumian's mind.

What if the High-Sequence abilities of the Planter pathway were employed to excise different aspects of the soul corresponding to various desires?

Could there truly be just one ice-blue-eyed Demon on Hanth Island, but its soul had been partitioned by the Saints and even Angels of the Church of Earth Mother, each becoming an individual? On a mystical level, they remain a single entity. Hence, is there only one invisible force closely tied to the blood-colored Demon?

The question now is—why would the Church of Earth Mother undertake such an action?

Imposing restrictions or offering protection? Perhaps both?

Lumian swiftly linked this with the state of the blood-colored Demon. It consistently descended into the pitch-black sewage before being hoisted up by an unseen force.

Splitting the soul acted as a shield for the ice-blue Demon, preventing corruption from the power of the pitch-

black sewage?

Wait, could the ice-blue-eyed Demon be the untainted segment of the blood-colored Demon's soul? Is the Church of Earth Mother's approach based on deeming the entire body beyond salvation, but parts are still considered healthy? Is that why a healthy soul needs to be severed into different desires?

The forest sealing off the mysterious valley, pitch-black sewage, and the blood-colored Demon displayed characteristics of rebirth, growth, depravity, death, and rebirth again... The soul fragments of the blood-colored Demon were given new life, enabling them to utilize the cycle of rebirth, growth, aging, death, and rebirth again to resist the corruption spreading from their true bodies?

Simultaneously, relying on the existence of the healthy parts prevented the blood-colored Demon from sinking entirely?

Aging soul fragments are inherently more vulnerable to corruption from the main body, and newborns are the healthiest. This explains why the old Boselli and the ice-blue-eyed clergyman are in different states...

Such a newborn possesses a Demon's potent soul, but its human body is exceedingly frail. Yes, it aligns with my observations of Boselli. Its feeble and aged body encases a potent soul teeming with malevolence... This... This method of sealing and rescuing aligns with the Church of Earth Mother's unique abilities...

With these revelations, Lumian felt enlightened. Only then did he realize that he had been continuously cutting the lamb chop's bones, producing a grinding sound.

Lugano pretended not to notice or hear anything, focusing on enjoying his meal. Ludwig paid no attention to such trivial matters, wholly absorbed in the delicacies.

Lumian withdrew his gaze and happily poured himself a glass of Paha red wine. The confusion, disorder, loss, and disappointment he had previously experienced dissipated significantly.

As he drank, he leisurely pondered, This hypothesis aligns most with the current details. Unfortunately, it can't be verified, nor do I dare to. And without verification and results, there's no feedback for the potion's digestion...

Forget it. The experience and lessons I gained this time are much more important than the digestion I can still attempt in the future.

Why does the Church of Earth Mother want to protect the blood-colored Demon? Moreover, since a healthy soul has been separated and given new life, why not completely destroy and purify the corrupted true form to eliminate any hidden dangers?

There's a high chance that this involves the world's deep secrets...

Is that blood-colored Demon the true and largest Naboredisley?

Was the one seeking a deal to slay Hanth Island's Demon descendant it? Can it, in turn, affect a few soul fragments, allowing me and a Mid-Sequence Beyonder like Franca to slay a true Demon?

The more Lumian contemplated, the more curious he became about the truth. However, he eventually restrained himself.

For Beyonders at his level, this matter was concluded. After leaving Hanth Island, he would report his gains and speculations to Madam Magician and consult the Tarot Club's Major Arcana card holders.

Lumian, putting aside his investigative thoughts, felt a sense of relief. He spent the rest of his time leisurely strolling through Port Hanth.

To his surprise, he realized that the Berserk Sea island city, far from the Feynapotter Kingdom, didn't have a genuine casino. There were no criminal industries like human trafficking. It was as clean as if it had been purified by the Eternal Blazing Sun Church.

After engaging in Fighting Evil and other card games throughout the afternoon, Lumian, with wins and losses not exceeding 1 gold risot, finally grasped the reason.

Unable to control themselves, the ice-blue-eyed Demons prioritized the malevolent wrongdoers, making them vanish into the forest outside the city.

As time—a century or two—elapsed, Port Hanth could be deemed a city bathed in sunlight.

Certainly, there were innocents among them, like Antonio Elias.

Late at night, in the first-class cabin suite of the Berries.

In his slumber, Lumian vaguely witnessed the land shrouded in sulfurous flames, and the blood-colored Demon sprawled within the pitch-black liquid.

## Chapter 628 Terrifying Dream

Lumian vaguely noticed bubbles emerging from the pitch-black liquid enveloping most of the blood-colored Demon's body. The brownish-green hue of the bubbles resembled tree warts.

In an instant, the bubbles burst, reflecting brilliant colors as they merged with the pitch-black liquid.

For some reason, Lumian sensed that something was wrong. He wished to shut his eyes and avoid these details, but trapped in a dream, he had no control.

In the depths of the pitch-black liquid, a figure lurked. It raised its head slightly, gazing at the blood-colored Demon.

Moist brownish-green or light brown tree warts protruded from the figure's body, reminding Lumian of Susanna Mattise in her Fallen Tree Spirit state.

The distinction lay in Susanna Mattise's tree warts, branches, and flower buds growing from her body, melding with her original form. The figure's tree warts, however, seemed to pierce out flamboyantly from the flesh and internal organs, tainted with blood.

In his dream, Lumian instinctively raised his right hand, wiping the corners of his eyes. The back of his hand was stained red.

At some point, blood had flowed from his eyes, turning his vision a blurry red.

The figure's overall outline appeared in the blur.

As if grown on a brownish-green tree, pierced by branches, overrun by tree warts, and covered in flower buds, dripping with a viscous liquid.

A burning sensation engulfed Lumian's chest, prompting him to instinctively close his eyes in the dream.

Yet, he was a step too slow.

Bang!

Lumian's eyes exploded, flooding his mind with searing pain.

He jolted awake, curling up in agony. His hands instinctively reached for his eyes, encountering a flat, sticky, and moist substance. The scent of blood hung heavily in the air.

As an Ascetic accustomed to severe injuries, Lumian took several minutes to overcome the pain that threatened to render him unconscious.

Struggling to sit up, he opened his eyes, only to be met with absolute darkness.

No crimson moonlight, no outlines of furniture in the bedroom—he couldn't see a thing.

Lumian raised his hand once more, gently touching his eye sockets. Both eyeballs had deflated, shattered beyond repair.

Is it because I glimpsed something I shouldn't have? Lumian chuckled in self-deprecation.

It was a vision from a dream, something he never wished to witness.

Upon reflection, he realized that if Mr. Fool's seal hadn't triggered or Termiboros hadn't activated it, his eyes might not have been the only casualties.

Wiping the tip of his nose, Lumian felt moistness and caught the unmistakable scent of rust.

In a surprisingly good mood, he quipped, “Luckily, it seems what's flowing down is blood, not brain matter.”

He rejoiced in surviving the ordeal.

Despite the tragic state of his head, Lumian's body remained relatively unharmed, albeit a bit drained.

Gripping the edge of the bed, Lumian pulled himself up. In a state of blindness and impaired smell, he relied on the Hunter's instinct, navigating through his turf with a mental map. Bypassing furniture, he reached the living room and knocked on the servant's door.

“Yes, what's the matter?” Startled, Lugano hastily opened the door, dressed in a cotton shirt and underpants that served as makeshift pajamas, fearing a repeat of the terrifying encounter with Father Montserrat.

Under the crimson moonlight, he saw Lumian's blood-streaked face and empty blood-red eyes filled with shattered fragments.

“Wh-what happened?” Lugano stammered, bewildered.

Who had beaten his employer to such a state?

Who could inflict such harm upon his employer?

Why not teleport away from this perilous situation?

Lumian calmly pointed at his eyes.

“Treat them.”

“Alright,” Lugano responded subconsciously, then added awkwardly, “With the eyeballs in such a state, there's no way of treatment. We can only find a suitable transplant.”

Lumian, enduring the pain, calmly stated, “No need. Just stop the bleeding and ease the pain.”

“Alright.” Lugano didn't dare argue, following his employer's instructions. He extended his shimmering left palm.

Upon contact and a simple use of a scalpel, Lumian felt a refreshing sensation in his eyes. The pain became more bearable, though his vision remained absent.

“You can go back to sleep,” Lumian waved dismissively, as if his loss of vision was inconsequential. With one hand in his pocket, he strolled past the Dutanese textbook on the carpet, settled into a recliner, and rocked it gently.

Lugano watched in confusion and anxiety for a while before attempting to return to bed, unable to fall asleep.

When the morning sun bathed the sea's edge, the Doctor abruptly rose from his bed, deciding to grab a cup of coffee for a pick-me-up.

Upon leaving the room, he witnessed his employer in motion. Lumian's green eyes sparkled, showing no signs of injury.

“Y-you're alright?” Lugano was bewildered.

Lumian responded with a radiant smile, “That's right.”

“...” Lugano was momentarily speechless.

How did my employer regenerate his eyeballs?

What kind of monster is this...

Is my role as his doctor merely to stop the bleeding and relieve the pain?

Lumian paid no heed to the servant's psychological turmoil. He returned to the master bedroom, drew back the curtains, laid out the paper, and picked up a dark-black fountain pen.

I'm still not cautious enough... He sighed suddenly.

After heeding the ice-blue-eyed Demons' warning and preparing to depart Hanth Island with the Berries, Lumian refrained from promptly writing to Madam Magician. He intended to observe the aftermath and wait until they were safely away from the port.

Unexpectedly, he had experienced such a terrifying and dangerous dream last night!

Initially suspecting that a Demon with ice-blue eyes had lost control and covertly influenced him, Lumian later speculated that he might have been subtly corrupted when he observed the blood-

colored Demon and the pitch-black liquid through the Mystery Prying Glasses. The corruption lay dormant until he slept, manifesting fully in his dream.

Focusing his thoughts, he detailed everything witnessed and heard on Hanth Island. He replaced the name Naboredisley with the term Love Incantation.

Concluding the letter, Lumian wrote sincerely, "Perhaps I've encountered too many Demons recently. I feel like I've accumulated too much corruption and want to undergo treatment."

Following that, Lumian conducted a ritual, summoning the doll messenger, and handed over the folded letter.

Accepting the letter with its right hand, the doll messenger covered its nose with its left palm and exclaimed, "You stepped on the world's stinkiest thing!

"It stinks! It stinks!

"So dirty, so dirty!"

Swiftly grasping the letter between two fingers, the doll messenger vanished from the room.

Lumian waited briefly, but with no immediate response from Madam Magician, he decided to seek "treatment" elsewhere.

His destination was the cathedral of the Church of Earth Mother in Port Hanth, where he had visited the day before.

In the early morning, before the commencement of work, numerous believers gathered to listen to the preaching.

The preacher, the ice-blue-eyed clergyman from yesterday, expounded on a specific doctrine from the Holy Scripture. The concept that good and evil emanated from the same source, making them inseparable, was discussed. The sermon emphasized promoting good and suppressing evil.

Isn't it a little ironic to have this coming from a Demon like you? Lumian criticized and sat in the first row, listening casually.

He soon sensed the cathedral's vibrant vitality. Vegetation flourished, and mushrooms quietly sprouted. The scent of wheat and milk provided a calming atmosphere.

Unconsciously, Lumian realized that his life had gained intensity.

Each of the orthodox Churches has its own merits... he sighed silently.

After five to six minutes, the ice-blue-eyed clergyman concluded his preaching and approached Lumian with a warm smile.

"Young people who are willing to listen to advice always have a bright future.

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

Lumian observed the ice-blue-eyed clergyman retracting his raised hands. Is he hinting that it's "satisfied" that I stopped inquiring, exploring the forest, and searching for someone with ice-blue eyes since noon yesterday? Lumian considered, then looked at the clergyman before speaking.

"However, I had a terrifying dream last night and nearly died from it."

“What dream?” the ice-blue-eyed clergyman inquired warmly.

“Bishop, how should I address you?” Lumian asked, deferring from providing an immediate answer.

“Newman,” the ice-blue-eyed clergyman announced its name in human society.

Lumian briefly recounted the blood-colored Demon in his dream, the pitch-black liquid, the blurry figure, and the branches and tree warts. He didn't delve into the final injuries he had suffered.

Bishop Newman listened quietly, gazing at Lumian for a few seconds.

“Are you willing to listen to my preaching?”

“Sure,” Lumian agreed, curious about what the Ice-blue-eyed Demon had to say.

Newman flipped open the Holy Bible in his arms and spoke in a magnetic voice, “There are two Abysses. One is material, and the entrance is somewhere in the real world. The other is spiritual, and the entrance is deep in everyone's hearts.

“Sometimes, these two Abysses are separated, but most of the time, they're one.

“Good intentions and evil intentions come from the same source. It's inevitable for us to harbor evil thoughts like jealousy, hatred, destruction, greed, harm, and arrogance. This is normal, not sinful.

“However, if we act on jealousy, hatred, greed, and arrogance, killing someone—our souls will gradually sink into the Abyss.

“When the time comes, one can only repent to the Mother, just like this.

“Merciful Mother, I have fallen into the Abyss of evil...”

Lumian listened quietly, grasping the essence of Bishop Newman's words.

He acknowledged his mistake rooted in arrogance.

His earlier ventures, marked by a proactive approach and a lack of major problems, had led him to underestimate the concealed perils of high-level matters.

Standing up, Lumian raised his hands.

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

Newman nodded in satisfaction.

Returning to the Berries, Lumian read the reply, neatly folded into a square.

The letter contained spirit world coordinates and a concise directive: “Put an end to the matter on Hanth Island. Find time to seek treatment here.”

Madam Magician had not confirmed Lumian's speculation or delved into the deeper truth of Hanth Island's Demon legends. Lumian realized that this likely involved something he shouldn't pry into at the moment, or perhaps it was best not to understand until the accumulated corruption was eliminated.

Does “find time” imply that I can go whenever I want, disregarding the healer's schedule? Has Madam Magician foreseen that there won't be any issues? Lumian clutched the paper with the spirit world's coordinates and activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

His figure vanished from the Berries, navigating through the swirling chaos of colors. Occasionally, he felt inexplicable gazes and caught glimpses of indescribable forms.

After an unknown period, Lumian arrived at the location corresponding to the spirit world's coordinates and stepped out.

Before him stood a towering dome, illuminated by bright glass windows, with a mural depicting an epic scene.

In the midst of the hall, Lumian noticed a ball of sunlight.

Realization struck, prompting him to approach.

As he walked, the sunlight seemed to “spread” over, banishing shadows and darkness wherever it touched.

Soon, Lumian found himself enveloped in the sunlight.

Suddenly, it felt as if pure sunlight pierced through his skin, flesh, bones, and internal organs, exposing his soul.

Bits of illusory black gas were expelled from his soul by the sunlight, portraying various of Lumian's expressions—ferocious, pained, pleading, or intimidating.

Within seconds, the black gas dissipated under the purifying sunlight.

Simultaneously, Lumian felt his heart throb, and his left chest burned.

The blazing sunlight appeared to expel and purify everything in its path.

Amidst the agonizing heartache, Lumian sensed a change in the seal on his left chest, as if it was concealing itself, synchronizing with the sunlight.

However, before the attempt could fully succeed, the sunlight took the initiative to stop, receding like a tide into the depths of the hall.

Lumian swiftly returned to his usual state. Aside from the lingering discomfort in his heart, he felt significantly more at ease, as if he had suddenly caught the morning breeze and glimpsed the sunrise after an extended period of oppressive darkness.

His attention was drawn to a tall man in a simple white robe standing in the depths of the hall.

Observing the man, Lumian estimated him to be around 22 or 23 years old, towering at over two meters with an imposing aura. Despite his height, he exuded a calm temperament, and his brownish-yellow hair was neatly styled.

“The residual corruption on you has been cleared,” the tall man spoke in ancient Feysac.

Lumian had a suspicion and inquired, “Are you Mr. Sun?”

“Yes,” the young and tall man responded politely, devoid of arrogance or impatience.

He's actually so young, but one can't judge his age from his appearance... Lumian expressed his gratitude without delving into further questions.

Indicating towards the hall's exit, Lumian asked, “Can I go out for a walk?”

Though unaware of his location, the murals suggested it was an essential cathedral of the Church of The Fool.

Lumian deduced that the Major Arcana card holder, The Sun, held a prominent position in the Church, or perhaps even the top position.

“Sure.” Major Arcana The Sun nodded.

Observing the Church of The Fool's etiquette, Lumian pressed his hand to his chest and bowed before turning to exit the hall.

Once outside, the world teemed with life. Voices and figures surrounded him.

His initial thought: Did I accidentally step into a land of giants?

The shortest individuals on the street were at least 1.89 meters tall, with occasional figures reaching three to four meters. Clad in white shirts, black trench coats, and half top hats, the men carried canes resembling spears, emitting an inexplicable sense of absurdity.

Even the ladies matched the towering height, mostly opting for flexibility in long pants rather than skirts.

Lumian surveyed the area, his gaze traversing doors exceeding four meters in height.

For a moment, he fell silent, feeling like a newborn in this peculiar environment.

However, this realization only briefly dampened his mood for exploration.

Of course, it was only a brief moment.

Trier, Trocadéro, at the entrance of a grape manor.

Franca clarified to the valet that her purpose was to visit Madame Clarice, and he stepped aside without guiding her. His stance implied that she knew the way and could proceed independently.

Undeterred, Franca followed the path ingrained in her memory, arriving at the circular pavilion nestled among the grape trees.

Demoness of Black Clarice, adorned in a black court dress, was seated there.

“Good morning, Your Excellency Clarice,” Franca greeted warmly, openly admiring her beautiful face and slightly sorrowful demeanor.

Demoness of Black Clarice nodded slightly and inquired, “Has there been progress in the Mirror People investigation?”

Franca, not in a rush to respond, met Clarice's dark-gray eyes and remarked, "Is Browns not present?"

"She's not my lady's maid. She attends to her own matters," Demoness of Black Clarice replied succinctly.

"Not at the Red House Café or the hunting ground beside the forest either," Franca observed the air's fragrance and chose to engage in conversation with the Demoness of Black.

"She has other matters to attend to," Clarice evaded delving into Browns' affairs.

Reluctantly, Franca recounted the details of the Minister of Industry, Moran Avigny's situation, from the initial sensing of the Mirror World Fragment's tremors after the play, substituting herself as the person involved.

Clarice remained silent, her eyes lowered in contemplation.

Franca didn't rush the Demoness of Black. Her gaze flickered between the deep gray of her eyes, the fairness of her delicate skin, the curves that stirred the soul, and the unnaturally alluring red lips.

She knew this wasn't a good idea, but she couldn't rein in her impulses. Her heart gradually heated up, and her thoughts got a bit muddled. Her mouth dried, forcing her to purse her lips intermittently.

Dammit! Why am I feeling this way right now? While humans as animals can be susceptible to instincts, I've always maintained composure during serious discussions and encounters with high-ranking figures. At most, I've held admiration... Could it be that the Demoness of Black is intentionally radiating her charm to draw me in? Or is there another explanation? Yes, the lingering corruption from the Demon incident must be affecting me! Though it's subtle and doesn't manifest in my daily life, it's making it difficult for me to control my desires in the presence of a high-ranking Demoness known for her feminine allure. As a result, I find myself slipping into an aroused state... Franca gritted her teeth, refusing to succumb to the temptations of desire.

Clarice looked up at her.

"Has it been too long since you've experienced pleasure?"

"Not since my last lover passed away," Franca replied truthfully, aware that the Demoness of Black referred to a specific kind of pleasure. She explained, "As I mentioned earlier, to get close to Moran Avigny's illegitimate daughter, I used a mystical item. Unfortunately, it had a side effect, leading to encounters with Demons and other evil entities for a transaction. I was somewhat affected."

Clarice's voice turned icy.

"Endurance is not a sustainable solution. Indulge yourself. Otherwise, the Demon pathway will become your nemesis."

The Demoness of Black's aura instantly shifted to a holy and dignified state, becoming inviolable.

Franca also sensed that she couldn't entertain lascivious thoughts about such a captivating beauty. Her desires gradually subsided, and her mind cleared, breaking free from her aroused state.

Clarice redirected the conversation.

“You aim to deal with Moran Avigny?”

“He should be a crucial Mirror Person. If we can capture him or channel his spirit, we should uncover most of the Mirror People hidden in Trier. Madame, I seek your assistance,” Franca stated, laying out her thoughts.

She avoided mentioning that Moran Avigny shared Clarice's dark-gray eyes and instead presented a color photo.

Clarice nodded slightly and said, “You can now strategize your operation. I'll assist during crucial moments, but for most scenarios, you must rely on yourself and the factions under your control.”

“No problem.” Franca didn't conceal her excitement.

As she exited the vine-surrounded circular pavilion, Demonee of Black Clarice's dark-gray eyes turned cold as she rose slowly.

In a brightly lit bar, Lumian clinked a beer glass, larger than his head, against the nearly three-meter-tall “giant” opposite him and gulped down the golden liquor.

Wiping the corners of his mouth, he chuckled.

“So, this is the New City of Silver in the Bible.”

From the sermons he had heard, Lumian knew that the New City of Silver served as the headquarters of the Church of The Fool, situated in the Sonia Sea. It had been established by the surviving humans rescued by Gehrman Sparrow from the cursed continent of the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

Unexpectedly, the surviving humans were towering figures, almost like giants!

“That's right. All the warriors here are ready to defend Mr. Fool's Church at all times!” the nearly three-meter-tall giant expressed with satisfaction. “You're not bad. You worship the Angel of Redemption and believe in Mr. Fool. Just these two points alone makes us brothers!”

He extended his right palm and slapped Lumian, nearly toppling him. It felt like a child encountering a brown bear's paw.

Lumian forced a smile and inquired, “Can you share more about the Angel of Redemption's deeds in the Forsaken Land of the Gods?”

Chapter 630 Day Tour

The nearly three-meter-tall giant expressed regret, “The six-member council mandates that we can't discuss matters not mentioned in the Holy Bible. As a believer of Mr. Fool, you must be familiar with the sermons and official statements. I can't share anything beyond that, just as I can't claim to have personally seen the Angel of Redemption and received his assistance.”

Attempting to tap Lumian on the shoulder, the “giant” found Lumian deftly dodging the gesture.

“How should I address you?” Lumian, feigning reverence, inquired, not fully convinced.

The “giant” responded, “Livalie.

“A toast to the newborn of the City of Silver!”

Lumian raised his massive beer glass, clinking it against the other party's. Then, he downed the remaining golden liquid.

Rubbing his bulging stomach, he gestured towards the washroom, indicating his need to relieve himself.

The beer in the New City of Silver wasn't extraordinary, but the cups were simply too large. After two glasses, Lumian's physique and alcohol tolerance reached their limit.

He wasn't drunk; he was just stuffed!

Entering the washroom, Lumian stood before one of the urinals, unbuckling his belt and narrowing his eyes.

Amidst the splashing sounds, a “giant” more than three meters tall entered and chose the urinal beside him.

Lumian subconsciously turned his head before slowly retracting his gaze.

Dazed, he stared at the wall in front of him until the pressure in his abdomen completely subsided. Only then did he leave the washroom, returning to his usual seat at the bar counter.

Livalie had already ordered a new glass of beer for Lumian. It was dark-black but not murky. Swirling in the mug, it revealed a hint of brown.

“Try it. It's a specialty of the New City of Silver, Black-Faced Beer!” the “giant,” firmly believing himself to be human, introduced enthusiastically.

“Black-Faced Beer?” Lumian, holding the beer glass larger than his head, asked in puzzlement.

Livalie suddenly felt a pang of sadness.

“The Forsaken Land of the Gods lacked the sun and fertile soil. Only Black-Faced Grass grew. It was our staple, sustaining generations of City of Silver residents. Though always insufficient, it was better than nothing.

“Back then, brewing alcohol from Black-Faced Grass was impossible. It was too, too extravagant.

“Heh heh, now with food, meat, and milk in abundance, I've grown taller again. I'm 30 centimeters taller than before.”

“Can Black-Faced Grass still be planted in the New City of Silver? Grown underground?” Although Lumian wasn't a Planter, having grown up in the countryside, he knew that in extreme environments, those plants might not survive under normal circumstances.

Livalie smiled.

“It can be planted! It can grow in any environment. Of course, we've had someone modify the Black-Faced Grass seeds to make them more suitable for the current conditions. Its texture is actually quite different from before. Even more flavorful. Give it a try. You won't find this beer elsewhere. We don't grow much ourselves. It's mainly to remember the past.”

Lumian raised the beer glass to his lips with interest, taking a large gulp.

The first thing he tasted was the normal, faint fragrance of wheat. Then, he experienced a refreshing grass-like stimulation in the sweet alcohol. Finally, a subtle milky taste filled his mouth.

“Not bad. It's a special and wonderful experience.” Lumian was generous with his praise.

Curious, he inquired, “Do you have any liquor brewed from Black-Faced Grass?”

Livalie's expression darkened as he shook his head.

“We in the New City of Silver consider alcoholism debased, indulgent, and a waste of food. That's why we reject liquor.”

At this point, he paused.

“Besides, Black-Faced Grass doesn't seem suitable for brewing. Even if it's made into beer, drinking too much will cause hallucinations. I can only handle three glasses at a time.”

Minor toxicity? In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, people from the New City of Silver relied on eating this plant to survive generation after generation. It wasn't easy... Lumian recalled his sister's occasional jokes and smirked.

“If you drink too much, will you see a group of little people dancing?”

Livalie pondered for a moment and replied, “No, hallucinations are usually different. Some see their wives slapping them, some hear the cries of their deceased relatives, and some find a baby lying by the roadside wailing...”

Lumian couldn't bear to hear about matters involving babies crying, so he lost interest and focused on the taste of the Black-Faced Beer.

After finishing the glass, he made another trip to the washroom before leaving the bar. He planned to take advantage of the afternoon sun to stroll around New Silver City and teleport back to the Berries docked at Port Hanth in the evening.

In the sparsely populated yet unusually towering buildings, half-giants roamed. Every now and then, one or two “giants” standing over three meters tall could be spotted. Those below 1.8 meters were a rarity, except for those with child-like faces.

Lumian's stature barely met the criteria, and his eyes quickly scanned the surroundings.

He observed turquoise vines snaking up the outer walls of certain houses. On these vines, numerous soft, large, white, and plump mushrooms thrived.

Mushrooms? Since when did vines yield mushrooms? Lumian furrowed his brow, questioning his botanical knowledge.

It occurred to him that this might be a unique plant brought from the Forsaken Land of the Gods by the New City of Silver, bringing a sense of relief.

He approached a roadside stall and glanced up.

“You're selling milk. Why don't I see a bucket of milk?”

The vendor, standing at 2.56 meters with slightly grayish-blue skin, smiled genuinely and replied, “The house behind me is mine. Want some milk?”

“I'll take a glass.” Lumian, having already inquired, had no qualms about purchasing a glass of milk; money was not an issue.

Though verl d'or and gold risot weren't official currency in the New City of Silver, gold held value universally.

The vendor cheerfully grabbed a cup, turned around, and headed to his two-story house. He reached out and plucked a soft, white mushroom.

He aimed the mushroom at the cup and squeezed it.

Milk-white liquid gushed out, rapidly filling the cup.

Lumian's jaw dropped, confusion once again clouding his eyes.

This is what you guys call milk?

“It's ready.” The half-giant vendor handed the milk to Lumian.

Lumian instinctively took it and asked in bewilderment, “Are those mushrooms?”

“Yes, milk mushrooms,” the half-giant vendor replied earnestly.

You call that mushrooms? Lumian paid in a daze and left the stall with a cup in hand.

He couldn't recall how much he paid or even why he started the conversation about buying milk.

After walking more than ten meters, he brought the cup to his lips and took a sip.

It tasted like milk!

Lumian finished the glass with a frown, finding nothing peculiar.

Yet, the liquid came from mushrooms!

Just consider it a unique plant... Just consider it a unique plant... Lumian muttered, deciding not to try it again.

He feared that drinking too much might turn him into a milk producer himself!

He continued to wander aimlessly along streets twice as wide as those in Port Hanth.

Suddenly, another "half-giant" with slightly grayish-blue skin approached, holding a thick book and speaking with unusual enthusiasm, "My friend, would you be interested in hearing me introduce our beacon and savior..."

Lumian smiled, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed.

"Praise The Fool!"

"Ah, a brother." The half-giant was both disappointed and delighted.

The two of them conversed in ancient Feysac, but Lumian had overheard New City of Silver residents occasionally speaking Jotun, a language that could stir supernatural powers.

"Are there usually foreigners here?" Lumian asked casually.

The half-giant smiled and replied, "We often have foreigners visiting, exploring, and sightseeing. In the early years, some chose to settle here, but most eventually moved away. Living with us proved challenging for them. Heh heh, we're too tall and not well-versed in the pleasures of life."

With that, the half-giant took something from his pocket and handed it to Lumian.

"I'm pleased to have you as a guest in the New City of Silver. Try our locally made candy."

It was a candy wrapped in thin blue-white paper.

Lumian didn't hesitate. He took it, tore off the wrapping, and popped the white candy into his mouth.

The rich milky aroma and smooth sweetness quickly unfolded on his tongue, creating a delightful experience.

Milk flavor... Lumian's curiosity sparked as he inquired with a peculiar expression, "Is this milk candy?"

"Yes," the proselytizing half-giant replied with a smile.

"What kind of milk did you use?" Lumian hadn't anticipated ever asking such a question.

The half-giant replied naturally, "Milk from the milk mushrooms."

"..." Lumian held the milk candy in his mouth, torn between spitting it out or swallowing it.

He sensed the genuine warmth and enthusiasm when the other party shared the milk candy.

As time passed, Lumian witnessed mushrooms with a cooked meat fragrance, mushrooms smelling like fish, and various peculiar mushrooms.

His gaze turned lost as he observed the half-giants and giants joyfully sharing their food.

Unconsciously, he arrived at a corner of the New City of Silver.

A towering building stood there.

It was split into two sections. On the left, a spire tower; on the right, a domed tower. The outer wall, standing 30 to 40 meters tall, was a grayish-white hue.

The Twin Towers? According to Livalie, the spire houses the library and other public facilities, while the domed tower serves as the council office for the ruling six-member council of the New City of Silver... There must be Sealed Artifacts and formidable individuals in such a place...

Lumian stood nearby, examining the imposing structure before him.

His eyes moved across the domed tower and noticed black plants resembling hair growing from the cracks near the ground. They hung there, swaying occasionally in the wind.

Lumian diverted his attention and headed towards the spire, eager to explore the books passed down in the New City of Silver, a human settlement existing in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for thousands of years.