

## Inevitability 671

### Chapter 671: Beginning

Upon hearing Bunia's words, Rhea was so surprised that she forgot her anger.

It wasn't the first time she had encountered such a situation. She was shocked that a man who had left a good impression on her would show such an expression and say such words.

And this was when they weren't even friends!

At that moment, Rhea wondered if she was still half-asleep. She also questioned whether Bunia had suffered a mental illness or succumbed to hysteria as the Dream Festival drew near.

Amidst Rhea's bewilderment, Bunia's smile intensified.

He extended his hands across the kitchen counter and attempted to grab Rhea's chest.

Instinctively, Rhea leaned back, attempting to dodge.

After failing to touch her, Bunia retracted his hands, propped himself up on the kitchen counter, and leaped up. Amidst the clinking of coffee cups and glass jars, he lunged at Rhea, who was leaning back.

This reaction, this choice, and this display of power caught Rhea off guard. She didn't have time to remove the bow and arrow from her back. Her waist bent backward, and her right foot kicked up like the other end of a seesaw, sending the transformed Bunia cafe owner flying.

Simultaneously, a thought flashed through Rhea's mind.

Has he truly lost his mind?

Crash. Bunia crashed to the side of the kitchen counter.

Rhea exerted strength in her back and stood up straight again. Then, she took off her hunting bow, nocked an arrow, and aimed at Bunia, who had just stood up.

A look of fear crossed Bunia's face. He froze for a moment before pleading, "Don't—don't kill me!

"I suddenly lost control just now!"

Looking at Bunia's pleading and fearful face, Rhea found him both familiar and unfamiliar. The arrow on the bowstring was drawn back, but she didn't release it.

Entering the streets of Tizamo Town from the primitive forest, Lumian observed the illuminated houses on both sides and scoffed.

"Is this supposed to be terrifying and bizarre?"

This wasn't the first time he had encountered such a scene. In Fourth Epoch Trier, he had witnessed a similar occurrence. Not only had the dark town regained its lights, but the entire Fourth Epoch Trier had transitioned from silence to noisiness, returning to life.

Faced with this abnormality, Lumian was undoubtedly surprised and highly vigilant. However, he wasn't overwhelmed by intense emotions. On the surface, he observed his surroundings leisurely.

He realized that Reaza and Maslow had vanished. The two patrol team members who should have been following him were gone.

Since it can silently make two Beyonders disappear right under my nose, it can definitely make me vanish just like that... In other words, I must have been affected. There's a high chance that the trance was an external manifestation...

From a mysticism perspective, the town, which had already fallen into a deep slumber, relighting without any significant turn of events, signifies that I'm in another scene, one that is originally related but different...

Could it be that I've been forced into a dream?

Has the Dream Festival officially begun?

I didn't sleep in Hisoka's house. Why am I still awake?

Combined with the ongoing investigation, Lumian quickly deduced the current situation.

At that moment, he spotted a figure emerging from a glass window diagonally ahead, surrounded by wooden planks and weeds.

It was a local man in his early forties, with dark brown skin, brown eyes, black hair, and thick lips.

Lumian had seen him before. He was a hunting guide, responsible for leading gentlemen and ladies from Port Pylos and other places into the forest for hunting.

Lumian's impression of him was that he always wore a fawning smile. No matter what others said, he would respond with a string of affirmatives. He never showed anger, even when punished by the gentlemen and ladies he guided.

Upon seeing Lumian, the hunting guide's lips curled into a cruel smile.

He pushed open the window and raised his other hand, revealing a double-barreled shotgun.

"Die, you Northern Continent dog!"

As the hunting guide cursed, he aimed his double-barreled shotgun at Lumian and pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Hang!

A massive amount of lead spread out in a cone, enveloping the corresponding area.

As the hunting guide took aim, Lumian sidestepped and rolled to the other side of the street.

What greeted his eyes were the previously quiet cows, sheep, and horses.

At that moment, the eyes of these animals seemed to turn bloodshot.

Supporting himself with one hand, Lumian leaped up. Amidst the high-pitched mooing and the hunting guide's aim, he leaped to the middle of the stairs leading to the second floor.

"Ah!" A scream suddenly pierced the air, then stopped abruptly.

The door on the second floor swung open, and Lumian was confronted by a young man drenched in bright red blood. He held a massive axe dripping with the crimson liquid, and behind him lay the mangled corpse of an old man in his fifties, the wound carved deep into his chest.

Lumian, who had been wandering Tizamo Town for days, was no stranger to these two individuals.

Lying on the ground, his eyes wide open, was the leathersmith of Tizamo Town. He would purchase the hides of wild beasts brought back by gentlemen, ladies, and town hunters who didn't want to handle them themselves, processing them and selling the finished products.

The axe-wielding figure was his eldest son, who had studied nitrification, tanning, and other leather production techniques from him. He was known as an obedient young man, and his father wasn't an old-fashioned leathersmith who resorted to physical or verbal violence.

This was a characteristic of the people of Tizamo. They were docile, calm, and devoid of intense emotions.

And now, it appeared that the leathersmith's eldest son had just cleaved his father to death.

Upon seeing Lumian, the lad's eyes overflowed with a bloodthirsty smile.

With a shout, he swung his axe at Lumian. On the other side, the hunting guide began reloading his double-barreled shotgun with new lead rounds.

Lumian's body suddenly turned ethereal, merging with his shadow and vanishing into the darkness beside the steps.

Shadow Transformation!

After using this ability to sneak towards the police headquarters for a few seconds, Lumian suddenly heard someone pleading for mercy in fear.

He left the shadows and transformed back into a human. He saw Rhea aiming an arrow at the cafe owner, Bunia, but she didn't release it.

At that moment, a colossal anaconda, as thick as a barrel, emerged from the multi-layered hay at the top of the opposite house, hanging upside down.

It widened its cold eyes and foul-smelling mouth, the patterns on its scales seeming to expand and writhe.

This time, Lumian didn't dodge.

Facing the colossal boa attempting to devour him, his eyes darkened as he swung his fist upward.

In an instant, blazing white flames ignited from his fist, enveloping his entire forearm.

Bang!

Lumian's fist smashed into the colossal boa's gaping maw, tearing through the blood-colored flesh and delivering a devastating uppercut to its upper jaw.

Before it could devour its human prey, the colossal boa's cold eyes lost their luster. Its massive body plummeted due to inertia, but Lumian easily sidestepped the falling serpent and retracted his fist.

Clang!

The colossal boa crashed to the ground, its slippery scaled body engulfed in blazing white flames.

Weakness Investigation!

Lumian approached Rhea, noticing that the patrol team member was also regarding him with a vigilant and puzzled expression. He didn't attack immediately.

She... Lumian's heart stirred as a smile played across his lips.

"Looks like you're still lucid."

Wary of Bunia, Rhea observed Louis Berry for a moment, hesitating before speaking.

"Lucid, you say?"

"Yes." Lumian pointed at Bunia, who was glaring at him with undisguised hatred. "Did he attempt to attack you or even rape you?"

"Yes." Rhea didn't ask how he knew. Instead, she inquired, "What's going on?"

Lumian chuckled in response, stating, "Perhaps we've entered the dream once more, but this time, we're not alone."

He made a preliminary judgment based on Rhea's apparent lucidity.

Perhaps the reason for maintaining his own clarity of mind was falling asleep in Hisoka's house and entering the special dream recently!

He needed to find Camus for further confirmation.

Upon hearing Louis Berry's response, a term suddenly flashed through Rhea's mind.

Before she could voice her thoughts, the sound of three chimes suddenly rang out.

The bell's resonant tones reverberated through the streets of Tizamo, as if summoning the town's inhabitants.

Rhea listened intently, her expression shifting slightly.

"It's the cathedral's bell!"

Cathedral, the Saint-Sien Cathedral? Lumian's thoughts immediately turned to the unsettling Padre Cali. He glanced at Rhea.

"Let's go and investigate."

"Alright," Rhea replied without hesitation.

She lowered her bow, no longer aiming the arrow at the cafe owner, Bunia, and followed Lumian towards the Saint-Sien Cathedral, which was separated from their current location only by the police headquarters.

Bunia's expression fluctuated between longing and hatred, but he didn't dare to pursue them, held back by fear.

Lumian and Rhea sprinted at a breakneck pace. In mere seconds, they traversed the distance past the police headquarters and arrived at the small square in front of the cathedral.

Padre Cali was already standing at the cathedral's entrance.

However, he was no longer clad in the Eternal Blazing Sun Church clergyman's robe with its white and golden threads. Instead, he had donned a dark and intricately designed robe.

The padre, with his dark-brown skin, sunken eyes, and stiff facial features, gazed out at the empty square before his eyes settled on the newly arrived Lumian and Rhea. He held the Bible aloft and shouted with a frenzied expression, "I hereby declare the official commencement of the Dream Festival!

"During the Dream Festival, there are no taboos or restrictions. You are free to do as you wish, including harming and killing.

"Revel in it and unleash all your emotions and desires, everyone!"

## Chapter 672: Greater Trouble

Upon hearing Padre Cali's shout, Rhea raised her hunting bow and aimed an arrow wrapped in silver lightning at the clergyman in the complicated black robe. Unlike when she had faced the cafe owner, Bunia, the anger in her eyes was even more pronounced now, and there was no hesitation. The padre was blaspheming and apostatizing!

At that moment, a slender and powerful palm appeared in front of Rhea's hunting bow, blocking the arrow.

"You..." Rhea turned to Louis Berry, puzzled as to why he had stopped her.

Lumian replied calmly, "Let's wait and see."

As the two of them conversed, Padre Cali revealed a wanton and flamboyant smile. He turned around and walked back to the cathedral with the Bible in his arms.

The golden dome at the cathedral's top and the statues and decorations on the outer walls dimmed under the crimson moonlight.

After Padre Cali's figure disappeared through the cathedral's open door, Rhea looked at Lumian with a dark expression.

"Why?"

Lumian chuckled in response.

"After realizing that this place is suspected to be a dream, I've been pondering a question."

As he spoke, screams and piercing cries reverberated through Tizamo and the surrounding plantations, echoing through the dark night sky.

"What question?" Rhea pressed.

Without giving a direct response, Lumian said, "It's almost certain that we're participating in the Dream Festival.

"Under such circumstances, if you succeed in attacking Padre Cali, what will happen when the Dream Festival concludes and everyone wakes up?"

Without waiting for Rhea's response, Lumian smiled again.

"If you shoot him in the arm, he'll wake up feeling phantom pain in the corresponding location, as if he's suffering from arthritis and his muscles are tearing.

H

If you strike his head with a hammer and knock him out, there's a high chance that he'll have a headache, dizziness, and nervous twitches when he returns to reality.

"If you rape and impregnate him, he'll likely feel nauseous, reflux, and bloated, feeling like he might have a fetus in his stomach when he wakes up.

"If you tie him up, continuously electrocute him, and incinerate him with fire, will he feel those sensations in the real world, as if possessed by wraiths or shadows. He may always feel restrained, paralyzed, or in pain."

Rhea listened calmly, not bothering to question why Padre Cali could get pregnant. The more she listened, the more alarmed she became.

This was because Louis Berry's description matched the various manifestations of mass hysteria in Tizamo that the patrol team had gathered.

Lumian turned to Rhea and asked with a smile, "If you had killed Padre Cali with an arrow, what would happen when the dream recedes?"

"He'll die immediately? No..." Rhea denied it.

Tizamo had no incidents of multiple people suddenly dying in their dreams after a night.

Rhea immediately thought of an abnormality.

Between mid-December and mid-March, 80% of the annual deaths in Tizamo occurred, significantly surpassing those in Port Pylos and the surrounding towns.

She changed her words.

"They will gradually die in an irreversible manner within the next three months?"

With a nod, Lumian replied, "I even suspect that the primitive tribe in the forest launched several attacks in those three months mainly to eliminate those who had died in their dreams, allowing them to die reasonably in reality without revealing anything abnormal.

"From December of last year to this year, they only completed one attack. The reason should be that the attack was very successful. Those who should die are dead, and some who don't deserve to die are also dead. There's no need for them to take the risk and they also lost the motivation to come to Tizamo again."

Rhea listened attentively and pondered for a few seconds.

“The Dream Festival originates from that tribe?”

“It's possible. It's more likely that they guard or worship the source and act according to its revelations,” Lumian replied simply.

Rhea nodded slightly.

“No wonder you stopped me from shooting Padre Cali. Everyone in Tizamo is likely a victim.”

That's why I didn't counterattack the two assailants and only killed the colossal boa with a single punch, Lumian thought. When awoken from the dream, will the colossal boa crawl in front of me and die? If that's the case, I can add more food to Ludwigs plate...

Lumian surveyed the empty square slumbering in the night.

“Let's find Camus now and see if he's still lucid.”

In Tizamo, on the third floor of the police headquarters, five rooms and one washroom belonged to the patrol team.

One room was used for day-to-day work, while another was used for storing documents and items. The remaining three apartments belonged to the local patrol team members, one for each person.

With the arrival of Camus and Kolobo, Maslow had temporarily moved to Loban's to vacate a room for his colleagues from Port Pylos.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Amidst the reverberations of the bell, Camus jolted awake.

He glanced out the window into the deep night, illuminated by a faint crimson moonlight. Momentarily disoriented, he wondered about the hour.

Just as Camus reached for his pocket watch, intending to check the time, he noticed Kolobo's absence from the makeshift bed.

A sense of unease washed over him, urging him into action. With silent determination, he rose from his bed under the eerie crimson moonlight, securing his pocket watch and weapon.

Stepping cautiously into the corridor, Camus found it unusually still, cloaked in shadowy silence. Beyond the confines of the police headquarters, eerie cries and distant wails pierced the night, emanating from various corners of Tizamo and its surrounding plantations.

Drawing on his keen awareness honed through experience as a Public Security Officer, Camus sensed a disturbance in his Jurisdiction.

Suddenly, he instinctively dropped to the ground and rolled forward.

A deafening crack echoed through the corridor as a wooden door, which Camus would have passed by, splintered and burst outward.

In the blink of an eye, a broadsword slashed through the air, propelled by a savage force, slicing through the empty corridor.

As Camus swiftly evaded the attack, he turned to face his assailant.

It was Loban, the towering patrol member standing at over 1.9 meters, with short light-gold hair and piercing light-blue eyes.

A cruel smirk adorned the Feysacian's face, his eyes glinting with unmistakable greed.

In the dim moonlight, his features were obscured by shadows, emanating an eerie malevolence.

Upon spotting Loban, Camus's eyes sparked with determination.

Psychic Piercing!

Loban recoiled with a pained cry, instinctively shielding his head with his hands, relinquishing his grip on the broadsword.

Seizing the opportunity, Camus swiftly drew his revolver, taking aim at his teammate.

In a moment of hesitation, Camus faltered, then lowered his weapon.

Bang!

The bullet found its mark, striking Loban's knee with brutal force, tearing through flesh and shattering bone.

A Doctor from the Church of Earth Mother could mend such injuries!

Loban crumpled to the ground, writhing in agony, his attempts to curl up thwarted by the searing pain.

Camus lowered his revolver, rose to his feet, and pressed forward towards the end of the corridor.

As he descended the stairs, Camus passed by a cluttered cubicle, its contents scattered haphazardly, and caught faint murmurs from within.

His heart skipped a beat as he whispered, "Kolobo, is that you?"

A moment of tense silence followed before Kolobo's voice, tinged with panic and fear, replied, "Stay back! Don't come any closer! Spare me!"

Camus frowned, sensing that Kolobo's demeanor was far from his usual composed self.

Though prone to bouts of fear and unease, Kolobo typically pushed through his anxieties to fulfill his duties. This level of hysteria was unprecedented.

Whats wrong with Kolobo? Camus wondered.

Choosing to stay put rather than risk exacerbating the situation, Camus observed as Kolobo fell into an uneasy silence, as if attempting to fade into obscurity.

After more than ten seconds, Camus contemplated assessing Kolobo's condition. If it proved dire, he resolved to retreat and seek out Louis Berry.

Suddenly, the sound of two sets of rapid footsteps echoed from below.

Camus swiftly pivoted, training his revolver down the stairs. There, he beheld Louis Berry, sporting a golden straw hat, accompanied by Rhea, armed with a hunting bow and arrow.

Gazing at the barrel aimed in their direction, Louis Berry chuckled lightly, his tone calm.



“Welcome to the Dream Festival.”

The Dream Festival? Its the Dream Festival? Realization dawned on Camus. He glanced between the smiling Louis Berry and the serious Rhea, confusion etched on his features.

“Why are we still lucid?”

Observing their composed demeanor, Camus deduced that they hadn't succumbed to the overwhelming emotions and desires that often engulfed dreamers. Yet, he kept his revolver steady, wary of any sudden developments.

“Perhaps our early entry into this peculiar dream, thanks to Twanaku's house, has granted us this lucidity,” Lumian proposed, offering his deduction.

Rhea seized the opportunity to suggest that encounters within the dream might hold sway over reality to some extent, sharing the conjecture with Camus.

Initially relieved that he hadn't resorted to lethal force against Loban, Camus's expression turned grave as he addressed his companions.

“The three of us aren't the only Beyonders in Tizamo. If we adhere to the notion that we can't retaliate when attacked, it will severely hamper our ability to defend ourselves.”

Lumian smiled. “Who said we can't kill? If someone poses a threat to me, they shall be killed accordingly.”

Rhea and Camus fell silent.

After a moment of contemplation, Camus nodded decisively, gesturing towards the sundry compartment nestled in the stairwell.

“Kolobo's extreme reaction stems from fear. He won't pose a threat to us. Let him seek refuge there, undisturbed.”

As Rhea concurred, Lumian's expression suddenly shifted.

He asked, “Is Kolobo also in this dream?”

Kolobo, who has been in Tizamo for less than a week like me, has also been forced to participate in the Dream Festival?

“Yes.” Camus asked in confusion, “Is there a problem?”

A shadow crossed Lumian's features as he responded gravely.

“This suggests there may be a larger problem at play.”

Perhaps one more terrifying than the Dream Festival itself!

Before Camus and Rhea could inquire further, Lumian abruptly interjected.

“Wait here for me.”

With that, he vanished from the stairway, utilizing Spirit World Traversal.

Lumian reappeared on the second floor of the Brieu Motel, just outside his suite.

In the next instant, a piercing scream echoed through the air, filled with agony and terror.

It was Lugano..

## Chapter 673: "Sealing" Spell

Confirming his fears, Lumian slipped his key into the lock, easing the door to the suite open without a sound.

Now, he knew without a doubt that Ludwig, the terrifying sealed creature, would unleash his hunger and frenzy at the Dream Festival.

Beneath the crimson moonlight streaming through the window, Lugano thrashed wildly, his face twisted in agony.

Lurking at the end of his flailing arm was Ludwig, dressed in a child's nightcap and sky-blue pajamas dotted with yellow stars. The sickening sounds of bones crunching and flesh tearing filled the air.

Amidst the chaos, droplets of blood splattered onto the floor.

Suddenly, Ludwig lunged forward like a frenzied animal, his jaws closing in on Lugano's arm with a sickening crack.

"All!"

Lugano's scream pierced the air once more, threatening to blow the roof.

Instinctively, he tried to wrench his arm free from Ludwig's grasp and shove the creature away with his other hand. Pain seared through him, and he felt himself teetering on the edge of unconsciousness.

Observing Ludwig closely, Lumian darted behind him, his nostrils flaring.

Two beams of white light shot forth from his nose, enveloping Ludwig. Ludwig paused, shutting his eyes.

But before Lumian could react, the boy's mouth resumed its relentless assault on Lugano's arm, pulverizing bone and flesh alike.

His eyes snapped open.

The Spell of Harrumph can only daze Ludwig for a moment, and that's only if he's sealed... Lumian reminded himself, taking a deep breath to steady his nerves.

He glanced at Lugano, who had noticed him but was too consumed by agony to speak. Raising a hand, Lumian motioned for Lugano to remain patient.

Though Lugano's mind raced with curses and frustration, he remained unable to voice them.

As thoughts raced through his mind, Lumian gave an imperceptible nod.

Changing his focus, Lumian bypassed Ludwig, who was engrossed in devouring Lugano, and seized Lugano's shoulder.

In an instant, Lumian retrieved a sharp straight sword he had acquired from Port Santa, pulling it from his Traveler's Bag.

What is he trying to do? Amidst the throes of pain, Lugano's thoughts scattered.

With a swift motion, Lumian swung the sword, the blade bursting into white flames.

The fiery sword crashed down upon Lugano's arm, where Ludwig had been feasting, striking at the joint.

With a sharp sound, Lugano's forearm tore away from Ludwig's grasp, leaving behind a gory, truncated limb.

Simultaneously, Lumian's form began to fade, and even Lugano, whom he had grasped, vanished from sight.

Teleport!

But Lumian hadn't gone far. Both he and Lugano reappeared at the suite's doorway.

The agony persisted, but Lugano's momentary relief vanished as Ludwig's figure once again came into view. The sight of the boy, his mouth still bloody with Lugano's remaining forearm, sent a shiver down his spine.

The fear momentarily eclipsed the pain, and Lugano's mind raced with frantic questions.

Why not teleport away from Tizamo?

Why not teleport to Port Pylos?

Why are we still lingering in front of Ludwig?

Meanwhile, Ludwig had turned his attention to the doorway, his blond hair matted with blood, his brown eyes glinting with ravenous hunger.

With the speed of a child his age, he advanced toward Lumian and Lugano, all the while chewing and swallowing what remained of Lugano's arm.

Unperturbed, Lumian calmly returned the straight sword to his Traveler's Bag.

Under Lugano's horrified gaze, Lumian conjured an entire almond pistachio cream thousand-layer cake and hurled it onto the floor beside Ludwig.

Ludwig's sprint slowed as he seemed to ponder which delicacy to indulge in first.

Ultimately, he turned his attention back to Lugano.

The sight of blood, flesh, and marrow infused with spiritual essence seemed to intoxicate him even further.

Capitalizing on Ludwig's momentary indecision, Lumian delved into his Traveler's Bag once more, extracting a fragment of Hisoka's corpse and tossing it aside.

Ludwig's gaze followed the offering, his lips instinctively moistening, yet he made no move to change course.

It seemed he found the offering beneath his tastes, too dirty to be his top choice.

Lumian systematically tossed out ingredients brimming with spiritual energy, one after the other, creating a barrier of tempting treats around Ludwig. Cream pancakes, fruit tarts, sandwiches oozing with cream, bouchee a la reine, chocolates infused with liquor, cookies, candied plums, eclairs, Charlotte desserts, and a myriad of other delicacies

formed a tempting ring around Ludwig, impeding his advance toward Lugano.

Turning to Lugano with a stern expression, Lumian's voice took on a commanding tone. "What are you waiting for? Stem the bleeding first!"

Startled, Lugano obeyed, his left palm emitting a faint glow as he applied pressure to the stump of his injured arm.

As Ludwig indulged in the feast laid out before him, his urgency waned. Though still concerned for Lugano, he no longer rushed forward.

In the final stages, Lumian threw out boxes of biscuits, sweets, beef jerky, and assorted provisions, encircling Ludwig with a haphazard yet effective "wall" of food.

Nearly all of Lumian's seven days' worth of rations for Ludwig had been deployed from his Traveler's Bag.

"What... what's the meaning of this?" Lugano, having successfully treated his wound and eased his pain, watched Lumian's actions with bewilderment. He couldn't fathom why his employer was so fixated on feeding Ludwig in the midst of their predicament.

"Sealing that fellow," Lumian replied calmly, his hands never ceasing their task.

"Sealing?" Lugano nearly doubted his hearing.

Isn't this too absurd?

Using food to seal a monster?

He couldn't recall ever encountering such a concept, not even in the most far-fetched novels on the market. No author would dream up such a peculiar method!

Wouldn't a conventional seal involve the use of spiritually potent materials to inscribe mystical symbols and patterns, followed by ritualistic magic or the employment of a mystical artifact?

What possible purpose could hurling food at the monster serve?

Lumian smiled and sighed.

"Once he's satiated, he won't have any appetite left for you or anyone else here.

"And there's enough food to keep him occupied until dawn, and possibly even beyond."

Lumian had devised this plan upon realizing that Ludwig's sole desire was to eat. Coupled with his behavior during the Dream Festival, Lumian was confident that Ludwig was now driven purely by his insatiable hunger—a unique trait exclusive to him in Tizamo.

In this scenario, as long as Ludwig's appetite was sated, he could remain confined within the suite, feasting without posing a threat to others.

What was the distinction between this and traditional sealing methods?

Of course, the success of this makeshift seal depended on the Dream Festival concluding before Ludwig depleted the seven days' worth of food.

Otherwise, Lumian's ability to hunt in the forest might not keep pace with Ludwig's voracious appetite.

Lugano's understanding dawned upon hearing Lumian's explanation.

Indeed, this method offered a practical means of temporarily restraining Ludwig.

Who said it couldn't be deemed a seal?

Understanding one's target's preferences and weaknesses allowed for the implementation of a seal without resorting to mysticism!

Observing Ludwig still attempting to approach the door amidst his feast, Lumian realized the creature's reluctance to part with Lugano. With a swift movement, he grasped Lugano's shoulder and teleported them both to a corner of the second-floor stairwell in the police headquarters.

Ludwig briefly glanced at the vacant doorway before refocusing on his culinary conquest within the suite.

“Are you certain everything's under control?” Lugano inquired anxiously, the moment he exited the spirit world.

Lumian chuckled in response.

“As long as no Beyonder happens to stroll by the door, he won't abandon his feast.”

Relieved, Lugano exhaled deeply, casting a rueful glance at his remaining arm. Thoughts swirled in his mind as he contemplated his future.

At least I'm still alive. As long as I'm alive...

In the future, I'll see if I can save up enough money to afford a mechanical arm from the Church of Steam. That might bolster my combat strength.

The Doctor's expertise could only do so much, as transplanting another's limb was beyond the realm of possibility.

Camus and Rhea, observing Lugano's bloody limb, furrowed their brows, recalling Louis Berry's ominous warning of a greater issue.

“What happened?” Camus inquired.

Lumian smiled.

“It's a complication caused by that big problem, but I've managed to seal it temporarily. Just remember, stay away from the Brieu Motel, especially the door on the second-floor suite.”

Relieved to hear that Louis Berry had intervened, Camus assured Lugano,

“Thankfully, it's all just a dream. You'll be fine once you wake up.”

“A dream?” Lugano was perplexed.

Lumian offered no further explanation, simply remarking, “Indeed, it's a dream. But remember, if you perish in the dream, you perish in reality too.”

Amid Lugano's bafflement, Lumian redirected said to Camus and Rhea, “Let's make our way to Twanaku's house now.”

His primary objective in investigating the Dream Festival was to locate Hisoka's gold and the item acquired from the Nois family's Demon. He intended to assess any changes in their respective locations following the festival's commencement.

If nothing surfaced, Lumian planned to seek out Padre Cali at the Saint-Sien Cathedral.

The peculiar condition of “weakness in the depths of the Spirit Body” possessed by Padre Cali in reality set him apart from everyone else in Tizamo. This hinted at something distinctly special about the padre. Additionally, it was Padre Cali who had officially inaugurated the Dream Festival.

Camus hesitated, his silence suggesting he might have pressing matters to attend to.

In that moment, Rhea regarded Lumian with confusion, gesturing towards Lugano.

“Why is he still lucid?”

## Chapter 674: Manor

Upon hearing Rhea's question, Lumian snapped to his senses and turned to Lugano.

In his haste to save and “seal” Lugano, he had overlooked Lugano's condition!

Ever since this Doctor had gotten his injuries under control, he had been responding to Lumian's questions. He was lucid and rational, a stark contrast to the other participants in the Dream Festival.

It had to be known that even Ludwig, the monster himself, couldn't effectively control his appetite and had resorted to devouring humans!

Moreover, Lugano had never slept in Hisoka's house, nor had he entered this peculiar dream realm before!

Seeing Rhea, Camus, and his employer staring at him intently, Lugano, still grappling with the lingering pain, was utterly perplexed.

“Why wouldn't I be lucid?”

“Aren't you all still in your right minds?”

Everyone seems to be in the same state. Why should I be the only one with an issue?

Lumian carefully observed Lugano's emotions and asked in a calm tone, “Have you ventured outside the motel recently?”

“I did. I assisted Ludwig in purchasing roasted meat and pastries made from palm tree cores,” Lugano recalled.

Lumian smiled.

“Did you sleep anywhere other than the motel?”

No, I wouldn't dare to engage with the women here.” Lugano shook his head without hesitation.

He was evidently a little regretful about this, as there were numerous mixed-blood girls in Tizamo who possessed a different allure compared to those in the Northern Continent.

As the two men conversed, Camus and Rhea meticulously searched for any abnormalities in Lugano's body. However, apart from being sufficiently lucid and lacking excessive emotions and desires, Lugano appeared to be unaffected by the strange phenomenon.

Lumian looked at Lugano with a thoughtful smile and said, “We're being forced to participate in an event called the Dream Festival. Simply put, we're dreaming. We can do anything in this dream, but if we die here, we'll die in reality too.

“Aside from us, everyone in Tizamo is under the influence of intense emotions and desires, just like Ludwig.

“They're conscious—strictly speaking—but they've chosen to show their malice and express their long-suppressed desires. If we can subdue them, we might be able to communicate, but they'll instinctively try to deceive us.”

Remembering how the cafe owner, Bunia, had immediately changed his attitude after being targeted by her arrow and begged for mercy, Rhea agreed with Louis Berry's judgment.

The Dream Festival participants weren't stupid or crazy. Their excessive desires and emotions were the main cause of their uncontrollable evil!

“I see...” Lugano finally understood.

Realizing what Rhea's question meant, he blurted out, “Why are we lucid and rational?”

After a pause, Lugano's voice lowered as he added, “W-why can I stay lucid and rational?”

Lumian smiled.

“We can stay lucid and rational because we entered this special dream before. We left marks and auras in certain places.

“As for you, I'm not sure why.”

As he spoke, he watched Lugano's face closely, observing the change in his servant's expression.

Lugano said in a daze, his voice tinged with fear, "I don't know why this is happening either..."

Noticing that Lugano remained calm even after his issue was brought to light, Lumian seized the chance to glimpse into his servant's luck.

Currently amidst a bloody calamity, Lugano might fall victim to an ailment in the coming days... The first part makes sense, considering Ludwig has just eaten half his arm. But what does the second half imply? Could the Dream Festival span several days? Impossible. If it truly lasted that long, Tizamo's predicament would have been discovered much earlier... Does this suggest that Lugano would succumb to an illness during the Dream Festival itself? An illness similar to death in the waking world, one that wouldn't be instantly cured even if he awakens and receives the Mass's blessing? Lumian quietly pondered the meaning behind Lugano's revealed fate.

Shifting his gaze to Camus and Rhea, he realized that they, too, would soon face a grim and bloody ordeal. If they failed to navigate it properly, they risked slipping further into peril.

As these thoughts swirled in Lumian's mind, he turned to Camus and Rhea and declared, "I'm taking my servant with us."

It wasn't an act of kindness or generosity. Rather, Lumian feared that leaving Lugano to his own devices, given his inexplicable lucidity and rationality, might trigger the abnormality within him and alter the course of the Dream Festival in unpredictable ways.

Better to keep him close at hand, where he could be monitored and any potential accidents prevented. If Lugano truly unleashed a dire problem, Lumian could always end his life first, eliminating any future complications.

Camus and Rhea exchanged disgruntled glances before conceding, "It's your call to make."

"We must hurry to Twanaku's house," Lumian reiterated his earlier proposal.

Camus's gaze drifted toward the cubicle where Kolobo lay hidden, a hint of hesitation in his voice as he asked, "Any idea where Captain Reaza and the others might be?"

"They were supposed to appear beside me when the Dream Festival began, but they were nowhere to be seen," Lumian admitted, recounting the situation honestly.

Perhaps the dream's correspondence to reality was imperfect. The location where each person entered this peculiar dreamscape might be influenced by factors like their understanding, the dream's state, where they had slept, and myriad other variables.

Lumian mused that if he hadn't maintained his lucidity and rationality, he might have awoken in the master bedroom of the Brieu Motel's suite.

"Should we try to locate them first?" Camus proposed, a note of uncertainty in his tone.

Lumian let out a wry chuckle.

"Why? To engage them in combat?"

Neither Reaza nor Maslow had ever slept in Hisoka's house before. The likelihood of them lacking self-control and succumbing to malice and base desires was high.



When the time came, Lumian might not possess the strength to control the pace and intensity of the battle against such formidable Beyonders as he did with ordinary folk, not without the risk of causing deaths.

Camus and Rhea lapsed into a simultaneous silence, neither keen on the prospect of a life-and-death struggle with their own teammates.

Just as Lumian was about to signal the two patrol team members to approach, Camus gritted his teeth as he declared, "There's somewhere I need to go before I head to Twanaku's house."

"And where might that be?" Lumian inquired, raising an eyebrow.

Camus replied in a deep voice, "Palm Manor."

Lumian chuckled.

"You wish to rescue Miss Amandina?"

Camus nodded firmly, a hint of embarrassment tinging his features.

"Yes, that's right."

"You needn't worry. This is merely a dream. If one is violated within the dream, they'll only experience a touch of hysteria upon waking. No substantial harm will befall them," Lumian stated matter-of-factly, his intention not to provoke Camus.

Camus's expression remained unwavering.

"I'm aware. But I fear she may not be able to cope with it in her dream state and might resort to drastic measures. It could lead to her demise."

Without waiting for Lumian's response, Camus spoke gravely, "You can proceed to Twanaku's house first. I'll make my way to Palm Manor and rendezvous with you later."

By the time you're done, we might not be at Twanaku's house anymore," Rhea cautioned him.

Camus nodded gently.

"I've made this decision of my own accord. I'm prepared to bear any consequences that may follow."

Lumian locked eyes with Camus, remaining silent for a stretch.

Camus felt an indescribable pressure weighing upon him, his mind conjuring the tragic outcomes he might face, but he pursed his lips and refused to retract his suggestion.

After more than ten seconds of silence, his expression unchanged, Lumian finally spoke.

Let us head to Palm Manor now."

Huh? Before Camus could react, Lumian's hand firmly grasped his shoulder.

Simultaneously, Lumian's other hand darted out, reaching for Rhea's arm.

Rhea's instinctive reaction was to dodge, but the memory of how Lugano had been transported flashed through her mind.

Her tense shoulders relaxed a fraction.

With Camus and Rhea securely in his grasp, Lumian shot Lugano a meaningful look.

Lugano, displaying a practiced ease, approached and latched onto a corner of Lumian's vest.

In the next second, Lumian's figure blurred, the haziness rapidly spreading to engulf Camus, Rhea, and Lugano.

As Rhea and Camus found themselves surrounded by layers of indescribable colors and formless objects, intense emotions surged within their hearts.

Could this be the spirit world?

Is this what teleportation feels like?

Was this how the great adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, managed to appear before any pirate at a moments notice?

Having witnessed Louis Berry's abrupt disappearance and subsequent return with his servant in tow, Camus and Rhea had speculated that this might be the famed teleportation ability that had become the stuff of legend across the Five Seas, thanks to Gehrman Sparrow's extraordinary exploits.

It seemed their suspicions had been right on the mark!

Matani's patrol team boasted numerous adventurers among its ranks, and Camus and Rhea were well-versed in the myriad rumors that circulated the Five Seas.

The instant they experienced teleportation firsthand, their bodies departed the dream's spirit world, rematerializing before a four-story beige edifice.

This was none other than the main building of Palm Manor.

In the blink of an eye, Lumian, Camus, Rhea, and Lugano had reached their destination.

The manor was awash with cries, screams, sinister laughter, and high-pitched singing.

Just over ten meters from the main building, near a garden shrubbery, a mixed-blood lady's maid lay pinned to the ground by a group of slaves, her clothes half-stripped as she cried out in desperation.

She struggled with all her might, but how could she hope to resist the adult men? She was utterly helpless, pinned down and at their mercy.

Witnessing this scene, the former Public Security Officer, Camus, instinctively yearned to intervene, but he quickly reminded himself that this was a dream. Such events wouldn't truly impact reality. At most, they would result in a certain degree of curable hysteria.

It would be a waste of time to stop it, audit would only serve to delay my search for Amandina. Moreover, it would be pointless... Camus warned himself, forcibly averting his gaze as he ascended the steps into the main building.

At that moment, Rhea, who had been silent for a couple of seconds, turned from facing the manor's main building.

"You guys head in first."

With her back to Lumian, Camus, and Lugano, she spoke in a nonchalant tone. Leaning forward slightly, she strode purposefully towards the bushes at the garden's edge, making her way to the mixed-blood lady's maid who was being violated by the slaves..

## Chapter 675 Evil

In a few swift strides, Rhea positioned herself behind the slaves, raised her right foot, and delivered a powerful kick.

With a resounding bang, the slave pressing down on the mixed-blood lady's maid was sent flying, landing unceremoniously in the bushes at the garden's edge.

The other three abruptly turned to face Rhea.

Before they could get a clear look at their assailant, Rhea followed up with a fluid roundhouse kick, knocking another one to the ground.

The remaining two, torn between greed, desire, and fear, took one look at Rhea and turned tail, fleeing to another part of the manor.

Rhea retracted her left foot and fixed a cold stare upon the two servants struggling to their feet. She raised her hunting bow, nocking an arrow with a smooth, practiced motion.

The two servants licked their lips in unison. Unwilling but fearful, they swiftly clambered over the bushes and vanished into the garden.

Only then did Rhea lower her gaze to the mixed-blood lady's maid, whose face was still streaked with tears and confusion.

“Are you all right?”

The mixed-blood lady's maid shook her head repeatedly. With trembling hands, she hastily tidied her half-torn dress and retrieved a dagger that had fallen beside her.

Seeing this, Rhea wasted no time.

“Find a secluded corner and hide until dawn.”

With that, Rhea pivoted on her heel and prepared to dash back to where Louis Berry, Camus, and the others stood waiting at the door of the manor's main building.

As the mixed-blood lady's maid stood up, her expression darkened, and she raised the dagger clutched in her hand, plunging it towards Rhea's back.

Catching sight of the impending danger, Camus shouted, “Watch out!”

Though Rhea hadn't sensed the approaching threat, she instinctively heeded Camus's warning and reacted.

Surrendering to inertia, she fell forward and rolled to the side, narrowly evading the dagger's deadly path.

As she rolled, Rhea pivoted to face her attacker, eyes narrowing as she instinctively raised her bow, aiming at the mixed-blood lady's maid.

The mixed-blood lady's maid brandished her dagger, shouting in Intisian, her words laced with hatred, "Why can you join the patrol team, while I'm stuck as a mere lady's maid? Don't we both hail from the Southern Continent?"

"Why? I even have Intisian blood coursing through my veins!"

Before she could complete her tirade, a crimson Fire Raven, its hue bordering on white, swooped in from nowhere, colliding with the steel dagger.

With a resounding clang, the dagger heated up, an explosive force wrenching it from the mixed-blood lady's maid's grasp, sending it flying several meters before clattering to the ground.

The mixed-blood lady's maid faltered, fear supplanting the hatred in her eyes.

Lumian, his black hair and green eyes striking, stood on the steps of the manor's main house, one hand casually tucked in his pocket. He called out, his voice carrying, "Where is Miss Amandina?"

Uh... A pang of embarrassment struck Camus.

In his haste to rescue Miss Amandina, he had acted with a distinct lack of professionalism!

He had been a guest at Palm Manor, but he had never been invited to visit Amandina's room upstairs. Consequently, he found himself unsure of which floor and room to search for her later.

If he were to search floor by floor, he would undoubtedly encounter countless obstacles amidst the current chaos.

The mixed-blood lady's maid's expression shifted, revealing a blatant desire and anticipation.

"She's sleeping in her room. Third floor, second room facing the rubber forest.

"Make haste. She's a vision of beauty, fragrant and pristine. Her figure is exquisite, her skin smooth as silk. She's a cut above the rest of us. Many a gentleman considers her their dream lover. Go, quickly!"

As she neared the end of her speech, the mixed-blood lady's maid gritted her teeth, her eyes alight with an illusory desire to witness something transpire.

Lugano's hair stood on end, a chill running down his spine as he confronted the stark malevolence of human nature.

Clap! Clap! Clap! Lumian shook his head, a smile playing on his lips as he applauded.

Rhea fell silent for a couple of seconds before rising to her feet and departing the area.

After a few steps, she paused, turning to regard the mixed-blood lady's maid. In a deep, solemn voice, she reiterated, "Find a secluded spot and hide until dawn."

With those parting words, Rhea turned away from the mixed-blood lady's maid and sprinted back to the steps at the main house's entrance.

Lumian averted his gaze and led the way through the open brown door.

As he, Camus, and the others entered, they were greeted by a startling sight in the living room. A middle-aged woman in a disheveled nightgown, her half-exposed body glistening with sweat and her black hair in disarray, sat astride a sturdy native slave. Her movements were intense, and she

appeared utterly immersed, alternating between shouting and cursing. The native slave, clearly enjoying the experience, eagerly cooperated.

Near the staircase, a group of five or six servants and slaves, armed with an assortment of shotguns, rifles, and other weapons, intermittently fired bullets up the stairs. Occasional counterattacks emanated from the area leading to the second floor.

Camus stood frozen, his gaze fixed on the middle-aged woman's flushed face.

“You know her?” Lumian asked, a smile playing on his lips.

It was Rhea who replied, “She's Sir Petit's wife, Miss Amandina's mother, Madam Simona.”

“I never imagined she would be like this...” Camus said, his voice low and somber.

Lumian smiled and applauded once more.

“Can't she indulge in her dreams?”

“For the Dream Festival, this is something we should encourage. No one is being forced. How delightfully harmless.”

Camus found himself momentarily at a loss for words.

Lumian then said to Rhea, “During the Dream Festival, there's a high likelihood that the person you save will also be a bad person and may even attack you.”

Rhea fell silent for a few seconds before responding in a low voice, “Even if something like that happens again, I'll still save her.”

Lumian dropped the subject and shifted his attention to Camus.

“Are you prepared to see the other side of Miss Amandina? Perhaps she will...”

Lumian left the sentence unfinished, instead casting a meaningful glance at Madam Simona, who was in the throes of fierce, foul-mouthed ecstasy.

Camus exhaled slowly, his voice resolute.

“I'm here to save her. It doesn't matter if she's good or bad, kind, malicious, chaste, or indulgent.

“After helping her find a safe hiding place and making sure she waits until dawn, we'll head to Twanaku's house.”

I'm here to save her. It doesn't matter if she's good or bad, kind, malicious... Lumian quietly repeated the first half of the sentence, a smile playing on his lips as he regarded the servants and slaves attempting to occupy the staircase. He raised his voice, asking, “Has anyone seen Miss Amandina? Has she come downstairs?”

The servants and slaves turned their attention to Lumian and his companions, swiftly redirecting their firearms.

Lumian calmly extended his right hand, making a grabbing motion.

With this gesture, crimson flames, their hue bordering on white, ignited in the air, forming a curtain that Lumian seemed to snatch from the void.

With a deft grab and push, the fiery curtain abruptly split, transforming into Fire Birds that hurtled towards the shotguns, rifles, and revolvers before they could be properly aimed.

Amidst a series of muffled explosions, the guns dropped from the servants' and slaves' hands, clattering to the ground, damaged beyond use.

The servants and slaves themselves suffered only minor burns, their grip on their weapons faltering.

Since advancing to Reaper, Lumian's mastery over flames had grown. Even without the Lie earring, he could achieve this level of control.

Moreover, he hadn't unleashed his full power. He hadn't even summoned the blazing white flames in order to minimize the damage.

“Now, can we have a civilized conversation?” Lumian smiled at the servants and slaves.

Behind him, crimson Fire Ravens, their color nearly white, materialized, poised to strike at a moment's notice.

An Intisian valet, who seemed to hold some influence among the group, couldn't conceal his fear as he replied, “Amandina hasn't come down. Otherwise...”

He couldn't help but lick his lips.

“And who were you shooting at?” Lumian inquired.

“It's Petit, that bastard who deserves to rot in hell, and his butler, the one who's always wielding that damn whip!” A dark-skinned slave picked up the fallen firearm, only to discover that it was broken, just like everyone else's.

They had planned to retrieve more guns from another room on the first floor, but for now, they didn't dare make a move.

“Is that so?” Lumian nodded, a look of enlightenment crossing his features. “Carry on, then.”

He turned around, leading the ten to twenty Fire Ravens that had gradually dispersed, and said to Camus and the others,

“Let's scale the side of the building to reach the third floor.”

Teleportation wasn't an optimal option at this distance, not after having used it four times already.

Of course, since advancing to Reaper, Lumian could now perform 11 to 12 Spirit World Traversals without relying on the spirituality accumulated through his Ascetic abilities. It was a marked improvement from his previous limitations.

Camus and the others raised no objections. Lugano, however, trembled as he asked, “H-how am I supposed to climb?”

He swung the stump that was all that remained of his right arm.

Lumian glanced at him and said matter-of-factly, "Camus will assist you."

Me? Camus was momentarily taken aback before assessing his own skills and concluding that it was indeed feasible.

Before long, the four of them had ascended to the third floor, making use of the statues, decorations, metal pipes, and side balcony adorning the outer wall.

As soon as Camus pushed open the door leading to the corridor, he caught sight of a figure.

It was Amandina's personal maid, an Intisian lady's maid clad in a white cloth nightgown.

At that moment, the young lady's maid stood bathed in the dim moonlight, a bloody dagger clutched in her hand, her expression inscrutable.

Drip. Drip. The bright red blood from the dagger fell onto the corridor carpet, each drop a vivid splash of color.

Camus's heart clenched.

"What have you done?"

The lady's maid's face broke into a satisfied, carefree smile.

"I killed it. I've been annoyed by it for far too long!"

It? In Intisian, "she" and "it" were two entirely different words. Amidst his surprise, Camus followed the trail of dripping blood, his gaze falling upon Amandina's beloved pet dog, lying motionless at the door of the adjacent room.

Phew... Camus breathed a sigh of relief before asking in a deep, serious voice, "Where's Miss Amandina?"

The lady's maid's expression turned resentful.

"I'm looking for her too! She left an hour ago!"

An hour ago... Before the Dream Festival began? Camus pressed further, "Where did she go?"

The lady's maid, still holding the blood-stained dagger, replied with a contorted expression, "She went on a date with my Robert!"

Camus fell silent.

Lumian shook his head. Under the watchful eyes of the lady's maid, who yearned to kill but felt outnumbered, he swiftly searched the entire third floor with Rhea and the others, but found no trace of Amandina.

"Let's go." Lumian turned to Camus, his voice firm.

Camus had no choice but to concede defeat.

The four of them immediately teleported outside Hisoka's house.

Just as Lumian was about to proceed, he sensed something and looked up at the third floor.

A face appeared through the glass window of a room on the third floor.

The face was graced with a high nose bridge, piercing blue eyes, and thick black hair tied into a simple knot atop her head. Her brows exuded a youthful, vibrant aura.

Amandina!

It was said that Amandina had gone on a date with her fiancé, Robert!

## Chapter 676: You Intisians

Camus was stunned to find Amandina here. His astonishment far outweighed any joy he might have felt.

From the window above, Amandina noticed the four figures below. Her face twisted in alarm, and she disappeared into the house's shadowy interior.

Taken aback, Camus called out, "Don't be scared! We're here to keep you safe!"

While shouting, he raced up the stairs to the second floor of Twanaku's residence.

His visit to Palm Manor had confirmed Louis Berry's theory. The Dream Festival participants had lost control of their actions, driven by hidden malevolence and desires. Yet, their minds remained lucid, allowing for communication.

Camus couldn't be sure if the possessed individuals would misinterpret others' words. Furthermore, this wasn't true clarity of thought. They wouldn't realize they were dreaming, and the experience would fade upon waking.

Thump! Thump! 'Thump! Camus and Rhea charged into the building, taking the steps two at a time.

Behind the house, out of sight, a glass window set in wooden planks swung open. Amandina, clad in black hunting gear, nimbly climbed out. She used the wall's protrusions and crevices to swiftly descend to the ground.

As her feet touched the earth, she noticed a figure watching her from the side.

It was Lugano, his right arm ending in a bloody stump, his face marred with crimson stains. He looked a frightful mess.

Amandina's heart clenched. She pressed her back against a pillar supporting Twanaku's house, fists tightening as she shut her eyes.

In the same instant, Lugano's eyelids drooped, his mind growing hazy.

He collapsed to the ground, falling into a deep sleep where he lay.

Amandina's eyes snapped open, no longer using her power to force the battle-worn man into slumber.

Doing so would trap her in a profound sleep, able to act only in her Nightmare form, her body immobile. And the man wasn't alone!

Before Lugano could wake naturally, Amandina turned to flee, seeking a safe haven to conceal herself.



At that moment, she heard a smirking voice.

“So you're a Beyonder too.”

Amandina instinctively glanced over and saw the adventurer, Louis Berry, standing before another wooden pillar supporting Twanaku's house, not far from her.

The handsome Louis Berry, with his dark hair and emerald eyes, had one hand in his pocket as he leaned against the pillar. His feet were crossed behind him, and his lips curled into a playful smile as he looked her way.

The dim crimson moonlight of the night lent him an air of enigmatic and sinister allure.

Amandina tightened her fists once more and closed her eyes.

However, her spiritual senses told her that Louis Berry had vanished in an instant.

She couldn't find the target and couldn't use her corresponding abilities.

Moments later, Amandina, with her heightened spiritual perception, cast her gaze towards the shadows on the ground floor of the house.

She sensed something stirring there.

At the same time, Amandina heard an illusory and ethereal voice.

“We mean you no harm.

“We're not affected by the Dream Festival.”

Amandina, who was about to use her spiritual perception to lock onto the formless presence in the shadow, was taken aback.

Just then, Camus and Rhea ran to the corresponding window and called out to Amandina,

“We're here to protect you!”

“We have enough self-control.”

After assessing the number and strength of the two sides, Amandina asked skeptically, “Why aren't you affected?”

As she spoke, she locked onto the formless entity in the shadow, believing it to be the strongest among the opposing group—the adventurer, Louis Berry. If she discovered anything amiss and something went awry, controlling Louis Berry first would effectively increase her chances of escape.

Lumian's body emerged from the shadows.

He glanced at Lugano, who had regained consciousness and stood up, and inwardly praised Amandina's keen spiritual perception. Then, he smiled at Amandina and said, “Surely you've noticed that we've been entering and exiting this house frequently over the past few days?

“What about you? How are you able to maintain your normal self-control?”

Amandina glanced at the house beside her, no longer puzzled by Lumian and the others' ability to remain lucid and rational.

She pursed her lips and said, "Robert took me on a date to Twanaku's place. I spent half the night here."

Camus's heart ached as he blurted out, "Robert knows what's special about this place?"

Amandina nodded nimbly.

"He knows the Dream Festival very well."

"What's his relationship with Twanaku?" Lumian asked thoughtfully.

Amandina pondered for a moment.

"I don't know. At the very least, I haven't noticed any romantic tension between them or any interactions."

What do you mean by romantic tension? Lumian didn't directly inquire about Mr. Robert's knowledge of the Dream Festival. Instead, he asked something else.

"Are you a Beyonder of the Evernight pathway?"

Amandina blinked and hesitantly said, "In a way..."

Upstairs, Camus inquired with concern, "Where did you obtain the potion formula and the corresponding ingredients?"

As they conversed, various movements and shouts echoed from the plantations outside the town and throughout the town.

Amandina's eyes darted around as she grinned and said, "Can I choose not to answer?"

"What do you think?" Lumian smiled at her.

Amandina didn't back down. She raised her head slightly and stared into Lumian's eyes without flinching.

She noticed that his smile remained unchanged, and his emerald-green yet deep eyes remained emotionless.

After more than ten seconds, Amandina averted her gaze and tilted her head slightly.

"I obtained it in this dream."

Camus, who was on the third floor, was taken aback. "You obtained it during the Dream Festival?"

He could understand obtaining a potion formula during the Dream Festival. While knowledge gains could be replicated in reality, could Beyonder ingredients used to concoct potions be brought from the dream to reality?

Could it be that after consuming a potion during the Dream Festival, one could also remain a Beyonder upon waking?

This subverted much of mysticism's common sense!

Without waiting for Amandina's confirmation, Camus thought of a possibility.

He immediately asked Amandina, "Are you a Beyonder only in this dream?"

Amandina wanted to play dumb, but after glancing at Louis Berry, who was looking at her with a faint smile, she said gloomily, "It's the same in reality, but I don't have many chances to showcase it."

How is this possible? Camus gazed down at Amandina, suspecting that the mystical knowledge he had encountered since childhood was inaccurate.

He had considered the possibility that Amandina was lying, but he wasn't willing to doubt this girl who held a special place in his heart.

At that moment, Lumian spoke calmly to Amandina, his expression unperturbed, "You haven't consumed a potion, have you?"

Amandina's expression shifted slightly. She puffed up her cheeks and muttered, "Why are you still asking me if you already know..."

Haven't consumed a potion? Camis, Rhea, and Lugano were taken aback, but as they recalled their encounters, they gained a better understanding of Amandina's situation.

It's indeed a boon, but I'm not sure how it was accomplished... Lumian silently smiled as Camus nervously asked Amandina, "Which evil god deceived you?"

Amandina was bewildered. "Evil god? What evil god?"

Before Camus could explain, Lumian asked thoughtfully,

"How did you obtain these supernatural abilities?"

Amandina scoffed.

"Why should I tell you?"

In the next moment, she saw Louis Berry reveal a smile that inexplicably terrified her.

It's—it's Robert," Amandina said with a shiver. "He took me into the forest outside and led me to a huge black stone. He asked me to place my hand on it.

"And then you became a Beyonder?" Lugano interrupted Amandina with surprise and curiosity, failing to abide by his duty as a servant.

Amandina shook her head.

"Then I fell asleep—in the dream. When I woke up, I had superpowers."

Is Robert also a Beyonder? Did he obtain his powers through the same method?" Camus pressed.

Amandina let out a soft sigh and said, "He's a Beyonder, but I don't know if he obtained his abilities the same way. He brought me on a date here. Before entering this dream, he was already a Beyonder."

Black boulder... Lumian emerged from the ground floor of Hisoka's house and asked Amandina with a smile, "Where's Robert? He's not having a date with you here?"

Amandina's expression shifted between anger and amusement as she replied, "He wanted to visit his other lover before coming to me."

“He has another lover? Who?” Camus asked, suddenly angry.

Amandina's eyes darted around, and she hesitated for a moment with a strange expression.

“Padre Cali.”

“Uh...”

Huh?” Camus, Rhea, and Lugano couldn't help but exclaim in shock and confusion.

Even someone as well-read as Lumian couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

Amandina spread her hands and said, “He does like women, but he prefers men.

“He said he brought me into the dream to obtain superpowers because he felt guilty towards me. He was also grateful that I was willing to help him keep it a secret and not break off the engagement, continuing to go out with him, make out with him, protecting his image even after knowing his other side.”

At that moment, Camus and Rhea remained silent, but Lumian sensed the same meaning in their eyes.

You Intisians...

Amused, Lumian asked Amandina, “And you can accept that?”

Amandina pondered seriously. “Why not? As a marriage partner, Robert excels in status, wealth, strength, looks, and skills. In the Southern Continent, there aren't many better choices. Besides, we did have a beautiful relationship. He does love me, but he also loves Padre Cali.”

Amandina smiled at Lumian and said, “He also promised me more freedom.”

Upon hearing Amandina's response and looking at the youthful and beautiful girl, Camus, who was on the third floor, suddenly felt a pang of sorrow.

A certain beauty in his heart shattered.

Lumian glanced up at him and scoffed inwardly.

Hadn't he been mentally prepared to see the other side of Amandina? Amandina managed to express herself succinctly in a very self-controlled manner without demonstrating it.

Perhaps Amandina had deliberately said so much in front of Camus to prevent him from loving her out of pity.

Lumian turned to Amandina.

“In other words, Robert is currently in Saint-Sien Cathedral?”

“Yes.” Amandina nodded.

Lumian tersely acknowledged her words and spoke in a commanding tone, “Then let's pay him and Padre Cali a 'visit..”

Amandina hesitated for a few seconds before saying, “You've already cornered me. What choice do I have?”

Her eyes flickered with an inexplicable excitement and curiosity as she spoke.

Her words seemed to convey a different message: I didn't want to. I had no intention of doing so. You forced me to go to Saint-Sien Cathedral! Hurry, let's go!

Are you trying to “broaden your horizons?” Lumian criticized but didn't expose her.

He pointed at Hisoka's house and said, “Before heading to Saint-Sien Cathedral, let's check this place first.”

Amandina tersely acknowledged his words.

“Are you trying to find the source of its uniqueness?”

“Give up. I checked during the last Dream Festival and just now, but I found nothing.”

As she spoke, she followed Lumian at a brisk pace, anticipating what this seemingly formidable adventurer would discover.

Lumian reached the second floor of Hisoka's house, where Camus and Rhea were already waiting.

Surveying every corner, Lumian casually asked Amandina, “Are you familiar with Twanaku?”

Amandina wasn't surprised by the question. Since she was searching for the source of the abnormality in Twanaku's residence, she couldn't avoid gaining a better understanding of his situation. She shook her head and said,

“I'm not familiar with him. I've only encountered him once or twice.

“I was just a child when he lived in Tizamo. Most of the time, I studied at the Iris Grammar School in Port Pylos. Later, he only returned to Tizamo two or three times a year—spending a week each time.”

It was evident that Amandina had secretly learned about Twanaku. After all, she had only entered the special dream because she had slept in his house. She had even remained fully lucid during the Dream Festival.

Without waiting for Lumian to ask a new question, Amandina glanced at him and added, “Twanaku returns every year for the Dream Festival.

“Last year, during the Dream Festival, when Robert and I returned from the black stone, we noticed someone approaching. We hid behind giant trees on both sides of the path and saw that it was Twanaku.”

Twanaku is indeed connected to the black boulder. There are even traces of him or marks formed by extreme emotions and desires there... Lumian turned to Camus, who was watching him and Amandina stroll around the second floor, and pondered for a moment.

“Which month did Twanaku's house burn down, killing all his family members?”

Without waiting for Camus's response, Amandina exclaimed excitedly, “I know, I know!”

Yes, I'm asking you. Do you think I don't know when Twanaku transmigrated? Lumian smiled at Amandina, signaling her to respond.

He had a clear and detailed understanding of Twanaku's matters on the surface. He had deliberately asked Camus to elicit Amandina's answer.

He wanted to see if she would lie and if she had any further information.

Amandina said smugly, "Late December. It should be a few days after the Dream Festival."

As far as they knew, the Twanaku family likely perished during the Dream Festival. Upon returning to reality, their fates began to unravel, and they were taken away by the fiery disaster. The question is, why did this house leave behind an abnormality? What happened to the Twanaku family back then, or what had they done? As the bestowed of the Inevitability domain, Lumian found a term that was very Inevitability-like to summarize the phenomenon of those who died for various reasons in the next three months after dying in the Dream Festival and returning to reality.

Reining in fate!

Of course, he couldn't be certain that death in the Dream Festival would lead to death in reality. However, judging from Amandina's expression and tone, Lumian believed that she thought the same.

After searching the second floor and finding no differences from reality, Lumian ascended the stairs to the third floor. Amandina followed closely, her excitement showing that she finally had a chance to do what a Beyonder should do.

Lumian glanced at her and casually asked, "What left an impression on you during last year's Dream Festival?"

Amandina's excited expression darkened, as if she had been reminded of something unpleasant.

She covered her mouth and nose. After a few seconds, she said, "Robert and I discovered numerous cruelly murdered individuals in the town and various plantations. Their stomachs were ripped open, and their internal organs were removed. They wore pained expressions, as if they had been tortured to death..."

"Serial Killer?" Camus, who had been listening intently to Louis Berry and Amandina's conversation, blurted out.

This reminded him of Twanaku.

Was this Desire Apostle venting his murderous desires during the Dream Festival to show restraint normally?

So that's how it is... Lumian roughly understood how Hisoka's advancement ritual had been completed.

Following the ritual, Hisoka had killed enough people in this realistic dream and devoured their internal organs. When he returned to reality, these people died one after another. From fate's perspective, they had indeed perished because of Hisoka's murder. This fulfilled the core requirements of the ritual. Hisoka only needed to truly devour a portion of the victims' internal organs before they were buried. He should be able to complete the ritual, consume the potion, and advance to Desire Apostle.

In reality, completing a series of murders and stealing a corpse's internal organs were two entirely different matters!

What puzzled Lumian was that according to Devilology, such an advancement ritual required a three-day interval between killings. Otherwise, it was easy to lose control. The maximum interval couldn't exceed nine days, or the ritual would reset.

Hisoka had clearly used the Dream Festival to complete all the killings in one night. When he returned to reality and the primitive tribe attacked, all the “condemned” people died on the same day. It didn't drag on until the next month. Lumian believed that it was due to the April Fool's prank. They had taken advantage of the chaos to send the deceased, whom the primitive tribe couldn't eliminate in time, to hell. This could be confirmed by the statements of the peripheral members of April Fool's.

In other words, the interval of no more than nine days was satisfied, but Lumian didn't know how Hisoka had achieved the criteria of exceeding three days.

Had he used the dream's uniqueness to avoid the three-day interval? When he killed someone in the dream, it hadn't been reflected in reality, so he wouldn't lose control so easily? As Lumian pondered Hisoka's advancement ritual, he circled the rooms on the third floor.

After searching the room where Twanaku slept, he smiled at Amandina and said, “Apart from the serial murders, what else did you encounter?”

Amandina pursed her lips and furrowed her brow. After a brief struggle, she grumbled, “If I cooperate, will I be awarded a medal when I return to reality?”

Her father, Petit, had once received the Legion of Honor medal from Intis, so he was made a knight.

Without waiting for Lumian's response, Amandina continued, “I also encountered a woman who seemed like a lunatic.

“Back then, I wanted to visit the Brieu Motel to see how the gentlemen and ladies hunting in Tizamo would react in such a dream. I was looking forward to seeing their other side.

“When I reached one of the rooms, I heard a few people singing a strange song. Then, the crazy woman appeared behind Robert and me. She remained lucid.

“She was quite beautiful, but she was very crazy. Back then, I was like a child with a new toy. I always wanted to test my abilities. I felt that with Robert's cooperation, I could easily deal with most Beyonders. One controlled, and the other attacked.

“In the end... she captured the two of us. Robert was knocked out, stripped naked, and hung from the bell tower with a bunch of mosquitoes released beside him. I-I was hung in a cesspit, descending bit by bit...”

At this point, Amandina appeared on the verge of vomiting.

In Tizamo, other than the Brieu Motel, Saint-Sien Cathedral, the police headquarters, and a few other places, no one used a flush toilet.

Camus couldn't help but sympathize with Amandina as he imagined such a scene.

Mad Lady? Were the ones singing the peripheral members of April Fool's who participated in the Tizamo prank? Lumian circled the third-floor rooms and smiled at Amandina.

“And then?”

Amandina took a deep breath and said, “She also asked me why I stayed lucid. After I told her about Robert and Padre Cali, she happily ran to Saint-Sien Cathedral and completely forgot about me. After that, I gradually escaped my predicament.”

With a nod, Lumian replied, “Let's go to Saint-Sien Cathedral now.”

He planned to consider using the Mystery Prying Glasses and the Eye of Truth in Hisoka's house in the dream after obtaining more information from Padre Cali and Robert.

“Alright.” Amandina tried her best to appear less eager, but she really wanted to see how Robert, her fiancé, interacted with Padre Cali.

The five of them left Hisoka's house and hurried towards Saint-Sien Cathedral. Lumian didn't use teleportation because he didn't want to waste his spirituality. He couldn't carry anyone with him in his flaming spear form either.

Fortunately, Tizamo wasn't large. They quickly followed the shadows by the roadside and returned to the intersection where the Brieu Motel stood amidst various cries.

Lumian pointed at the Brieu Motel and warned Amandina, “Don't go to the second floor of the Brieu Motel. Trust me, it'll be even more terrifying than what that crazy woman put you through.”

Amandina's eyes narrowed as she said, “Okay.”

The five of them turned onto another street, passing through the Bunia café, the police headquarters, and a small square before arriving outside Saint-Sien Cathedral.

Lumian wasn't in a hurry to enter. He circled to the side, pried open a stained-glass window, and peered inside.

He and Amandina, who had gathered beside him, nearly went “blind.”

In the cathedral's hall, a handful of naked men knelt before the Eternal Blazing Sun's altar. They were all from the Northern Continent, including Amandina's fiancé, Robert.

Padre Cali, also naked, paced back and forth between Robert and the others with an excited expression, reciting, “He walks in the light, He sheds warmth, He illuminates the world...”

With each line, Padre Cali seemed to grow more animated, exhilarated in various ways.

## Chapter 678: Absurd Orgy

Amandina scrutinized the naked preacher, Cali, from head to toe. Her gaze eventually settled on Robert, her fiancé, kneeling beside him.



The lad with brownish-yellow hair, his skin pale-white as if he had not been exposed to the sun for a long time, had abandoned his usual cold demeanor. He was equally excited, but he controlled himself and patiently waited for the padre to complete his preaching.

The other naked men grew increasingly restless, gradually stirring.

However, it was evident that they held Padre Cali in high esteem. Despite their disintegrating self-control, they refrained from directly initiating the orgy, only occasionally making small movements.

If God were watching, He would have incinerated all of them... As a believer in the Eternal Blazing Sun, Amandina subconsciously wanted to kneel to the side and bow her head in repentance. What a blasphemous scene!

Holding the open Sun Bible, Padre Cali continued to impart the teachings of the Eternal Blazing Sun to the naked men with an abnormally excited expression.

“God says, the sun shines justly upon everyone...”

During the preaching, Padre Cali's gaze frequently swept across Robert and the other purebreds of the Northern Continent, their faces, chests, and lower bodies. His expression revealed uncontrollable satisfaction, pleasure, and enjoyment.

Lumian had always felt that he was well-read. In the past, he had disrupted the Church's holy operations, but the scene before him still exceeded his imagination, leaving him momentarily dumbfounded.

Are the padres of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church among the most “outstanding” Intisians?

In an instant, information about Padre Cali and the observations of the past few days appeared in Lumian's mind.

He's a native of Port Pylos, possessing pure West Balam bloodline and a lowly native of the Southern Continent. Starting as a cathedral servant, he had seized the opportunity to change his fate. Subsequently, he had worked diligently and eventually became the padre of Tizamo Town.

He yearns for higher status and more recognition, especially from those hailing from the Northern Continent...

Such long-standing desires have distorted the desires of Padre Cali. Is he secretly targeting men from various countries in the Northern Continent, attempting to subdue them and gain his sought-after recognition?

Robert and the others are clearly relatively young. If Padre Cali had started doing such things a few years ago, they would still have been minors with immature minds. Tsk, you padres... As Lumian analyzed the current situation, he thought of his sister Aurore.

In Cordu, he had not liked entering the cathedral, attending Mass, or praying often. On the one hand, Aurore did not like it herself and set an example. On the other hand, Aurore had always been worried that Lumian, who was only twelve or thirteen years old at the beginning, would be alone with the clergyman in the cathedral. From time to time, she would use words like “Boys have to protect themselves” and “Many padres like boys.”

Suppressing his sudden longing, Lumian looked at Padre Cali, who was still engrossed in his preaching. The more he preached, the more excited he became. Lumian felt that his analysis should be correct.

A lengthy holy sermon before a male orgy was clearly not something an ordinary person could come up with and put into practice. It was abnormally absurd.

However, considering that Padre Cali yearned for the Northern Continent gentlemen's recognition, especially given his identity as the Eternal Blazing Sun Church's padre, all of this became self-explanatory!

Poor Eternal Blazing Sun and Saint Sien. They have become an important prop for Padre Cali's performance art... Just as Lumian thought this, Padre Cali finally completed his "exciting" sermon.

He spread his arms and shouted, "Praise the Sun!"

Robert and the other lads, equally excited and naked, knelt on the ground, spread their arms, and sang in unison, "Praise the Sun! Praise His Grace!"

The Sun does not wish to be praised by you... His Grace... Yes, it aligns with the aspirations of Padre Cali for higher status. In this male orgy, he made all participants view him as an archbishop and preached to them... Finally, he would bestow the boon of God's holy spirit on these people? Lumian seemed to be able to imagine the ensuing scene.

Padre Cali turned around in satisfaction and solemnly placed the Bible back on the altar.

Then, he approached Robert, resembling an archbishop bestowing grace upon his believers.

The other men tangled with each other.

Camus, Rhea, and Lugano, who were observing the cathedral through another stained-glass window, were equally stunned.

In particular, Rhea felt as if her eyes, brain, and soul had been tainted despite all her tragic experiences.

Upon regaining her senses, Rhea's anger surged.

Beside her, Lumian recalled a detail. He lowered his voice and asked Amandina, "When did Robert become lovers with Padre Cali?"

Amandina retracted her corrupted gaze and pondered for a moment.

"More than a year after Padre Cali arrived in Tizamo, about three years ago."

Lumian frowned and asked, "Did they become lovers in reality, or during the Dream Festival?"

"Of course in reality," Amandina replied without hesitation.

Something's off... Padre Cali had been in Tizamo for over a year. He should have mellowed, turned restrained, and been devoid of excessive desires and emotions. Why was he still targeting Robert and the other lads? From the looks of it, there is something abnormal about Padre Cali, and this abnormality should have been related to the source of the Dream Festival. That is why he had declared its beginning... Just as Lumian thought this, he saw Rhea raise her bow angrily and aim it at the cathedral, where the scene was becoming increasingly unbearable and foul.

Almost simultaneously, the energetic Padre Cali turned his body.

Suddenly, Lumian, with one hand in his pocket, saw the native padre with dark brown skin, sunken eyes, and thin black hair. His naked figure was reflected in Lumian's eyes.

He felt a chilling aura emanating from Padre Cali's body, attempting to completely freeze and replace his spirit.

Wraith Possession!

So, Padre Cali possesses the ability to transform into a Wraith. It is no wonder that when 1 investigated his weaknesses, 1 realized that it only existed deep within the body, within the spirit... Heh heh, a Wraith preaching in the Eternal Blazing Sun cathedral and under the sunlight... Who would have thought such a thing would happen? Padre Cali's Wraith powers definitely had not come from drinking potions. They would definitely have been discovered and purified... A boon? Lumian came to a realization.

Relying on the strength of his Sequence 5 Spirit Body, Lumian struggled to wrestle control of his body from Padre Cali.

He was not in a hurry to activate the Blood Emperor's aura brand. Instead, he looked at Amandina and said with difficulty, word by word, "Let... me... and... Cali... enter a dream..."

Lumian knew that Amandina's ability to forcefully pull people into a dream could only be used one-on-one. However, Padre Cali was currently attached to him and entangled with his Spirit Body. Perhaps she could treat them as a unit.

As for whether Wraiths dreamed, Lumian did not know for now. After all, he still had a backup plan.

With a resounding crash, Rhea's arrow shattered the stained-glass window, sending shards crashing to the ground.

The arrow, entwined with silver-white lightning, crossed a distance of more than ten meters, pierced the location where Padre Cali had been, and nailed it to the wooden table with the candlestick.

Amidst crackling lightning, the long wooden table shattered and collapsed to the ground, sending burning candles tumbling in all directions.

Robert, clearly taken aback by the sudden departure of Padre Cali, reacted. He opened his mouth and uttered strange words in a strange language.

Coo! As if a cold wind from the Feysac Empire's extreme north blew, a blurry, strange, and inhuman figure materialized out of thin air and burrowed into Robert's body.

A layer of armor-like ice materialized on Robert's body, and a colossal, sharp, and crystalline frost scythe materialized in his hand.

Clutching the massive scythe, Robert sprinted toward Rhea, Camus, and the others.

Wherever he passed, the ground froze, and icicles materialized on the walls.

On the fourth floor of the Brieu Motel, in a room near the intersection, two figures emerged from behind the curtains as Lumian and his companions made their way to the street where Saint-Sien Cathedral stood.

One of them was a man with distinct Northern Continent features. His dark-green eyes stood out against his dark gray formal suit and black silk top hat. The other was a woman with delicate skin, exquisite facial features, and deep blue eyes. She wore a light-colored dress that allowed for easy movement and a feathered hat adorned with pearls. They were the couple Lumian had seen moving into the Brieu Motel late at night.

They had arrived in Tizamo a mere ten minutes before the official Dream Festival began.

At that moment, the man and woman's eyes were clear, devoid of any excessive emotions or actions.

“The patrol team's sudden arrival in Tizamo is indeed because they discovered the problem here,” the beautiful woman said in a deep voice, gazing out the window at the street below. “From the looks of it, they've also found a way to remain lucid and rational in this special dream.”

The man's expression was cold as he nodded slightly and said, “But they don't know much yet. They're moving in the wrong direction.”

“Let's get moving.” The woman in the feathered hat led the way to the door.

The two of them descended the stairs swiftly, one after the other.

As they passed the second floor, the woman in the light-colored dress suddenly stopped and whispered, “Do you hear something strange?”

The man in the half top hat listened intently for a few seconds before hearing faint chewing sounds coming from a room deep on the second floor.

The sound persisted without pause..

## Chapter 679 Spirit Medium

Seeing Robert, clad in ice armor and dragging a frost scythe, sprinting towards the stained-glass window facing him, Rhea, and Lugano, Camus immediately drew his custom-made revolver and aimed it ahead.

At that moment, his feet turned cold, and his body froze, causing his joints to become sluggish and his wrists to tremble.

From the corner of his eye, Camus observed that although Robert hadn't truly approached, the frost on the ground and the icicles on the wall had already reached him.

Within a radius of ten to twenty meters, the chill intensified, resembling the extreme north.

With a swoosh, Rhea shot another arrow entwined with silver lightning.

Robert didn't dodge or evade. Exerting strength in his arms, he swung the frosty scythe forward.

Clang!

The scythe knocked away the arrow, leaving behind a small amount of lightning that raced towards Robert's body.

Amidst the sizzling sounds, Robert felt numb for a moment before continuing to sprint towards Rhea and the others.

Camus was taken aback.

He wasn't surprised that Robert could control the frost scythe so effortlessly and create a considerable frozen domain. Instead, he was surprised that Robert had rushed up to him and was about to enter a five-meter range.

Doesn't he know about my Psychic Piercing ability?

Doesn't he realize that Psychic Piercing's effective range is five meters?

Could it be that he has never encountered or fought a Mid-Sequence Beyonder of the Arbiter pathway?

That's true, Camus thought. No one in the patrol team or the Admiral Guard knows that Robert and Miss Amandina are Beyonders. After obtaining Beyonder powers during the Dream Festival, they probably don't use them much in the outside world. They can only unleash their full potential during the annual Dream Festival. There aren't many Beyonder enemies to choose from...

As these thoughts raced through Camus's mind, he seized the opportunity. As Robert stepped within five meters, his eyes lit up with brilliant lightning.

Psychic Piercing!

Two bolts of lightning shot out and pierced Robert's head.

Robert let out a blood-curdling scream and tumbled forward, writhing in pain.

He had tossed the frost scythe aside.

Rhea's arrow was once again nocked to the bowstring, instinctively following Robert's roll. Fury blazed in her eyes, erupting from within her body, and her muscles bulged with the surge of power.

Raging Blow.

This was the Raging Blow Rhea had accumulated through her anger.

It came from Sequence 8 Folk of Rage from the Sailor pathway. By releasing accumulated anger, her attack was greatly enhanced.

Rhea was currently at this Sequence, but the hunting bow in her hand was a powerful Beyonder item. It was a formidable weapon she had spent all her savings on before arriving in Tizamo. It was called Thunderclap Explosion and could be used for two years.

Soon, Robert ceased his tumbling, but he couldn't shake off the intense pain caused by Psychic Piercing. He froze in place for a moment.

Without hesitation, Rhea watched the arrow, engulfed in dazzling lightning, and released her grip on the bowstring.

The arrow shot out, but the lightning on it strangely split into two. One continued to ensnare the arrow, while the other darted to the right.

Wh— Rhea's pupils dilated, unable to comprehend why such a thing had occurred.

Instinctively, she turned her head and followed the separated bolt of lightning to its destination.

Then, she saw Louis Berry leaning against the window, his eyes tightly shut as he slid down.

A few seconds ago, upon hearing Louis Berry's words, Amandina had locked onto him with a mix of confusion and excitement.

Since you said it, I won't stand on ceremony!

In her spiritual perception, Louis Berry's soul was intertwined with the sinister soul, fiercely resisting while using various parts of his body as a battlefield. However, the owner of the body was clearly at a disadvantage.

Amandina couldn't separate them under such circumstances.

She vaguely understood why Louis Berry had instructed her to lock onto the other party's head and entangled soul with her spirituality.

Lumian, who had Amandina use her abilities, stammered as he struggled to move his left hand in his pocket.

His left hand wasn't in his trouser pocket or shirt pocket, but in his Traveler's Bag.

After arriving outside Saint-Sien Cathedral and prying open the stained-glass window, Lumian had inserted his left hand into his Traveler's Bag, ready to retrieve a suitable mystical item at any moment.

He was preparing for the impending battle.

If this wasn't a dream, he would likely have his hand in his left shirt pocket—where Mr. K's finger was.

Before being fully controlled by the Wraith, Lumian relied on the strength of a Reaper's soul to struggle and retrieve a brooch from his Traveler's Bag.

It was the grayish-white, lightning-shaped brooch known as Fury of the Sea!

Lumian gripped the brooch tightly and observed Amandina leaning against the wall. She clenched her fists and closed her eyes.

His thoughts suddenly blurred, and his eyelids grew heavy.

He fell asleep and slowly slid down the wall.

Padre Cali fell silent in his body.

The Wraith appeared to be asleep as well. It was unknown if he would fall asleep on his own or if he was affected by the negative effect of now possessing a body.

Amandina opened her eyes and was delighted to see this. She wanted to praise herself.

With a crackling sound, the bolt of lightning detached from Rhea's arrow struck Lumian, transforming into numerous tiny electric serpents that slithered around him.

This was the downside of the Fury of the Sea brooch!

Even if Lumian only carried it, there was a high chance of being struck by lightning when he went out in the rain. And if he wore it without attacking anyone else, the likelihood of encountering such a thing would significantly increase.

Lumian believed that since the Fury of the Sea brooch had a chance of attracting lightning strikes on a rainy day, it held a special allure for lightning.

In such a situation, although it wasn't raining, what if there was another source of lightning nearby? What would happen?

There was a high chance that it would attract a portion of someone else's lightning!

Stimulated by the pain of the electric shock, Lumian, no longer affected by the Nightmare ability, snapped out of his dream. He regained his senses, but his body remained numb.

He experienced this, as did Padre Cali.

As soon as the Wraith regained consciousness, he instinctively detached from Lumian's body to distance himself from the harm of the electric current.

His face materialized on the nearest pane of glass, his form indistinct.

Seizing the moment, Lumian donned the grayish-white, lightning-shaped brooch and retrieved his revolver from his Traveler's Bag.

He raised his right hand, aiming at Wraith Cali, who remained in a daze. The Wraith's various colors reflected in Lumian's determined eyes.

The pallor rapidly expanded in Lumian's line of sight.

Bang!

Lumian calmly pulled the trigger, firing a yellow bullet.

As he did so, silver-white lightning flickered on the Fury of the Sea brooch, instantly entering the bullet and wrapping around its surface.

This was one of the brooch's abilities. It could grant the wearer an Electric Shock effect with every strike!

After temporarily losing the Pride Armor, this had become one of Lumian's most effective methods against soul-type creatures.

The yellow bullet, engulfed in silver-white lightning, struck the stained glass, shattering it and sending tiny electric currents in all directions.

However, it missed Padre Cali. As Lumian pulled the trigger, the Wraith vanished from the glass and instantly leaped onto the glass-like surface of the crystal chandelier high above the cathedral.

Mirror Blink!

On the other side, Rhea's arrow struck Robert with precision, emitting a resounding bang like a heavy object colliding.

Crack!

The ice armor covering Robert's body instantly cracked, shattering into fragments that fell to the ground.

Under the assault of crackling electric serpents, the blurry shadow attached to his body broke free and vanished into the void.

With the ice armor shielding him from most of the damage, Robert remained relatively unaffected. However, his chest tightened, and his body briefly went numb.

At that moment, he regretted not wearing clothes. The various ingredients needed for his spirit channeling were hidden in his clothes, such as Full Moon Essence Oil or Corpse Incense Medication.

There were very few spirits that could allow him to communicate safely without the use of materials. The one just now was the most powerful.

Seeing Camus's special revolver and Rhea's arrows aimed at him, Robert grew anxious. He thought of a spirit channeling method that could be completed under such circumstances.

Frowning and fearing the pain, he bit the tip of his tongue.

Pfft!

He spat out the blood from the tip of his tongue mixed with his saliva, emitting a strange sound from his throat.

A pair of weathered, stone-like hands reached out from beneath the cathedral's stone bricks, seized Robert's body, and pulled him underground.

At some point in time, the ground had softened like a swamp, and the blood in the air abruptly vanished.

Camus's bullets and Rhea's arrows arrived one after another, but they only caused sparks on the stone bricks on the ground.

Spirit Medium? Camus used this opportunity to revise his judgment of Robert's pathway and Sequence.

He's actually not from the same pathway as Miss Amandina?

Hadn't he also obtained his superpowers from the black boulder?

Camus hastily took a few steps back, retrieved a cartridge bag, and began reloading the revolver.

As a member of Matani's authorities, obtaining Beyonder bullets with different effects was relatively easy, even though the patrol team wasn't wealthy or had much accumulation. After all, there was the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, the God of Steam and Machinery Church, the Church of Earth Mother, and numerous adventurers coming and going. Furthermore, the patrol team needed to be vigilant against certain branches of the Rose School of Thought and the Numinous Episcopate. They had to make targeted preparations.

Camus swiftly inserted the golden Purifying Bullets into the revolver's cylinder and snapped it shut.

At that moment, Padre Cali, who had leaped onto another stained glass window, reappeared.

He opened his mouth and emitted a piercing shriek that harmed one's eardrums and Spirit Body.



“Ah!”

Wraith Shriek!

## Chapter 680 Combat Experience

Camus, who had just loaded the Purifying Bullets into his revolver cylinder, heard a sharp sound of static in his mind.

Before his eyes, the world seemed to separate from him, a chunk of transparent glass forming a barrier between him and reality. Under the Wraith's Shriek, cracks appeared on the glass, extending into the Spirit Body.

A faint shattering sound reverberated in the ears of Lumian, Rhea, Lugano, Amandina, Robert, who had just crawled out of the ground near the altar, and the other naked men frantically dodging. It brought sharp pain to their eardrums, blood to their noses, and agony from the depths of their souls.

Almost everyone froze in place, like fragile porcelain caught in an invisible storm.

The naked men, who appeared ordinary, fainted without a sound. Blood seeped from their eyes, nostrils, mouths, ears, and skin. However, Lumian, who had advanced to Sequence 5 Reaper, suffered the least damage and recovered the fastest.

Thin ice crystal arrows shot at him, their arrowheads flickering with a cold light.

In an instant, Lumian made a decision.

He didn't transform into a shadow creature or enter the shadows to dodge the damage, nor did he attempt to duck.

Instead, blazing white flames ignited over his body.

He transformed into a burning-white spear and hurled himself towards the stained-glass window closer to the door, facing the ice crystal arrows.

Padre Cali, with his dark brown skin and sinister expression, stood there.

Amandina was the second to recover from the Wraith's Shriek. She witnessed the majestic blazing-white flaming spear collide with the ice crystal arrows hurtling towards them.

Silently, a portion of the ice crystal arrows facing the blazing-white flaming spear evaporated into sizzling white gas, while the surrounding ones quickly melted and turned to steam.

White mist caused by water steam filled the air. Although the blazing white flaming spear had dimmed significantly and stopped burning violently, it still pierced through and headed straight for the stained glass that revealed Padre Cali's figure.

Similar ice crystal arrows pierced through the white mist, striking Amandina, Camus, Rhea, and Lugano. However, they either melted or shrunk significantly, reducing their speed.

Amandina and Camus, who had just escaped the Wraith's Shriek, easily dodged. Although Rhea and Lugano couldn't react in time and were hit by the ice crystal arrows, they only felt a slight pain, as if a child had hit them with a snowball. It was a little painful, but mostly wet and cold.

They seized the opportunity to snap out of their daze, almost at the same time as Robert at the altar.

Crack!

The blazing-white flaming spear struck the stained glass, shattering it into countless pieces. However, Padre Cali had already leaped onto the window that Lumian had pried open, narrowly escaping the attack.

As the flames of the burning white spear dissipated, Lumian's figure emerged from the fading light. Without hesitation, he ignited white flames once more, transforming into a majestic spear that shot towards the window where Padre Cali had appeared, determined to pursue his enemy.

He deliberately refrained from teleporting and repeatedly transformed into a flaming spear, hoping to lull Padre Cali into overlooking such possibilities. Then, at a critical moment, he would unexpectedly appear beside him and use the Spell of Harrumph, catching the Wraith off guard.

Otherwise, it would be challenging to catch a Wraith that could constantly jump through mirrored objects, using them as portals to evade capture.

Furthermore, Lumian knew that Wraiths could be considered spirit world creatures to a certain extent. They could also use the spirit world to complete teleportation, although they couldn't compare to spirit world creatures specialized in this area. Nevertheless, it wasn't an ability to be underestimated.

As the fireball spear hurtled toward the window Lumian had pried open, Robert rolled to the side of the altar where their clothes were, intending to retrieve the ingredients used for spirit channeling.

Swoosh!

An arrow pierced the stone bricks in front of him, forcing him to change the direction of his roll at the last moment, narrowly avoiding the projectile.

As soon as Rhea regained her composure, she aimed at Robert and launched an attack.

Both she and Camus believed that Louis Berry could handle Padre Cali on his own, so their mission was to restrain Robert and capture this key figure, preventing him from interfering in the battle.

As a gunshot rang out, Padre Cali's figure vanished from the stained-glass window, leaving no trace of his presence.

The eyes of Amandina, who was nearby, reflected the image of the naked fallen padre.

Amandina wanted to resist, but her body quickly turned cold, gradually defying her will as an unknown force took control of her actions.

Amidst the sloshing sounds, Lumian's blazing-white flaming spear pierced through the stained glass and landed outside the cathedral, three to four meters away from Amandina, its heat radiating in the cool night air.

As the flames dissipated, Lumian appeared, clad in a golden straw hat, a white shirt, and a black vest.

At that moment, Amandina's hands had already "involuntarily" risen. The corners of her beautiful face curled into a sinister and smug smile.

Come on!

Attack me!

Amandina would be the first to be injured and die. If the body can't protect me, I can still jump and shift positions in time!

Padre Cali was wary of Amandina's ability to forcefully pull people into dreams, a power that could easily turn the tide of battle. This time, he chose to possess her instead of Louis Berry, an enemy at a higher Sequence, hoping to use her as a shield against Lumian's attacks.

As Padre Cali manipulated Amandina's body with a sinister and smug smile, he saw Louis Berry's lips curve into a radiant smile.

As a Wraith, Padre Cali had a strong spiritual premonition, and he suddenly sensed extreme danger.

“Ha!”

A pale-yellow light burst forth from Lumian's laughter and landed on Amandina, who stood three to four meters away, enveloping her spirit and Padre Cali, who couldn't use Mirror Blink in time.

Lumian honestly found it a pleasant surprise.

You know about Nightmare's abilities, but don't you know how to guard against the Spell of Harrumph?

Oh, you really don't. You don't know this ability, nor do you know that I'm capable of it.

However, as a Wraith, you can continuously “mirror- jump,” yet you insist on attaching yourself to one of my teammates and remain within a few meters of me. What kind of belief is this?

Don't you have enough combat experience?

Even if you didn't know the Spell of Harrumph, you have to guard against abilities like Psychic Piercing!

Oh, you think Camus is far away, so there's no need to worry about it. As a Sequence 5 of the Hunter pathway, how would I know this? Are you hoping to use me to quickly kill Amandina?

Haven't you considered the existence of mystical items?

My original plan was if I failed to finish you off after using teleportation to deliver the Spell of Harrumph and Cull, I would feign a strategic retreat and find a small space to set up the Bottle of Fiction. Then, when you caught up, I would fight you in a cramped and sealed space, just like how I dealt with Hisoka back then. To my surprise, you delivered yourself to me...

As Lumian criticized wildly, Padre Cali and Amandina fainted and collapsed to the ground.

Had it been during his battle with Hisoka some time ago, Lumian would have hastened to follow through with the subsequent steps. This was because the Spell of Harrumph couldn't render a Sequence 5 enemy unconscious for long. However, now that he had advanced to Sequence 5, his Spell of Harrumph had become significantly stronger. The time he could control a Wraith had increased, although it was still limited to a few seconds.

Lumian retrieved a few special bullets from his Traveler's Bag. They had been purchased through Camus from the patrol team.

Two Exorcism and two Purification Bullets, both golden in color.

Lumian swiftly loaded the four bullets into the cylinder of his revolver and aimed at Amandina, who lay on the ground.

Catching sight of this from the corner of his eye, Camus jumped in fright and shouted, "What are you doing?"

"Saving her," Lumian replied calmly.

Then, he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The golden Exorcism Bullet struck Amandina's shoulder, causing her to bleed and emit a golden sunlight.

Amandina woke up in pain, and the apparition of Padre Cali detached from her body, his face warped under the "sunlight."

Originally, with the strength of the Exorcism Bullets, it would have been impossible to expel a Wraith from the victim's body in an instant. However, Padre Cali was unconscious and unable to react effectively.

Lumian raised his gun, his eyes reflecting the color on the surface of Padre Cali's Spirit Body. He locked onto the pallor that had become evident.

Bang!

A golden Purifying Bullet, imbued with Cull's power, struck the Wraith's forehead.

The apparition of Padre Cali froze as he "saw" the bullet shatter on its own, transforming into balls of golden holy flames that spread throughout his body, igniting dust and his soul.

The bright, sun-like golden flames swiftly enveloped Padre Cali, causing him to let out a tragic scream.

This wasn't a Wraith Shriek, but it still made everyone's heads and ears hurt.

Lumian endured these sensations and calmly said to Amandina,

"Drag him into a dream and inquire about the source of the Dream Festival."

Padre Cali had already been subjected to Cull and was severely weakened, teetering on the brink of true death. Amandina could effectively restrain him!

"But..." Amandina's shoulder and head ached, but she didn't dare complain when she saw Louis Berry's cold and calm expression.

Lumian turned to Lugano and said, "Treat her gunshot wound."

"Alright." Lugano winced from the pain in his eardrums, but he still rushed over.

At that moment, Padre Cali, purified by the Cull, instinctively withdrew from his Wraith state and transformed back into a human to escape the ongoing damage.

Seeing this, Amandina took a deep breath, clenched her fists, and closed her eyes.

She and Padre Cali entered the dream at the same time.

