

## Inevitability 681

Chapter 681 Tomb

Robert rejoiced that the two patrol team members dealing with him had also been affected by Padre Cali's scream.

He didn't know what had happened to his lover, nor could he confirm it. Enduring the swelling in his head and the pain in his eardrums, he rushed towards the altar.

Pfft!

Rhea's arrow struck the pile of clothes, but that wasn't Robert's destination—it was quite a distance away.

After landing on the ground, he rolled and hid behind the altar.

Rhea drew the bowstring again, but she didn't release the arrow immediately.

Robert's body was completely blocked by the altar, making it impossible for her to aim. As a devout believer of the Eternal Blazing Sun, it was also impossible for her to use the hunting bow's unique abilities together with Raging Blow to directly shatter the altar.

Witnessing this, Camus, knowing his revolver's power was insufficient, leaped over the shattered stained-glass window and sprinted towards the altar.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Rhea raised her hunting bow and shot an arrow wrapped in lightning into the air.

The arrow flew high into the air before swiftly descending, bypassing the altar's obstruction and landing behind it.

Since she hadn't been able to aim properly, the arrow grazed Robert's body and struck a crevice between two stone slabs. A sizzling electric current dissipated, creeping over Robert's body and temporarily paralyzing him.

After breaking free, Robert abandoned the idea of retrieving his spirit channeling ingredients. He had no intention of saving his lover, Padre Cali.

He planned to bite the tip of his tongue again and complete the spirit channeling. With the special ability of the natural spirit, he could escape back to his plantation, where he still had plenty of spirituality-rich ingredients for backup.

At that moment, from the corner of his eye, he caught sight of Camus's light-colored pants and leather shoes with holes. He felt a whip formed by electric currents appear in his mind.

The whip struck his soul,

and Robert, crouched behind the altar, felt his knees buckle, and he collapsed, trembling as extreme numbness and pain surged through him simultaneously.

Whip of Pain!

Interrogator's Whip of Pain!

Camus rushed to Robert's side, leaned down, and delivered a left hook—one that more or less bore a personal grudge.

Bang!

Camus, skilled in interrogation techniques, inflicted pain on Robert without going overboard. Robert fainted, yet suffered no substantial harm.

After restraining Robert, Camus glanced at the naked man and selected nearby clothes to cover his private parts.

He then picked up Robert and returned to where Lumian and the others were.

At that moment, Lugano had already retrieved the bullet that had struck Amandina's shoulder, allowing the wound to contract and heal.

Padre Cali was dreaming of the interior of Saint-Sien Cathedral.

Dressed in a white robe with golden threads, he knelt before the altar, muttering with a pained expression, as if repenting.

Amandina, clad in a black hunting suit, approached Padre Cali down the aisle between the pews. Remembering Louis Berry's instructions, she asked, "What's the origin of this special dream?"

Padre Cali looked up, his face contorted as he replied, "That... that strange tomb."

"Tomb?" Amandina suspected the Dream Festival she had just attended was a sham.

What tomb?

Suddenly, a flash of inspiration flickered.

"That colossal, black boulder?"

It's actually a tomb?

Padre Cali nodded.

"Yes."

It's really a tomb... Intrigued, Amandina asked proactively, "Whose tomb is that? Why is it so special?"

Padre Cali remained kneeling, shaking his head.

"I don't know. Even the gravekeepers don't know. They only know their mission is to guard that strange ancient tomb."

"Gravekeepers? Who are they?" The more Amandina asked, the more she felt she didn't know about the Dream Festival.

Padre Cali looked up at Amandina and said, "The elders of the forest tribe."

"I see..." Amandina's mind raced with questions. She picked one and asked, "Did you take Robert to Twanaku's house to sleep and allow him to maintain his lucidity? Then, you took him to the ancient tomb where he obtained superpowers?"

“Yes.” Padre Cali lowered his head, facing the altar, his voice laced with pain. “I’m sinful.”

Just as I thought... Amandina inquired further, “How did you know you could obtain superpowers there? And how did you maintain lucidity? You’ve only been in Tizamo for about five years, and I grew up here,” Amandina inquired further.

Blood vessels bulged from Padre Cali's neck. “Twanaku, Twanaku, bewitched me.”

“He used his body to tempt you?” Amandina suddenly felt a surge of excitement.

Padre Cali was taken aback.

“He saw through my desire for status and recognition and gradually demonstrated his abilities. He also told me there was a way for me to quickly and easily obtain strength. And with great strength, I could do more for the Church and receive more rewards and recognition... That demon!”

Amandina asked in disappointment, “You were bewitched just like that?”

Padre Cali nodded slowly. “That’s right. Twanaku needed someone to help him monitor the changes in the dream and host the Dream Festival after he left Tizamo. First, he got me to sleep at his house. Then, during the Dream Festival, he took me to that strange ancient tomb.”

“Did you also obtain superpowers by touching that tomb?” Amandina asked casually.

Padre Cali shook his head again. “No, Twanaku opened a crack in the tomb and let me reach in...”

“What did you touch?” Amandina couldn’t help but urge upon seeing Padre Cali's pause.

“I touched a hand—a cold hand without temperature. Then, I fainted. When I woke up, I had superpowers. I did it three more times during the subsequent Dream Festivals, eventually becoming a Wraith.” Padre Cali recalled the situation, his face filled with uncontrollable fear—both of the cold hand and the ease with which he had obtained superpowers.

“The hand of the corpse in the tomb?” Amandina quickly reviewed what Padre Cali had said and thought of a problem. “Didn't you say there were gravekeepers? Why weren't we stopped when Robert and I went?”

Padre Cali's voice deepened.

“People who have lived in Tizamo for a long time often have a projection formed by suppressed emotions and desires in this special dream. They usually hide in the chaotic area brought by the tomb, at the edge of the dream. They watch over the ancient tomb with the gravekeepers to protect it from others.

“When the Dream Festival begins, these projections will return to their true forms, forming complete Dream Festival participants who can no longer suppress their emotions and desires. As for the gravekeepers, it's unknown where they go.”

Strange... Amandina was puzzled by the gravekeepers' whereabouts. She was a little worried.

After a moment of contemplation, she asked with concern, “Do I have a projection of emotions and desires in this dream?”

Padre Cali shook his head.

“No. You don't spend enough time in Tizamo every year. Even for those who originally formed a dream projection, once they leave this place long enough and stop suppressing themselves, the corresponding projection will gradually fade until it disappears.

“Those who can remain lucid in this dream will have their corresponding projections gradually dissipate over time. details.”

“However, this lucidity isn't absolute. After the Dream Festival begins, everyone will have a tendency to flaunt their emotions and desires—including those who maintain their lucidity. However, they won't completely lose control like those who have fused with their dream self. They can continue restraining themselves like normal, their desires revealed in some details.”

Amandina recalled her performance during the two Dream Festivals and revealed a look of enlightenment.

Initially, she believed that because this place was a dream, as long as no one died, it was equivalent to a game. That was why she appeared more self-centered and unrestrained than in reality. She didn't expect this to come from the effect of the Dream Festival.

Thankfully, I've always had self-control... Amandina had ticked off most of the questions that Louis Berry wanted clarified, leaving only those that the Padre Cali himself wasn't aware of. Thus, she changed the subject.

“You've already become a Wraith, yet you still dare to preach and host Mass...”

“Aren't you concerned that God might notice you and unleash His wrath upon you, purifying you into ashes?”

Being in the Southern Continent, Amandina knew the power of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church better than many gentlemen and ladies in Trier. She had no doubts about the existence of God.

Moreover, over the past year, she had been diligently obtaining mysticism knowledge from Robert and the various sources she could come into contact with. She knew that the Rose School of Thought, the key characters of various terrifying rumors, was renowned for its numerous Wraiths, and Wraiths were most afraid of sunlight that came with purification.

Padre Cali sighed and said, "I had such concerns, but Twanaku told me he had a way to help me hide a Wraith's power. Unless God watches this place personally, I won't be discovered."

"What is it?" Amandina asked curiously.

Padre Cali replied truthfully, "After touching the corpse in the tomb and obtaining superpowers, don't rush to leave. Touch the tomb itself again, the black boulder.

"This concealed all my superpowers. The effect will last for more than a year."

That's possible? What would happen if I touched the black boulder and then touched the corpse's hand? Amandina pondered for a moment and asked a question of personal concern, "How did you entice Robert? Why did he become your lover?"

Amandina sized him up but couldn't find anything about Padre Cali that attracted Robert, other than his strength.

Could love truly be blind?

Padre Cali fell silent for a moment before saying, "I ignited his desires, dismantling his self-control."

"You've never displayed such abilities..." Amandina hadn't noticed Padre Cali arousing any desires in the battle before.

Padre Cali's voice was once again tinged with pain. "I'm sinful. I'm praying to the Demon Twanaku mentioned..."

Before Padre Cali could finish, the entire dream suddenly trembled and collapsed inch by inch.

## Chapter 682 Cull

Unable to control the dream anymore, Amandina opened her eyes and woke up.

Beside her, Padre Cali snapped out of his slumber, his human form once again becoming hazy and indistinct.

Instinctively, he transformed into a Wraith, as if losing all restraint. Stiff black hair even sprouted from his body.

Reflected in Padre Cali's eyes was Lumian's figure—Louis Berry, with his black hair, green eyes, and golden straw hat, holding a revolver aimed directly at the Wraith's forehead.

Bang!

Lumian smiled and pulled the trigger, a golden Purifying Bullet exploding from the muzzle and instantly heading straight for the pallor in the Wraith's forehead.

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Cull!

Simultaneously, Lumian waved his empty left hand at Padre Cali, as if to say, “Bye, you won't be missed!”

The Purifying Bullet exploded, and golden flames instantly ignited the ethereal Padre Cali's entire body.

Padre Cali couldn't even scream, his agonized thoughts manifesting as an invisible gale sweeping outwards.

Lumian endured the backlash, watching with a grim smile as the enemy was consumed by the purifying flames, reduced to scattered ashes.

Lumian felt his Reaper potion digest a little more.

Using Cull to reap a powerful foe's life was a core principle for Reapers—the higher their Sequence and strength, the more potent the acting effect.

With the addition of Cull, the relatively ordinary and common Purifying Bullet ended the life of a Wraith with just two strikes.

Lumian found it inexplicably amusing to witness the true incineration of the Padre Cali.

Why do I always encounter fallen Eternal Blazing Sun padres and cleanse and purify them?

Is this repayment for my past faith?

As these thoughts raced through his mind, Lumian glanced at the risen Amandina and asked with a smile, “What did he say?”

Amandina's first reaction was to check the wound on her shoulder. She exclaimed, “It's completely healed, not a trace left?”

If it weren't for her torn clothes and sore shoulder, she would have imagined herself to be uninjured.

Miss Amandina, don't act as if you've never seen the world. Although you're a believer in the Eternal Blazing Sun and won't seek treatment from the clergyman of the Church of Earth Mother unless you are particularly ill, there are many Feynapotterians in Matani. Haven't you come into close contact with them? Lumian criticized her and looked at Amandina coldly without responding.

Lugano, on the other hand, saw the beautiful girl's reaction and explained smugly,

“That's the power of a Doctor from the Planter pathway.”

Amandina expressed her gratitude, then recounted her conversation with Padre Cali while massaging her shoulder to relieve the lingering sourness.

At the end, she spat at the spot where his ashes had fallen.

“He became the Demon's mouthpiece, using its power to violate Robert and the others.

“Luckily, he preferred men. Otherwise...”

Recalling how she had frequented Saint-Sien Cathedral over the years and had been a girl with limited knowledge, far from adulthood, Amandina shuddered inwardly. She sympathized with Robert and the others, but she also felt fortunate.

Lumian had another question in mind.

Could Hisoka's Wraith abilities also originate from the Dream Festival and the strange black tomb, rather than a direct boon from the Mother Tree of Desire?

That would explain a few things better.

As far as Lumian knew, when evil god believers prayed for boons, they needed to perform a ritual and offer sacrifices. The higher the level of the boon they prayed for, the higher the requirement for the sacrifice, and the larger the ritual.

As a member of Port Pylos's patrol team, Hisoka could cover up one or two sacrifices, but it was difficult to suppress all the sacrificial incidents. It was just like how Hisoka had only completed one serial murder case in Port Pylos.

Previously, Lumian had believed that he had relied on Mad Lady's help to complete the sacrificial rituals in the Southern Continent's even more chaotic places. But now, it seemed that there was no need for such trouble. He just needed to touch the cold corpse once a year during the Dream Festival.

Hisoka and Padre Cali have participated in at least five Dream Festivals and have become Wraiths for some time, but they haven't made a breakthrough since then... Is this because the cold corpse can only bestow a boon up to Sequence 5? Did Hisoka obtain the large amount of gold and something from the Nois family's Demon to wait for this year's Dream Festival to complete the corresponding matters and obtain a higher boon? Lumian turned to Robert, who had been dragged nearby, and asked for confirmation, "He's a Spirit Medium?"

"Yes," Amandina replied. "Padre Cali said Robert gained powers by touching that black boulder too. But why am I a Nightmare while he's a Spirit Medium?"

Higher-level, composite power... Just as the Great Mother can bestow three different powers, Apothecary, Planter, and Villain, respectively... Lumian wasn't surprised by this situation at all. Camus and Rhea were as puzzled as Amandina.

Lumian couldn't be bothered to explain this complicated and high-level problem. He turned around and said to Rhea,

"Your dream projection should still exist. Be careful from now on. The question now is whether the death of your dream projection will affect your life."

Rhea nodded thoughtfully.

Lumian shifted his gaze back to Robert, recalling the Demon that had assisted Padre Cali.

That should be the Nois family member who established a connection with Hisoka...

Demons don't do 'good deeds' for no reason. Whether it's establishing a connection with Hisoka or responding to the Padre Cali's ritual, it must have its own motives. Although witnessing a padre of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church gradually degenerate should be commendable and interesting for a Demon, this isn't a sufficient reason for its close involvement...

What does it want during the Dream Festival?

The cold corpse in the black ancient tomb can bestow a Prisoner pathway boon, and Prisoners are adjacent to the Criminal pathway which Demons are part of...

Lumian roughly grasped the situation and muttered to himself, "The crucial question now is, where do the gravekeepers go during the Dream Festival? Why aren't they protecting the black ancient tomb anymore?"

No one could answer him.

Seeing him staring at the unconscious Robert, Amandina hesitated before saying,

"Can you let him go? He's a victim too, don't kill him."

Am I a homicidal maniac in your eyes? Lumian replied with amusement, "As long as Robert doesn't seek revenge and try to kill me to avenge Padre Cali, I won't waste my spirituality on him."

Phew... Amandina sighed in relief, then muttered while rubbing her shoulder,

"You're so cold-blooded. I thought you'd kill me to deal with the padre. That shot hurt, you know!"

Lumian scoffed.

"Between being possessed by a Wraith until you die and getting shot, which would you have preferred?"

"I don't care what you think or the sacrifices—I made the right choice to save you, didn't I?"

Amandina, who was just grumbling out of habit, asked with interest upon hearing Lumian's response, "So you're willing to make big sacrifices and make correct choices to help important people?"

"If, and I mean if, my desires were inflamed by a Demon and I'd become a monster without venting them, would you sacrifice yourself to help me?"

Lumian chuckled and said, "Don't have such unrealistic expectations of me. But don't worry, I'll find someone else willing to make that sacrifice for you."

His gaze swept over Camus, Lugano, and the unconscious Robert.

Amandina just muttered, "How lame..."

Camus inwardly sighed, feeling he'd escaped the beautiful dream world.

Lumian looked at Robert again and said to Amandina, "Wake him up and talk to him. I need a favor from him."

If Robert refused, Camus, the interrogation specialist, was there to persuade him.

"Alright," Amandina replied crisply, jolting Robert awake and informing her fiancé of their current predicament.

She consciously omitted mentioning Padre Cali's death to maintain the illusion that the Wraith had fled.



“Will you help if I let you go?” Robert asked warily as he struggled to his feet.

Lumian gestured to Camus and Rhea. “You may not trust me, but do you trust the patrol team?”

Robert fell silent for a moment before saying, “What's the favor?”

Lumian chuckled. “Go to Twanaku's house and do something for me.”

Brieu Motel, second floor.

The man in the dark gray suit and the woman in the feathered hat heard soft chewing sounds coming from the corridor—a stark contrast to the shouts, cries, and moans echoing through the motel, as if it shouldn't be happening during the Dream Festival.

Suddenly, the chewing stopped.

Almost instantly, the man in the gray suit jumped up as if stabbed in the waist by a red-hot iron rod.

His face tense with sweat beading on his brow, he sprinted to the first floor, traversing the entire staircase in the blink of an eye.

He ran all the way out of the Brieu Motel to the intersection before stopping, his expression twisted with fear and lingering dread.

“What's wrong?” the woman in the light-colored dress asked, suddenly appearing beside him with confusion and seriousness.

The man in the dark gray suit panted heavily.

“Phew, phew, phew, didn't you feel it? That terrifying malice!

“The feeling of my heart being ripped out, my tongue torn away, my brain churned into thick soup...”

Chapter 683 Dance

Hearing her companion's words, the woman in the light-colored dress's expression turned solemn.

“I had a similar feeling, but it wasn't as specific as yours.”

The man in the dark-gray suit visibly calmed down and glanced back over his shoulder.

“Let's hurry to our destination. There seem to be many abnormalities beyond our grasp here.”

The woman in the light-colored dress gave a single nod of acknowledgment.

After ascertaining their direction, they quickened their pace and swiftly left the intersection behind them.

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Lumian, wearing a golden straw hat, led Amandina, Robert, and the others back to the small square from the side of Saint-Sien Cathedral.

At that moment, Camus spotted figures lingering in the cemetery on the other side.

Startled, he focused his gaze and realized they were pale-white bones hung with tattered cloths and humanoid phantoms made of fine ashes. Many upright tombstones lay on the ground, and many graves had clearly suffered damage.

“The awakened dead?” Camus furrowed his brow and asked Amandina. “The Dream Festival can also awaken bones and ashes?”

Regardless of life or death, they had to celebrate the Dream Festival?

Amandina nodded nimbly.

“Isn't that normal? Robert obtained superpowers from the Corpse Collector pathway during the Dream Festival. That's the Death domain, so the Dream Festival itself has such—uh, characteristics.”

Amandina was secretly pleased that her knowledge surpassed that of a seasoned patrol team member in this area. She consoled Camus, “Don't worry. The bones and shadows in the cemetery are very peaceful. They're completely different from the humans at the Dream Festival. As long as you don't approach them, they won't attack you. They'll only wander around their graves.”

“Of course they're peaceful,” Lumian, who was leading the way, chuckled. “They usually don't have emotions or desires to suppress. They won't form an intense projection in this dream.”

The dead were emotionless!

Of course, excluding those who had perished with resentment and hatred, those buried in Saint-Sien Cathedral's cemetery must have undergone purification.

“That's not funny.” Amandina wanted to console her silent fiancé, but she felt she didn't have the right after witnessing his indecency and being complicit in killing his lover. Everything she said seemed hypocritical, so she had no choice but to speak to Louis Berry instead.

She muttered inwardly, Hmph, as his fiancée notarized in the cathedral, it's my legitimate right to punish my fiancé's lover. It's a little overboard, but in the face of the blasphemer, the demon who preyed on a minor, being a little overboard is a revelation from God!

The more she thought about it, the more right she felt.

Lumian walked swiftly along the shadows beside the road. After some thought, he said, “Will those killed during the Dream Festival awaken and become undead?”

“Yes, but it takes a long time. I've only encountered them near the end of the Dream Festival. They're cold and aggressive,” Amandina recalled.

Seizing the opportunity, Rhea asked, “When will the Dream Festival end?”

Amandina replied with a smile, “Haven't you noticed? The wall clocks and pocket watches are still ticking. The Dream Festival ends just before dawn.”

“Is there a way to leave the Dream Festival early?” Lugano was concerned over this question.

Amandina glanced at Robert, who remained silent.

“There's no way. We can usually escape by sleeping in Twanaku's house and being stimulated at the edge of the dream. Once the Dream Festival begins, we can only wait for it to end naturally.”

Lugano shut his mouth in disappointment and unconsciously took two steps closer to Lumian.

Camus observed Amandina's brisk strides and fell silent for a few seconds before asking, “Aren't you going back to Palm Manor to protect your parents? Aren't you worried they'll die during the Dream Festival?”

Amandina pursed her lips and said with a complicated smile, “During last year's Dream Festival, I rushed back to protect them. I didn't expect them to have a 'happy' time and not be in any danger...

“My mother prefers the lowest-class, filthiest, yet relatively muscular slaves to do the deed while she curses them. I don't know what mental issues that stems from or which areas that indulges, but this way, the male slaves definitely won't kill her. Instead, her jealous lady's maids and female slaves who get too close will be subdued and forced to join if they approach.

“As for my father, he relied on his career in the Southern Continent to obtain the Legion of Honor medal. When awake, he's always afraid of attacks and slave riots. He built several bunkers in the manor and stockpiled food and weapons. He constantly practices combat, shooting, and military tactics. Even during the Dream Festival, it would be very difficult for the servants and slaves to take him down. They'd have to break through layers of defenses until he retreats to a bunker.”

“Unless a Beyonder deliberately goes after them, they'll be very safe. If I stayed to protect them, it might be more dangerous—I mean I'm more dangerous. I might not tolerate the 'love' of those men or the jealousy of those women. I don't wish to kill too many people either.”

Could it be that she's more afraid of sensing the malice hidden in her family and friends' hearts during the unconstrained Dream Festival? She'd rather gallivant outside and see others' dark sides than experience that herself? Lumian could understand Amandina's rationale.

He dropped the subject and turned to the silent Robert. “How different is your spirit channeling during the Dream Festival from usual? Will those spirits become more violent and difficult to communicate with?”

Robert, now in a white shirt and black pants, was silent for a few seconds before saying, “It's no different.”

Could the excessive emotions and desires of the special dream exclusively target living creatures, leaving spirits unaffected by their typical lack of self-control? Or is the spirit world and its denizens

fake—part of the dream aligning with Robert's imagination? It's likely the latter possibility. Spirit Mediums don't just connect with local spirits to borrow power. Robert didn't say some channeling was impossible in the dream... As Lumian's thoughts raced, he made a speculation.

Lumian led Camus and the others through the intersection, quickly returning to Twanaku's house. He had asked about spirit channeling because it closely related to what he planned to do.

Standing on the second floor of Hisoka's house, Lumian said to the cold and slightly effeminate Robert, “Have you ever completed a spirit channeling here?”

“I've tried. I can establish connections with surrounding spirits, but there's nothing special about it,” Robert replied honestly.

Amandina chimed in, “He tried it in reality, in the dream, and during the Dream Festival.

“We're all curious about this place's uniqueness and want to figure out the reason, but those spirits don't know anything about it.”

Lumian nodded, took out his golden pocket watch, glanced at it, and said, “Come up to me in two minutes and help me with a designated spirit channeling. All of you can come up.”

Robert breathed a relieved sigh, realizing he wouldn't face this alone.

On the third floor, in Hisoka's bedroom, Lumian spread his arms and performed the Dancer's Summoning Dance once more.

Previously, using the Mystery Prying Glasses in the real world, he realized this place had a mysterious connection to the black boulder. Just now, Padre Cali had mentioned that the black boulder was actually an ancient tomb—the source of his, Robert's, Amandina's, and even “Hisoka” Twanaku's superpowers, as well as the Dream Festival itself.

In that case, performing the Summoning Dance in Hisoka's house might attract special, strange items connected to the black ancient tomb. Perhaps he could obtain important information about the tomb or the corpse inside.

It was much safer than using the Mystery Prying Glasses or dancing after reaching the tomb.

Furthermore, Lumian had no intention of directly attaching any summoned entity to himself. He had enlisted Robert's help to ensure safer, more effective spirit channeling.

A Spirit Medium could communicate with surrounding spirits or through specific directions and descriptions. However, they couldn't rely on the Summoning Dance and a location's uniqueness to attract more distant, hidden spirits like a Dancer could. A Spirit Medium could borrow spirits' power to achieve supernatural effects and communicate with them in detail. A Dancer could choose to obtain a trait, ability, or limited memory fragment.

Amidst Lumian's contorted, sonorous, bizarre dance, his spirituality combined with the environment's unique power, spreading in all directions. As the intense dance neared its climax, something finally emerged from underground and condensed on the glass-enclosed window.

A human-like shadow wore a black robe, strikingly resembling the tomb keeper Lumian encountered at the dream's edge, yet with differences.

The hooded face seemed fixated on Lumian, eager yet sensing The Fool's seal and the Blood Emperor's residual aura, not daring to truly possess him.

Lumian didn't force orders. He continued the Summoning Dance until Robert and the others arrived, then slowed to a halt.

During this, he pointed at the black-robed figure and told Robert, "Hurry up and communicate with it."

Robert nodded slightly, retrieving a bottle of Full Moon Essence Oil from his pocket.

## Chapter 684 Two Answers

Observing Louis Berry's peculiar sacrificial dance drawing to a close, Robert wasted no time. He hastily poured some Full Moon Essence Oil into his palm, utilizing his abilities to fuse it with his spirituality and rapidly dissipate it.

Camus, Amandina, and the others immediately caught a refreshing, psychedelic fragrance. They felt their spirits were drunk, about to float out of their bodies.

Robert's voice echoed softly, distantly in their ears, causing their thoughts to drift farther and farther away. Fortunately, they weren't channeling targets, so they managed relative control.

The black-robed figure gradually left the glass window, approaching Robert.

Suddenly, the shadow vanished. Robert lowered his head, then slowly looked up, his face tainted by the night sky yet with an obvious sinister aura. His eyes were dark.

Observing this, Lumian ended the Summoning Dance, positioning himself three meters from Robert.

Although he'd intended for Robert to channel the spirit directly while he provided questions, the peculiar shadow had instead attached itself to Robert.

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This too was a form of spirit channeling—many Spirit Mediums allowed a target's spirit to communicate through their mouth, answering certain people's questions.

Gazing at the sinister-looking Robert, Lumian pondered briefly, then said, "Do you know what happened to the people who lived here six years ago?"

He planned to start simple, least likely to cause anomalies, constantly adjusting direction, tone, and terminology based on the actual situation.

Robert opened his mouth, letting out a shrill voice unlike his own.

"Affected, performed a ritual, all perished."

This answer puzzled the others, including Camus, unsure if significant information was hidden.

Apart from Lugano, everyone guessed Louis asked about the fire engulfing the Twanaku family, with the spirit's answer implying a cult or evil gods' influence.

As a Conspirer, relevant information instantly surfaced in Lumian's mind.

The suppressed emotions and desires of everyone in Tizamo would be absorbed by the dream, gradually accumulating to form corresponding dream projections.

Like the gravekeepers, these projections would hide in the dream's chaotic zone, guarding the black ancient tomb.

In previous explorations, I saw the black-robed gravekeeper and projections surrounding the ancient tomb in dream fragments. One projection was the remaining figure of "Hisoka" Twanaku.

"Hisoka" Twanaku returned to Tizamo two or three times yearly for about a week.

After leaving, his corresponding projection would gradually fade until vanishing.

"Hisoka" Twanaku had become a Devil pathway Beyonder after the fire incident.

The Nois family's Demon...

This information appeared simultaneously in Lumian's mind, like disconnected nodes in a spider's web.

Soon, Lumian made a guess.

"Hisoka" Twanaku returned to Tizamo once or twice outside the Dream Festival, each visit lasting a week or more? Was this to ensure his dream projection didn't completely disappear, allowing the dream to absorb some of his malice?"

Do the projections and gravekeepers stay around the ancient tomb because it has something special that unknowingly affects them, like the tomb or the cold corpse inside?

If sacrificial rituals were part of the tomb's defense, when the Dream Festival commences and the projections return to their bodies, would some deeply affected humans attempt to imitate the gravekeeper's actions and perform a ritual? If they failed, would their entire family perish, corrupting the house and forming a subtle connection to the black ancient tomb?

Yes, that's a possibility, but I can't fit the Nois family's Demon or Hisoka becoming a Devil pathway Beyonder into this web of information...

What would happen if I inserted that?

Lumian's heart stirred as he considered another possibility.

It wasn't just the black ancient tomb or its cold corpse affecting the Twanaku family. The Nois family's Demon was also affected!

Perhaps the Demon had been coveting the corpse or the source of abnormality. For this reason, it secretly influenced the Twanaku family, giving them knowledge. Once the Dream Festival began, through its influence in the real world, it magnified their corresponding desires in the dream. Coupled with the loss of self-control and wild indulgence brought by the Dream Festival, the Twanaku family took the initiative to attempt the sacrificial process from the ritual or dream projection given by the Demon, leading to subsequent abnormalities?

Had the Demon discovered Hisoka's uniqueness and lured him to the Devil pathway?

Yes, this explains why only the Twanaku family did such a thing when everyone has a dream projection and why is this house unique enough to allow lucid dreaming...

The next crucial task is guarding against the Demon. It probably can't participate personally, but its minions would definitely appear...

As these thoughts raced, Lumian gained a deeper understanding of the situation.

He looked at the shadow possessing Robert and changed his question.

“Where are the gravekeepers? Where have they gone?”

Robert's shadowed face replied shrilly, “Dream Festival begins, the tomb opens. Need to hide.”

Need to hide? After commencement, does the tomb become abnormally dangerous or pose a hidden danger to the gravekeepers? Lumian glanced at Amandina. This lady, Robert, and Padre Cali arrived at the black ancient tomb during the Dream Festival, easily obtaining powers through contact.

Where is this hidden danger? How is it dangerous? And where are the gravekeepers?

Something must be amiss.

Amandina felt inexplicable fear under Louis Berry's gaze. Her voice trembled as she asked, “Is there a problem with this answer?”

Lumian chuckled. “The gravekeepers need to hide. Why didn't you two?”

Before Amandina could delve deeper, she saw Robert's cold, dark face contort in agony.

Seeing this, Lumian sighed, “End the spirit channeling.”

If it continued, something would happen to Robert.

Robert retained complete autonomy and a certain mobility level. He immediately uttered two words in ancient Hermes to make the spirit leave his body.

The shadow attached to him remained unresponsive, and the agony on his face intensified.

Slowly, Robert drew a dagger and stabbed his finger.

Drops of bright red blood, mixed with his Spirit Medium spirituality, sprayed towards the window like bead chains.

While doing so, Robert bellowed in ancient Hermes, “Leave!”

The black-robed shadow detached from Robert's body, chasing after the blood and vanishing from the glass window.

Witnessing this, Lumian retracted his consciousness from his right hand, no longer preparing any “snorting.”

He breathed a relieved sigh and said to Camus, Amandina, and the others, “Wait for me on the second floor.”

“What now...” Amandina muttered, turning to head downstairs.

In just over ten seconds, silence returned to the third floor.

Lumian retrieved ingredients from his Traveler's Bag and set up a ritual, attempting to summon Madam Magician's messenger.

Unfortunately, being a dream prevented success.

Having anticipated this, Lumian wasn't overly disappointed. Though the early Dream Festival arrival prevented reporting the latest situation to Madam Magician, adding significant risks, such problems were bound to arise. He was mentally prepared.

Though Hunters liked to plan ahead, they weren't afraid of battle.

Lumian was even a little excited, not just from the Dream Festival's faint influence.

After stowing his belongings, Lumian descended to the second floor and said directly to Robert and Amandina, "Which one of you will take me to the black boulder?"

He had analyzed their situations, realizing that Amandina, Robert, and Padre Cali had easily arrived at the black ancient tomb and obtained powers, all led by those who had touched it.

Of course, they shared more than one thing in common.

Robert fell silent, wanting to say "Didn't you promise to let me go after helping?" but not daring.

Amandina glanced at the silent Robert, pursed her lips and said to Lumian, "Me!"

Then, she added, "I want to see if I can obtain more superpowers."

Lumian nodded and told Robert, "You may leave."

Robert glanced at Lumian, then Amandina. Without a word, he walked out of Twanaku's house.

"Gosh, he might think I brought you to the cathedral to deal with Padre Cali and embarrass him. Gosh, I was the one who brought you there," Amandina exclaimed after Robert left.

Rhea, who had already picked up most arrows, earnestly consoled her, "But you purified the cathedral for God. Praise the Sun!"

Amandina spread her arms as well. "Praise the Sun!"

After their exchange, Lumian said to Camus and Rhea, "Next, I'm going to the black ancient tomb. It's up to you to decide if you want to go."

"I..."Lugano tried to speak, but Lumian interrupted with a smile. "You must go."

Lugano shut his mouth.

Camus and Rhea exchanged glances and spoke in unison, "I'm coming too."

Lumian didn't persuade them, simply nodding. "Then let's set off now."

## Chapter 685 Illusion

Outside Tizamo, near the entrance to the forest, Lumian and his companions heard gunshots and shouts echoing from the direction of the military camp. The population was denser here compared to the town and plantations, and more heavily armed. Many lives were lost each year in this area.

Camus retracted his gaze and let out a sigh of resignation, like a world-weary middle-aged man. He knew he was powerless to stop the violence. His only hope was to find a way to end the Dream



Festival as quickly as possible, so that more people might survive. This was why he had chosen to follow Louis Berry to the black ancient tomb.

If Camus were alone, the rational choice would be to find a secluded corner and hide until dawn, until the Dream Festival concluded—just like Kolobo planned to do. However, after witnessing Louis Berry's formidable strength and realizing the adventurer was willing to take the risk of approaching the black ancient tomb, Camus felt compelled to take action himself.

Lumian gazed ahead, trailing Amandina's light footsteps as she turned onto a narrow path threading into the forest. He harbored no illusions about single-handedly putting an end to the Dream Festival. His objectives for this mission had always been clear: Find the gold Hisoka had obtained, along with the item he had procured from the Nois family's Demon. Uncover what the key April Fool's member was scheming, to prevent Hisoka's legacy from materializing.

This was both the duty of a Tarot Club Minor Arcana card holder, and a reflection of Lumian's wariness towards Hisoka. After discovering the dream projection Hisoka had left behind, Lumian feared his adversary might exploit pre-arranged measures and the dream projection to resurrect himself to some degree during the Dream Festival, returning to the real world as a Wraith or evil spirit.

He was determined not to give Hisoka that chance.

After hearing Padre Cali's confession, Lumian's suspicions only intensified.

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Hisoka returned to Tizamo each year to participate in the Dream Festival. He required no other host, and this unique dream usually proceeded without any abnormalities. It didn't appear that anyone needed to constantly monitor it.

It was important to note that prior to the fire that wiped out Hisoka's family, the special dream had existed for innumerable years. The Dream Festival had taken place countless times, yet no one had detected anything amiss. Under such conditions, the more individuals who knew the truth, the greater the danger of the information leaking out. Nevertheless, Hisoka still enticed Padre Cali and guided him to the black ancient tomb to acquire Beyond powers.

This anomalous conduct led Lumian to surmise that Hisoka Twanaku had enlisted Padre Cali's aid in monitoring the dream to verify the status of his dream projection.

The dream projection would gradually dissipate as Hisoka departed Tizamo, ultimately vanishing altogether. If Hisoka desired its continued existence, he would need to return for a time after it had faded to a certain point. Given that the dreams surrounding the black boulder were typically in a state of disarray, the rate at which the dream projection dissipated might be erratic. This necessitated daily monitoring. As soon as the situation was deemed to have deteriorated, an urgent telegram would be dispatched to summon Hisoka back.

Naturally, as a Devil, Hisoka would never divulge his true intentions to Padre Cali. He would undoubtedly be on guard against Padre Cali exploiting the dream projection to eliminate this lurking threat. When instructing Padre Cali on what needed to be done, there was a high probability Hisoka was really having him monitor the shifting dynamics within the dream.

How could Padre Cali keep tabs on the evolving dream? Through the dream projections and the condition of the gravekeepers beside the black ancient tomb!

Regrettably, Lumian couldn't enter the dream himself. He could only entrust Amandina with questioning Padre Cali. The intelligence gleaned was superficial, not delving into the crux of the matter. It could merely aid in analysis.

If he had interrogated Padre Cali directly, he would have been able to roughly ascertain Hisoka's objective, rather than just harboring suspicions.

At present, the leads concerning the gold and the Demon's gift both pointed to the black ancient tomb. Lumian naturally had to investigate and do what he could. If the challenge truly proved insurmountable, he would decisively retreat to Tizamo and conceal himself on the third or fourth floor of the Brieu Motel, allowing the "danger" to confront Ludwig, whose appetite had grown voracious.

Amandina guided Lumian and the others through the rainforest, drawing near to the boundary of the dream.

Abruptly, Lumian raised his right hand and whispered, "Stop."

He sniffed the air, detecting the unmistakable scent of blood.

With a Reaper's keen sense of smell and meticulous nature, Lumian could discern that the blood didn't originate from jungle animals hunting each other. It was human blood, rich in spirituality.

"What's wrong?" Amandina asked, taken aback, as if recalling her first venture into this forest with Robert.

Camus quickly sensed the problem and pointed in the direction of the blood's scent.

"Something's not right over there."

Insects were gathering in that area.

Although Lumian was eager to reach the black ancient tomb to thwart Hisoka's plan, he knew that the more impatient he felt, the more cautious he needed to be. He had to remain vigilant of any abnormalities along the way to avoid walking into someone's trap or missing crucial information and rashly starting a conflict.

Aurore had once mentioned that Emperor Roselle might have said that haste makes waste.

Lumian walked towards the source of the blood's scent at a measured pace.

As he drew closer, he caught a whiff of the pungent odor of blood mingled with decay.

The latter originated from the tranquil essential oil used to repel mosquitoes.

Lumian circled a few more trees crawling with poisonous insects and saw a corpse lying face-up on the humus soil.

The corpse's eyes were wide open, and its black hair was disheveled. Its face was smeared with white paint. It was Maslow, the captain of the Tizamo patrol team!

At the beginning of the Dream Festival, Maslow, who had "disappeared" behind Lumian, had reappeared in the forest as a corpse!

“Maslow!” Camus and Rhea exclaimed in surprise.

Before they could fully process their grief, Lumian's gaze shifted downward as he examined Maslow's cause of death.

The captain of the local patrol team had deep wounds on his chest and abdomen, as if he had been attacked by spears, triangular blades, and other weapons, but the edges showed signs of tearing.

Large amounts of blood had already flowed into the ground, attracting lingering mosquitoes. There were obvious signs of decay on Maslow's body, and a yellowish-green liquid seeped out, as if he had been dead for two to three days.

After ascertaining the situation on the corpse's surface and examining the surrounding battle traces, Camus said in a somber voice, “Attacked by the power of the Death domain...”

Death domain? The image of a cold, middle-aged man in a thin suit suddenly surfaced in Lumian's mind.

Reaza, the vice-captain of Port Pylos's patrol team!

He was a Mid-Sequence Beyonder of the Death pathway!

At the beginning of the Dream Festival, Reaza had “disappeared” along with Maslow.

Camus glanced at Rhea, who wore a pained expression, and hesitantly said, “They were affected by the Dream Festival and lost control of themselves. They attacked each other. One died, and the other escaped?”

This was the most plausible conjecture for the Dream Festival.

Lumian imagined a similar scene, but he frowned in confusion and said, “Why are they in the jungle?”

Shouldn't they appear where they were in the real world?

In reality, Reaza and Maslow had already returned to Tizamo with me...

Did something lure them into the forest?

As the only member of the Port Pylos patrol team supporting Tizamo, Reaza had known from the beginning that something was amiss here. Was the true target the black ancient tomb?

Lumian looked at Camus and Rhea thoughtfully and casually asked, “Were Maslow and Reaza on good terms?”

“Excellent terms,” Camus replied with a sigh. “Captain Reaza recruited Maslow into the patrol team and provided him with extensive guidance.”

Lumian fell silent for a moment before saying to Amandina and the others, “Let's continue forward.”

Rhea and Camus seized the moment to gather some branches to cover Maslow's corpse. Then, they quickly followed the team.

After walking along the forest path for a while, Amandina suddenly slowed her pace and pressed her hand to the side of her head.

“What's wrong?” Lumian asked keenly.

Amandina frowned and said, “My head feels a bit heavy, and I'm experiencing hallucinations.”

“What kind of hallucinations?” Lumian raised his eyebrows.

Amandina replied in puzzlement, “I saw the black boulder I touched previously—no, the black ancient tomb. It felt like I had returned to the past. Do you understand? The past appeared in my mind in the form of an illusion, in front of my eyes, beside my ears.”

Lumian pondered for a moment before saying, preempting Camus, “Let's go a little further and see what happens.”

The hallucinations didn't incite Amandina's desire to retreat. With an experimental mindset, she followed the familiar jungle path for another few dozen meters.

“How is it?” Lumian, who was beside her, inquired.

Amandina organized her thoughts and said, “The hallucinations are becoming clearer and more pronounced.”

“The closer you get to the black ancient tomb, the stronger the hallucinations become?” Lumian suggested a possibility before asking, “Did anything similar happen to Robert when he brought you here last time?”

“No,” Amandina replied with certainty. “He was quite normal the entire time.”

Camus speculated, “Perhaps he had already grown accustomed to the hallucinations after approaching more than once.”

“Who knows...” Amandina muttered and looked at Louis Berry. “What should we do now?”

It's not a big deal if it's just hallucinations... Lumian pondered for a moment and said, “Let's continue forward.”

“Alright.” Amandina wasn't sure what the hallucinations represented. She endured the discomfort and said, “We'll reach the ancient tomb in a few minutes.”

She continued forward.

As they walked, Amandina suddenly extended her right hand and pressed it against the forest trees beside her, bending her back.

Without waiting for Lumian to inquire, she recounted the changes in the hallucination and spoke intermittently, “I see myself... after touching the ancient tomb last time... I didn't... I didn't fall asleep immediately... I... I was still awake!”

“I... I see... someone ahead!”

“What kind of person?” Lumian perked up.

He hadn't expected Amandina's hallucination to yield unexpected insights.

“I can't see clearly, I can't. It's not that he isn't clear... It's just that I can't make out the details.” Amandina straightened up again, as if she had recovered slightly.

She pondered for a moment and said, “So I didn't fall asleep immediately after touching the black boulder—no, the black ancient tomb. When I woke up, I realized that I had gained superpowers. There were still some events that transpired in between, but I don't remember them at all. It felt like I had fallen asleep.

“The hallucinations I'm experiencing might have originated from the depths of my subconscious, from forgotten memories. No, not forgotten. They're just in a deep slumber. They're starting to become active and awakening bit by bit...”

Amandina carefully assessed her condition, searching for the source of the abnormality.

Pretty smart with a good attitude. She managed to maintain basic composure... Lumian evaluated inwardly.

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Amandina's behavior was unfamiliar to Camus.

In his impression, Amandina was not only beautiful but also cheerful, optimistic, and lively. She was the kind of girl who could infect those around her with joy. However, due to her young age, she still appeared naive, childish, and inexperienced.

Unexpectedly, after their encounter in the Dream Festival, she gradually displayed an openness, maturity, and calmness he hadn't anticipated.

Amandina was puzzled.

“Why didn't Robert mention any dormant memories or the fact that I didn't fall asleep immediately after touching the ancient tomb? Padre Cali also talked about fainting and awakening with superpowers.

“The number of times they have participated in the Dream Festival in their lucid state and visited the black ancient tomb must have been more than mine...”

Lumian understood what Amandina was trying to convey.

Firstly, why did Padre Cali and Robert, who had been to the black ancient tomb many times, still believe that they had fainted on the spot and regained superpowers upon waking up? Why didn't they experience hallucinations similar to Amandina's?

Secondly, Robert had seen Amandina touch the black ancient tomb. Didn't he know if she had fallen to the ground or not?

Lumian pondered for a few seconds and said, “Perhaps the person you see standing in front of you has caused the relevant memories to fall into a deep slumber. And you're from the Evernight pathway, a Nightmare. Therefore, there's something special about dreams and slumber. The closer

you get to the black ancient tomb, the more likely it is to awaken the slumbering memories, causing the hallucination.”

Amandina tersely acknowledged his hypothesis of her being special and proceeded with confidence.

After two minutes, Lumian suddenly raised his right hand and pressed it down. He lowered his voice and said, “Hide nearby.”

He had heard soft footsteps.

Camus immediately rolled to the side and hid behind a palm tree. Rhea crawled to another tree and concealed herself among the leaves.

Lugano glanced at the forest, where countless poisonous insects and snakes lurked. He kept telling himself, “Don't be afraid, don't be afraid. I can heal myself if I'm bitten.”

He quickly shrank behind a pile of huge, brightly colored mushrooms.

Amandina had experience hiding in such places. Back then, she had witnessed Twanaku heading to the black ancient tomb.

Using the cover of the night and relying on her spiritual perception, she nimbly weaved through the low green plants and hid behind a huge tree in the distance.

Suddenly, a thick vine hanging from the tree came to life and swung towards Amandina, opening its blood-stained mouth.

It was a dark-green python!

Amandina's eyes snapped shut, and she clenched her fists.

The python fell into a deep slumber, reverberating weakly. It swayed a few times before finally landing on the ground.

Seeing that his teammates had hidden themselves, Lumian's body suddenly vanished, blending into the shadows brought about by the night.

After ten to twenty seconds, a figure traversed the path ahead.

High above, through the gaps in the leaves, Rhea spotted the figure clad in an intricate black robe with obvious layers. A fluffy black hat rested on his hair, and a gently swaying white feather protruded from the edge.

Lumian, in his shadow creature form, also saw the rough appearance of the figure.

His mind suddenly tensed as confusion welled up within him.

Isn't that Iveljsta Eggers?

Why would this temperance faction member of the Church of The Fool appear in a dream and become a participant in the Dream Festival?

Over the past few days, Lumian had explored the interior of Tizamo, the surrounding plantations, and the military camps outside of town. He clearly knew which outsiders had recently arrived, and Iveljsta was not among them!

Did he arrive here after the Dream Festival began?

Yes, he once mentioned that his original mission was to investigate something in the primitive forest around Port Pylos. Then, he received a last-minute order to deal with Hisoka's contact... Could the matter he's investigating be related to the black ancient tomb? The temperance faction belongs to the Prisoner pathway, and the Eggers family is descended from Death. It's normal for the black ancient tomb and the cold corpse inside to attract the temperance faction's Eggers...

Did Iveljsta Eggers encounter the Dream Festival while searching for the primitive tribe in the forest?

As Lumian analyzed Iveljsta's appearance, he scrutinized his expression through the shadows.

He saw an indescribable ferocity on the temperance faction member's pale white face. His dark brown eyes emitted a ferocity reminiscent of a wild beast, tinged with blood under the dim crimson moon's glow.

Although he's not affected by the dream projection formed by extreme emotions and desires, it's still difficult to control oneself and be restrained during the Dream Festival... Lumian wasn't surprised.

Ludwig and Kolobo were examples.

Considering Iveljsta's current state, Lumian didn't emerge from the shadows. He patiently waited for him to leave the area as the footsteps gradually receded.

From the looks of it, he's also headed for the black ancient tomb... Lumian transformed back into a human and stood on a path overgrown with weeds, gazing at the spot where Iveljsta's back had disappeared.

He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

“You can come out now.”

Camus, Rhea, and Lugano left their hiding spots one after another. Camus even went to wake Amandina.

Amandina looked at Lumian and asked, “Do we continue?”

Lumian replied without hesitation, “Yes.”

This time, they proceeded cautiously, paying close attention to their surroundings.

After another three to four minutes, Lumian, having prepared to deal with Iveljsta and Reaza, followed Amandina's guidance and slipped through a gap between a few giant trees.

A black, colossal, and familiar boulder came into view.

At a glance, it looked like a house-sized boulder, but upon closer inspection, one could see patterns on it. There were abnormal protrusions and depressions, and thread-like cracks that ordinary eyes couldn't detect.

It was indeed not just a stone.

Around the black boulder, tree roots emerged from the ground, covering an area the size of a square, resembling the protruding blood vessels of every human. However, they had been dead for a long time and were withered.

At that moment, the place was empty, devoid of anyone.

Iveljsta didn't come here? Isn't Reaza's destination here? Did they get lost midway? Or could it be that only those who have received the boon of an ancient tomb or a corpse can truly reach this area? Lumian surveyed his surroundings in confusion.

Amandina's brows furrowed once more, and she couldn't help but press her hands against the sides of her head.

She said with a hint of pain, "Th-the hallucinations have become clearer. I-I see more.

"The figure approached me, extended his hand, and pressed it against the top of my head!

"He... He's wearing a strange hat..."

Camus, Rhea, and the others didn't interrupt Amandina to see if she could recall more or awaken more dormant memories.

Amandina muttered to herself, "Was this how I was given superpowers?"

As Lumian listened to Amandina's words, he fixed his gaze on the black boulder that was said to be an ancient tomb.

He felt a sense of familiarity.

As a Conspirer, Lumian quickly jogged his memories for the source of the familiarity.

Soon, he had an answer.

The black ancient tomb reminded him of the Samaritan Women's Spring when it wasn't pale white!

It's indeed closely related to the Death domain... Lumian examined the Blood Emperor's remnant aura in his right hand and confirmed that it wasn't affected or showing signs of activation.

At that moment, the surroundings fell into an abnormal silence.

The rustling in the forest, the cries of wild beasts, and the gunshots and screams from Tizamo seemed to have vanished. The deep night fell into complete silence.

Amandina looked up and shouted in horror, "I remember now. I remember now. When I obtained superpowers, this place was also this quiet. It didn't seem like the Dream Festival at all!"

In the next moment, Amandina's pupils dilated.

"He... He... That figure... That figure has appeared!"

Huh? Rhea, Camus, and Lugano looked at the black ancient tomb solemnly and blankly. They didn't see anyone or anything unusual.

Amandina's voice turned shrill.

"Can't you see? He... He's walking towards me... He's walking towards me!"

For a moment, Lumian and company couldn't determine if Amandina's illusion was so vivid that it was almost real, or if something had indeed happened.



“No! Don't come any closer!” Amandina shouted, her expression breaking down as she gazed at the empty area ahead.

With this shout, Lumian felt the entire area tremble slightly, and his surroundings blurred.

In the blurriness, scenes appeared, like different fragments of a dream.

These scenes centered on the black ancient tomb, but different people stood beside it.

In some scenes, Reaza stood in a thin black suit. In others, Iveljsta stood in a feathered hat. A man and a woman approached side by side, while others surrounded black-robed humans.

One of the black-robed humans turned to Lumian with a smile.

His skin was light brown, and his flaxen eyes were tinged with dark green. He was none other than “Hisoka” Twanaku.

## Chapter 687 Gaining Immortality

Lumian raised his eyebrows and returned Hisoka's gaze with a radiant smile.

The two individuals in different scenes exchanged glances through the blurry void, each casting their eyes in opposite directions.

Reaza, Iveljsta, and the man and woman who had just arrived in Tizamo had clearly seen the people in the other scene. They were astonished and dumbfounded by this incomprehensible, bizarre situation, but they couldn't interact with each other.

The gravekeepers in the same scene as Hisoka appeared to be praying, oblivious to the changes in their surroundings or treating them as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Lumian surveyed the area and vaguely comprehended the situation.

Regardless of how real this place seems, various encounters will mirror reality to different degrees. At its core, it remains a dream. And under the influence of the black ancient tomb or the cold corpse within, this area has fragmented into multiple dream shards. Each time a new group arrives, a fresh fragment is generated...

If not for Amandina's or my arrival triggering some abnormality, it would be impossible for people in different scenes to interact. They wouldn't be able to attack each other, nor could they see, hear, or detect one another's presence.

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This must be why the gravekeepers vanish every time the Dream Festival commences.

They don't disappear. They're simply in different dream fragments from the Dream Festival participants.

Based on the results of the previous spirit channeling, is this some kind of concealment?

But the black ancient tomb hasn't been unsealed yet...

As Lumian's thoughts raced, Amandina's voice grew increasingly shrill, filled with terror.

“He's right in front of me! Save me! Save me!”

Lumian stared at Amandina, who was retreating in an attempt to evade the invisible creature, but he couldn't perceive the figure she described.

In the brief span of more than ten seconds since Amandina's panic attack, Lumian had used his Spirit Vision, Weakness Investigation, Luck Observation, and other abilities, but he hadn't detected anything unusual.

He was on the verge of taking out the Mystery Prying Glasses and the Eye of Truth.

Lumian reached into his Traveler's Bag. Without a rough grasp of the situation, he didn't know how to rescue Amandina, who had broken down from fright.

Just as his fingers brushed against the Mystery Prying Glasses, Amandina was suddenly taken aback.

After a moment, she turned to Lumian and said in bewilderment, “He—he turned and left. He seems to have recognized me...”

“Recognized you?” Lumian felt compelled to confirm Amandina's mental state.

Amandina replied in confusion, “Yes, he nodded at me and left.”

Is this why, after the Dream Festival begins, anyone who wishes to approach the black ancient tomb must be guided by someone who has received the boon of the ancient tomb or the corpse? Robert and Padre Cali likely played the same role in similar scenes, but they don't belong to the Evernight pathway and lack dream-related abilities, so they didn't notice... Did the people in the other dream fragments also receive the boon of the black ancient tomb or the cold corpse? Lumian's heart stirred as he asked Amandina, “Where did he go? Where did that figure go?”

Amandina's gaze shifted to the periphery of her surroundings.

Her eyes widened with lingering fear and excitement. She raised her palm and pointed at the dream fragment where the man and woman were.

“He went there.

“He's gone through! He's gone through!”

Amandina's explanation made Lumian and the others feel the black ancient tomb solidifying and becoming heavier. The entire area shook even more violently.

Simultaneously, Lumian sensed a familiar burning sensation on his left chest, but he didn't hear any ravings that seemed to come from an infinite distance.

In a daze, he saw a huge aquacolor vortex, a dim village shrouded in gray fog, and figures within the village.

Shepherd Pierre Berry, who believed in Inevitability, and Lumian's friend, Azéma Lizier, raised their pale-white arms, as if silently shouting.

Lumian also spotted his semi-subterranean two-story house and Aurore, sitting quietly on the orange roof with her arms crossed.

Lumian no longer resisted the illusion.

He roughly understood what was happening.

As the figure entered other dream fragments, the black ancient tomb's abnormality intensified. It contained the power of the Death domain, "awakening" the Cordu villagers within the seal.

These villagers were already deceased, with only soul fragments remaining. Naturally, they would be affected by the power of the Death domain.

This realization made Lumian feel pain, sorrow, and bitterness that he hadn't experienced in a long time.

He "watched" Aurore, clad in a light-blue dress with thick, long blond hair and light-blue eyes. She didn't attempt to resist the invisible power of death.

"He walked to that woman," Amandina continued dutifully.

That woman? Camus, Rhea, and Lugano turned their attention to the corresponding dream fragment.

Having just arrived in Tizamo that night, the lady in the light-colored dress didn't hear Amandina's words. She only knew that the patrol team was looking at her.

Her spirituality gave her a sense of foreboding. She hurriedly turned to her companion and asked, "Devajo, do you sense any malice?"

The man named Devajo, dressed in a dark gray suit, slowly shook his head and said, "Nothing."

In the dream fragment where Lumian and the others were, Amandina explained in high spirits, "He... The figure... extended his hand! He pressed his hand... on that woman's head!"

Just as Amandina finished speaking, Devajo saw his companion, the lady in the light-colored dress, suddenly collapse to her knees. Her expression was stiff, and her face was abnormally pale-white.

Ooo!

In all the dream fragments, an ice-cold wind howled.

Lumian "saw" Aurore standing up on the orange roof, her expression dazed as she gazed into the sky, as if sensing something.

She opened her mouth and spoke almost instinctively.

Lumian didn't know the corresponding language, but he had heard something similar before.

It was the language used by Armored Shadow Chen Tu, a language that Franca occasionally uttered a word or two of!

Although he couldn't understand, Lumian vaguely grasped what his sister was talking about, perhaps due to the connection between them at the soul level.

She muttered to herself, "An immortal blessed my crown, bestowing upon me the gift of eternal life.

In the dream fragment where Devajo was, the light-colored lady's hat, which had unconsciously fallen to her knees, suddenly flew off.

On her neck, the backs of her hands, and the surface of her face, pores opened one by one, producing white feathers tainted with faint yellow stains.

Devajo observed this scene with a solemn expression. He didn't attempt to interrupt his companion's abnormality and instead took a few cautious steps back.

He couldn't comprehend what was happening. Although he hadn't sensed any malice directed at him, he prudently distanced himself from the anomaly.

The lady in the light-colored dress's azure eyes had lost focus, appearing abnormally vacant and lifeless.

In the blink of an eye, the white feathers, tainted with light-yellow oil stains, seemed to possess a consciousness and life of their own. They frantically emerged from the gaps in the fabric of the dress.

Within moments, the lady in the light-colored dress was enveloped by white feathers tainted with light-yellow oil stains.

Her body grew light and gradually floated, becoming increasingly illusory.

Her azure eyes fixed on Devajo as she shouted in a hollow and agitated voice, "I've become a god! I've achieved immortality!"

The white-feathered monster hovered above the black ancient tomb, incessantly shouting, "I've become a god! I've achieved immortality!"

In another dream fragment, Lumian heard Aurore change her words.

With a fearful expression, she whispered, "Immortal Ascension..."

In the next instant, the ethereal monster, covered in white feathers, flew towards the black ancient tomb in the dream fragment.

She passed through the stone wall on the tomb's surface and vanished.

Suddenly, the frigid wind ceased, freezing.

The black ancient tomb shook visibly, and the tomb door, outlined by hair-like cracks, emitted the sound of dull rubbing, as if someone was trying to push it open from within.

Aurore, "in front" of Lumian and the "surrounding" Cordu began to fade, as if erased by an eraser.

Lumian glanced at the slowly opening tomb door and turned to "Hisoka" Twanaku, who was in another dream fragment.

The dream projection wasn't surprised by the abnormality, nor did he show any fear. Instead, the silent gravekeepers around him rose to their feet.

Amidst the illusory sound of water, the tomb door of the black ancient tomb opened completely.

Accompanied by this change, all the dream fragments that appeared in the blur seemed to be pulled by an invisible force, fusing together.

Devajo, Reaza, Iveljsta, Hisoka Twanaku, and the gravekeepers materialized in front of the black ancient tomb, near Lumian and the others.

“Hisoka” Twanaku smiled, as if he had anticipated that one of the outsiders would transform into a “god” and that the ancient tomb's door would open at this very moment.

He retrieved a golden mask from his black robe.

The mask appeared to be crafted from pure gold, its eyes and face smeared with white and black paint, giving it an unsettling appearance.

Twanaku donned the golden mask and, unlike the other gravekeepers, didn't retreat. Instead, he sprinted towards the black ancient tomb and the open tomb door.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Lumian heard a distinct heartbeat.

It emanated from within the black ancient tomb.

## Chapter 688: Preparations

As Lumian heard his heartbeat, a palm reached out from the open door of the black ancient tomb.

The palm showed no signs of decay or yellow bandages. Its surface was covered in gold, shimmering with a mystical hue under the dim crimson moonlight.

Upon seeing the golden palm, Lumian felt an invisible force compress his soul, instantly severing its connection to his body.

Immediately after, he realized his body had transformed into a cold, solid wall, preventing his spirit from spreading or being controlled by his consciousness.

At that moment, Lumian's soul felt trapped in a cage, unable to escape. He could only see limited scenes through his eyes and hear relatively loud voices with his ears.

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Everyone present turned into statues, frozen in place.

Faced with this situation, Lumian suddenly recalled a saying: The body is a cage for the heart, and the world is a cage for the body.

In the stillness, the only person still moving was “Hisoka” Twanaku.

The golden mask on his face emitted a hazy glow as he swiftly approached the black ancient tomb and the golden palm extending from it.

Although Lumian couldn't move or use his abilities, his soul was merely “imprisoned”—it didn't affect his thoughts.

Seeing that “Hisoka” Twanaku was almost unaffected by the golden palm, Lumian quickly deduced several things.

There's a high likelihood the gold Hisoka seized from Deise—the gold mine city—was used on the cold corpse in the black ancient tomb.

The item he obtained from the Nois family's Demon is likely the golden mask he now wears.

The former was an attempt to revive the cold corpse. Its equivalent to Franca's mention of creating a complete body. The latter ensures Hisoka can approach the target unaffected after the cold corpse's “resurrection” and achieve a certain goal.

Did Hisoka once plan to use this to control the cold corpse and attain demigod-level strength?

When I killed him in the real world, did he in the dream attempt to “resurrect” through this?

Yes, Hisoka's Wraith power comes from the same source as the cold corpse. Perhaps there's a way to make the corpse believe he's its original spirit and accept his lead...

Based on the information I've gathered and what just transpired, humans who have received the boon of the black ancient tomb and the cold corpse can open the tomb without waking the corpse. To awaken it, an intruder must be bestowed with immortality by an invisible figure, ascend to godhood, and enter the ancient tomb.

And intruders will only be attacked by invisible figures without the Dream Festival's bestowed guides...

It's best for an intruder to remain lucid?

How did Hisoka know outsiders would participate in the Dream Festival this year and arrive at the black ancient tomb?

He didn't have such a plan to begin with? That's because he didn't know he was going to die. If he can't complete his plan during this year's Dream Festival, the dream projection will completely dissipate in the next few months, causing him to lose his last hope of revival...

The involvement of outsiders was a pleasant surprise for him?

No, it's too much of a coincidence. Reaza's rushing over can be explained by his discovery of me investigating the Dream Festival and his worry that he wouldn't have a chance to obtain what he wants after this year. But why did Iveljsta coincidentally come to this primitive forest to investigate something? Why did two Beyonders who can remain lucid in the special dream arrive just before the Dream Festival began?

Moreover, why did the Rose School of Thought send someone to Matani in the last few months of the year to gather detailed day-to-day information?

“Hisoka” Twanaku originally planned to complete his plan during this year's Dream Festival. He deliberately leaked some information and clues to attract different factions of interest.

The information these factions received wasn't detailed enough. They had no choice but to dispatch personnel in advance to conduct the corresponding investigations or bribe members of Matani's patrol teams...

This may very well be the truth, a truth that doesn't rely on coincidence. The only thing Hisoka didn't anticipate was his demise before the Dream Festival began.

Now, the Dream Festival is his last and only hope for resurrection.

If he fails to achieve his plan, he will die completely after today!

No wonder he's so secretive about Tizamo despite being honest about everything else in the dream...

Hisoka is truly a cunning Devil skilled at manipulating people's hearts. If he hadn't been bent on killing me and his identity had given him a good opportunity to choose to stay in Port Pylos, he wouldn't have been easy to lull. Yes, if I had played by the book and lacked the goodwill of a high-ranking entity, I might have died at his hands.

The Demon of the Nois family also has designs on the cold corpse in the black tomb and wants to use the Dream Festival. Therefore, when Hisoka mentioned the Dream Festival in his dream, he was immediately attacked by the shadow... Among those present, who is the Demon's minion?

Or could it be that the Demon from the Nois family hasn't arrived yet and wants to wait until the end, when the situation is clear, before taking action and completing the harvest?

If it's just a dream projection, without the main body's cooperation, there should be a huge loophole in Hisoka's plan. Where is the loophole?

Trapped in his body, Lumian couldn't stop Hisoka. He watched helplessly as Hisoka ran to the open door of the black ancient tomb.

Wait...

Since the black ancient tomb reminds me of the Samaritan Women's Spring, I can try that method...

Lumian acted without hesitation, focusing his attention on his Spirit Body's right hand.

Alista Tudor's remnant aura didn't just permeate his body!

And the Blood Emperor was closely linked to the Samaritan Women's Spring!

Wearing a golden mask, Hisoka's body began to etherealize uncontrollably.

Just as he was about to grasp the hand of the corpse protruding from the black ancient tomb, he suddenly sensed an extremely terrifying, frenzied, and violent aura appearing behind him. It soared into the sky explosively, sweeping through the surroundings.

The crimson moon's glow dimmed, and "Hisoka" Twanaku's body instinctively stiffened, trembling violently.

Splash!

An illusory sound of water echoed from the black ancient tomb, and the golden palm seemed to be dragged back into the tomb by some unknown force.

The feeling of their souls being imprisoned within their bodies dissipated. Lumian hurriedly halted the dissipation of the Blood Emperor's aura.

Although Amandina, Camus, Devajo, and the others instinctively felt fear, the confinement of their spirits and fixed line of sight prevented them from discovering the source of the aura that conquered everything.

Ignoring the search for the origin of the terrifying aura, the fierce-eyed Iveljsta followed his instinctive desire and retrieved an item from his hidden pocket.

It was a palm-sized rag doll, dressed in a black Gothic dress entwined with eerie vines. It had long golden hair and blood-red eyes.

The doll was sinister. Just the sight of it made Lumian's flesh crawl beneath his skin.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The heartbeat in the black ancient tomb intensified, becoming resounding.

Beside the tomb door, "Hisoka" Twanaku felt a chill run down his spine, as if targeted by an evil being.

Instinctively, he recalled something.

Years ago, gravekeepers had found a half-withered evil heart near the black ancient tomb.

The gravekeepers believed that the ancient corpse in the tomb had been lost due to some mutation. After all, the characteristics of its power were the same, and the levels seemed similar. Therefore, they placed the heart back into the tomb.

Just a moment ago, the long-dead heart had begun to beat, but now it beat stronger and faster!

Not far from Iveljsta, Reaza also made a move.

He produced a mask.

The mask, also made of gold, bore a striking resemblance to the one worn by Hisoka. Varying shades of white and black paint adorned the eyes and face!

The difference between the two golden masks was that the one in Reaza's hand was darker, as if touched by death.

Then, Reaza produced a human skull carved from crystal.

He placed the dark golden mask on the crystal skull's face.

A frigid wind gusted, engulfing the crystal skull in a massive vortex. The crystal skull, adorned with the golden mask, levitated, as if it had grown an invisible body made of wind.

An intense coldness spread in all directions, condensing a layer of frost on the ground.

The man named Devajo reached behind his head and grasped something in his hair.

With a sudden tug, he ripped off his skin, along with his dark gray suit.

Devajo took on a different appearance. He had black hair, brown eyes, a cold expression, and high cheekbones. He was in his thirties or forties, dressed in a white shirt and black pants.

He flipped the human skin in his hand, revealing dense, dizzying blood embroidery beneath.

Devajo opened his mouth and spat out mouthfuls of blood, emitting a strong sulfuric smell.

The blood protruded from the human skin, forming a green-eyed man in a dark gray suit.

With a playful smile, the "man" approached the black ancient tomb.

Lumian quickly scanned the area, his eyelids twitching three times.



He couldn't help but criticize, Do you all possess godhood-level powers that you can utilize? Although they all seem to be one-time use... Are you bullying me for not having any?

Despite Lumian's criticism, he quickly recited an honorific name in ancient Hermes.

It was Madam Magician's honorific name.

However, it failed to penetrate this special and hidden dream.

Lumian wasn't dejected. His goal wasn't the black ancient tomb, nor was it the cold corpse or its beating heart.

Now that he knew the whereabouts of Hisoka's gold, there was only one thing he wanted to do.

Eliminate Hisoka's dream projection, take away the golden mask, and let him perish completely!

## Chapter 689 Precision

Although Lumian's target was clear, he didn't immediately attack Hisoka's dream projection. This was because his opponent was still beside the black ancient tomb, and under the gaze of three items with godhood power, Lumian might be targeted by all of them if he teleported over.

The three items hadn't reached the point where Lumian couldn't be under their gaze simultaneously, and they appeared to last only a few minutes. However, they displayed certain humanoid characteristics, as if they possessed the ability to think and make decisions on their own. If targeted by them, it would be no different from facing weakened Sequence 4 demigods.

Under such circumstances, Lumian naturally wouldn't take the initiative to enter the eye of the storm and help "Hisoka" Twanaku share the burden. He even felt that if his rival was killed by an outsider whom he had personally attracted, it would be cause for celebration. It was inevitable—after all, since he had already killed Hisoka once, he wasn't obsessed with obliterating the other party's resurrection. Having someone else "do it" for him could reduce his spirituality expenditure.

As Lumian gazed at the open tomb door, he retreated a few steps to the edge of the area. He quickly said to Amandina, Camus, Rhea, and Lugano, "Retreat to the edge!"

Upon hearing this order, Lugano's face lit up with happiness. He was the first to turn around and sprint away.

Rhea raised her hunting bow, aiming left and right, taking slow steps back to guard against any attacks. Camus's performance was similar to hers, but he held his custom revolver.

Amandina glanced at the sinister rag doll, the crystal skull adorned with a golden mask, and the green-eyed man with bulging human skin. She felt lightheaded, as if she was too exhausted to control her body.

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She instantly realized that these were things she shouldn't come into contact with. What transpired beside the black tomb was beyond her ability to interfere.

She swiftly turned her back to the ancient black tomb and prepared to follow Lugano to the edge of the area.

At that moment, Lumian, wearing a grayish-white lightning-shaped brooch, glanced at the gravekeepers who were also hurriedly retreating and thoughtfully asked Amandina, “Where's that figure?”

Amandina ran nimbly, synchronizing her movements with her breathing as she replied, “I don't know! He's gone!”

As soon as she finished speaking, the illusory water reverberating in the black tomb ceased.

The palm-sized evil rag doll in the Gothic dress suddenly floated up, escaping Iveljsta's grasp.

It hovered in midair, with “Hisoka” Twanaku's figure reflected in its blood-red eyes.

Twanaku, who was about to reach into the ancient black tomb, suddenly felt the golden mask on his face come to life. It first pressed inward, as if it wanted to crush his skull, then pulled outward, as if trying to escape.

Hisoka instinctively raised his right hand to press the golden mask back, only to realize that his sleeve had tightly wrapped around his arm, immobilizing it, almost like it was tied up.

Remembering the fate of a godhoodless individual losing the golden mask at the tomb's entrance, Twanaku didn't hesitate. His body became completely ethereal as he transformed into a Wraith.

Then, he vanished from in front of the black tomb and reappeared in the pupil of one of the gravekeepers who had removed their golden mask.

Due to the untimely demise of Hisoka's physical body and his inability to get “assistance,” Hisoka had no choice but to modify his plan and wait for the three factions vying for the cold corpse in the ancient black tomb to begin fighting.

When the chaos reached its peak and the corresponding items were nearly depleted, he would re-enter the fray and compete for the corpse.

As Hisoka temporarily retreated, the area in front of the ancient black tomb became vacant.

Just as the palm-sized evil rag doll was about to float over, the crystal skull, adorned with a golden mask, flew diagonally, enveloped by a vortex-shaped body formed by the cold wind.

Pale-white flames ignited in its eyes, with a hint of darkness at the center.

In response, illusory black water seeped out of the black tomb's walls, forming a silent river that blocked the entrance.

The river was clearly similar to a stream, but it gave Iveljsta, Devajo, Reaza, and the others a vast and expansive feeling.

Their bodies gradually turned cold, and their lives drained faster, irreversibly.

The evil rag doll, clad in a black Gothic dress, hovered in midair, not attempting to cross the silent river.

The crystal skull, adorned with a golden mask, descended into the river.

The wind vortex that constituted its colossal body howled and expanded, as if transforming into an invisible ferry that floated steadily on the surface of the silent river.

The crystal skull, adorned with a golden mask, steered the ferry against the current, slowly approaching the open door of the ancient black tomb.

The green-eyed man, dressed in a dark gray formal suit made of human skin and blood, stood at the back, observing the scene.

With a smile, he opened and closed his mouth, as if silently muttering to himself.

Almost simultaneously, the crystal skull on the invisible ferry emitted a cracking sound.

The pale-white flames in its eye sockets flickered violently, and tiny patterns appeared on its crystalline surface, causing invisible dust to fall.

The ferry itself alternated between expansion and contraction, becoming extremely unstable as it slowed down on the River of Death.

Lumian paid no attention to the battle unfolding in front of the ancient black tomb. With a single glance, his body ignited with intense white flames.

Swoosh!

He transformed into a flaming spear and crossed a distance of 20 to 30 meters, aiming at the gravekeeper whose body had been possessed by "Hisoka" Twanaku.

Hisoka raised his head, revealing a face with light-brown skin and wild beauty.

Rhea!

The gravekeeper whose body had been possessed by Hisoka was Rhea's dream projection!

Facing the rapidly expanding reflection, transforming from a speck of white light into a blazing white flaming spear with a burning tip, Hisoka didn't dodge. He assumed a stance allowing Lumian to attack.

The blazing-white flame spear was incredibly fast. He didn't have time to raise his hunting bow, aim, or shoot. He only slightly bent his arm.

He felt a searing pain, as if his body and soul were about to be pierced.

Hisoka showed no fear. Instead, he chuckled.

The blazing-white flaming spear passed over his shoulder and landed behind him, failing to strike him.

The flames dissipated, revealing Lumian.

The Hisoka in Rhea's dream projection's eyes vanished.

Rhea's dream projection spun around, her expression cold and filled with hatred. She raised her hunting bow, aimed at Lumian, and drew the bowstring.

She was a dream projection formed by excessive desires and emotions, unable to control herself.

"Hmph!"

Two beams of white light shot out from Lumian's nose. Before Rhea's dream projection could release an arrow wrapped in lightning, her eyes closed, and she fainted, collapsing to the ground.

Rhea, who had just arrived at the periphery, trembled.

Her eyes reflected the black-robed “Hisoka” Twanaku.

The strength of their souls differed significantly, and Hisoka easily possessed and seized control of Rhea's body.

Taking advantage of the fact that Camus, Amandina, and Lugano hadn't noticed Rhea's abnormality, he changed the direction of his bow and aimed it at Camus.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle. The arrowhead became engulfed in bright lightning.

As soon as Rhea aimed her bow and arrow at Camus, he sensed her incongruent state and noticed her abnormal behavior.

As a member of the patrol team with considerable combat experience, Camus looked at Rhea without hesitation, his eyes flashing with blinding lightning.

Simultaneously, Hisoka, who had anticipated this, detached from Rhea's body and leaped into Amandina's beautiful azure eyes.

Two blinding lightning bolts shot out of Camus's eyes and drilled into Rhea's head.

Rhea's eyes bulged, and her mouth gaped open. She leaned back, as if she had suffered a heavy blow, but she couldn't make a sound of pain.

Psychic Piercing!

Camus's Psychic Piercing struck her before her arrow could leave the bowstring, causing her to feel pain from the depths of her soul. Her mind went blank as she stood rooted to the ground.

Poof. The arrow, engulfed in bright lightning, shot out unsteadily, missing Camus and flying a short distance away.

Amandina, with “Hisoka” Twanaku's figure reflected in her azure eyes, felt a chill run down her spine. A dense coldness enveloped her, freezing her soul and rendering her unable to control her limbs.

Behind her, Lumian's figure swiftly materialized.

“Ha!”

Lumian opened his mouth and decisively spat out a faint yellow blob of light.

However, Hisoka had no intention of stopping. He shifted his position with another Mirror Jump.

Thud!

Amandina collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

Compared to Padre Cali, Hisoka clearly excelled in combat, possessing a wealth of experience and outstanding talent.

This time, Hisoka appeared on a water droplet on the surface of a leaf more than ten meters away. He leaped out and looked at Lumian and the others with a smile.

He wanted to use Wraith Shriek to attack Lumian Lee and his companions in a wide range, rendering some of them unable to fight and temporarily immobilizing the rest.

Upon realizing this, Lumian chose not to teleport outside Wraith Shriek's range. Instead, he withdrew his palms.

A blazing white fireball condensed, the size of the black tomb.

“Ah!”

Amidst a piercing howl of pain, the colossal white-hot fireball flew out.

With a smile, Hisoka vanished from the tree and leaped into Camus's pupils, where blood flowed from his eyes, nostrils, and ears.

At that moment, the colossal blazing white fireball split into dozens of smaller ones.

Accompanying this transformation, the grayish-white Fury of the Sea brooch on Lumian's chest erupted with bright, silver-

white, and innumerable bolts of lightning after he was struck by Wraith Shriek.

The lightning coiled around the incandescent white fireballs and split into dozens, enveloping the area.

Rumble!

Amidst the consecutive explosions, Rhea, Lugano, Amandina, and Camus were sent flying by the wind and waves. They suffered burns and were struck by a net of lightning.

Camus's entire body went numb, and his gaze lost focus. Hisoka, who was attached to him, also suffered an electric shock. Due to his Wraith state, he was severely injured and couldn't undergo a new round of Mirror Jumps.

Lumian recovered from the Wraith Shriek's assault. He looked at Hisoka, who had emerged from Camus's body, and his lips curled up.

He was using Precision.

The goal was to attack every target indiscriminately and ensure the damage was acceptable.

And when he launched an attack, he didn't need to consciously control it. The Fury of the Sea would automatically add an electric shock to all his offensive fireballs!

## Chapter 690 Death's Symphony

Lumian endured the pain in his soul and eardrums as he activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

His figure abruptly vanished, swiftly materializing beside Camus and Hisoka.

As the residual silver-white electric currents surged into the ground, Hisoka, in Wraith form, was about to escape the paralysis's effects. Lumian activated the black mark on his right chest.

This corresponded to the Spell of Harrumph.

Just as he was about to harrumph, a sudden premonition of danger struck him. He abruptly turned around and stepped back.

A spear condensed from the light of dawn hurtled from afar, spanning a distance of 30 to 40 meters. It flew past Lumian and plunged into the soil behind him, leaving a deep hole as thick as an arm.

Lumian saw his attacker—one of the gravekeepers on the verge of escaping to the periphery.

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He was tall, and even in his black robe, his robust strength was evident. A broadsword of light had already condensed in his hand.

A Dawn Paladin? A gravekeeper who received a boon from the Warrior pathway from the black ancient tomb? Lumian wasn't surprised at all. Instead, it only confirmed his suspicions.

What made his scalp tingle was that the other gravekeepers had also turned to face him.

The dozen or so bestowed locked their gazes onto Lumian.

Hisoka had already broken free from the paralysis caused by the electric shock. Worried about the Spell of Harrumph's control, he endured the pain and leaped into the eyes of one of the gravekeepers. Then, he broke free and transformed back into a human.

He looked at Lumian, who was dozens of meters away, and his smile widened.

I'm also a gravekeeper now. Harming me means harming the gravekeepers!

Although they won't actively assist me and will try to escape once the tomb is opened using the current method, they will undoubtedly react if you threaten me.

This is one of the reasons I dared to “invite” outsiders to the Dream Festival and guide them here.

Unfortunately, my main body is dead, and I can't obtain the promised godhood item from the Celestial Worthy and Loki to resist the outsiders' high-level powers. For now, I can only wait patiently.

According to the original plan, if something went wrong, I could choose to abandon the corpse in the tomb and help the Nois family's Demon obtain it to aid the Rose School of Thought in exchange for other rewards. Now, I must obtain the corpse and become its “spirit.”

Only then can I survive after the Dream Festival and maintain my consciousness and rationality as a demigod-level undead creature.

However, these matters don't concern you, Lumian. You have to face a Guardian and multiple Spirit Warlocks, Gatekeepers, Soul Assurers, Spirit Guides, and Dawn Paladins...

No one below Sequence 4 can withstand the assault of such a Beyonder “army!”

Lumian watched as the gravekeepers' gazes fell upon him. Some of them even condensed broadswords of light. As they charged forward, Lumian tensed up. He reached out, grabbed Camus's shoulder, and teleported away from his current position.

Not long after they vanished, the ground silently collapsed, and pale-white palms extended outward.

Lumian appeared beside the severely injured Rhea with Camus and grabbed her shoulder with his other hand.

Then, the trio swiftly vanished, reappearing beside Amandina, who had awakened from the electric shock.

The distance between them and the gravekeepers widened to nearly a hundred meters.

Lumian clamped his feet around Amandina's arm, releasing the accumulated spirituality and strength in his body.

His condition returned to normal, and he activated the black mark on his right shoulder once more.

This time, the four of them teleported to Lugano, who was self-healing.

As Lumian continued to flash, some of the gravekeepers' Beyonder powers failed to hit them. The remaining ones were forced to change directions repeatedly, preventing them from closing the distance.

Just as Lugano was about to tell his employer, "Let's escape quickly. Teleport us back to Tizamo," he saw Lumian toss Camus and Rhea towards him.

Thud!

The three of them collapsed together, followed by Amandina.

"Ha!"

Lumian spat out a pale-yellow light, enveloping the four of them.

Lugano, Amandina, and the others lost consciousness. With their souls' strength, it would take them at least a minute to regain consciousness without external stimulation.

With this done, Lumian teleported away once more, preventing himself from being targeted by the gravekeepers whose abilities were effective at this distance.

His body vanished, and the gravekeepers, including Hisoka, lost sight of him.

Lumian silently materialized behind the gravekeepers, appearing in front of a palm tree.

Leaning against the rough trees, he retrieved an item from his Traveler's Bag.

It was a blackened bone flute with blood-colored holes.

Symphony of Hatred!

Lumian's lips curled up as he brought the sinister bone flute to his lips with a smile.

Almost simultaneously, "Hisoka" Twanaku felt a strong premonition of danger. He abruptly turned around, spotted Lumian, and locked onto him. He activated his Devil form, transforming into a pitch-black monster nearly three meters tall with curved goat horns and bat-like wings.

Hisoka instinctively abandoned his Wraith form, forsaking the plan of possessing Lumian Lee and restraining him. He found it impossible to remain calm under the aura capable of conquering everything and reflexively fled from the other party.

Accompanied by Hisoka's movements, the gravekeepers also turned.

Lumian's lips touched the black bone flute, emitting a bloody scent, and he played the first note.

The smile on his face widened.

In the real world, facing such a large group of Sequence 7, 6, and 5 Beyonders, he could only teleport Lugano and the others back to Tizamo. However, this was the Dream Festival. Apart from

the few who had recently arrived and could remain lucid, the others were either fused with their dream projections or allowed the corresponding dream projections to move independently.

Dream projections were formed from excessive desires and emotions, and they would lose control during the Dream Festival.

Realizing that Hisoka's dream projection could also become a gravekeeper and maintain a certain level of lucidity and rationality, Lumian believed that it wasn't that the gravekeepers didn't have dream projections, but that they had fused with them. Using their uniqueness and their self-control in their lucid state, they barely suppressed them.

Such targets were the Symphony of Hatred's favorite prey.

It could inflict an attack on the weakness of an enemy's mind or body who heard the corresponding melody. Those with unstable minds might experience symptoms akin to madness. Those with psychological issues might have latent problems triggered. There's even a chance that excessive desires could cause them to explode on the spot. Individuals with illnesses or old injuries would inevitably face severe consequences. Those less fortunate might find themselves trapped in extreme misfortune.

Faced with the dream projections—against the gravekeepers who might have fused with them, Lumian felt that the Symphony of Hatred could be miraculously effective, igniting 100% of the targets' excessive desires and emotions!

Therefore, he chose to make such an attempt. If it failed, he would teleport back to the unconscious Amandina and company, hold onto them, and return to Tizamo.

A melodious and sorrowful melody sounded, but “Hisoka” Twanaku, who was too late to stop Lumian, instinctively burned the two curved and mysterious goat horns on his head.

Mental Shock!

Lumian's emotions swelled, and the melody he played was filled with unmistakable pain and hatred.

He also saw many spirits, as well as the gravekeepers wielding broadswords of light, rushing towards him in various ways.

He continued playing the Symphony of Hatred.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Apart from the unconscious Rhea's dream projection, all the gravekeepers, including Hisoka, halted with contorted expressions.

They heard illusory explosions in their bodies and minds, and their eyes instantly turned bloodshot. They lost control of their bodies, and their ears were filled with buzzing sounds.

They couldn't see, hear, or think. Their bodies and souls had been severely injured.

The same went for “Hisoka” Twanaku. In essence, he remained a dream projection formed by extreme emotions and desires.

However, as he suffered the Symphony of Hatred's weakness attack, he also ignited Lumian's emotions and desires from the impact.



Lumian's mind buzzed, and blood vessels bulged in his green eyes. A viscous liquid reeking of blood flowed from his nose, and his internal organs seemed to suffer varying degrees of damage.

The Symphony of Hatred fell to the ground with a thud.

More than a hundred meters away from Lumian, near the forest, the unconscious Amandina, Lugano, and company's faces contorted, as if they were trapped in different nightmares.

Devajo, weakened by spitting out blood to the human skin, silently approached the edge of the forest, ready to escape at any moment. However, he heard the Symphony of Hatred's melody.

He froze, vomiting copious amounts of bright red blood that reeked of sulfur. His entire being weakened, and he nearly lost control.

Iveljsta watched as the evil rag doll emitted a silent shriek, transforming the crystal skull with its golden mask and its invisible "ferry" into a pale-white goat. Just as he was about to approach the silent river in front of the black ancient tomb in delight, his pale-white face instantly flushed red, and dark-red blood flowed from the corners of his eyes, nose, mouth, and ears.

He had also suffered the explosion of emotions and desires, but he wasn't a dream projection, nor had he fused with one. Therefore, he was only severely injured, unlike the gravekeepers and Devajo, who were pushed to the brink of death.

Reaza, who had maintained his lucidity and rationality without a dream projection, panted heavily, as if caught in a struggle of his own. His cold eyes became rather lost.

In the area where the black tomb resided, only the evil rag doll, the human skin man, and the pale-white goat with the golden mask remained unaffected by the Symphony of Hatred.

Relying on his Ascetic endurance, Lumian quickly recovered from the severe damage caused by the explosion of desire and emotions.

Gazing at Hisoka and the others, who had yet to recover, he smiled and extended his right palm.

A colossal white-hot fireball swiftly condensed, engulfed in silver-white lightning, and launched.

Upon reaching the gravekeepers' area, it split into nearly 20 smaller lightning fireballs that blasted at "Hisoka" Twanaku and the gravekeepers.

Precision!

Rumble!

Blazing white flames and silver-white lightning surged simultaneously. Lumian watched as the gravekeepers, already on the brink of death, collapsed like straw, their lives extinguished one after another.

This is what Culling means... Lumian closed his eyes and took it in.

Rumble!

Apart from the unconscious Rhea's dream projection and the Guardian struggling to hold on, the gravekeepers were all dead. Only "Hisoka" Twanaku, his body still emitting silver-white lightning, remained.

His eyes were bloodshot, on the verge of losing control.

At that moment, he saw a flaming spear wrapped in silver-white lightning fly over and collide with the side of his nose.

Amidst a sizzling sound, the blazing white flaming spear pierced through his skull, igniting his brain and flying behind him, leaving behind raging silver-white electric snakes.

As the flames dissipated, Lumian's figure appeared, his back facing "Hisoka" Tvanaku.

The Devil-form Hisoka's eyes glazed over. He swayed a few times before collapsing to the ground.

Weakness Investigation!

Cull!