

## Inevitability 661

Chapter 661 “Reconnaissance Tools”

During lunch, Lumian used the excuse of going to the washroom to make his way to Hisoka Twanaku's tawny house.

After ascending the wooden stairs and passing through the empty, open ground floor, he took out a new wire and picked the lock on the door.

This level was completely open-air, leaving only support pillars. At a glance, it was very spacious and simple.

Stepping onto the wooden floor, Lumian circled around but found signs that no one had lived here for a long time. He found nothing worth further investigating.

Suddenly, a voice came from behind him.

“What's the problem here?”

The voice belonged to Camus Castiya. When he saw Lumian enter Twanaku's rebuilt house from the dining room window, he found an excuse to leave the table and hurry over.

Lumian wasn't surprised at all. He looked around and said, “Nothing.”

As he spoke, he ascended the stairs to the third floor.

Camus sighed silently and followed.

He felt his mentality had aged considerably when with Louis Berry, resembling someone Vice-Captain Reaza's age.

Oh, Mother Earth, I'm not even twenty-four years old!

Although I arrived in Matani at eighteen and joined the patrol team, dealing with numerous Beyonder incidents, participating in dangerous battles, and accumulating extensive experience, I am still a young man—a laidback young man who doesn't focus on appearances in daily life!

With a solemn, vigilant mindset, Camus followed Lumian through the third-floor rooms twice, searching through all the items.

“There's nothing out of place.” After setting down a pen holder, Camus shared his assessment with Lumian.

Lumian hadn't gained anything either.

After a moment's contemplation, he responded, “Bring Kolobo here later and ask if there are any areas that make him uneasy, dangerous, or uncomfortable.”

Having only collaborated once, he's already adept at utilizing Kolobo's uniqueness... Bringing Kolobo here... Why does it feel like a police officer asking a constable to bring a canine unit... Camus criticized inwardly and nodded.

“Understood.”

As Lumian surveyed his surroundings again, he thought, I'll bring Ludwig over later and ask if he detects any fragrance of special ingredients.

Returning to the dining room with Camus, Lumian indulged in the Gwadar beverage, savoring the rich and intricate aroma of roasted beef, roasted chicken wings, roasted snake meat, roasted spiders, and roasted leeches...

After eating and drinking his fill, Lumian took Ludwig's hand and led him to "Hisoka" Twanaku's house. Camus, Lugano, and Kolobo—who wore sunglasses and walked sideways like a crab—followed closely behind.

After exploring every nook and cranny, Lumian looked at Ludwig and asked with a smile, "Is there anything edible here?"

Ludwig shook his head. "No."

Lumian led the boy down to the second level and looked at Kolobo, who had suddenly turned his back to them, and Camus.

"Do any of you sense anything unusual?"

The thin Kolobo hesitated for a moment and said, "This house feels a little cold. It doesn't sit well with me."

"Where exactly?" Lumian inquired with a calm expression.

Kolobo replied succinctly, "Everywhere."

There's something wrong with the entire house and even this land? Hisoka definitely didn't rebuild his previous home for nostalgia. He's not the original owner of that body, so he probably doesn't have much attachment to this place. He's also a true Coldblooded... Lumian pondered for over ten seconds and said to Lugano, Camus, and the others, "Stay here and guard against any mishaps."

He returned to the third floor and lay on a wooden bed with traces of someone having slept in it.

Large, black mosquitoes flew over with crackling sounds. However, in the flickering sparks, they were ignited one by one, turning into charred corpses that floated onto the bed.

Lumian quickly slipped into a deep slumber.

In his daze, he slowly awoke.

Pa! Lumian took out the golden pocket watch from Salle de Bal Brisé, opened it, and muttered to himself, "Slept for half an hour and didn't have any special dreams..."

He had always believed the Dream Festival was related to dreams, so he deliberately slept in Hisoka's house, but nothing happened.

Lumian gazed at the midday sun shining through the window and stood up thoughtfully.

Could the timing be off?

Must I sleep at a specific time and place to participate in the Dream Festival?

Therefore, most Tizamo Town residents are unaware of its existence...

When Lumian returned to the spacious but crude second level, he realized Camus and the others now had three more people with them.

One was a man in his thirties with a painted face. His light brown skin and thick lips gave him a relatively clean-cut look, and his black hair fell to his shoulders. A strong pungent smell wafted from him. The other was a young woman wearing dark leather armor. Her brown hair was tied in two strands draped over her shoulders. Her light brown skin and facial features exuded a wild beauty. She carried a hunting bow and a leather quiver of arrows on her back.

Another man, dressed similarly to Camus and the others in a shirt and thin pants, stood over 1.9 meters tall with an appearance leaning towards the Feysac Empire. He had short light-blond hair, light-blue eyes, and a face bearing signs of exposure to sun and rain.

“They're our colleagues, members of the Tizamo Town patrol team,” Camus introduced.

He pointed at the man with the white paint pattern on his face and said, “Captain of the local patrol team, Maslow.

“His teammate...”

Camus turned to the wild-looking woman with a bow and arrows on her back and the tall Feysacian man and said, “Rhea.

“Loban, used to be an adventurer.”

He spoke in Intisian the entire time.

Finally, Camus addressed the three local patrol team members, “This is the great adventurer, Louis Berry. The other two are his assistant and godson.”

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“The other two are his assistant and godson.”

“Great adventurer...” Maslow repeated the term and cast his gaze at Loban.

Feysacian Loban shook his head, indicating he had never heard of him.

Maslow averted his gaze and asked Lumian, “Are you here to hunt?”

Tizamo Town had been a favorite hunting ground for Port Pylos's gentry for decades. There was no shortage of residents proficient in Intisian, and the patrol team had language requirements to handle the gentry's requests.

Lumian responded with a smile, “Something like that.”

Hunting for Hisoka's inheritance and hidden issues was also a form of hunting.

Seeing the skeptical expressions on Maslow and the others' faces, Camus hurriedly explained, “Do you remember the telegram sent last night?”

“You mean...” With her hunting bow and arrows, Rhea couldn't help but glance at Lumian again.

Clearly, she, Maslow, and company had just arrived and hadn't had time to discuss the detailed situation with Camus and Kolobo. A telegram could only convey limited information.

Camus nodded solemnly.

“Monsieur Louis Berry is here to investigate the hidden issues behind Twanaku.”

Using the excuse of inspecting the house again, he led the three local patrol team members upstairs.

Lugano glanced at the stairs and asked Kolobo, who had his back to them, “There's a local patrol team in Tizamo?”

Based on his experience, there shouldn't be any official Beyonders teams permanently stationed in the Northern Continent's small towns and villages like Port Pylos. They would typically send someone to handle issues as they arose.

Kolobo turned his back to Lumian and Ludwig, trembling as he replied, “Most other towns don't have them. This place is rather special and is often attacked by primitive tribes. Not only did our patrol team station a permanent team here, but the Admiral Guard also has Beyonders at the military camp outside town.”

Lugano glanced at the strange official Beyer who doubled as their carriage driver and couldn't hide his curiosity.

“Why do you always have your back to us and wear black sunglasses?”

Don't you want others to discover something's wrong with your eyes?”

Kolobo fell silent, unsure if he should answer.

At that moment, Camus led Maslow and the others back to the second floor.

When they looked at Lumian again, Maslow, Rhea, and Loban's expressions turned much more serious.

Lumian smiled and asked casually, “Did anything unusual happen with this house?”

“No,” Maslow had already recalled the relevant details.

With a nod, Lumian replied, “Were you transferred to Tizamo after the attack last year?”

He recalled the dossier had mentioned the three Beyonders stationed here perished in the primitive tribe's attack.

“Yes,” Loban, the former Feysacian adventurer, replied in a rough voice. “It's been nearly a year. It's been very peaceful here. No more attacks.”

According to the records, the tribe in the primitive forest attacked two to three times a year in past years... Admiral Querarill's response of sending more guards and army deterred the primitive tribe from taking the risk. Did they really retreat into the forest depths? Or did the April Fool's prank cause something to change? Lumian sensed something amiss.

After conversing for a while, Lumian prepared to take Ludwig and Lugano to check into the motel.

Maslow took a few steps forward and retrieved two items from a small leather bag hanging from his waist.

There were brown candles and a glass bottle filled with a light-yellow liquid.

“Mosquito repellent candles and tranquil essential oil. I hope you get a good night's sleep,” Maslow said in accented Intisian.

Camus chimed in, “What he means is that this place is close to the primitive forest, and mosquitoes and poisonous insects are everywhere. Although you're Beyonders, it won't be pleasant if you're accidentally bitten. Furthermore, you won't be able to sleep peacefully and will keep waking up.”

“The mosquito repellent candles are made from plants that mosquitoes dislike. Tranquil essential oil comes from certain animals, making those damned buzzing fellows stay away from you.”

At this point, Camus, Maslow, Rhea, and the others suddenly realized there were no mosquitoes on the entire second level.

Lumian turned to Ludwig and accepted the candle and oil with a smile.

Then, he gently pinched his nose to confirm the pungent smell on Maslow and the others came from the tranquil essential oil.

After Lumian, Ludwig, and Lugano left Twanaku's house, Maslow looked at Kolobo, who had his back to everyone, in confusion. He asked in Dutanese, “What's wrong?”

Chapter 662 Those Words

Kolobo finally turned around.

He took off his sunglasses and spoke in Dutanese with a weary look, “My gut tells me I shouldn't look directly at them. I can only take a quick glance at most.”

“Why's that?” Rhea asked curiously, her wildness evident as she carried her hunting bow.

“Just intuition,” Kolobo replied firmly, unsure of the reason but convinced he shouldn't stare.

Loban, the Feysacian, wore a pensive expression.

“What's on your mind?” Maslow, his face painted white, turned to him and asked.

The three had worked together in Tizamo Town for a year and understood each other well. Maslow could tell Loban had thought of something from his look.

Observing Camus and the others' gazes, Loban pondered for a moment before saying, “While adventuring across the Five Seas, I came across this saying: 'Don't look directly at God.’”

“Don't look directly at God...” Camus's forehead twitched as he whispered the phrase.

As a Castiya family descendant, albeit from a collateral branch, he had more extensive mystical knowledge than most Beyonders.

Could it be that Louis Berry and his godson were actual gods, unable to be gazed upon?

No, that couldn't be right. Kolobo avoided looking at Twanaku directly, yet Twanaku was merely a Sequence 5 Beyonder of the Prisoner and Criminal pathways—not even a demigod!

“I've heard that before during the padre's sermons. It's about respecting and worshiping God, right?” said Rhea, a devout Eternal Blazing Sun believer.

“No, it's not from the Church scriptures. It's recorded in a mystical text,” Loban shook his head, rejecting her explanation.

Maslow let out a deep chuckle.

“Surely the great adventurer can't literally be a deity walking among us?”

“Maybe not a true deity,” Loban recalled, “But the book's notes state it refers to a 'Mythical Creature'. I'm unsure what exactly that means, but if it contains the word 'god', it must have at least some level of godhood. Could that adventurer be a demigod?”

“It doesn't seem that way currently,” Camus said, gradually forming a new idea. “Perhaps the adventurer is simply one of a deity's Blessed, carrying a divine item or aura bestowed upon him. So it's true we can't directly look at 'God', but that 'God' isn't referring to him, only something he possesses.”

This could explain the situation with Twanaku very well.

“You mean like the most famous adventurer?” Loban the Feysacian realized.

Adventurers, treasure hunters, pirates and merchants across the Five Seas now knew Gehrman Sparrow had been The Fool's Oracle before becoming an Angel.

“Precisely.” Camus nodded.

Simultaneously, he inwardly cursed.

Dogsh\*t, why was I sent to watch over matters involving a deity's Blessed?

This was undoubtedly perilous. A moment of carelessness could lead to death!

Camus hadn't wanted to accept Vice-Captain Reaza's order the day before, but over the past five years, Reaza had saved him from the brink of death three times. He couldn't refuse.

Otherwise, with the prestigious “Don” prefix and Castiya family name, he could have declined his superior's orders. At worst, he could leave the patrol team and seek opportunities elsewhere. After all, he had already digested the Sequence 7 Interrogator potion. He had saved enough funds for his subsequent advancement thanks to Louis Berry's two commissions. Even returning to his family, he wouldn't be the type brushed aside.

But to repay Reaza's kindness, Camus reluctantly agreed to come to Tizamo Town and monitor Louis Berry's every move. Feeling upset, he couldn't help but inwardly curse.

As a devout and educated believer in Mother Earth, Camus wouldn't curse with vulgar phrases like "son of a..." From his view, mothers were great—birth and nurturing equally important, just as the earth nurtured all things' growth.

After discussing the adventurer Louis Berry, Loban the Feysacian turned to Camus and Kolobo, saying, "When we transferred to Tizamo, we were told we could return after a year, that we wouldn't stay forever. Now, nearly a year has passed, and you're here too. Does that mean we can return to Port Pylos?"

As a Feysacian, you appear tall, robust, boorish, and unintelligent, but you're actually dishonest... Did you discover that Louis Berry's matter might be a huge problem and want an excuse to slip away early? Camus acutely sensed Loban's hidden thoughts and joked, "There's still a week left! Don't even think about returning to Port Pylos early. We're not here for your rotation."

At the Brieu Motel.

This was the favorite accommodation for the gentlemen who came to Tizamo Town to hunt. Although it couldn't compare to Hotel Orella, it was at least relatively clean.

Lumian's sole reason for choosing this place was the availability of a suite.

Otherwise, he would have to rent two adjacent rooms and utilize his Hunter's precise grasp of structures to blast through the adjoining wall without affecting the overall load-bearing walls. When departing, he'd get Lugano to replace the stone bricks and repair the opening.

The ground floor was equally open, supported by stone pillars. However, the three-story building above bore a distinct Intisian flair. The beige walls, recessed statuary niches, arched windows, and venetian curtains made Lumian feel as if he had returned to Trier.

When Lugano lit the mosquito repellent candle and used its slightly pungent smell to chase away the poisonous insects and mosquitoes, it became even more reminiscent.

This is very similar to Trieriens using sulfur's smell to repel bedbugs... Lumian recalled his initial arrival in Trier.

After using sulfur's smell to chase the bedbugs into the neighboring room, playwright Gabriel ignited it and drove them back. After this back-and-forth, most bedbugs went elsewhere, leaving only a few that the doll messenger eliminated.

Lumian sighed silently, recalling Gabriel's death and the deceased tenants of the Auberge du Coq Doré.

He walked to the window and gazed at the street below.

The gentlemen in hunting attire and their servants on unicorns weaved through the dark-brown or light-brown townspeople, flowing into Brieu Motel, jungle restaurants, and other establishments like rivers.

Under the noon sun, Tizamo Town was scorchingly humid this season, making it unsuitable for outdoor activities.

On the second floor, Lumian focused his attention and observed the passersby directly below.

He attempted to discern any potential issues with Tizamo Town from their fortunes.

He was prepared for backlash or corruption.

These passersby's fortunes are normal. Some seem to have romantic encounters looming, some would lose money, and some might encounter a bloody calamity, but nothing too serious...

Lumian averted his gaze and said to Lugano, "Take Ludwig to rest. I'll take a walk outside."

"Alright." Knowing the trip to Tizamo Town might be dangerous, Lugano had no intention of wandering out unless his boss asked him to prepare food for Ludwig.

He had no choice but to go along. Otherwise, he would be the one eaten!

Tizamo Town wasn't small with streets spanning out in two directions. Lumian strolled leisurely, hands in pockets, donning a golden straw hat.

He no longer wore the straw hat to enhance Louis Berry's persona, but to shield himself from the sunlight. He had intended to do so many times before.

This was because an adverse effect of Shadow Transformation was a greater fear of sunlight than ordinary people.

Although Lumian could endure relying on his Ascetic abilities, this would impact his condition to some extent. Why make things difficult when he could resolve it with a straw hat?

Moreover, with the appearance of Louis Berry wearing a golden straw hat, the enemy wouldn't think he was afraid of sunlight.

As his gaze casually shifted, Lumian spotted a girl.

She was a typical Northern Continent native, her black hair cascading down her back like a waterfall, a few sparkling bows adorning her head. Her azure-tinged eyes accentuated her sharp, delicate nose. An unmistakable youthful aura radiated between her brows.

The girl wore a light, lace-trimmed, pleated white dress, but instead of high heels, she donned a pair of brown leather boots. As she conversed and laughed with companions, she danced, seemingly unconcerned about passersby's opinions.

Lumian glanced at her again.

It wasn't because she was beautiful. Although quite lovely, her appearance and bearing couldn't compare to a Demoness or truly beautiful humans.

Lumian simply sensed her personality differed from Trier's ladies.

In Trier, no matter how open-minded respectable middle and upper-class women were in private, they still publicly cared about image and others' opinions—a product of their upbringing.

This girl exuded an air of freedom. She could laugh loudly or spin around whenever she pleased.

This was distinct from an improperly raised lower-class woman's demeanor. This girl's attire, speech and aura indicated good education and upbringing.

"Amandina, daughter of Palms Manor's Sir Petit, and Monsieur Robert's fiancée," Camus, resembling a specter, materialized from nowhere beside Lumian with the introduction.



Palms Manor was a plantation near Tizamo Town.

A Southern Continent girl raised without Trier's upper-middle-class societal constraints... As Lumian judged this, he thought of his sister Aurore.

Sometimes, Aurore displayed such a side.

However, the reasons were clearly different.

“Where are you headed?” Camus inquired.

Lumian retracted his gaze and replied with a smile, “The cathedral.

“Are you coming with me to praise the Sun?”

### Chapter 663 Late Night

Like many cathedrals in Intis, Tizamo's had a golden dome, resembling the sun's reflection on the ground.

As Lumian passed through the door, he was dazzled by the walls, arches, gold leaf inlaid in the dome, a mural sprinkled with golden powder, and a golden statue. The sunlight streaming through the glass behind the altar made him instinctively raise his hand, wanting to press down his golden straw hat.

It was lunchtime, and many simply-dressed Tizamo residents sat in various pews, heads bowed in prayer.

They didn't mind the cathedral's dazzling, extravagant appearance at all.

This was not only because they had always believed in the Eternal Blazing Sun since childhood, but they also had numerous gold mines in the former Balam Empire. The people had a widespread fondness for gold, a hobby preserved to this day.

Lumian shared an affinity for gold, but didn't want to endure the scorching sunlight.

Beside him, Camus tried explaining, “I'm not monitoring you, nor am I saying I'll follow you everywhere to prevent accidents.

“I'm assisting you. You're still unfamiliar with Dutanese. You lack sufficient understanding of the situation in Tizamo and the people here. I can introduce you.”

Lumian seized the opportunity to turn and ask with a smile, “Do you know it well?”

Camus ruffled his disheveled brown hair and replied without embarrassment, “If there's anything I don't understand, I can ask Maslow and the others to help.”

Lumian didn't mind having an official Beyonder by his side. If anything happened, he could use the extra muscle.

He nodded slightly and said, “If you want to follow, go ahead.”

As Lumian spoke, he walked towards the row of seats in front of the altar under the blazing sunlight.

Camus hesitated for a few seconds before finding a seat in the farthest corner of the cathedral.

As a believer of Earth Mother, he could freely enter and exit the cathedrals of all orthodox gods, but he couldn't participate in acts of worship.

He only knew that Louis Berry had a close connection to the Church of The Fool, but he wasn't sure if his faith was with The Fool.

Lumian used his Ascetic endurance to control the twitching of his facial muscles. He sat down under the sunlight as if nothing happened and lowered his head to pray in front of the preaching padre.

The padre, a native of Port Pylos named Cali, had standard dark brown skin, sunken eyes, and a chiseled face. He only had a thin layer of black hair, not wearing a clergyman's hat.

In his forties with a solemn expression, he preached in unaccented Intisian.

Lumian, feigning prayer, found himself distracted. Thoughts raced through his mind, making him feel as if he had returned to Cordu. Back then, even when attending Mass and praying in the cathedral, he was lost in his own thoughts. When it was almost over, he quickly praised the Sun and wished his sister would always be healthy and that he wouldn't need much homework or test prep to get into university.

None of that came true.

After the padre finished preaching, Lumian raised his head and narrowed his eyes in the sunlight, focusing on observing the padre's fortune.

There was nothing special about it.

On the surface, there's indeed nothing abnormal about Tizamo... Amidst sunburn-like pain, Lumian planned to avert his gaze, but his heart stirred as he activated his Reaper's Weakness Investigation ability.

He thought of Padre Guillaume Bénet and Father Montserrat of the Church of Earth Mother.

Who said clergymen from orthodox Churches wouldn't be problematic?

In that case, he could observe the padre's weaknesses in advance. If he truly encountered clerical depravity in the future, he could quickly resolve it.

Various colors appeared on the padre's body in Lumian's eyes.

However, there was no pale-white among them!

This meant the padre had no weaknesses!

Impossible. Even if this padre is a Beyonder, his Sequence shouldn't be too high. How can he have no weaknesses? The Sun pathway isn't known for toughness and imperviousness... Could he be from another pathway? No, all likely have weaknesses... Amidst surprise, Lumian observed more closely.

Finally, he noticed a faint pallor.

It wasn't on the padre's body, but in the depths of his Astral Projection.

Does this mean his weakness lies in his spirit, fearing attacks targeting his Spirit Body? How did he manage to have no bodily weaknesses... From the looks of it, I have to dismantle his body piece by piece to kill him if I'm not targeting his Spirit Body... Lumian's surprise quickly dissipated, replaced by joy and anticipation.

Regardless, discovering any abnormalities was a good thing!

This meant he was a step closer to the problem in Tizamo and the Dream Festival Hisoka had mentioned.

“Brother, what are you looking at?” Cali asked Lumian with a smile, clutching a Bible.

Lumian responded with a smile, “Looking at the sunlight on you.

“Praise the Sun!”

With that, Lumian stood up, spread his arms slightly, and turned to leave.

Now was not the time to delve into the abnormality in the padre's body.

Padre Cali was delighted by Lumian's response.

Firstly, the other party was subtly praising him for being bathed in sunlight, akin to a deity's blessings. Secondly, as a local clergyman without Northern blood, he had always yearned for Northern gentry's recognition.

After leaving the Saint-Sien Cathedral, Lumian casually had Camus circle the entirety of Tizamo twice with him, including the military camp, plantation, and the outskirts of the primitive forest.

Camus eagerly introduced everyone he knew.

As evening approached, Lumian made his way towards the Brieu Motel and asked, “What did you do with that dead horse?”

“I sold it to the butcher. I'm planning to buy a new one from a nearby planter,” Camus replied matter-of-factly.

Lumian felt a twinge of disappointment for Ludwig. He remained silent and entered the motel.

Late at night.

In the shadows outside the Brieu Motel, Lumian emerged, no longer wearing his golden straw hat. He strolled towards the yellowish-brown house that “Hisoka” Twanaku had rebuilt.

It was nearly midnight, and Tizamo had grown very quiet. Apart from a few patrolling soldiers, drunk patrons, and their companions, no one else was walking outside.

Under the crimson moonlight, Lumian passed by the bar named Giant Boa and heard a commotion inside.

In the primitive forest a few hundred meters away, the howls of wild beasts echoed intermittently.

Lumian proceeded until he reached his destination. He ascended to the third level and found the wooden bed he had slept on earlier.

He busied himself for a while, making preparations. He wasn't in a hurry to lie down. He looked around and muttered to himself thoughtfully, "Termiboros, have you noticed anything unusual here?"

Termiboros's majestic voice reverberated within Lumian's body.

"I'm using your eyes, ears, nose, spirituality, and fate to observe the outside world—just slightly more than what you see."

Does this mean that what I see and discover will still be restricted by my body, spirituality, and level? Hold on, this fellow is becoming more and more like a riddler. He didn't directly answer if there's anything abnormal about this house or what's abnormal... Lumian scoffed.

"Are you truly an Angel of the Fate domain? I'm already a Sequence 5, and you can't use my eyes and spirituality to detect the problem here. Haven't you noticed that a Sequence 8 of the Monster pathway can sense that this place is cold?"

"No way. Are Angels of the Inevitability pathway inferior to Sequence 8s of the Fate pathway?"

The Monster pathway was also known as the Fate pathway.

Lumian provoked Termiboros to see if he could extract any useful information from this Angel-level Ascetic.

He didn't hold out much hope, but at least he wouldn't lose anything.

Termiboros fell silent, as if He had vanished from Lumian's body.

"How tolerant. As expected of an Ascetic Angel," Lumian mocked. He took out the golden pocket watch he had obtained from Salle de Bal Brise and flipped it open to confirm the current time.

11:51 p.m.

Putting away his pocket watch, Lumian lay on the wooden bed in the room.

This time, he was here to see if sleeping in the house at night would trigger any abnormalities and if he could enter a special dream to participate in the Dream Festival.

To this end, Lumian had instructed Ludwig in advance to wake him up in the house rebuilt by Twanaku if he wasn't back by the time they had their second meal.

After Lumian promised there would be a feast the next day, Ludwig agreed.

With crackling sounds, the menacing spiders crawling on the outer walls of the house and the numerous mosquitoes in the room burned and fell, emitting a charred fragrance.

Relying on Cogitation, Lumian swiftly drifted into a deep slumber.

In a daze, he slowly woke up. He straightened up and realized that he was still on the wooden bed, in the master bedroom on the third floor of Hisoka's house.

It was late at night outside the window, and the crimson moonlight seemed to be obscured by clouds. Only a small amount of light filtered through, making it abnormally dim.

The howling of wild beasts in the primitive forest and the faint noise from the bar had completely ceased. The night had entered its most peaceful state, as silent as death.

There's no change... Lumian sighed in disappointment.

Just as he was about to take out his golden pocket watch to confirm the time and leave the house in the dark environment to return to the Brieu Motel, his pupils suddenly dilated and his eyes froze.

Under the dim crimson moonlight, Lumian swiftly scanned the room's floor.

He didn't see mosquito corpses!

The mosquitoes he had incinerated with his Pyromaniac powers before falling asleep should have been charred on the ground, but now, they were nowhere to be found. The floor was clean as if it had just been cleaned!

Could it be that someone came in while I was asleep and cleaned the room? I've planted several traps around me. They can't be easily bypassed... Wraith? Lumian instantly tensed up. He took out the golden pocket watch he had previously kept in his shirt pocket under his vest and flipped it open to check the time.

#### Chapter 664 Confirming the Boundary

Lumian's gaze fixated on the golden pocket watch, his suspicions heightened by the peculiar scent in the air.

He felt as though he had slumbered for more than an hour. Why then had only seven minutes elapsed?

Though the unreliability of his instincts were plausible, other anomalies lurked. The absence of mosquito corpses and the eerie silence hinted at peculiarities.

Lumian, drawing from his past encounters, murmured to himself, Could it be that I've entered a special dream?

In the dead of night, slumbering within this tawny house leads to a peculiar dream?

Did "Hisoka" Twanaku rebuild the house to make it look less suspicious for him to stay there?

But why would such a thing happen?

Lumian bowed his head and peered ahead. His gaze seemed to penetrate through wooden planks and various obstacles, revealing the corresponding underground area.

Uncertain about the origin of this anomaly, he could only speculate based on common sense and experience.

In the silent darkness, Lumian shuffled his feet, producing creaking sounds as he left the house that once belonged to "Hisoka" Twanaku.

The street lay deserted, and many of the livestock on the ground floor of the buildings seemed to blend into the night. It was impossible to discern if they still existed. The footsteps of patrolling soldiers had vanished completely.

A warm, humid night breeze swept through the unobstructed streets, surrounding Lumian as he headed towards the entrance of the Giant Boa bar.

Straining his ears, Lumian noticed that it was so quiet that even the rustling of insects and the buzzing of mosquitoes had ceased.

His expression remained unchanged as he extended his right hand, pushing open the heavy wooden door.

Darkness shrouded the interior. With the dim moonlight filtering through the window and Lumian's sharp eyesight as a Hunter, he could barely discern the outlines of the bar counter, liquor cabinet, small round table, chairs, candlestick wall lamps, and other items, but not a single human was in sight.

The bar seemed to have been closed for quite some time.

This is even more perplexing. Before I fell asleep, this bar was quite lively. It's impossible for them to clear out the customers and clean every corner in seven to eight minutes.

Based on my experience, even though countryside bars close earlier than those in the city and aren't bustling until two or three in the morning, they usually continue selling alcohol until midnight. Also, they usually ask those who are still drinking to leave after they're done. If they encounter a drunk who refuses to leave, it tends to cause some delay... Lumian, a regular at Cordu's Ol' Tavern, felt confident in making such judgments, drawing from his various experiences in different bars.

This conviction only strengthened his belief that he was caught in what seemed to be a very real dream.

Suddenly, memories of past events in Cordu flooded Lumian's mind, causing his grip on the heavy wooden door of the Giant Boa bar to freeze.

After a moment of contemplation, he decided to leave and headed back to the Brieu Motel.

Walking through the dark stairs and a corridor paved with aged planks, Lumian returned to his suite on the second floor at a moderate pace. He pushed open the wooden door to the child's room.

The dim crimson moonlight poured into the room, illuminating the sky-blue patterned blanket and bedsheets.

But no one was sleeping here.

Ludwig had disappeared too.

Combined with the strange sights on his way, Lumian strongly suspected that he was alone in this dream.

All the townsfolk, livestock, and outsiders had vanished, leaving him in solitude in Tizamo Town!

This can't be considered a festival unless it is named the Loneliness Festival... Lumian pondered for a few seconds before leaving the Brieu Motel and heading towards the Saint-Sien Cathedral near the cemetery.

In the dim moonlit night, the cathedral's golden dome and various decorations on the outer walls seemed to lose their glow, settling into a deep slumber.

Lumian didn't want to waste energy pushing open the front door. He pried open a stained glass window and jumped in.

In the night's darkness, the place was silent and empty. The dome above exuded an oppressive and cold aura that was absent during the day.

Lumian searched the area but couldn't find Padre Cali— who had exhibited abnormalities—the deputy padre, or any odd-job workers.

I'm truly alone...

Only those who sleep in Hisoka's house can enter this special dream?

Yes, and it has to be late at night.

How can the Dream Festival be held? One can't expect all the relevant people to line up at Hisoka's house to sleep at a specific time, right? Disregarding the question of whether we can squeeze in, how did such a widespread collective act deceive the patrol team and the army outside the town?

Moreover, it doesn't seem like everyone has been pulled into the dream. The Tizamons I previously found were completely unaware...

And the most crucial question: Since it's a dream, why am I lucid?

Lumian contemplated for a moment before reaching out his right hand to touch the wall adorned with the religious mural.

It felt cold and solid, a genuine stone.

Drawing on his extensive experience in realistic dreams, Lumian pushed aside these questions, opting to begin with the simplest reconnaissance.

He aimed to confirm the dimensions of this dream and its boundaries.

Activating the black mark on his right shoulder, Lumian connected with the spirit world. He “saw” every corner of Tizamo Town.

Through Spirit World Traversal, he disappeared and reappeared on the packed earth path leading from Tizamo Town to Port Pylos.

Teleportation is possible... That's true. Since it's a dream, nothing is impossible. As long as I believe it's feasible, I should be able to do it... Following the Cordu incident, Lumian delved into numerous dream-related books and sought counsel from Madam Justice, Madam Susie, Anthony Reid, and other Beyonders in the mind domain, gaining a profound understanding.

Slowing his pace, he headed towards Port Pylos. After walking for two to three hundred meters, the scenery ahead blurred, as if an ethereal fog was swirling. Beneath the faint moonlight, the fog appeared pitch-black.

Suddenly, Lumian's spiritual intuition warned him that entering the misty area, veiled in an illusionary fog, might be perilous. There was a high likelihood that something terrifying would occur.

There are indeed limitations. I can't directly reach the edge of the mind... Lumian decided against taking the risk. He swiftly returned to Tizamo and began searching for the other boundary.

This was the area near the primitive forest.

After covering a distance of 300 to 400 meters, Lumian reached the forest's edge. Rainforest-like vegetation stood silently in the night, resembling dense tombstones.

Noticing no blurry areas veiled in illusory fog, Lumian proceeded cautiously and decisively.

Passing through drooping vines and trees, he delved deeper into the primitive forest, walking on the thick, humus-covered ground.

Along the way, there were no dancing mosquitoes or venomous creatures concealed among the vegetation.

After another 700 to 800 meters, Lumian sensed his surroundings becoming more psychedelic.

Some areas became blurry, others distorted, and some became clearer. However, upon closer inspection, they couldn't be seen distinctly.

The conditions in these areas continued to fluctuate.

This feels more like a typical dream... With no warning from his spirituality, Lumian took a few more steps forward.

Suddenly, the entire world shattered into scenes that interweaved and materialized around him.

Lumian's lucidity wavered, leaving him slightly disoriented.

In the next moment, he witnessed scenes of black boulders and humans in dark robes.

One of the humans raised his head, revealing a pale-white face with a light brown base, flaxen-colored eyes tinged with dark green, and decent facial features.

Hisoka!

“Hisoka” Twanaku!

He was “Hisoka” Twanaku!

The human in the dark robe, embodying “Hisoka” Twanaku's visage, straightened up.

His gaze seemed to transcend various scenes and fixate on Lumian.

Amidst the illusory sound, the scenes around Lumian shattered.

Lumian sat up and found himself back in the tawny building that “Hisoka” Twanaku had rebuilt. He was in the dark room with the simple wooden bed.

Quickly surveying his surroundings, Lumian retrieved a golden pocket watch from the left breast pocket of his shirt. Clicking it open, he checked the time.

1:38 a.m.

The crimson moonlight outside the window wasn't too bright, but it wasn't dim either. The nearby Giant Boa bar had already closed, yet the howl of a wild beast echoed from the distant primitive forest.

The night was silent but not deathly still.



I'm awake? That's more like it. I slept for an hour or more than 40 minutes, quite close to my estimation... Lumian got out of bed and observed the ground. As expected, he saw charred mosquito corpses and numerous insects lingering outside the window, blocked by the smell of tranquil essential oil.

Phew. He breathed a sigh of relief and contemplated the appearance of "Hisoka" Twanaku in the special dream.

Since it's a festival, Dream Festival shouldn't be held just once—that's what a party is. Could Hisoka have participated in many Dream Festivals in the past few years and left some kind of mark in the dream?

Is Dream Festival indeed related to that primitive tribe? That's why I activated certain imprints and images recorded in the dream after venturing deep into the forest. That's how I saw Hisoka...

What purpose does Hisoka intend to achieve with the Dream Festival?

Dream Festival, Dream Festival. Since it's a festival, it must be held on a fixed date. At other times, if I enter a special dream, I won't encounter anything, just like me tonight?

What date could it be?

Lumian fell into deep thought.

He quickly deduced a direction.

On December 17th of last year, the primitive tribe attacked Tizamo Town, causing numerous casualties.

Lumian perked up and swiftly confirmed today's date. Dream Festival happens on December 17th, or two or three days before it, which is when April Fool's played their prank here?

It was past 1 a.m. on December 11th.

## Chapter 665 Clues

If the Dream Festival has a fixed date, as I suspect, it should be one of the coming days or span a few days...

Recently, I came to Hisoka's house every night to sleep, trying not to miss the Dream Festival. I also need to figure out the basic patterns of the special dream as much as possible before it begins. For example, how to leave the dream normally without entering the primitive forest...

Lumian closed the golden pocket watch and slipped it into the breast pocket of his shirt, concealed by his vest.

He didn't continue sleeping there. Instead, he chose to descend the stairs and enter the streets of Tizamo. First, Ludwig would have his second supper in twenty minutes. According to their agreement, if Lumian didn't return in time, Ludwig would come over and forcefully wake him up. Second, he had to update Madam Magician on his discoveries.

Just as Lumian stepped out of Hisoka's house, a voice suddenly sounded from behind.

"What exactly are you investigating?"

In a dark corner where the crimson moonlight couldn't reach, Camus Castiya emerged, dressed in a white shirt and an unbuttoned yellow vest. His disheveled hair collapsed from staying up too late.

At some point, the young leader of the Port Pylos patrol team's combat team had been waiting here.

Lumian wasn't surprised at all, as if he had sensed Camus' presence. He evaded the question and said, "Many scenes display different states during the day and at night."

"Indeed." Camus had dealt with numerous mystical incidents that matched this description. The simplest and most common situation was that certain haunted houses appeared normal under the sunlight.

As Lumian walked towards the Brieu Motel, he teased Camus with a smile, "Have you been awake the entire time, squatting in the shadows outside the motel, observing my movements?"

"That's tough. Careful not to suddenly drop dead."

If Camus hadn't known that Louis Berry had a close relationship with the Church of The Fool and didn't mind him tagging along, he would have thought Lumian's teasing was a warning.

Do you think I want that? Camus laughed self-deprecatingly.

"I'll be in charge of watching tonight. It's Maslow or Rhea's turn tomorrow."

Lumian didn't engage in further conversation. As if lost in thought, he made his way back to the Brieu Motel.

Camus wanted to inquire further, but he dared not.

He then saw the adventurer stop at the motel's entrance, his back toward Camus. Lumian said calmly, "Before Twanaku died, he mentioned a term—Dream Festival.

"I've just discovered some traces in his house and confirmed that there's a special dream happening in Tizamo Town.

"Gather all the folklore related to dreams in this area and bring it to me as soon as possible."

"Uh..." Camus was at a loss at first, but then his mind cleared, as if a bucket of ice-cold water had been poured over him on a scorching summer day.

As expected, there's more to the Twanaku incident. There's indeed a huge problem lurking here! Camus wasn't too surprised, but his heart pounded.

Instinctively, he replied, "Okay."

After agreeing, Camus realized that he had unknowingly followed Lumian's instructions, as if the other man were the captain of a patrol team.

After watching Lumian enter the Brieu Motel, Camus briefly analyzed his reaction.

He felt that this situation stemmed from both the intimidation brought about by Lumian's strength and the accumulated credibility and reliability of his previous deeds.

I have to send a telegram back to Port Pylos to request reinforcements...

In addition, I need to familiarize myself with Tizamo as soon as possible and strive to move jurisdiction here within a few days...

After considering his next steps, Camus let out another sigh.

Ever since encountering Louis Berry, problems had never ceased erupting!

I initially came to Tizamo to monitor his actions and prevent any accidents. Why am I now investigating the Dream Festival?

Up in the suite on the second floor of the Brieu Motel, Lumian greeted Ludwig shuffling to the dining table, having just woken up. He then returned to the master bedroom.

Before pondering his letter to Madam Magician, Lumian noticed a folded square of paper on the desk.

A reply after midnight—so typical of Madam Magician, he thought with an inward chuckle. He picked up the letter and conjured a blazing white fireball above his head for light, as Tizamo lacked gas lighting.

Under the fireball's incandescent glow, Lumian unfolded and read the letter:

“I've completed my astromancy and received a revelation about the rest of the Abscessed Hand's body.

“The remaining body is divided into three parts. One part is highly suspected to be located in the Underworld, and the other two parts have hints closely related to Lenburg's capital, Azshara, but they're not actually there. This reminds me of the City of Exiles, Morora, which seals 0-01. It has a similar situation, inside Lenburg, yet not truly being in Lenburg.

“My interpretation is that the two missing body parts of the Abscessed Hand are hidden away in the City of Exiles, Morora.

“Don't you find it too coincidental?

“No, it's not a coincidence at all. My astromancy results show that nearly three months ago, one of the two body parts was still located in the tombs of the Paz Kingdom in the Southern Continent, and the other part was related to some folklore in the south-central region.

“Get my drift?”

Wh— Almost three months ago... As a Conspirer, Lumian grasped Madam Magician's implication.

Accepting the information about the most terrifying Sealed Artifact 0-01, and masquerading as Ludwig's godfather, was akin to accepting an olive branch offered from the Church of Knowledge. Lumian had promised to pay a certain price for this knowledge...

It seemed the Church of Knowledge then dispatched high-ranking individuals to gather the two remaining body parts of the Abscessed Hand and hide them away in the City of Exiles, Morora.

What does this mean? It is clearly forcing me to journey to Morora, unless I choose to abandon my hopes of advancing to Sequence 4 and achieving the state of demi-godhood.

Heh heh, my agreement with the Abscessed Hand stated that until I found its full body, I would never be able to obtain true godhood. This blocks any idea of trying to become a demigod without consuming potions by relying on boons instead...

Thankfully, Lumian wasn't resistant to the idea of visiting the City of Exiles, Morora, before becoming a demigod. At that moment, he didn't feel stifled or vexed by this necessity. Instead, he felt it would actually save him a lot of trouble.

After some thought, he continued reading the rest of the letter:

“My astromancy results also tell me that once the Abscessed Hand's full body is gathered and reunited, something extremely dangerous will happen. It's best to complete this reunion step while you're in the City of Exiles, and use the existence of 0-01 to try to counteract this incoming risk.

“In other words, you need to find and retrieve the body part located in the Underworld first.

“Yes, you should have an opportunity to enter the Underworld itself within the next three months. Remember to seize this opportunity when it arises. Don't ask me what opportunity it is exactly—I don't know the specifics either.”

Opportunity to enter the Underworld within the next three months... Lumian repeated this crucial piece of information to himself.

Amidst his elation, the words struck Lumian as peculiar. “Entering the Underworld” and “going to hell” were two distinct phrases that conveyed the same meaning. In this world, barring a small number of individuals, no one could readily accept the phrase “you have a chance to go to hell within three months.” It was worth noting that many people would curse at each other, saying, “I wish you a swift descent into hell.”

For the moment, Lumian didn't have time to ponder the opportunity to enter the Underworld. He burned Madam Magician's reply and jotted down his gains for the night and his guesses about the Dream Festival. He planned to send it to the Major Arcana card holder at noon the following day.

Although he couldn't shake the feeling that Madam Magician's “schedule” bore a resemblance to Franca's, he wasn't sure if it was convenient to send a letter at that time.

Northern Continent, Trier.

Winter sunlight poured through the glass, filling the living room with warmth that chased away the chill.

Franca lounged in the recliner, basking in the cozy glow with half-lidded eyes.

Suddenly, she sensed something and sat upright, pulling her legs in.

In the shadowy corner, a human skull made of pure glowing silver emerged. Pale white flames flickered in its vacant sockets.

Madame Hela's messenger... Why is she contacting me? Franca watched, puzzled, as the skull's jaws unhinged, releasing a single page that drifted towards her.

She snatched the letter and scanned it quickly.

"007 hasn't heard from you in four days. He wants to confirm you're okay."

Four days without checking the group... A dry chuckle escaped her lips.

What does this mean?

Early to bed and late to rise keeps the king fit to rule his realm! No more morning courts!

In the early morning hours, Franca manned the radio transceiver while Jenna roamed outside, seizing her opportunity to act as a Witch.

Tap tap tap! Her first telegram in days.

"Shurima! Your emperor has returned!"

Before long, 007's telegram was tapped out by the analyzer-powered mechanical typewriter.

"Hidden Blade, where have you been?"

Ahem. Franca cleared her throat.

"Late nights breed ill health. Have you no loved ones?"

"Don't bring up such sad topics..."

"Hidden Blade, have you mastered the assassination arts—sundering heart and soul?"

Protests arose from the other members.

At length, 007's message arrived.

"I have the intel on the last incident. Let's meet to discuss.

"The higher-ups also approved the item swap for the story you proposed."

Franca blinked, startled.

"How long did that take? I'd forgotten all about it..."

After all, understanding that humanoid Sealed Artifact's tale was Lumian's curiosity, not hers.

007's resigned telegram:

"Bureaucracy inertia. Unavoidable for any large, established organization."

"Tell me about it!" Another member, Moon King's amused agreement clattered out.

"Whether public or secret, they're all bound by red tape."

After arranging to meet 007 that night with the Moran Avigny intel and initial assassination plan, Franca rose with a stretch.

She jotted down the two tasks before performing a ritual to summon Lumian's messenger, Penitent Baynfel.

Southern Continent, Tizamo Town.

Lumian was just about to head to Hisoka's house for a nap when his messenger materialized from the shadows, delivering a letter.

After taking the note, Lumian noticed Penitent Baynfel didn't immediately depart back to the spirit world as usual. Instead, he lingered, surveying their surroundings with a measured gaze.

### Chapter 666 New Information

Lumian had rarely seen Penitent Baynfel act so abnormally. He asked with anticipation and curiosity, "What have you discovered?"

Baynfel, clad in a clergyman's black robe, his charred body partially tainted by black flames, averted his gaze and replied in a deep voice, "The night conceals the flowing sin."

With that, the Penitent stepped into the void and vanished from the room.

The night conceals the flowing sin... It's emphasizing the night because that allows entry into the special dream? What does the 'flowing sin' refer to? Can't you mysterious types speak plainly? Lumian criticized, then opened Franca's letter and quickly read it.

To be honest, after such a long time, his desire to understand the humanoid Sealed Artifact's past had significantly diminished. After all, he had mainly felt the other party's state was similar to his own, triggering his emotions back then. That was why he had suggested it. Now, those emotions had long settled.

Of course, they had only settled, not disappeared. Lumian tore open the letter and jotted down the entire incident, planning to send it to Madam Magician at noon the next day.

As for whether the Major Arcana card holder would agree to such an unequal trade, Lumian wasn't too confident. However, he intuitively felt that the Tarot Club's Major Arcana holders wouldn't simply take possession of important artifacts from the orthodox Churches. Using this opportunity to make a deal was more likely.

After leaving the Brieu Motel, Lumian calmly observed Camus, donned in a yellow vest, emerge from a dimly lit street corner. Beside him was Rhea, a member of the local patrol wearing leather armor and carrying a hunting bow.

"Why two people today?" Lumian chuckled and strode towards Hisoka's house.

Camus took a deep breath to calm his sudden surge of emotions. As he followed Louis Berry's left hand, he replied in a deep voice, "There are only a few days left until the 17th. An accident might happen at any moment. We can't act alone anymore."

Having consciously gathered various information, the patrol team had already noticed some abnormalities. This made Camus feel that staying in Tizamo was unwise. He was constantly on edge.

He felt a growing sense of being a middle-aged man burdened with heavy responsibilities.

Raising an eyebrow, Lumian queried, "Hey, you figuring out the 17th is a key date was pretty fast."

"We're not fools," Camus finally couldn't help but reply. "It's an obvious issue. Last year, Tizamo was attacked on December 17th, and in previous years..."

At this point, he fell silent.

He realized that when around Louis Berry, he constantly switched between his heavy middle-aged state and uncontrollable teenage emotions.

Lumian asked with interest, "What happened in previous years?"

Camus fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "We obtained the funeral registrations for nearly three decades in Tizamo from the Saint-Sien Cathedral and discovered a peculiar phenomenon. 80% of the annual deaths are recorded within the first three months starting mid-December.

"This place isn't like many Northern Continent places. Winters are bitterly cold there. It's difficult for the elderly and weak to survive. Even if they do, it's summer from late December to late March.

"This phenomenon is abnormal."

Lumian advanced slowly and nodded slightly.

"Is the mortality rate in Tizamo higher than elsewhere?"

"Significantly higher, but that's mainly due to attacks from the primitive forest tribe. Also, we discovered the tribe's attacks concentrated in the three months beginning mid-December. There have been two to three attacks annually, and since the one on December 17th last year, not a single one has occurred. The situation doesn't seem right." Camus was a little worried a major attack would occur in the next few days.

"Heh heh, it's understandable the tribe's attacks concentrated in those first three months. Any other abnormalities?" Lumian asked casually.

Rhea, who had been silently following, responded.

The brown-skinned, brown-haired woman, exuding a wild beauty, spoke in a raspy voice,

"In the first half of this year, many women in town and the plantations experienced symptoms of nausea, soreness, bloating—pregnancy symptoms. They believed they'd been victimized by a ghost and might birth evil fetuses, but they weren't actually pregnant. Just illusions. After Padre Cali held Mass and briefly purified them, they received psychological comfort and quickly returned to normal."

“We've also noticed similar incidents of perceived possession and attacks by evil spirits in Tizamo over the years, concentrated in that first half. It's not just pregnancy symptoms,” Camus added.

Lumian halted in his tracks.

“Don't the townsfolk and the people in the surrounding plantations find it strange that mass hysteria occurs every year?”

As a member of the local patrol team, Rhea explained simply, “Everyone believes it's caused by the primitive tribe in the forest.”

“Why?” Lumian resumed his nocturnal “stroll.”

Rhea's vocal cords seemed damaged, and her voice was always a little hoarse.

“In the repeated attacks and conflicts, the primitive tribe displayed the ability to control corpses, ghosts, and shadows. Furthermore, some warriors seemed to continue protecting their tribe in their spirit form after their deaths.”

Death domain... Heh, the entire matter seems logical on the surface. No wonder the Tizamons who left town didn't find anything amiss and didn't raise the issue... Lumian had seen records of the primitive tribe, but they weren't as specific as Rhea's description.

After inquiring about the recent information the patrol team had gathered, Lumian stopped in front of Hisoka's house and turned to glance at Rhea, who was carrying a hunting bow and arrows.

“You're from the Southern Continent, but not from Tizamo?”

Rhea nodded and calmly said, “I'm from the forest. I'm from one of the primitive tribes called Paca. We mainly live near the Paz Valley.”

The rainforest of the Southern Continent spanned a vast expanse, encompassing numerous territories. From the area near the Paz Valley to the vicinity of Matani, the distance might be even greater than that between Cordu and Trier.

“Paca” meant “wind” in Dutanese.

“How did you come to Matani?” Lumian asked curiously.

Rhea let out a chuckle.

“I was sold here.”

She paused for a moment before continuing, “Ten years ago, my tribe was attacked by the Loen Kingdom's army. I was captured and sold repeatedly before arriving in the Northern state. Later, I found a chance to escape and fled to Port Pylos. I received help from the Church and found work. Eventually, I was lucky enough to become a Beyonder.”

The patrol team member calmly recounted her past, not dwelling on any pain or torture from those experiences, nor deliberately avoiding details.



No wonder you believe so devoutly in the Eternal Blazing Sun... Lumian ascended the stairs to the second floor and said in an even tone,

“Did you keep using a bow instead of firearms out of habit?”

“Yes. Tribes named for the wind excel at archery.” Rhea's light-brown face softened.

Lumian glanced back at her.

“Did you ever go back to take a look?”

Rhea fell silent for a few seconds.

“They're all dead...”

Lumian and Camus retreated their gazes in silence as they climbed the final stairs and entered the second floor of the house.

Lumian surveyed the spacious yet rudimentary surroundings, listening to the wild roars from the primitive forest. He sat cross-legged.

He had intended to tell Rhea, “It's impossible for your entire tribe to be wiped out. Some must have been captured and sold like you. They could still be alive on plantations, in mines, or seedy bars.” But he held back.

He could tell Rhea had accepted her current life and gained the ability to live better. It seemed inappropriate to encourage her to risk traversing both continents seeking potential remaining clansmen.

Just the thought of such an endeavor was daunting. With so few clues and them likely scattered far, it could prove quite dangerous. Even spending a lifetime, one might never complete it. Not everyone with a similar experience would sacrifice a normal life for vengeance or seeking others.

Rhea likely realized some clansmen survived, but perhaps those most important to her had perished. She chose to stay in Port Pylos.

Everyone makes their own choices. I can't ask the same of others just because of my own obsessions... Lumian composed himself and smiled at Camus and Rhea, who were still standing.

“Would you like to explore the potential venue for the Dream Festival?”

“Where?” Rhea blurted out.

Camus furrowed his brow.

“Here?”

Quickly making a guess, he asked, “Do you come here every night to sleep and access the Dream Festival's location? Is it in a special dream?”

Quite smart... Lumian praised Camus inwardly for his quick thinking, but his smile remained unwavering.

“Care to experience it?”

Camus and Rhea exchanged glances and agreed, "I'll experience it. Rhea, keep an eye on the surroundings."

"I can set some traps," Lumian offered. He stood up and spent a few minutes setting up warning traps nearby.

Afterward, he lit a mosquito repellent candle, placing it in the middle of the spacious second floor.

Mosquitoes that hadn't flown away landed on the ground, emitting flames and smoke amidst crackling sounds.

"Sleep here," Lumian instructed Camus and Rhea as he sat cross-legged again.

He had confirmed that sleeping anywhere in Hisoka's house at night allowed him to enter the special dream. Sleeping outside or sleeping two hours earlier didn't have the same effect.

Perplexed, Camus and Rhea found seats and leaned against different wooden pillars, attempting to enter a deep slumber.

After an unknown period of time, Camus suddenly woke up.

Before him was the night and the crimson moonlight outside the window. Louis Berry stood behind the flickering mosquito repellent candle, wearing a golden straw hat. The adventurer playfully remarked, "Welcome to the Dream Festival."

#### Chapter 667 Approaching Gentleness

Camus's nerves tensed as he propped himself up on his left hand, surveying his surroundings warily.

He realized he was still on the second floor of Twanaku's house. Rhea, who had been leaning against a wooden pillar, stood up in a daze.

Everything around him seemed no different from before he had fallen asleep.

"Are you joking?" Camus asked Louis Berry cautiously.

What kind of Dream Festival is this?

This feels like a normal awakening after a nap!

Lumian turned and pointed out the window.

"Listen to the forest sounds."

Camus and Rhea instinctively listened, realizing that the nearby forest was eerily silent, as if all its inhabitants had fallen asleep in the night.

Wh— Rhea's eyes narrowed.

Born and raised in the primitive forest and having lived in Tizamo Town for nearly a year, she knew the forest wouldn't be in such absolute silence.

Lumian pointed at the floor beside the mosquito repellent candle.

"Look here again."

Camus and Rhea looked over, realizing that the mosquito corpses that should have been there were gone.

Lumian chuckled.

“Of course, you can also believe that I woke up early, cleaned up the environment, and secretly affected your hearing of distant voices. All of this was just a prank.”

Camus pondered for a few seconds.

“I'm inclined to believe you, but I need to confirm something.”

“Indeed,” Rhea chimed in, carrying a hunting bow and arrows.

Lumian looked at them and nodded slightly. He calmly concluded, I can now determine that the reason I remain conscious in this peculiar dream stems from a hidden power within Hisoka's house, not any special traits of my own.

He had invited Camus and Rhea to slumber in Hisoka's house and enter the special dream not merely to share information with the patrol team and gather a few aides.

No, it was also an experiment to uncover key details!

Over the past few days, Lumian had conducted numerous similar trials, grasping the dream's nuanced patterns like a seasoned explorer mapping uncharted lands.

With hands tucked nonchalantly in his pockets, he trailed behind Camus and Rhea, who hurried downstairs. He wanted to witness how they would confirm whether this was indeed a dream.

After departing Twanaku's house, the two patrol members rushed to the nearest townspeople's abode.

Upon realizing the livestock had vanished from the ground floor, Rhea swiftly ascended to the second story and attempted to unlock the door with a simple iron-black key.

Camus opened his mouth as if to dissuade her, but in the end, remained silent.

Observing this, Lumian nodded thoughtfully and muttered to himself, A Beyonder of the Arbiter pathway will subconsciously maintain the current order, unwilling to disrupt its fabric. If such Beyonders also bear official identities, this tendency only intensifies...

Rhea rapped upon the door and entered the dwelling. She and Camus scoured each room, but the resident family had seemingly evaporated into thin air.

Then, the pair made their way to the police station near the Saint-Sien Cathedral's hallowed grounds.

The local patrol quarters held five rooms in total.

Kolobo, Maslow, and Loban were nowhere to be found, nor were the two officers meant to stand the night watch.

“I now believe this is a dream,” Camus declared to Louis Berry, who leisurely trailed with hands tucked in pockets, a golden straw hat shading his features. “Yet I'm so utterly awake that it defies the very notion of a dream.”

Before Lumian could respond, Rhea's light-brown face furrowed slightly.

“When I ran down the street and searched these rooms, it felt a little... familiar.”

“Familiar?” Lumian asked calmly, his brows unfurrowed.

Could there be unexpected gains from this experiment?

Rhea pondered for a moment.

“I think I've had a similar dream before.”

“In my dream, it was just as dark and quiet. The streets were empty, and I was alone. I ran around, searching...”

“Was it a mere fragment or a complete dream?” Lumian pressed.

Rhea thought for a few seconds.

“I don't know. I only remember a few such scenes.”

“Do you often dream of this, or only occasionally?” Lumian guided her to confirm the details.

Rhea replied with certainty, “Occasionally.”

“Occasionally...”

Even if the Tizamo residents don't slumber here on a specific date, they can occasionally enter this peculiar dream, yet remain unable to stay awake. Like a normal dream?

Perhaps it's not true immersion, but rather an unconscious development spiritually spawned from the crimson moon and other environmental elements, allowing them to vaguely interact.

Unfortunately, Rhea clearly doesn't recall the moon, weather, and other situational details from those dreams. If I could employ Dream Divination, I could aid her recollection...

The few Tizamons I queried in Port Pylos made no mention of such dreams. Firstly, dreams so ordinary often slip the mind. Secondly, they've been away from Tizamo for years... As Lumian's thoughts raced, he turned to Camus to see if the Interrogator had any queries.

Camus pondered for a moment before asking Rhea, “What do you think is special about the residents of Tizamo?”

Very perceptive. Since this dream seems to affect the entire town and surrounding area, it's likely these people will display some abnormality in waking life... Lumian nodded inwardly.

Rhea thought for a moment.

“Nothing special. It's just that they're very... obedient.”

At this, Rhea sighed.

“They're extremely polite to others. Gentle personalities, stable emotions, very obedient. Even when angered, they quickly calm down. When trouble arises, they

tend to let the authorities handle it instead of fighting amongst themselves or causing public disturbances...”

These were all situations Lumian had heard Camus mention and seen in the corresponding intel. On the surface, nothing seemed amiss. It was a state of being tamed.

Rhea added, “Their only issue is a lack of enthusiasm. It's not that politeness masks an underlying coldness or hatred. They're simply... unenthusiastic, as if reluctant to openly display emotion.”

Upon hearing this, Lumian recalled the Tizamons he'd interacted with over the past few days.

Apart from some gentlemen and ladies from the Northern Continent, the others were calm, gentle, and disinclined to argue. They always communicated politely.

Immediately after, he recalled the Tizamons questioned in Port Pylos—fear, worry, ingratiating expressions, vivid emotions.

Clearly different from the Tizamo townspeople!

Most of their emotions have been drawn away into the dream? Lumian finally pinpointed an abnormality about the Tizamons.

Their issue clearly didn't stem solely from attacks by the primitive forest tribe!

Upon hearing Lumian's guess, Camus couldn't help but hiss.

“I knew it. The Tizamons feel... strange. Too docile. Even livestock occasionally grow agitated, resists... Could the reason be...”

Rhea's heart skipped a beat as she said solemnly, voice laced with fear, “I've been here nearly a year, and I feel much gentler...”

“My most intense emotions haven't dissipated. They're still in my heart, but most of the time, it's as if I'm... asleep...”

Rhea began analyzing herself. “From the looks of it, everyone in Tizamo will gradually be affected by this peculiar dream. After leaving, they can slowly escape its influence.” Lumian glanced at Camus. “For outsiders like us, who've only been here a few days, there's no issue for now. Perhaps we'll also become unnaturally gentle if we linger too long.”

Without waiting for Camus's response, Lumian inquired, “When will reinforcements from the patrol team and Admiral Guard arrive?”

At the mention of this, Camus's expression soured. He gritted his teeth and cursed, “Those selfish bastards! It's very likely there won't be much support.”

“The Admiral Guard said they already have a Beyonder team here and an army. Only Captain Reaza expressed backing for the patrol team. Dammit, those dogsh\*t!”

Lumian was taken aback for a moment before bursting into laughter. The newly formed organization under the aboriginal admiral was indeed different from the official Northern Continent organizations.

If this were the Eternal Blazing Sun Church or Church of Earth Mother, the official Beyonders would have already devised a plan and dispatched sufficient force to resolve the issue. They'd be prepared to obliterate Tizamo if anything went awry.

The current situation is Admiral Querarill believes that with me—a famed adventurer backed by the Church of The Fool, here—I'm able to use its power to resolve Tizamo's troubles. Is there a need to send more Beyonder subordinates to aid me?

That's true. Beyonders aren't commodities. If too many powerful ones perish, not only will Admiral Querarill feel the strain, but he won't be able to effectively rule Matani...

Recruitment alone can't quickly fill such a gap, and they won't be quick to trust newcomers. Even nurturing the remaining people with the retrieved Beyonder characteristics poses huge problems. Low-Sequence Beyonders are manageable, but Mid-Sequence advancement carries high failure risk. After all, most here haven't mastered the acting method... Lumian quickly grasped Admiral Querarill's mentality.

He said to the agitated Camus, "Let me show you around this dream realm and provide an introduction."

"Alright." Camus took a deep breath.

He and Rhea followed Lumian through the dark, silent, vacant town.

After a long while, Lumian led the two patrol members into the primitive forest. He informed them he'd seen Twanaku's image in the chaotic zone ahead, seemingly composed of dream fragments. He suspected there was a Desire Apostle mark present.

Walking amongst the trees, giants in the night, Camus felt increasingly oppressed.

Before he could inquire about Twanaku's image details, he suddenly heard a bowstring drawn taut.

Pa!

An arrow, entwined with lightning, flew from afar. Camus dodged just in time as it grazed past, piercing into a rubber tree behind him amidst crackling lightning and charred bark. Lumian, Camus, and Rhea gazed into the distance, spotting a woman standing on a huge tree branch.

The woman wore dark leather armor, holding a hunting bow and arrows. Her brown hair was tied in two strands draped over her shoulders.

Her light brown skin and wild, beautiful face couldn't hide the coldness and hatred behind her eyes.

Rhea!

It was Rhea!

## Chapter 668 Dream Person?

Rhea gazed at the figure perched on the tree branch, a surreal scene playing out before her like a dream. Correction: This was a dream.

The other Rhea's frigid expression masked a deep-seated hatred as she drew the bowstring once more, causing the arrow to crackle with silver lightning.

As Lumian contemplated teleporting behind Rhea on the tree to probe her control in this eerily realistic dream and question her about her apparent “knowledge” of the situation, his surroundings quivered and fragmented into disjointed scenes.

The scenes overlapped and promptly shattered.

Simultaneously, Lumian, Rhea, and Camus opened their eyes. Crimson moonlight spilled through the window, accompanied by the primal roars of wild beasts from the nearby forest.

They found themselves still on the second floor of Hisoka's house.

Camus jolted upright, eyeing the mosquito repellent candle that had burned out, leaving behind a mere stub. Charred mosquito corpses littered the area.

“Are we awake? Have we returned to reality?” Camus questioned, uncertainty clouding his expression.

Leaning against a wooden pillar, Lumian chuckled.

“That should be the case, but I won't claim we're 100% out of the dream.

“We'll need to verify through various details in the coming period.”

The simplest method involved checking Ludwig's whereabouts and state.

Although asking Termiboros could provide an accurate answer, there was no guarantee the fellow would answer or respond truthfully.

Camus nodded, his gaze shifting to Rhea, who had remained silent since waking up. After a brief pause, he spoke.

“We seem to have witnessed another version of you at the dream's boundary.”

Another Rhea, embodying entirely different emotions and states.

Rhea stayed silent for a moment before admitting, “I saw it too.

“She appears much like the intense emotions I mentioned earlier—the ones slumbering in my heart.”

Lumian adjusted his golden straw hat, standing up on his own legs. He spoke thoughtfully, “Could that dream absorb the intense emotions in Tizamo and give rise to the corresponding Dream Person—an even more extreme and emotional entity?”

“So, the longer one stays in Tizamo, the more subdued they become,” Camus concurred with Louis Berry's hypothesis, and Rhea nodded in agreement.

Mirror People... Dream People... How many peculiar entities lingered in the shadows of this world? Lumian massaged his temples and strode towards the stairs leading to the surface.

“That concludes tonight's attempt,” he casually declared.

Camus and Rhea followed closely, confirming their escape from the dream through the return of livestock and the commotion in the house.

They waited until Lumian entered the Brieu Motel before halting, concealing themselves in the shadows diagonally opposite.

Lumian pushed open the door to the suite, spotting Ludwig at the dining table, devouring a roasted banana with gusto. In his other hand, he wielded a child's fork, delving into a special salad crafted from the heart of a palm tree.

Observing this, Lumian was certain that this wasn't a dream.

He cast a glance at Lugano, who was dozing off, and nonchalantly inquired of Ludwig, "Do you dream when you sleep?"

Despite being occupied, Ludwig replied, "Yes."

Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

"Have you had any dreams in the past few days?"

Taking a moment between bites of grilled river fish, Ludwig responded, "Yes."

"What dreams did you have?" Lumian removed his golden straw hat, stowing it back into his Traveler's Bag.

Ludwig replied with a muffled voice, "Eat, eat, eat..."

Indeed, I shouldn't expect much... Lumian chuckled self-deprecatingly and turned his attention to Lugano.

"What dreams did you have?"

Is there something wrong with the dreams here? Lugano contemplated asking but decided to answer truthfully.

"All kinds of dreams..."

He paused before adding, "Perhaps it's been too long since I went out alone. Haha, I didn't have a chance to release my pent-up emotions. Occasionally, I'd dream of women and such matters, only to realize that something was amiss. Either the target transformed into a monster, or the initially alluring woman was covered in tree warts, wheat, and mushrooms... Then, I'd wake up in shock."

As an Intisian, he had no reservations discussing such topics.

According to the psychology taught by Anthony, your pent-up desires and fear of the dangers in Tizamo are a mix of unresolved factors... Lumian commented inwardly and smiled.

"You can explore the Giant Boa bar alone, find a local lady, or mingle with the ladies and maids in the plantation outside. As long as you ensure food for Ludwig, he'll manage on his own."

Initially, Lugano's heart raced, but the potential dangers outside soon came to mind.

Lumian headed towards the master bedroom, leaving a parting sentence with a smile.

"Of course, I can't guarantee those ladies won't turn into monsters or undergo anomalies after your little adventure."



“...” Lugano couldn't help but shudder at the imagined scenario.

He glanced at Ludwig, finding comfort in staying by the boy's side.

Until all the stored food was consumed, he considered himself safe!

In the shadows diagonally opposite the Brieu Motel, Rhea observed in silence for a while before suddenly speaking up.

“Since there won't be any new reinforcements from the Admiral Guard, and only Deputy Captain Reaza will come from the patrol team, why didn't you leave Tizamo directly? Why did you stay here and attempt to resolve the Dream Festival problem?”

As long as he escaped Matani, the Admiral Guard and patrol team wouldn't have the resources to track and punish them. At most, they could issue a wanted poster, but they wouldn't be able to pay a high bounty.

Camus scratched his disheveled brown hair, smiling wryly.

“As you know, my previous Sequence was a Public Security Officer. It tied seamlessly with the patrol team's usual work, making me yearn to maintain order in Matani and safeguard the lives of the people here.

“The potion not only brings strength but also affects you in many ways.”

He exhaled and continued, “Besides, Captain Reaza is about to arrive. I have to help him. I have to repay what I owe him.”

Camus didn't disclose another reason: his confidence in the adventurer Louis Berry and the Church of The Fool behind him. He believed that with Louis Berry present, the situation would be threatening but not perilous.

Rhea didn't press further, continuing to gaze diagonally at the Brieu Motel.

Camus glanced at her.

“What about you? Why don't you leave Tizamo with Loban and the others now? The three of you can form a team. Some local admirals will be willing to take you in.”

Rhea's eyes remained fixed on Louis Berry's suite as she stayed silent.

After a prolonged silence, just as Camus thought she wouldn't answer, Rhea suddenly spoke.

“When I was in the most pain and despair, it was the Church who helped me. After that, it was the patrol team who gave me a new beginning and a new life.”

Recalling the cold Rhea's face filled with hatred in the dream, Camus sighed sincerely and said, “It hasn't been easy for you.”

The moment he finished speaking, Rhea sneered.

“You're the most contradictory person I've ever encountered. In the past, I've often heard you talk about which states and islands the Feynapotter Kingdom should

invade, which mines and valleys they should seize, and how they should establish more colonies in the Southern Continent. But now, you're showing pity towards me.

“I can sense your sincerity. You genuinely feel pain for me, but that's why I can't help but want to say something.”

Camus found himself at a loss for words.

Indeed, it was a contradiction.

He also realized that Rhea's emotions had become even more turbulent after encountering herself in the dream. She seemed more willing to open up.

Could this be the result of encountering extreme emotions? Or perhaps those who hadn't spent more than a year in Tizamo might resist the dream's influence to some extent if they grasped the truth of “obedience”? Camus quickly thought of the plantations outside the town and individuals like Sir Petit, Miss Amandina, Monsieur Robert, and the others.

These gentlemen and ladies weren't easily subdued.

The special dream had evidently encompassed both the out-of-town plantation and the garrison barracks.

Camus figured out the reason: These gentlemen and ladies spent at least half their time in Port Pylos each year.

This also explained why he was familiar with them.

At noon the next day, shortly after Lumian dispatched the letter, he received a prompt reply from Madam Magician:

“Did the Eternal Blazing Sun Church present this price, or was it your offer?”

“Can a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact be exchanged for such trifles?”

“If I didn't know the kind of person you are, I would suspect that you concealed more than half of the offer from the Eternal Blazing Sun Church.

“In addition to the information related to this Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, ensure the Eternal Blazing Sun Church provides an additional 50,000 pounds worth of gold at the highest exchange rate in the past three months.

“Don't worry, gold is the last thing they need.”

Gold worth 50,000 pounds... That's approximately 1.2 million verl d'or worth of gold. Why would Madam Magician require such a substantial amount of gold? Recalling the importance of gold in mysticism, the Armored Shadow's need to reconstruct its golden body, and the widespread use of gold in Death-related domains, he swiftly arrived at a realization.

A subtle detail caught his attention.

Madam Magician used the Loen Kingdom's gold pound to express the value of gold.

Does this imply her recent activity in the Loen Kingdom? Lumian nodded thoughtfully, considering whether to summon Jenna's messenger, Rabbit Chasel, to convey Madam Magician's request, or to return to Trier personally for discussions on the Dream Festival with Franca, Jenna, and Anthony.

## Chapter 669: Connivance

Recalling Franca's meeting with 007 tonight to discuss dealing with Moran Avigny, Lumian decided to summon Jenna's messenger, Rabbit Chasel, as he had to return to Trier tomorrow to discuss the division of labor and specific details.

After jotting down Madam Magician's request and folding it, Lumian set up a ritual, allowing the special Rabbit of Knowledge to emerge from the candle's flames.

The first thing Lumian noticed was the miniature half top hat snugly perched between the rabbit's ears. Next, he saw gold-rimmed glasses and a black trench coat that matched the vaguely rabbit-shaped creature's size. Finally, an iron-black revolver lay in the rabbit's palm.

The revolver gleamed with a metallic luster, its barrel unusually thick, and its cylinder unnaturally large and textured. It stood in stark contrast to the illusory appearance of the top hat, trench coat, and gold-rimmed glasses.

Upon seeing Rabbit Chasel, Lumian raised his eyebrows.

“Is this a real gun?”

Hidden behind the gold-rimmed glasses, Rabbit Chasel's eyes sharpened.

“Yes.”

“Did Jenna customize it for you?” Lumian inquired.

Rabbit Chasel replied succinctly, “It's payment.”

Quite a cold demeanor... Miss Celia Bello, have you considered the consequences of what you've done? You haven't! Because I don't know the consequences either unless I consult Madam Magician... Lumian criticized inwardly before handing the folded letter to Rabbit Chasel.

Seeing the human-like, rabbit-shaped creature preparing to turn and walk into the candle flame, Lumian, the Prankster King of Cordu, asked with interest, “Can you shoot?”

Rabbit Chasel fell silent for a moment, as if embarrassed.

“Not yet.”

Oh, you're not as cold as Gehrman Sparrow anymore... Lumian chuckled and said, “Jenna and I are friends. I'll help her pay the postage fee this time.”

“Do you want to learn shooting? It involves knowledge and guidance.”

Rabbit Chasel, taller than an ordinary rabbit, replied without hesitation, “Sure thing.”

Lumian's smile broadened.

After finding a secluded spot at the edge of the primitive forest and earnestly teaching Rabbit Chasel how to shoot for a considerable time, Lumian strolled back to Tizamo with his hands in his pockets, planning to visit the only cafe for afternoon tea.

The cafe bore the name “Bunia” after its owner, a man named Bunia.

He was under the age of 30. Having once served as a waiter and apprentice at a cafe in Port Pylos, Bunia, recalling the lack of a proper cafe in Tizamo Town, transformed the ground floor of his house into a semi-open cafe.

Lumian, weaving through the tables and chairs on the street, arrived at the kitchen counter, offering a smile to the proprietor and waiter, Bunia.

“Do you have Fermo coffee?”

Bunia's brown skin, not too dark, and his features resembling those of mixed blood, showcased his Tizamons heritage.

The man in his late twenties responded with an honest smile in fluent Intisian.

“Monsieur, there's no Fermo coffee.”

Lumian, intending to playfully inquire, casually switched to a cup of Corsa coffee from Matani.

Sipping the bitter and sweet liquid at a table, he noticed Camus, adorned in a vest, and Rhea, clad in leather armor, entering the cafe. Each ordered an Intis coffee and a corn nutcake imbued with Tizamo flair.

Upon spotting Rhea, the single Bunia became even more bashful and busier, avoiding eye contact.

As Camus and Rhea, equipped with their coffee and corn nutcakes, sought a spot, Lumian raised his arm in greeting.

As Camus and Rhea reluctantly settled into their seats across from him, Lumian inquired with a smile, “Why do you look so tired?”

Glancing at the energetic adventurer, Camus took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

“We just finished work. We can finally rest.”

Yesterday, he had monitored the Brieu Motel late into the night!

“All I want now is a good night's sleep.” After exploring the dream together last night, Rhea wasn't as reticent as before when facing Lumian.

“Then why are you still drinking coffee?” Lumian replied with amusement.

It was evident that Rhea and Camus lacked the energy of a Sleepless.

“I want to endure until dinner before sleeping,” Camus said with a sigh.

Rhea shook her head.

“Coffee is useless to me.”

After a brief chat, Rhea finished her corn nutcake and coffee, then headed back to the nearby police headquarters to rest. Camus continued to recline in the armchair, occasionally taking a sip of coffee.

“Has Reaza arrived?” Lumian inquired with a smile.

Camus fell silent for a moment.

“He's here. Tonight, one of the two—Maslow and Loban—will be following you with him.”

As for Kolobo, there was no need for him to be on duty. If he didn't even dare to look, how could he do any monitoring?

While they conversed, Lumian noticed Miss Amandina from Palm Manor leading a short unicorn outside the Bunia cafe, exuding high spirits.

The blue-eyed girl was clad in off-white hunting attire today, her black hair fashioned into a half-height bun.

After entrusting the whip and reins to the brown-skinned valet, she strolled to the kitchen counter with her lady's maid, who also bore an Intisian appearance.

Along the way, she cheerfully greeted the patrons in the cafe and exchanged pleasantries with the locals sipping on inexpensive coffee.

Observing Camus's gaze fixed on the girl, Lumian teased, “Do you wish to engage in a duel with her fiance?”

“No, I'm not that kind of person,” Camus replied with a serious expression. “I admit that she's indeed very attractive to me, but she's already engaged to Monsieur Robert. This is a sign that she's starting a family. I can't allow myself to destroy someone else's family.”

You Feynapotterians... Lumian didn't mock him but sighed with emotion.

Such values appealed to Feynapotter.

Of course, not every Feynapotterian possessed such values.

Seeing Lumian's lack of response, Camus said seriously, “Don't have any ideas about her.”

Lumian regarded the young man surnamed Castiya with amusement, awaiting further “explanation.”

Camus furrowed his brow slightly.

“I know you Intisians won't back down just because the other party has a fiance or a husband. You might find it even more exciting, but you always pursue momentary pleasure. Very few are willing to take responsibility. You always satisfy yourself. When you're happy, you turn around and leave, leaving a lady to face everything that's been destroyed.”

“Not every Intisian is like this,” Lumian shook his head with a smile.

But most Trieriens are like that... However, neither party is innocent in such matters... he added inwardly.

The energetic and playful Amandina led the lady's maid past Camus and Lumian's table.

First, she greeted Camus, then sized up Lumian and said candidly, "I'm Amandina. What about you?"

"Louis Berry," Lumian replied with a smile.

Amandina nodded and suddenly laughed.

"You must have just arrived from Trier. You're different from the people here."

"No, I'm from a village in the south," Lumian switched to Intisian with a Dariege accent.

Amandina wasn't disappointed. She happily inquired about the folklore of the southern provinces of the Intis Republic before leading the lady's maid to a table in the corner.

Camus watched as the two of them conversed. He opened his mouth but closed it again.

Trier, Quartier de la Cathedrale Commemorative.

Jenna was curled up on the sofa, engrossed in the novels she had just bought, all with elements of Witches. Suddenly, Rabbit Chasel appeared in front of her and handed her a letter.

Observing the bizarre yet adorable rabbit-shaped creature, Jenna opened the letter and scanned its contents before asking earnestly, "Do you wish to select your payment, or shall I choose a random book for you?"

"Lumian Lee has already settled the payment on your behalf," Rabbit Chasel said in a deep yet sincere voice.

Witch Jenna suddenly felt a sense of foreboding.

"What has he paid?"

"He imparted shooting-related knowledge to me and guided me through the initial stage of my practice," Rabbit Chasel raised the special revolver in his hand, briefly aimed it at the door behind Jenna, and then swiftly lowered it.

W&— Monsieur Lumian Lee, have you considered the consequences of what you've done?] Jenna chided, feeling a mix of irritation and amusement.

However, the deed was done, and she was powerless to reverse it.

As these thoughts raced through her mind, Jenna's lips curved into a sweet smile.

"The next payment will be for a genuine underarm holster. And after that, custom-made bullets with special effects. How does that sound?"

Behind his glass glasses, Rabbit Chasel's eyes sparkled.

"Alright!"

In Tizamo Town, night had already fallen, and darkness shrouded the area.

Lumian stood in Hisoka's house, glancing at the stern vice-captain of the Port Pylos patrol team, Reaza, and the local patrol team leader, Maslow, whose face was adorned with white paint. As though instructing Lugano, he said, "Watch out for any accidents."

This time, he spoke in Dutanese.

"Alright." It wasn't the first time Maslow had accompanied Louis Berry, the great adventurer, and he was already accustomed to his style.

Dressed in a sleek formal suit, Reaza remained silent, signaling that there was no issue.

Lumian retrieved the brown Mystery Prying Glasses from his Traveler's Bag.

Tonight, his first task was to use this magical item to observe Hisoka's house from various angles, hoping to unveil the source of its abnormality.

After confirming his condition and preparations, Lumian placed the brown gold-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose.

A familiar wave of dizziness washed over Lumian, as if his surroundings had been disrupted and reassembled.

He witnessed poisonous insects crawling in the "sky," two walls that seemed to dance in circles, and an underground water puddle deep in the soil that appeared to absorb all light..

## Chapter 670: Sudden Arrival

Amidst the dizzying sensation that threatened to separate his spirit from his body, Lumian saw trees that seemed to slumber in the darkness and a pitch-black boulder...

Finally, he removed the brown glasses from his nose and arched his back slightly to alleviate the discomfort.

Even an Ascetic wouldn't be able to use the Mystery Prying Glasses for long.

Of course, this ensured his safety to a certain degree.

Through this "prying," Lumian confirmed two things.

First, the area beneath Hisoka's house was indeed unusual, but it seemed more like an illusory symbol than an actual entity. It indicated that this place had once been corrupted or influenced, with the most severe occurrence taking place underground.

Second, this influence was connected to the black boulder deep within the primitive forest.

"How did it go?" Maslow, his face painted white, asked.

Lumian stored the Mystery Prying Glasses back into his Traveler's Bag and smiled.

"The abnormality I 'saw' here originates from a black boulder deep in the primitive forest. Have you ever seen or heard of that black boulder?"

The pale-white Reaza and Maslow, his black hair falling over his shoulders, shook their heads in unison, indicating a negative answer.

Lumian wasn't in a rush to do the second thing he had planned for the night. He glanced at Reaza, who was wearing a thin formal suit and appeared to be a mix of Intisian and West Balam heritage. He casually said, "I thought that with your arrival, some people in Tizamo would gradually leave and stay in Port Pylos for a while.

"As you know, the Dream Festival should start within three days."

Reaza calmly replied, "Based on my experience, except for those who have only arrived in Tizamo in the past two weeks, it's best not to leave this place and go elsewhere to prevent any abnormalities from spreading.

It should only be considered after the Dream Festival ends and the primitive tribe launches another attack."

Very standardized process... I thought you would consider the opinions of Intis, Feynapotter, and other Northern Continent countries, allowing people with corresponding nationalities to evacuate in advance and protect them. For example, the owners of the plantations outside the city and their families... Yes, this is likely because the Dream Festival has never shown direct harm. It only caused some townsfolk to suffer from hysteria and attracted an attack from the forests primitive tribe. The first situation could be resolved by a simple Mass. The second problem could be guarded against and fended off... Lumian roughly understood the mentality of Admiral Querarill and the patrol team's leaders.

Since there wouldn't be any major issues, they would act as if the Dream Festival didn't exist, merely advising the local official Beyonders to be vigilant and guard against any mishaps while hoping that the Church of The Fool could resolve the hidden dangers!

If they were to do more, they might trigger something and worsen the situation.

After discussing the matter, Lumian recovered from the discomfort caused by the Mystery Prying Glasses. He took out the unique Eye of Truth and placed it in front of his face.

The relatively handsome Southern Continent native's eyelids twitched at the sight of the pale-white flesh, dark blood vessel-like earmuff and spectacle temple, as well as the blood-colored lens intertwined with transparent purple tubes.

How many glasses does Louis Berry own?

Moreover, each one is a mystical item!

After donning the single-lens Eye of Truth, Lumian surveyed his surroundings, seeking to uncover the truth behind reality.

As he did so, a voice gradually sounded in his ears, growing louder and more chaotic.

Each note and word seemed to materialize, flooding into Lumian's mind.

It made him feel as if his head was rapidly expanding like a balloon.

If the balloon continued to expand, there would only be one outcome: bursting with a resounding bang!



Lumian reached for his ear, ready to remove the Eye of Truth at any moment. He seized the opportunity to scrutinize Hisoka's house.

He believed that it was safer to take the risk of prying into the house's secrets before the Dream Festival, while not inside the special dream. It was safer than using the Eye of Truth and Mystery Prying Glasses within the dream itself.

Through the purple lens, Lumian couldn't discern much of the truth. Everything appeared similar to what he could see with his naked eye, but the night seemed even darker.

Without hesitation, his eye bulged, and blood vessels appeared on his body. He abruptly removed the Eye of Truth, and a slightly sharp explosion reverberated in his ears.

Phew, phew... Panting heavily, Lumian's mind was in disarray, overwhelmed by a barrage of strange knowledge. He couldn't think straight.

At that moment, even if someone were to ambush him, he wouldn't be able to react quickly.

After more than ten seconds, Lumian finally regained his ability to think clearly. He instinctively organized the knowledge that had been forcefully injected into his mind.

“The art of sophistry...

“How to cultivate superior wheat seeds...

“Canning techniques...

“How to roast pork that's crispy on the outside and tender on the inside...

“Music to soothe a sow's emotions...

“The Revelation of Evernight...

“Favorite Positions of Celebrities—Memoirs of Those Mistresses”

Whats all this nonsense? Can't there be any useful knowledge? In the past, although Aurore had been tormented by the Hidden Sage's instillation of knowledge, she had at least stumbled upon valuable mysticism insights. Wait, had she also been corrupted by such knowledge? Is that why she always portrays a rich theoretical understanding in her books... Lumian rubbed his still throbbing head and said to Reaza and Maslow, “I'm going to the edge of the forest to take a look. Do you want to come with me?”

Reaza nodded, stinging with his words, while Maslow made his stance clear by walking towards the stairs.

If Camus were here, he would undoubtedly smile wryly and say, “Do I have a choice?” Lumian mused to himself. He left Hisoka's house and made his way towards the primitive forest near Tizamo Town.

After crossing the intersection and arriving at another street, Lumian noticed a four-wheeled, four-seater carriage parked at the entrance of the Brieu Motel.

An attendant and a lady's maid stepped out of the carriage, carrying their luggage, and followed a man and a woman towards the motel.

The man was attired in a dark-gray formal suit and a half top hat. His complexion resembled that of someone from the Northern Continent, and his side profile was well-defined, with striking dark green eyes. The woman wore a light-colored dress that allowed for ease of movement and a feathered hat adorned with pearls. She appeared to be in her late twenties, and her skin was delicate and radiant. One would easily determine that she was a beauty just from glimpsing her side profile.

Lumian averted his gaze and turned to Reaza and Maslow.

Is it the weekend?"

No," Maslow replied, understanding the implication behind Louis Berry's question. "Gentlemen and ladies often find time to hunt in Tizamo, not just on weekends."

Lumian turned to Reaza and inquired, "You didn't seal off this area?"

"That would only cause unnecessary panic," Reaza responded succinctly.

Lumian didn't press the matter further. He walked out of the town through the Brieu Motel and ventured into the primitive forest.

He delved deeper along the path he had become familiar with from the dream.

Finally, he arrived at the chaotic zone in reality, where various dream fragments intertwined.

It was an unremarkable place, indistinguishable from its surroundings.

Lumian found a palm tree and sat down. He turned to Reaza and Maslow and said, "Keep an eye on my surroundings. I'm going to sleep here."

He wanted to see what would happen if he fell asleep closer to the source of the abnormality, if he could enter that peculiar dream, and in what state.

Receiving affirmative responses from the two patrol team members, Lumian closed his eyes and attempted Cogitation.

At some point, he drifted off to sleep.

After an unknown period, he awoke.

Catching sight of Reaza and Maslow, Lumian rose to his feet and nodded thoughtfully.

This place doesn't work either... Is Hisoka's house the only effective location?

Or should I find that black boulder and sleep near it?

Lumian gazed into the pitch-black forest, contemplating for a few moments before turning to Reaza and Maslow.

"Let's head back."

The trio swiftly returned to Tizamo.

The late night had settled in, and the streets were devoid of any passersby. No lights or sounds emanated from the houses on either side. Occasionally, the snorts of livestock on the ground floor of the buildings could be heard, accentuating the pervading darkness and silence. The dim crimson moon's light seemed to emphasize the depths of the darkness.

On this dark night, Lumian walked along a muddy road, heading towards the Brieu Motel situated deep within the street. Reaza and Maslow followed quietly behind him.

Suddenly, Lumian's mind spun, and his vision momentarily blurred before clearing.

This is... His pupils dilated as he instinctively scanned his surroundings but found nothing amiss.

At that moment, in a vacant house on the ground floor diagonally ahead, a dim candlelight illuminated a room on the third floor.

Immediately after, glass windows on this street and throughout Tizamo Town were set aglow by the light of burning candles.

Rhea awoke to find that darkness had already descended, but the candles in many houses continued to burn.

This indicated that it wasn't too late.

Feeling lazy, Rhea had no desire to prepare her own food. Carrying her bow and arrows, she left the room and exited the police headquarters from the side, making her way towards the nearby Bunia cafe.

The streets were nearly deserted, as they were every night.

Rhea glanced at the tables and chairs still scattered along the street and approached the kitchen counter. In Dutanese, she said to the busy cafe owner and waiter, Bunia, who had his head lowered, "A glass of Cosa and a beef burrito."

Bunia paused in the midst of washing cups and looked up.

His naturally curly black hair gave him a mixed-blood appearance. He looked at Rhea and revealed an obvious, strange smile that made Rhea inexplicably uneasy.

Rhea knew Bunia well and was aware that he was a shy, kind, and adult man who wasn't particularly adept at communicating with women. He had never smiled like this before.

Bunia fixed his gaze on Rhea and chuckled in a deep voice.

"You've got big boobs.."