

Inevitability 721

Chapter 721 Exhausting the Substitutes

A Demoness of Pleasure didn't possess an innately proactive charm, but she could maximize her allure to irresistible levels. Even under normal circumstances, her magnetism could make most men unable to shift their gazes away, their breathing growing labored as their minds raced with desire. Moran Avigny had certainly never been an Ascetic, and his lust was already inflamed by Beatrice's Necklace.

His focus was solely locked on Franca now, imagination running wild with tantalizing possibilities of what might happen next.

Heart pounding, blood surging, his movements were affected—swift but erratic.

A dawn-like glow emanated from Moran's body, marking Franca as the target of his righteous punishment. This enhanced his influence and offensive power against the tempting demoness.

As he selected her for punishment, Moran seemed to grow taller in Franca's eyes, striking fear into her heart. She sensed he was a formidable figure who could end her existence with a mere thought.

She broke invisibility and tried to quickly shift positions.

Seizing the opportunity, Moran thrust out his right hand, breathing hot and heavy, and spoke an ancient Hermes incantation: “Imprison!”

Viscous amber liquid surged forth, enveloping Franca and freezing the demoness in place within a colossal transparent prison.

Crack!

Franca's form shattered, transforming into a palm-sized makeup mirror.

This allowed her to escape the Disciplinary Paladin's Imprison.

Suddenly, powerful danger premonition gripped Moran. Straining his enhanced physique, he broke free of the intangible spider silk ensnaring him and dove to the side.

Jenna's ice spike wreathed in unholy black flames narrowly missed its mark as she struck with all her might from the diagonal flank.

Moran's eyes flicked to the Witch in her dark dress and bonnet. He couldn't help but think she was quite appealing too.

Why not have both?

Dropping to one knee, Moran reached out towards Jenna and bellowed another Hermes invocation: “Confinement!”

Wordlessly, an immaterial wall materialized around Jenna, impenetrable even to her Spirit Body.

Rather than adhering directly to her, it generated a transparent cell with her at its center, thwarting any attempt at Mirror Substitution.

Taking note of this, Jenna opted not to strike the unseen barrier. Instead, she enveloped herself in a layer of frost.

Beyond the frost was another layer of frost—a delicate vacuum formed, transforming Jenna into a frozen statue.

“Confinement!”

Moran Avigny didn't immediately press his advantage against Jenna. His bloodshot eyes fixed on Franca as he confined the space surrounding the Demoness of Pleasure.

Franca remained unresponsive as black flames surged forth from her form.

Outside the black blaze, strata of frost coalesced, fashioning a translucent, sturdy sarcophagus.

Transparent spider silk wound around her, cocooning the frost in spirals.

Wh— Moran Avigny, though perplexed by the Demoness of Pleasure's peculiar behavior, took satisfaction in the success of his Confinement, circumventing the effects of Mirror Substitution.

His movements somewhat warped, he lunged at Franca. His mind raced with the powers he would unleash next and the consequences of bringing her under his control.

He had almost forgotten the presence of the Spectator, but Anthony had slipped into a blind spot.

No matter, I'll subdue the two Demonesses first! The instant this notion crossed Moran Avigny's mind, a faintly piercing melody abruptly resounded in his ears.

Lumian stepped out from the corner shadows, the black Symphony of Hatred bone flute at his lips.

Prohibition of Invisibility hadn't compelled him to reveal himself, as he wasn't invisible to begin with. He had merely shape-shifted into a shadow being, blending with the shadows!

Lumian studied Moran Avigny's face, twisted by desire. Approaching with a grin, he played the melody with intensified vigor.

Given Moran Avigny's state, he was certain the Symphony of Hatred's exploitation of vulnerabilities would undeniably inflame the other's cravings. Employing his Fate Appropriator's abilities in tandem was unnecessary.

Amid the lively, cutting music, Moran Avigny's body abruptly went rigid.

With a cracking noise, he invoked Mirror Substitution to endure the nearly lethal assault on his behalf.

Moran Avigny's silhouette manifested behind Lumian, but Lumian's performance persisted, and the nigh-explosive lust gripping Moran Avigny remained unabated.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Moran Avigny's form repeatedly fractured like a mirror, rematerializing in the ever-quickening melody. He couldn't flee the vicinity, nor could he spare a moment to obstruct his hearing.

The captivating strains of the Symphony of Hatred permeated every nook of the space behind the mirror.

Anthony crouched in a corner, employing a prop he had readied beforehand to shield his ears. He was set to bank on the mirror to induce a trance and plunge into deep sleep, thus evading Lumian's lethal melody that spared neither friend nor foe.

Despite his preparations, grayish-white dragon scales involuntarily surfaced on his skin.

Crack! Crack! Moran Avigny's Mirror Substitution had at last been exhausted.

His mind reeled, and he experienced overwhelming pleasure, a surge of euphoria.

His frame shuddered with pain and rapture.

Blood seeped from his nostrils, eyes, ears, and mouth. His saliva, mucus, and tears streamed all at once, as though he teetered on the brink of collapse.

Lumian appeared behind him, lowered the Symphony of Hatred, and snorted.

Twin beams of white light struck Moran Avigny, plunging the Disciplinary Paladin into unconsciousness.

Lumian afforded Moran Avigny no opportunity to harness his unique powers to rouse himself. He produced a ritualistic dog skin from his Traveler's Bag and draped it over the gradually crumpling foe's head.

“Dog!” Lumian declared in Hermes.

With a shadowy flash, Moran Avigny vanished, supplanted by an enormous dog with tawny fur.

Amid the intangible thud of the dog collapsing to the ground, it lay insensible on its flank.

Lumian smiled, stooped down, and scooped up the dog.

Witnessing this, Anthony dislodged the gag that had wholly covered his ears, and Jenna shed the dual layers of frost encasing her.

Franca lagged slightly. After a handful of seconds, the cocoon ruptured, and the ice coffin noiselessly dissipated, prompting the black flames to disperse.

She regarded Lumian and Jenna with astonishment and delight, stating, “My Pleasure potion underwent substantial digestion!”

No sooner had she concluded her statement than she pinched her nose and surveyed the spot where Moran Avigny had stood and the massive dog cradled in Lumian's arms.

“I know what's going on... He must have just savored genuine pleasure—utmost pleasure. Moreover, this ‘pleasure’ stemmed from me.”

Lumian deliberated momentarily before replying, “He even staked his life to remain in pursuit of the pleasure you bestowed upon him, weathering the same excruciating agony. Ultimately, he attained the pleasure he coveted, albeit not in the manner he desired. He paid the steepest price for it.”

“He's also a Beyonder on par with Sequence 5,” Franca remarked with a wistful smile.

“Regrettably, I wasn't the one wielding the Symphony of Hatred; otherwise, my

Pleasure potion might have been fully digested. Pleasure begets pain, and pleasure lures people into depravity. Pleasure is akin to a candle flame to a moth..."

At this juncture, she lowered her voice and mumbled in an unfamiliar tongue, "Lust is a dangerous game..."

Franca harbored no excessive regrets. Among them, only Lumian could shoulder the adverse cost of the Symphony of Hatred.

Anthony scanned the environs and serenely prompted Franca, "Since we've succeeded, let's leave quickly."

Jenna had already drawn near to Lumian, who had likewise stowed away the Symphony of Hatred.

"Okay." Franca nodded and took several paces to Lumian's side, grasping his upper arm.

Concurrently, black flames ignited behind the mirror.

Within seconds, the quartet emerged from the fixed portal to the mirror world in the quarry cave.

Franca finalized the anti-

divination and anti-prophecy measures.

Subsequently, they teleported back to the secured residence in the administrative district.

Franca sighed. "Beatrice's Necklace can no longer trigger Lust..."

Beatrice's Necklace could only trigger such desires twice. The inaugural target of Lust was Gardner Martin.

For Demoness Franca, this signified the loss of a potent auxiliary means.

Jenna nodded slightly. "How unfortunate. It appears the Demoness of Pleasure and the Sex Addict of the Mother Tree of Desire pathway can forge an ideal and efficacious partnership."

"Indeed. Unfortunately, I cannot obtain the Mother Tree of Desire's boon.

Otherwise..." Franca abruptly fell silent, and an identical phrase flitted through the minds of Lumian and the others: Sex Addict Demoness!

Clearing her throat twice, Franca said, "I can only hope that the bestowed of the Mother Tree of Desire will bestow comparable props."

She turned to the enfeebled dog, who had yet to stir, and contemplated briefly before proposing, "Administer truth serum to him first, then have Anthony befriend him as a two-

pronged approach? Yes, employ the Magic Mirror Spirit Channeling Spell as a precautionary step..."

Lumian nodded, recollecting the "criticism" the Demoness of Black had leveled at Franca. Quelling his avarice, he said, "No need to rush. I'll question him after visiting Mr. K. Mr. K must have his motives for abruptly targeting Moran Avigny for assassination. Only by consulting him can we extract more pertinent intelligence later."

Franca and the others nodded in concurrence. "Agreed."

19 Rue Scheer, Psychic Magazine headquarters.

Lumian alighted from the carriage, attired in a light-blue cotton shirt following a change of clothing, and entered the six-story white luxurious residence.

Chapter 722 He Knows

In the basement of 19 Rue Scheer, Lumian encountered Mr. K.

If he hadn't witnessed Mr. K transform into flesh and blood to envelop Moran Avigny and subsequently suffer holy light damage from the Purifiers, Lumian wouldn't have believed that the energetic, black-hooded man before him had recently infiltrated the Intis Republic's Minister of Industry's residence and carried out an assassination.

“You're back from the Southern Continent?” Mr. K's voice was as deep and raspy as ever.

Instead of sitting in the red armchair, he stood directly in front of Lumian, in the shadows projected by the crystal chandelier.

Lumian didn't hide anything and smiled. “I'm back to do a favor for a friend. I'll be leaving again in the future. As you know, I can teleport.”

Mr. K's expansive hood swayed gently, as if nodding.

He said with relief, “The fact that you still remember to come here and praise the Lord's glory after returning to Trier proves I didn't misjudge you.”

Lumian, having just completed the prayer process with Mr. K, felt guilty and ashamed.

He cut to the chase.

“I saw you assassinate Moran Avigny.”

Under his hood, Mr. K's gaze suddenly took on a tangible quality, and the shadows around him flickered.

After a few seconds, the Aurora Order Oracle asked in a hoarse voice, “You were there?”

Lumian maintained a relaxed demeanor as he replied, “Yes. Your assassination method bore the hallmarks of a Rose Bishop and was suspected of using Grazing to teleport. Even with just the Purifiers' information, it wouldn't be hard for me to guess it was you. But I admit, I was indeed present.”

“Where were you hiding?” Mr. K inquired.

Lumian replied with a smile, “In the mirror Moran Avigny fled into.”

At this, Mr. K's black robe fluttered despite the still air, as if countless flesh and blood were cheering beneath.

Unable to hide his excitement, he asked, “And now? Have you captured Moran Avigny?”

“Yes.” Lumian nodded solemnly.

“Hahaha! Hahaha!” Mr. K half-raised his body, revealing his thin chin, and erupted into maniacal laughter.

His laughter made Lumian's ears ring. Light and shadows danced in the basement, the stench of blood permeating the air.

Finally, Mr. K stopped laughing and spoke with unnerving fanaticism,

“Just as the Lord arranged. Piousness is indeed the only way out!”

He began tracing a cross on his chest.

“Praise you for creating all. Praise you for bearing the world's sins!”

Lumian also praised the Aurora Order's True Creator.

Mr. K smiled and sighed.

“I had planned to assassinate Moran Avigny in the coming days, but hadn't set a date. However, when I saw him at the window this evening, gazing at the distant scenery, I sensed something off about his emotional state.

“Fearing something might go wrong, I hastily launched the operation and failed.

“I was about to repent to the Lord and shoulder my sins when you arrived and told me you had captured Moran Avigny.

“What does this signify?

“It means the Lord has prearranged everything. We need only pray, act, and do things with devotion. Nothing else matters.

“With piousness, failure is a stepping stone to success. Without it, even success leads to failure.”

In previous conversations with Mr. K, Lumian had always felt a language barrier. He understood the words but couldn't truly grasp the fanatical state.

But this time, his heart raced and a chill ran down his spine.

Could the Under the Table transaction I initiated through the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction be connected to the Aurora Order's Lord?

Is that why Moran Avigny suddenly risked leaving through the study mirror? Why he came to the study to assess the environment, weighing the risks as he feigned reading...

So, after I compelled Moran Avigny's fate, Mr. K hurried to the study to assassinate him, forcing him to flee to the nearest mirror—the full-body one we hid in...

During the transaction, we paid with the Blood Gold ring, derived from the Beyond characteristic of a Sequence 6 Rose Bishop of the Secrets Suppliant pathway...

Lumian chose to share his feelings with Mr. K but concealed his fear and the power of Compelling Fate. He attributed all the developments to the Authority Holder's Under-the-table Transaction.

Despite his frenzied laughter, Mr. K remained composed. Solemnly and fanatically, he said, “The Lord watches, the Lord listens, and the Lord knows.”

Lumian had heard Madam Magician say similar words before but hadn't felt their weight. He hadn't even been troubled, knowing it was futile. But now, every hair on his body stood on end, a chill running down his spine.

He sensed eyes watching him from every shadow.

The more he experienced and learned, the more acutely he felt the terror and oppression of those three short sentences.

After a few seconds, Lumian praised the True Creator again and asked, “Mr. K, why did you assassinate Moran Avigny? My friends and I dealt with him because the real Moran Avigny is dead. The active one is a Mirror Person. What about you?”

“Mirror Person? No wonder he has Mirror Substitution. That's precisely what I didn't anticipate—causing the assassination to fail,” Mr. K sighed with realization.

Pacing back and forth, he told Lumian,

“Recent cases in Intis have led to an organization called the School of Truth. They used degenerates from cults and official organizations to achieve certain goals. For example, a descendant of Poli vanished mysteriously, and closely monitored pages from Roselle's diary disappeared.”

Poli? One of Emperor Roselle's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse? A descendant of his has vanished? Lumian's eyelids twitched at the thought.

Jebus Lata had mentioned the School of Truth's three goals: finding clues about the fallen heaven, Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum, and 0-05, the Magic Wishing Lamp.

The Fourth Epoch Trier's seal had just been breached. For now, Intis's official organizations were unlikely to overlook anything. As for 0-05, Emperor Roselle's eldest daughter Bernadette held it. The School of Truth admitted they couldn't handle the Element Dawn leader yet. They wanted more boons before trying.

In other words, two of the three targets required long-term planning from the School of Truth. That left clues about Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum. Jebus mentioned having no relevant clues himself. Whether the Overseer did was uncertain.

Combined with Mr. K's account, Lumian had a bad feeling.

Could the School of Truth already possess crucial clues about Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum?

Mr. K continued, “We're investigating these matters, as is Element Dawn.

“We recently discovered Moran Avigny's involvement in some cases. He seemed to be a key figure in the School of Truth.”

“Then why assassinate him instead of capturing him?” Lumian felt Mr. K's previous actions aimed to kill Moran Avigny.

Mr. K chuckled raspily.

“Killing him is simpler than capture. And after his death, an abnormality will undoubtedly occur. The official Beyonders will find a way to communicate with his spirit. Then, the authorities will investigate the School of Truth to thwart their plan.

“Isn't that our goal?”

“Plus, we can shadow the authorities to track down School of Truth members.”

You, an Aurora Order Oracle, have also learned to “” and exploit the authorities? Lumian found it amusing.

If not for needing more information about the Mirror People, he, Franca, and the others could have simply forced Moran Avigny to show signs of abnormality, avoiding so much trouble.

Lumian delved into more details with Mr. K, increasingly sensing the School of Truth was close to locating Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum.

Without delay, he expressed his urgency to return and interrogate Moran Avigny to prevent mishaps.

“Do you need my help?” Mr. K inquired.

Lumian responded with a smile, “Not for now. We have a Hypnotist, the Bliss Society's truth serum, and a Demoness skilled in spirit channeling.”

He didn't mention also having Fate Appropriator abilities.

During Fate Appropriation, Lumian could “see” all of Moran Avigny's past and present fates, and most fate tributaries. But the duration was limited, only allowing extraction of the most pertinent information.

“Alright, let me know if you need anything.” Mr. K sized up Lumian with admiration.

Finding a secluded spot to teleport back to the safe house, Lumian surveyed the area and said to Franca, “Use Mirror Cufflink's ability to take us back to the underground quarry cave.”

This would prevent accidents from affecting the neighborhood.

Lumian had already teleported multiple times that day and even altered Moran Avigny's fate. Previously, he had played the Symphony of Hatred and triggered a series of weakness assaults. The immense expenditure left him with spirituality for only seven to eight more teleports and no further accumulation.

In this situation, using Beyonder items when possible was only natural.

Understanding Lumian's state, Franca didn't hold back on the Mirror Cufflink's charges. She only asked Lumian to carry the colossal dog and keep it from touching her.

She then made the glass cufflink on her blouse glow, leading Lumian and the others into the room's mirror. Through the dark, empty tunnel, they appeared in the quarry cave with a fixed entrance to the mirror world.

Franca took out the truth serum and tossed it to Anthony Reid with a friendly smile. "Feed some to Moran Avigny and have a good chat with him."

Chapter 723 Secret of Immortality

After some time had passed, Anthony Reid guided the shriveled brownish-yellow dog back to the quarry cave that housed a fixed entrance to the mirror world.

Turning to Lumian, he said, "You can dispel the Animal Creation Spell now."

Lumian glanced at the enormous dog, which had lost its ferocious and ruthless demeanor. With a smile, he recited the dispelling incantation in Hermes: "Monk!"

Lumian had personally crafted the ritualistic dog skin. While he had used Padre Guillaume Bénét's activation incantation, he had modified the dispelling incantation.

Initially, Lumian wanted to use the name of Gehrman Sparrow, one of his two idols, as the dispelling incantation. However, since Gehrman was Mr. Fool's Angel of Redemption, uttering his name in Hermes might have unusual consequences and seem blasphemous. Consequently, Lumian discarded that idea.

Since the first ritualistic hide he made was dog skin, Lumian drew inspiration from the phrase "Monks Chasing Dogs" and chose the word "Monk" for the dispelling incantation.

As a dark light flared, it revealed a pitiful-looking Moran Avigny.

Instinctively, Moran reached for a handkerchief in his chest pocket and wiped away the dried blood, tears, saliva, and mucus from his face.

Rather than getting directly to the point, Lumian decided to begin with trivial questions to bolster his credibility and optimize the hypnotic effect.

With a blend of derision and a sigh, he said, "I can't grasp why you Mirror People loathe your real world equivalents."

Moran Avigny sneered in response. "If you were perpetually confined to the cold, gloomy, sealed mirror, you'd also despise your counterpart who basks in the sun, savors fine food and drink, and revels in leisure and pleasure."

"But your existence wasn't a natural occurrence. It was an accident," Jenna pointed out, narrowly avoiding mentioning that they were monstrosities inhabiting a unique mirror world.

Chuckling, Moran Avigny retorted, "What bearing does that have on our envy and hatred?"

"We didn't trigger the accident. As we were born and have been perpetuating our kind, we possess the right to seek a superior life."

Momentarily at a loss for words, Franca and Jenna fell silent.

Speaking in a friendly tone, Lumian said, "You indeed have that right. However, it cannot involve murder or injuring the original body. Why not collaborate with official organizations, such as the Church of The Fool? After fleeing Fourth Epoch Trier, you could depart this city and commence a new life elsewhere."

Moran Avigny scoffed. "You believe we can trust and cooperate with these sun-dwelling organizations?"

"Are you not already collaborating with the School of Truth?" Lumian exposed Moran Avigny's deception.

After a brief pause, Moran Avigny stated, "We have a mission. We desire the authentic restoration of this world."

"Authentic?" Lumian intentionally provoked. "How can authenticity exist in a mirror? You Mirror People merely resemble the genuine ones. Upon death, you will revert to mirror shards."

Following the provocation, Lumian's eyes turned silver-black as he examined Moran Avigny's fate tributary, aiming to deter him from providing a response that could endanger his life.

After a quick observation confirming that his question wouldn't pose a significant risk, Lumian deactivated the Eye of Calamity to preserve his spirituality.

With a meaningful smile, Moran Avigny said, "No, in a certain sense, what resides in the mirror is real.

"Upon completing our mission, we will fully return to reality!"

Intrigued by Moran Avigny's confidence, Franca asked, "Why do you say that?"

Moran Avigny's gaze swept over the two Demonesses. Now in his refractory period, he chuckled and said, "Even I cannot comprehend the most basic reason. All I can disclose is that it relates to the Chaos Demoness we revere deep within the mirror world. She is the true Primordial Demoness!

"Moreover, I can offer an example: After transforming into a Witch and interacting with mirror magic, every Demoness's true self dwells within the mirror."

Observing Franca and Jenna's skepticism, Moran Avigny, eager to express his thoughts, inquired with a smile,

"Are you aware of the Demoness pathway's Sequence 3 name?"

In unison, Franca and Jenna shook their heads. "No."

With a slight nod, Moran Avigny explained, "It's known as the Demoness of Unaging. Eternal youth, skilled in resurrection and rebirth.

"Why are they so challenging to kill, capable of resurrection and rebirth? It's because what they destroy is merely their external form. Their authentic selves have always been imprisoned and sealed within the mirror!

“If the false ones perish, they can swiftly be resurrected through the projection of their true selves in the mirror!

“Consider this: how can one's true self, imprisoned, sealed, and utilized as a source of resurrection, not despise the false one in reality? Why wouldn't they yearn to escape the mirror and reclaim what is rightfully theirs?”

Franca abruptly recalled the moment she first entered the unique mirror world.

At that time, she had encountered her body's original self, the one with thick brown eyebrows and short flaxen-colored hair before ingesting the Witch potion. His face was drenched in blood, and his eyes brimmed with malice and hatred.

Could it be that after drinking the Witch potion and transforming into a woman, her male self didn't disappear but was exiled to the mirror, unable to escape? Franca was both alarmed and suspicious.

Jenna also remembered something from her past.

During the process of becoming a Witch, she saw her other self in an illusion—her malevolent, mirror-like self. Both of them plummeted into the black flames, and she struggled to crawl out, returning to the ice above the black flames to complete her advancement. The malevolent self was dragged into the bottomless Abyss by the python-like black shadow.

Could it symbolize self-division?

Is a part of me truly suffering in the mirror?

Noticing his two Demoness companions' perplexed state, Lumian smiled at Moran Avigny and said, “It doesn't necessarily involve self-imprisonment. It's conceivable that during the Witch transformation process, they formed a profound connection with their mirror selves, enabling them to master mirror magic. To a degree, this also allows for their resurrection.”

“The mirror self is tainted with blood, malice, hatred, and malevolence because they are perpetually in this state. They constantly envy their real selves, just like you Mirror People from a unique world.”

Unable to uncover the truth at the moment, Lumian preferred not to linger on the subject and attempted to shift the blame to others.

Furthermore, as a Mirror Person, Moran Avigny had an innate inclination to take sides. His words needed to be cautiously accepted and analyzed from a different perspective.

Upon hearing Lumian's explanation, Franca and Jenna's expressions softened. Moran Avigny mocked, “Self-deception cannot conceal the truth.”

Recognizing that the initial preparations were nearly complete, Lumian decided to redirect the conversation back to the main topic.

Originally, their objective was related to Mirror People, but now Lumian sensed that the matter involving the School of Truth was more relevant and pressing. He needed to inquire about it first.

His eyes turned silver-black once more as he gazed at Moran Avigny and asked, “Did you enter into a contract with the School of Truth's Overseer?”

“Of course we did. How else could we collaborate? We all value contracts,” Moran Avigny replied with pride.

Lumian chuckled.

“He didn't surreptitiously modify the terms the instant you signed the contract, did he?”

“No, I am highly attentive to such matters. As you know, I am a Judge in the mystical sense,” Moran Avigny responded confidently.

Lumian probed further, “Have you met the Overseer?”

Moran Avigny shook his head.

“He signed the contract first and then dispatched his subordinate to deliver it. We never actually met.”

“What has the Overseer been up to lately?” Lumian inquired cautiously.

Moran Avigny chuckled.

“I am merely a cog of his immense Under the Table black net. I assist in completing specific matters through transactions. I am unaware of what those matters allude to or the motivations behind them.

“Yes, he once mentioned that he intended to use individuals like me to weave an invisible and massive vortex. He could infuse his strongest desires into it and achieve results.

“A few days ago, he casually remarked that the vortex is on the verge of taking shape.”

The vortex is about to take shape... Lumian continued to monitor the changes in Moran Avigny's fate tributary and, after some contemplation, asked, “How do you and the Overseer typically communicate? Is there a special contingency plan in case of an emergency?”

This was something he needed to ascertain as quickly as possible. The abrupt attack on Intis's Minister of Industry, Moran Avigny, and his enigmatic disappearance was breaking news. It wouldn't take long for the news to spread. When that happened, the Overseer would undoubtedly learn about it and promptly sever his original communication channel.

In Moran Avigny's villa.

Angoulême de François, the captain of the Purifier mobile team directly under Trier's diocese, had been prepared and swiftly arrived at the scene.

After listening to the on-scene Purifiers' and assessing the scene, Angoulême frowned.

“A member of the Aurora Order?”

Not Hidden Blade and the others?

What are they up to!

Following a moment of reflection, Angoulême issued an order,

“Let's first suppress the news of Moran Avigny's incident to avoid alerting the individuals and factions behind this abnormality. We may still have an opportunity to uncover clues and proceed with our investigation.”

This was his experience and a process the Purifiers were already familiar with.

Chapter 724 Leader

The Purifier team from Saint Viève Cathedral soon arrived at Moran Avigny's study, carrying a nearly sealed wooden box.

They each wore white robes adorned with waxed golden threads, thin rubber gloves, and leather hoods. Their masks curved downward, forming a bird's beak in front of their mouths and noses.

Angoulême signaled the other Purifiers to withdraw from this floor and clear the adjacent ones. Donning a bird-beak mask and similar attire himself, he tightly bandaged his wrists and ankles.

Peering through the red glass lenses of his mask, Angoulême watched his colleagues open the wooden box.

Mirrors of the perfect size lined the inner layer of the box on all sides—top, bottom, left, right, front, and back.

In the center, surrounded by the mirrors, stood a milky-white stone statue half the height of a person. It portrayed a beautiful half-naked woman, her dress torn away to the waist.

Despite the female figurine's broken arm, her other hand alluringly covered her navel. Her captivating figure and exquisite facial features stirred an inexplicable heat within Angoulême. A sudden urge to kiss “her” flooded his mind, a desire for an intimate encounter with the stone statue.

Not daring to breathe deeply, he forced himself to maintain control.

He recognized this as a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact under the Trier diocese, serial number 82, known as the Ullamos Statue.

This Grade 1 Sealed Artifact could gradually entice nearby creatures to obsess over it, spreading various illnesses, some common and others mystical in nature.

Left unchecked, the statue's influence would transform its surroundings into a nightmarish landscape of agony—living beings wailing, writhing, and perishing in horrifying ways. The relentless plague would expand, unleashing a widening catastrophe.

Angoulême had requested 1-82 for its ability to guide other creatures into the mirror world. Strictly controlling exposure time was crucial to prevent the spread of illness and obsession.

The two Purifiers gently lifted the Ullamos Statue and carried it to the full-body mirror in the study.

Angoulême and his two other teammates approached, placing their palms on 1-82's shoulders.

In perfect synchronicity, they magically phased through the glass mirror, vanishing from Moran Avigny's study.

As soon as Angoulême laid eyes on the dark, hazy, almost illusory space behind the mirror, a tickle in his throat urged him to cough.

“Sigh...” A soft exhalation escaped his lips.

Their attire couldn't isolate the disease spread by the Ullamos Statue...

Its sole purpose was to minimize the rate at which they succumbed to genuine infection!

Weakened yet inexplicably excited, Angoulême and his teammates investigated the area behind the mirror. They quickly discovered numerous dim mirror fragments scattered about.

“A battle took place here. Moran Avigny had to use Mirror Substitution multiple times, but there's no sign of blood, bodily fluids, hair, or any other traces,” one of the Purifiers concluded.

Angoulême's heart raced as he speculated. A battle? Someone ambushed Moran Avigny in the mirror?

Impressive, Hidden Blade!

“It seems Moran Avigny couldn't escape right away and multiple Mirror Substitutions were shattered. There's a high chance he was captured,” Angoulême analyzed seriously before pivoting to misdirection. “I see. The Aurora Order never expected the assassination to succeed. The assassin's only objective was to drive Moran Avigny into this mirror, where the rest of the Aurora Order awaited him!”

The other Purifiers concurred with this theory, nodding in agreement.

“Definitely the Aurora Order.”

“They even utilized a potent item capable of accessing the mirror world to confront Moran Avigny.”

“The absence of gruesome scenes suggests the Aurora Order aimed to capture Moran Avigny alive and extract vital information.”

“Over the past five to six years, the Aurora Order has grown more intelligent...”

Following a short discussion, one of the Purifiers glanced back at the Ullamos Statue at the entrance and gulped.

“We need to leave now. Return 1-82 to the mirror box. I can't endure it any longer.”

Angoulême agreed.

Back in the real world, they sealed 1-82 once more and removed their cumbersome attire. At last, he sighed with relief, feeling utterly exhausted in both body and mind.

Inside the quarry cave with a stable mirror world entrance, illuminated by the carbide lamp under the Eye of Calamity's gaze, Moran Avigny smiled as he answered Lumian's question,

“Also through a mirror.”

While speaking, he retrieved a makeup mirror from his pocket and elaborated, “Every mirror in the mirror world is unique, each with its own corresponding coordinates. I provided him with my mirror's coordinates, and he reciprocated with the coordinates of a mirror on his side. With this arrangement, I can harness my abilities and the mirror world to transmit information to his mirror for a set duration. He contacts me in the same manner but relies on the Beyond item I gave him.”

“An IP address, I suppose...” Franca muttered in a language unfamiliar to anyone present.

Lumian smiled warmly and inquired, “Would you be willing to share the Overseer's mirror coordinates with us?”

Moran Avigny shook his head.

“It's indescribable and impossible to write down. Only those like us from the mirror world can perceive it. Or Demonesses with godhood—Demonesses of Despair.”

Sequence 4 Demoness of Despair? And Sequence 5 is Demoness of Affliction... These two Sequences sound unpleasant. Uncomfortable to act, but the subsequent Demoness of Unaging is quite impressive... Franca gleaned information about the Demoness pathway from Moran Avigny's words.

“How can the Overseer perceive it then?” Jenna asked.

Moran Avigny smiled.

“He can't perceive it either, but his Beyond item can record and use it.”

Franca smiled and raised her sleeve, revealing the glass-like Mirror Cufflink.

Taken aback, Moran Avigny's expression shifted to one of relief.

“You're the ones who killed Jebus.”

“The Overseer killed him,” Lumian clarified sincerely. “We had no intention of killing him. We even wanted to befriend him, but the Overseer used a mysterious power from afar to end his life. I fear you may suffer the same fate.”

Moran Avigny fell silent for a few moments before stating, “It can record it.”

He referred to the Mirror Cufflink's ability to record the Overseer mirror's coordinates.

Franca wasn't surprised at all. “I knew it would work.”

When she had used the Mirror Cufflink earlier, she realized the mirrors in the mirror world gave her a crystal-clear sense of the mirror world's entrances in the vicinity. There was the full-body mirror in Moran Avigny's study and a few other unknown mirrors.

Franca suspected the Mirror Cufflink would instinctively record the corresponding coordinates of each mirror.

Moran Avigny continued, "You won't be able to find the Overseer directly through that mirror. I've long suspected the mirror is actually with one of the Overseer's subordinates. Naturally, that subordinate must be very close to the Overseer. Otherwise, it would hinder the transmission of information."

Just like many members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, the contact points reserved for Madame Hela's messenger are isolated from their real lives... Lumian nodded slightly and said, "That's not an issue. We can visit them one by one, as long as they're truly close. Can you provide us with those coordinates?"

Moran Avigny fell silent. The effects of hypnosis and truth serum battled fiercely against his resolve.

This was a Disciplinary Paladin's principle and corresponding restrictions.

Observing the shifts in his fate tributary, Lumian smiled and said, "You can think it over. Let's discuss something else first."

Having witnessed Moran Avigny's potential loss of control, he intended to inquire about other information. If the other party refused to divulge it later, he would kill him before channeling his spirit!

"Very well." Moran Avigny let out a lengthy sigh.

Lumian pondered briefly and asked,

"What deals did the Overseer make with you?"

Moran Avigny responded nonchalantly, "Primarily providing assistance to certain individuals. In turn, I received help through the Overseer. Consequently, we elevated our political status and acquired more resources.

"This is a common practice among politicians, but with the Overseer, it's even more covert, less detectable, and effective.

"Additionally, protecting specific individuals or indirectly granting benefits to non-high society members to fulfill the requirements on the other side of the Overseer's Under the Table transaction."

Lumian considered for a moment and asked, "Didn't that Overseer communicate with the leader of your Mirror People?"

Unsure if the Mirror People had a de facto leader, he said this to deceive Moran Avigny, implying they already possessed important information.

If the Mirror People truly lacked a de facto leader, Moran Avigny would see through the deception. With the truth serum and hypnosis, this wouldn't affect his subsequent answers.

Moran Avigny's expression shifted slightly. "He did communicate with our leader."

"How did they communicate?" Lumian asked calmly.

“Through a provided ritual. I don't know what was exchanged as I wasn't present,” Moran Avigny replied honestly.

Franca asked curiously, “Is your leader in the real world or the mirror world of Fourth Epoch Trier?”

“In Fourth Epoch Trier,” Moran Avigny said with a sigh. “Mirror People with powerful godhood can't escape through certain catastrophes via the leakage point.”

Franca pondered for a moment and asked, “Does your leader have a corresponding self in reality?”

“Yes.” Moran Avigny smiled. “You'll never guess who it is.”

Chapter 725 The Mirror World's Third Level

“We'll never guess who it is?” Lumian and Franca scoffed simultaneously, pretending to be eager to speculate.

Of course, they didn't make any direct guesses immediately. They planned to gather some information indirectly first before making a targeted guess.

Lumian noticed the change in Moran Avigny's fate tributary and realized that as a Disciplinary Paladin, the man had his own principles and mystical limitations. He wouldn't willingly reveal details about the Mirror People's leader, yet he couldn't completely suppress a desire to share—unable to resist the hypnotic influence. So, he taunted them in a boastful way.

“You mentioned Mirror People with powerful godhood can't escape through catastrophes via leakage points, not just any Mirror People with godhood,” Lumian pointed out with a smile, interpreting Moran Avigny's words. “So in other words, a Mirror Person corresponding to Sequence 4 has escaped, and your leader is a Mirror Person of at least Sequence 3 demigod level?”

Moran Avigny's face instantly showed annoyance as he regretted being too detailed, realizing he had inadvertently revealed critical information.

Encouraged by Lumian's astute observation, Franca smiled and asked, “Where are the escaped Sequence 4 Mirror People now? What are they doing?”

Moran Avigny's lips trembled with clear effort, but he stayed quiet.

Just as expected from a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin. They're experts at resisting interrogation and prying... I wonder if destroying his frontal lobe would make him lose that last bit of self-control... Lumian wondered to himself and switched to a less sensitive subject.

“What are the requirements for Mirror People to appear?”

“Does everyone who has lived in the real Trier for a long time automatically have a corresponding Mirror Person? Or do they need exposure to certain underground corruption first?”

This question was based on inferences from the Dream Festival incident.

Phew... Moran Avigny let out a relieved sigh, having almost lost control and spilled the most critical secrets moments earlier.

The current question let him relax a little. He answered smoothly, "If not for the seal specifically targeting Fourth Epoch Trier, the mirror world there would contain a complete reflection of the real Trier, including every resident. But under this seal, only those who frequently go into the underground areas and come into contact with specific corruption will leave an imprint in our mirror realm.

"Other than that, our kind has other origins too:

"The first type are descendants of a false deity. The corresponding Mirror People manifest from the moment of their birth, regardless of location or whether they've ever been to Trier.

"The second category comes from the bloodlines of certain noble families in Fourth Epoch Trier, like descendants of the Tamara family. That's how I came to be. This isn't limited by location or environment."

Lumian and the others understood that the false deity he was talking about was Primordial Demoness Cheek. As an evil deity overseeing the mirror world, it made sense that Her descendants would have close ties to that unique realm.

"Why do descendants of the Tamara family have a special connection to your mirror world?" Lumian asked curiously. "Did your ancestors suffer the relevant corruption during the War of the Four Emperors, or even earlier?"

Moran Avigny paused for a few moments before replying, "Earlier. I'm not sure of the specifics of the corruption or how it occurred, as it was too long ago. Maybe those Tamaras who follow the Judgment pathway without being Mirror People themselves, or those of the Door pathway, have records of it."

The Door pathway was another name for the Apprentice pathway.

Lumian nodded and asked on behalf of Franca and Jenna, "Does your kind exclude Mirror People of other Demonesses?"

"They are Mirror People, but not from our world," Moran Avigny answered with a smile. "Of course, if the conditions I mentioned earlier are met, a Mirror Person corresponding to a Demoness could be born in our realm too."

I see... Franca and Jenna nodded slightly as Lumian changed the topic.

"What are the Mirror People who left the underground doing?"

His question was broad, not specifically referring to the godhood-level Mirror People. Moran Avigny struggled for a moment before responding, "Most of them stay in Trier. They either use the original's identity to advance their status in various industries and organizations, or they hide in the

shadows, secretly developing their factions. The goal is to eventually fully unseal Fourth Epoch Trier and access the third, deepest level of the mirror world.

“As for the rest...”

Moran Avigny paused and grinned at Franca and Jenna.

“Some infiltrated the Demoness Sect to locate the fake deity's real-world hiding place. Others went to Lenburg to search for an item, as instructed by the leader.

“Don't ask me about the progress of those in the Demoness Sect or what exactly the ones in Lenburg are looking for. That's not my area of responsibility. No one told me the details.”

“I also want to find the Primordial Demoness's real-world hiding spot. Why not tell me about the infiltrators in the Demoness Sect? Maybe we could work together,” Franca suggested with a lovely smile.

Moran Avigny's expression said it all: The more beautiful the woman, the more deceptive. I won't fall for it.

“I don't know their identities either. Only the leader has all the information.”

“Alright then.” Franca's eyes darted around as she continued, “What did you mean by the third level of the mirror world? We've all gone into Fourth Epoch Trier and entered your special mirror realm. But what we encountered there were Mirror People of the deceased citizens from that ancient era. They were reflections of that bygone city. Where does your kind live?”

Moran Avigny explained, “Back then, you must have accessed the second level of our mirror world. It only appears under specific conditions and preserves the scene of Fourth Epoch Trier's destruction. It's quite dangerous and holds many unknown secrets. As for our daily life, we live on the first level of the mirror world—a reflection of the present-day Trier.”

“The first level mirrors the current Trier?” Jenna keenly noticed a discrepancy. “Didn't you say you Mirror People live in a dark, cold, confined environment?”

Trier was now a metropolis!

Moran Avigny sneered and said, “We may seem to live in a metropolis, but in reality, we are all restricted. We can only walk fixed paths, endlessly wandering between a handful of rooms and one or two streets. Without the help of godhood-level powerhouses, we can't even talk to each other. We can only observe what our counterparts are doing in the real world through mirrors. Plus, our realm has no reflection of the sun, moon, or stars. Imagine living in such an environment.”

It's similar to the living conditions of the painting world's individuals, except the Mirror People have self-awareness and a clear understanding... No wonder they are in agony... Lumian thought of a question when he realized the mirror world's first level lacked the sun, moon, and stars.

“If a Sequence 4 Unshadowed of the Sun pathway comes into contact with the specific underground corruption, will a corresponding Mirror Person be born?”

“No,” Moran Avigny stated firmly.

Lumian used this chance to eliminate several more possibilities regarding the real identity of the Mirror People's leader.

Franca sighed deeply. “The Sun pathway is truly exceptional. Befitting of the pathway that governs Purification.”

She then remembered her earlier unanswered question and pressed, “What exists on the third level of the mirror world?”

Once again, Moran Avigny shook his head.

“No one has entered it. We only know it exists. We know our origins, traits, and the source of our power all point to that Directly support the authors on WebNovel!

level. As for the Chaos Demoness we revere and follow, who is also the Primordial Demoness, She is trapped there for some reason, guarding the truth.”

Trapped there? More like sealed there... ‘Protecting reality’—a nice way to spin it... Lumian pondered briefly before asking, “What truth are you referring to?”

“Truth is truth.” Moran Avigny seemed confused, as if he had never seriously considered the matter.

Seeing that he lacked an answer, Jenna brought the conversation back to the Mirror People's connection to reality.

Puzzled, she asked, “If the original person in reality dies, what happens to the Mirror Person?”

“And the other way around?”

Moran Avigny's lips twisted into a warped smile.

“Normally, if the me in reality dies, I'll die along with him. But if I send my real self into the mirror world beforehand, the impact of his death on me will be minimal.

“The reverse holds true too. When I was still in the mirror world, if an invader killed me, the me in reality would merely get sick and be weakened for a time. Going forward, if he didn't come into contact with the specific underground corruption again, no corresponding Mirror Person would exist.

“If I escape to the real world and am killed there, the real me won't be affected at all.”

Franca hissed and said, “So instead of killing Moran Avigny directly, you found a way to drag him into the mirror world?”

“Exactly. I waited for him to ‘savor’ the darkness, coldness, isolation, and loneliness before ending him,” Moran Avigny confirmed with a smile.

In short, the one in the mirror loses significance and won't impact the other's survival, regardless of whether they are a Mirror Person or a real individual... If both are in the real world, the Mirror Person is naturally at a disadvantage... Lumian nodded slightly as he started to deduce the identity of the Mirror People's leader mentioned by Moran Avigny.

Someone who ventures into Trier's underground often, exposed to specific corruptions.

Formidable godhood, at least Sequence 3.

He must still be alive...

With this in mind, Lumian couldn't narrow it down further.

He had no choice but to use his Conspirer abilities to upload all relevant information onto his mental network.

The Overseer of the School of Truth had performed a ritual and interacted with the Mirror People's leader.

The School of Truth was searching for Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum.

They had obtained something significant. The vortex was on the verge of taking shape...

Suddenly, a flash of insight hit Lumian, and an incredible guess raced through his mind.

He couldn't be certain, as one premise seemed questionable.

He took two steps forward and whispered a name into Moran Avigny's ear.

Moran Avigny's expression changed drastically, a mixture of shock and panic.

Lumian withdrew and exhaled solemnly.

"Have you figured out who the Mirror People's leader is?" Franca asked.

Lumian nodded gently and surveyed the surroundings. In a deep voice, he declared, "Yes, I know who He is. He's Roselle Gustav in the mirror!"

Chapter 726 Fragment of Fate

Roselle Gustav in the mirror?

When Franca, Jenna, and Anthony heard that the name of this dazzling figure, revered by every Intisian, was connected to the Mirror People, their minds went completely blank.

They instinctively wanted to question him further, but Moran Avigny's reaction and change in expression appeared to validate Lumian's conjecture.

"But the Emperor has been dead for over a century. How can there still be a corresponding Mirror Person?" Franca asked, finally composing herself.

It made sense that Emperor Roselle would have encountered Trier's underground corruption. He had, after all, lived in Trier for an extended period after reaching adulthood, and he was not one to

easily settle down. He had seized control of Intis, reformed Trier, expanded the city, and initiated the patriotic health campaign, but hadn't he already met his end?

Lumian's serious expression softened a bit.

“Initially, I hesitated to make that guess, but then I recalled something. For someone of Emperor Roselle's stature, even if they perish, they might not be completely gone. There could even be a possibility of resurrection.”

It was just like Naboredisley's Abomination corpse resting in the ancient tomb of the Dream Festival.

Franca made an odd remark. “Old institutions are hard to get rid of...”

With their experience dealing with the Devil Monarch's Abomination corpse, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony quickly accepted Lumian's explanation.

Lumian looked at Moran Avigny, whose face had turned ashen, and smiled.

“I made a bold hypothesis and meticulously verified it. When I shared my guess with him, he willingly confirmed it.”

Moran Avigny's lips trembled, wanting to defend himself, but he held back.

He believed that the more he tried to explain, the more he would end up helping these people.

His urge to confide led him to add, “Now, do you understand that our Mirror People are also incredibly powerful?”

“If we can fully break the seal of Fourth Epoch Trier, we will be as strong as any orthodox Church!”

Franca disregarded Moran Avigny's showy remark and muttered to herself, “No wonder the Church's demigods refuse to personally go underground and resolve the various abnormalities here unless the seal of Fourth Epoch Trier is badly damaged.”

“This isn't about fixing abnormalities. It's about making more of them!”

Even though the demigods of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church didn't have to fear the birth of their corresponding Mirror People, Trier's underground corruption extended beyond just the mirror world!

Isn't the underground of Trier excessively vile and horrifying?

This was assuming that Fourth Epoch Trier was relatively well-sealed. What had the four Emperors, particularly Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, done during the War of the Four Emperors? The issues they left behind more than a thousand years ago were still incredibly terrifying!

We often venture into Trier's underground and have even entered Fourth Epoch Trier and the unique mirror world. Could there be a corresponding special Mirror Person?

No, it's not a matter of whether there is one, but rather that there definitely was one. They had encountered it before!

Lumian ignored Moran Avigny's boasting and turned to Jenna.

“Our investigation into the Mirror People has yielded significant progress. Combined with the Overseer, who evidently possesses godhood, what unfolds next is beyond our ability to intervene. As soon as we acquire the coordinates of the Overseer's mirror, promptly the entire situation.”

Jenna curtly acknowledged his words and laughed self-deprecatingly.

“Actually, I'm dying to it now.”

From her viewpoint, although she was unsure why the School of Truth was searching for Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum or what their intentions were, given the strong probability that they had already obtained vital information and collaborated with the mirror Roselle, the situation had obviously become very urgent, and it was certainly not a positive development.

“You can begin writing now.” Lumian gave a slight nod and shifted his gaze to Moran Avigny.

He planned to appropriate the other party's fate.

Fate Appropriation was not his objective. By seizing the chance to interact with fate, his aim was to seek essential information from past fate fragments.

This was the penultimate segment of the “interrogation.”

The final segment involved spirit channeling to forcibly obtain the coordinates of the Overseer's mirror!

Furthermore, Lumian wanted to take this opportunity to observe what would happen to the target if he seized one of their fate fragments without exchanging fates or directly causing their death.

This was not mentioned in the mystical knowledge possessed by a Fate Appropriator. The only thing Lumian knew for certain was that the past would not change, and what had already transpired would remain unchanged.

Initially, Lumian had wanted to inquire further about the Mirror People who maintained contact with Moran Avigny and their positions. However, the urgency of the situation led him to postpone this matter to the spirit channeling part. In any case, it wasn't particularly crucial.

From Lumian's perspective, it was more important to know the identities of the Mirror People who had infiltrated the Demoness Sect and who had gone to Lenburg in search of an item. However, Moran Avigny clearly had no knowledge of this.

Lumian suspected that the Mirror People who had gone to Lenburg were looking for clues about 0-01. After all, based on the information, this item likely had a close connection to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. The method of sealing it was quite similar to sealing Fourth Epoch Trier. It might be of great significance to the Mirror People from the special mirror world in Fourth Epoch Trier.

Lumian extended his right palm and pressed it against Moran Avigny from a distance.

His blue eyes rapidly turned silver-black.

Moran Avigny was perplexed by Lumian's strange behavior.

Although he possessed the strength of a Sequence 5, he had been actively involved in politics for the past decade or so. He maintained a certain distance from the mysticism domain and the emerging cults. This was particularly true after becoming the Minister of Industry. He relied entirely on the connections within the Mirror People and the Brokers of the School of Truth to acquire the knowledge, information, and items he desired. Direct contact with wild Beyonders was uncommon, so he naturally couldn't discern Lumian's intentions. He only instinctively believed that Lumian had ulterior motives and wasn't simply acting.

Lumian's right palm "touched" the mercury illusory river corresponding to Moran Avigny.

The life of the Mirror Person flashed before his eyes, and various fate fragments surged along the river.

Lumian couldn't discern them in detail. Seizing the brief span of two to three seconds, he focused on observing two fate fragments.

One fate fragment depicted how Moran Avigny remotely instructed the School of Truth's Overseer to perform a ritual through the mirror, establishing a connection with the Mirror Roselle Gustav.

The other aspect was how this Mirror Person came into being.

In the previous fate segment, Lumian witnessed Moran Avigny stuffing a classic silver mirror into his makeup mirror and lending it to the Overseer.

At the source of the mercury river of fate, the 17- or 18-year-old Mirror Moran Avigny swiftly materialized in the dark and cold room, his expression naturally sinister.

The classic silver mirror bears a striking resemblance to the one Franca found at the overflow of corruption in the mirror world. She had relied on the latter to enter Fourth Epoch Trier during Operation Hostel... Could such a mirror be closely tied to the Mirror People?

Didn't Moran Avigny say that the descendants of the Tamara family naturally have a corresponding Mirror Person? Why wasn't he a baby when he was born as a Mirror Person? The descendants of the Tamara family must reach a certain age or have done something specific to produce the corresponding Mirror People? He doesn't seem to understand what's going on either...

As these thoughts raced through his mind, Lumian didn't allow the Fate Appropriation attempt to end naturally and result in failure. He seized the moment and grasped a fate fragment in his right hand. Through the spew of his spirituality, he slowly extracted the abnormally heavy target from the mercury-

colored illusory river.

The fate fragment corresponded to the scene of Moran Avigny's lust exploding under the Symphony of Hatred.

As time passed, Franca and Jenna asked about the other Mirror People to divert Moran Avigny's attention, and the fate fragment finally left the mercury river.

Consequently, the hole that had appeared was neither filled nor rewoven. Empty chaos occupied it, emitting a thin fog.

After storing the obtained fate fragments into his Spirit Body, Lumian carefully observed Moran Avigny's transformation.

As he waited, he muttered inwardly, The fact that we caught Moran Avigny remains unchanged...

Him drinking the truth serum and being hypnotized remain unchanged...

We haven't forgotten what he just said...

Yes, this Fate Appropriation took a total of three minutes. The fate fragment depicting his eruption of lust weighs heavily in Moran Avigny's entire life. After all, it caused his fate to take a sharp turn for the worse...

Appropriation requires a distance of 15 meters. Obtaining the target's blood is unnecessary...

While stirring fate and waiting for completion, I can't attack the target, but I can stay away...

It's more convenient to kill him directly. The Appropriation can be completed in a matter of seconds...

As Lumian reviewed, Moran Avigny's weakened aura gradually filled up, and his face flushed.

The bloodstains and tears on his face vanished.

Yes, there was no eruption of lust, so no severe injuries... Lumian harrumphed as Moran Avigny's face lit up with pleasant surprise.

Two beams of white light struck Moran Avigny, knocking him unconscious.

Simultaneously, Jenna and Franca, who had been closely monitoring Lumian's movements, aimed their revolvers at the yet-to-collapse Moran Avigny's head.

Amidst the gunshots, the Disciplinary Paladin's head exploded like blood-colored fireworks.

Lumian didn't complain about Franca and Jenna not giving him a chance to cull. He didn't want to waste his spirituality on Culling. When he appeared at the last moment and used the Symphony of Hatred to shatter Moran Avigny's remaining Mirror Substitution and capture him, he felt as if the potion had digested somewhat due to the successful cull.

Thud!

Moran Avigny's lifeless body crumpled to the ground, and Franca prepared to channel the spirit.

Chapter 727 Arrival

As Franca prepared the ritual, she considered her options and said to Lumian, "The Overseer's mirror coordinates are indescribable and can only be procured through mystical means. The Magic Mirror Spirit Channeling Spell isn't capable of that. I intend to use standard spirit channeling instead."

While the Magic Mirror Spirit Channeling Spell she had developed greatly extended the duration of the channeling and the number of questions the spirit would respond to, it was constrained by relying on the mirror as a medium, forfeiting the chance for other types of interaction.

"Regular spirit channeling drastically restricts the intel we can gather..." Lumian thought briefly and said, "For the first question, we should have him provide the

coordinates of the Overseer's mirror. Second, ask about the whereabouts of the classic silver mirror utilized for the ritual and leader communication. Third, inquire about the identities and locations of the Mirror People in contact with him, ranked by importance.”

Once the third question was answered, the spirit channeling ritual would come to its natural conclusion. Lumian suspected Moran Avigny might not have time to “introduce” every Mirror Person under his command. Hence, he asked for them to be prioritized based on the criticality of their role and responsibilities.

“A classic silver mirror?” Franca asked, puzzled.

“Yes, Moran Avigny has a mirror akin to the classic silver one you used to own. It's vital for communicating with Mirror Roselle,” Lumian explained succinctly.

While speaking, he crouched and rummaged through Moran Avigny's pockets.

Unfortunately, the Minister of Industry carried only a handful of large bills and some loose change totaling 3,212 verl d'or.

Besides the money, there was an elegant golden mechanical pocket watch, a meticulously embroidered handkerchief, and a wallet crafted by a private designer and artisan.

But not a single item imbued with Beyonder powers!

Lumian couldn't resist mimicking Franca's inner thought: “Poor slob!”

He realized that as the sitting Minister of Industry, Moran Avigny was under the watchful eye of official Beyonders. He was unlikely to carry mystical items, Beyonder weapons, or anything that might reveal his abnormality.

As a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin of the Judgment pathway, disclosing this to the two Churches would raise difficult questions about how he obtained the potion formula and Beyonder characteristics at that level. When signing the contract, he would at most acknowledge being a Beyonder of a related pathway without specifying the Sequence. This cost him the chance to procure items openly, forcing him to rely on Brokers—something official Beyonders couldn't be privy to.

Moran Avigny didn't require the Overseer's assistance with the Under the Table deal to access mystical items, as Mirror People could transfer objects through mirrors. If he genuinely needed an item for a specific purpose, he could reach out to his mirror world associates and have them “send” it over, returning it promptly after use.

Lumian sighed, pocketed the cash, watch, and other belongings, and rose to his feet.

With Franca's spirit channeling preparations complete, Lumian turned to Jenna, still composing her letter, and asked, “You shot without hesitation earlier. Did it weigh on you at all? This wasn't a battle. We'd been engaged in friendly conversation with Moran Avigny for a while now. I even started to feel like we were becoming friends.”

Jenna glanced up at Lumian while writing on a protruding rock of the cave wall. She laughed softly.

“Worried I'll bottle up my emotional turmoil and cause issues down the line? Planning to play psychiatrist and offer me counseling?”

Anthony Reid, who had been observing silently, living up to his role as a Spectator, scratched his nose self-consciously.

That seemed to be his job.

However, he could discern that Jenna and Franca were not in need of counseling.

Lumian didn't tackle Jenna's question head-on. With a smile, he remarked, “You haven't taken many lives yourself.”

“Had we not pulled the trigger, would you have taken action? Despite feeling you had befriended Moran Avigny, I think you wouldn't have flinched at blowing his head off,” Jenna retorted, a smile playing on her lips.

Lumian let out a derisive snort. “I'm not like you. I've killed more people than I can count.”

Jenna met his gaze again. “Moran Avigny admitted to his crimes. He lured the real Moran Avigny into the mirror, holding him captive before ruthlessly ending his life. I felt no qualms about carrying out the execution of a guilty man.”

“You've changed...” Lumian let out an exaggerated sigh and quipped, “Once upon a time, you depended on the police and authorities to punish the bad guys.”

Jenna didn't have a chance to respond, as Franca had finished her spirit channeling.

In the wavering dark-green candlelight, Moran Avigny's spirit took shape above his corpse, perceptible to those who had activated their Spirit Vision.

Franca acted swiftly. Withdrawing the glass-like Mirror Cufflink from her sleeve, she addressed Moran Avigny's spirit, “Give me the coordinates of the Overseer's mirror.”

Moran Avigny's indistinct, menacing face twisted in anguish.

But stripped of life, he no longer had the ironclad self-control to resist the commanding pull of the spirit channeling. He stretched out his right hand, motioning for Franca to hand over the Mirror Cufflink.

Anticipating this, Franca passed him the Mirror Cufflink.

As Moran Avigny's spirit clutched the cufflink, a shadowy light shimmered across its form, drawn into the glass-like accessory.

Franca exhaled in relief upon the Mirror Cufflink's return.

Having achieved the primary objective, it was time to reap further rewards!

Her mood buoyed, Franca inquired of Moran Avigny with piqued interest, “Is there a functional classic silver mirror in your possession... Hold on...”

Abruptly realizing this constituted a question, she hastily rephrased. “Where is the classic silver mirror the Overseer used to facilitate communication with your leader?”

Lumian had already ascertained Moran Avigny didn't have it on him.

Moran Avigny's spirit responded with cold rigidity, "Griffith has it. When I require it, I have him deliver it to me through the mirror."

Franca's initial elation quickly gave way to an exasperated curse.

"Dammit!"

It dawned on her that she couldn't extract Griffith's mirror coordinates from Moran Avigny.

The spirit channeling had but one question remaining. She needed to ask Moran Avigny about the Mirror People serving as their contacts and their true identities. Requesting mirror coordinates was out of the question!

Lumian and Anthony immediately grasped the reason for Franca's self-directed frustration, but they were powerless to intervene. Certain questions hinged on preceding answers, and mirror coordinates couldn't be conveyed through the Magic Mirror Spirit Channeling Spell.

Collecting herself, Franca fixed her gaze on Moran Avigny's spirit. Marshaling her thoughts, she articulated, "Name the Mirror People in contact with you. What roles do they play in the real world? Begin with those of the highest rank and responsibility."

Moran Avigny's ghostly, blurred visage contorted once more. Despite his resistance, he responded in a clipped tone, "First, there's Griffith, who serves as my second-in-command. Originally, he was a key figure in the Moses Ascetic Order. With our assistance, he's steadily elevating his position within the Order. His aspiration is for the secret organization to eventually join the alliance to open Fourth Epoch Trier's seal..."

The Moses Ascetic Order... The very group that clashed with Element Dawn, headed by the Emperor's firstborn, Bernadette? If memory serves, they primarily consist of Mystery Pryer pathway Beyonders... I can't help but wonder if the Research Society has members from either faction. There must be others like myself with multiple secret society affiliations... Franca listened intently, not daring to disrupt Moran Avigny's account.

Moran Avigny proceeded to the second Mirror Person.

"Caratanza Tamara, part of our branch's Tamara family. He enlisted in the military and now holds the rank of colonel. He legitimized his Beyonder powers by slaying a Loen Kingdom spy, seizing their potion formula and Judgment pathway characteristics..."

"Palia, a ore scholar originally. She infiltrated the Trier Cave Association to mask our attempts at uncovering a vulnerability in the seal..."

"Sport, Trier's Deputy Commissioner of Police and a member of the police commission. His original self was purposely corrupted during an operation. Subsequently, Griffith and Caratanza orchestrated an ambush, dragging him into the mirror and allowing the mirror world's Sport to emerge and assume his place..."

By this point, Moran Avigny's spirit had become increasingly insubstantial, on the brink of dissipation.

At that instant, Jenna concluded her letter and pivoted to face Lumian. “I’ll now summon Madam Judgment’s messenger.”

The words had scarcely left her mouth when an ethereal voice, seemingly originating from a great distance, reverberated in the ears of Jenna, Lumian, and the others.

“Summoning won’t be necessary.”

A shared premonition compelled Lumian, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony to direct their attention to the side of the quarry cave.

In the chamber’s dim illumination, supplied only by carbide lamps and candles, dazzling starlight coalesced in the void, rapidly tracing the outline of an enchanting door.

Noiselessly, the door swung open, revealing an enormous pumpkin carriage drawn by a multitude of gray rats.

Three women occupied the carriage’s interior. One was Magician, resplendent in a beige gown with a high collar adorned with golden embroidery. Another was Judgment, her shoulder-length flaxen hair complementing her grayish-white knight’s attire, accented by brown leather armor.

The third woman was clad in a purple dress bearing a cryptic pattern. A celestial globe and sundry items dangled from her waist, and refined spectacles perched upon her nose.

Clasped in her left hand was a peculiar lamp, its surface golden like a kettle and adorned with enigmatic designs.

Chapter 728 Tracking

Lumian, Franca, and Jenna’s eyes widened as they caught sight of the strange golden lamp, making a bold conjecture.

Could it be 0-05, the Magic Wishing Lamp?

Yes, the pumpkin carriage is one of Major Arcana Ma’am Hermit’s trademark symbols. She has close ties to Element Dawn’s leader—Emperor Roselle’s eldest daughter—and the current owner of 0-05, Bernadette. It isn’t outside the realm of possibility that she might have borrowed the Magic Wishing Lamp...

As these thoughts raced through their minds, they heard Anthony’s respectful greeting, “Good evening, Madam Magician, Madam Judgment.”

Snapping out of their momentary trance, Lumian and the others quickly followed suit with their own greetings.

“And this is Ma’am Hermit,” Magician added briefly.

Once the introductions were complete, the woman in the beige dress with a gold-embroidered high collar retrieved a bottle of dark-red wine from the void and said to Franca, “Hand over that cufflink. Once you do, you can all head home and get some rest.”

Confronting the School of Truth's Overseer was clearly a battle at the demigod level. It wasn't something Lumian and company could get involved in.

Franca had no intention of forcing the issue. She handed the glass-like cufflink to Madam Magician. In exchange, Madam Magician gave her the wine bottle containing a faint dark-red liquid.

“This is a mystical item that restores stamina and spirituality after drinking it. But remember, you can only have it once a day. Don't go turning into a drunkard.”

Just one more sip and you'll become a drunkard? Franca and the others instantly understood the deeper meaning behind Madam Magician's final warning.

Seeing only a single sip of dark-red wine in the bottle, Franca turned to pass the old glass bottle to Lumian.

He had expended the most spirituality, after all.

Madam Magician rubbed the Mirror Cufflink between her fingers, a smile playing on her lips.

“Don't worry. You won't be able to finish it. It's called Bottomless Wine.”

I see... Franca still wanted to give it a shot. She unscrewed the thin metal cap and downed the light dark-red wine.

As the slightly astringent and sweet alcohol slid down her throat, she felt refreshed, as if she'd just had a good night's sleep and hadn't been in a fierce battle with Moran Avigny.

At the same time, she noticed dark-red liquid seeping from the bottom of the old glass bottle, forming a thin layer of wine.

It really is bottomless... Franca sighed, handing the old glass bottle to Lumian.

But just as she reached out, a sudden sense of unease struck her.

Acting on instinct, she changed course, intending to let Jenna drink first.

Yet upon further reflection, she realized something was even more off!

Because she still had to pass it to Lumian afterward!

Never mind, never mind. No point getting caught up in trivial matters... Franca muttered in her native tongue.

Instead, she circled her finger around the bottle and managed to form a thin layer of frost.

As the frost naturally fell away, Franca passed the Bottomless Wine to Jenna.

Jenna drank the dark-red wine, mimicked Franca's actions, and then handed it to Lumian.

Franca breathed a sigh of relief.

Lumian paid no mind to the Demonesses' odd behavior. He was more concerned about the strange actions of Ma'am Hermit and Madam Magician.

Ma'am Hermit's eyes, obscured by lenses, grew dark but remained unfocused, as if staring into a vast expanse. Countless brilliant specks of light appeared around her, as if she had shrunk the universe and brought it down to the ground.

Performing divination or prophecy before tackling important matters? Lumian took the old glass bottle and drank the dark-red wine.

His spirituality rapidly recovered, as if he'd experienced six in the morning.

Of course, the portion of accumulated spirituality he had used didn't "return."

Phew, Lumian's anxiety over his spirituality deficiency had been alleviated.

After Anthony drank the Bottomless Wine and returned the mystical item to Madam Magician, the Mirror Cufflink's dark glow, mixed with starlight, flew out and landed on the Major Arcana card holder's eye.

Madam Magician sent Mirror Cufflink flying toward Franca while extending her hands, grasping the void, and pulling it apart on either side.

Without a sound, the void ripped open like a transparent membrane, revealing passageways formed by spiderwebs of emptiness and darkness.

This was a standard mirror world.

Magician had opened an illusory door to the mirror world without using a mirror!

Is this the advanced power of the Apprentice pathway? Lumian and company inwardly marveled. Madam Magician glanced at Ma'am Hermit beside her.

The Hermit, wearing a purple robe, held a vibrant, unreal ball of yarn in her right hand. She wound its thread around the peculiar golden lamp.

Then, the Major Arcana card holder tossed the vivid and illusory ball of yarn through the illusory door Magician had opened, into the mirror world's dark and ethereal tunnels.

The ball of yarn rolled into one of the passageways and quickly vanished into the depths, leaving only the thread connected to the golden lamp to mark its path.

Magician immediately led The Hermit and Judgment into the mirror world, chasing the ball of yarn.

After their figures disappeared from the mirror world, the forcibly torn void rapidly closed.

Franca muttered again, "I think I've heard the story about a yarn ball before, but I can't recall its name..."

Lumian turned his attention back to Moran Avigny's corpse.

"You want to bring him back for your godson to eat?" Franca said with contempt.

"Let's not even discuss whether Ludwig should be eating humans in the first place. A Mirror Person's flesh will gradually turn back into mirror fragments. Do you really want Ludwig to be eating glass shards?"

Lumian shook his head.

"I'm considering whether I should take Moran Avigny's makeup mirror."

After tracking the vibrant yarn for a while, the three Major Arcana card holders reached a country villa matching the mirror's coordinates and spotted the target mirror on a desk.

It was also a makeup mirror.

They didn't pause. They followed the ball of yarn and walked through the spirit world.

In a mere two to three seconds, they returned to reality and saw the vivid and illusory ball of yarn come to a halt in a dark cathedral lacking a deity's statue.

Beneath the cathedral's dome, humans hung in the air, gently swaying in the wind.

Some were old, some were young, and some were gentlemen wearing half top hats. Some were beautiful ladies in vintage dresses, some were tall and muscular like giants, and some were covered in wet, sticky scales resembling fish...

What they all had in common was their firmly closed eyes, suspended by invisible ropes, looking like hanged corpses.

In the cathedral's depths, a man in his thirties with average facial features and dark hair sat in a wooden black armchair. His aura and soul felt both familiar and unfamiliar to Magician.

It was familiar because she recognized Loki, the head of April Fool's, who had been compelled to exhaust his resurrection times. It was unfamiliar because the other party had been stained with an odd sensation.

At that instant, a blurry female figure stood next to Loki, resembling a sketch. Her eyes were pitch-black, like a lake in the dim night.

He looked at Magician, The Hermit, and Judgment, a smile playing on his lips.

"It's all thanks to you that I found some hope of returning."

Before Loki could finish his sentence, the suspended corpses' eyes snapped open simultaneously.

Those eyes were pitch-black.

In the quarry cave with a fixed entrance to the mirror world.

"Taking away Moran Avigny's makeup mirror?" Jenna echoed Lumian's words before a realization struck her. "Do you want to see if any other Mirror People will try to contact Moran Avigny before news of his mysterious disappearance spreads?"

"Patience is a virtue," Lumian replied with a smile.

For a Hunter, this was an essential quality.

He stooped down and retrieved the makeup mirror from Moran Avigny's corpse's pocket.

At that moment, the makeup mirror snapped open.

It opened on its own!

Dark light surged from the palm-sized glass mirror, instantly filling the dimly lit quarry cave.

In the next instant, Lumian, Franca, and the others saw a figure quickly take shape beside the fixed entrance to the mirror world on the protruding rock.

It was a stunning woman with black hair and brown eyes. She wore a bright red dress with layers of embroidery and lace, revealing a large expanse of snow-white skin on her chest despite the cold winter. A friendly smile graced her face.

Perle?

The renowned courtesan in Trier, Perle, the theater actress from the Loen Kingdom?

Lumian was shocked and at a loss. He hadn't expected to encounter this flamboyant courtesan in such a setting.

Franca, Jenna, and Anthony also found the situation surreal and hard to believe.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian recalled two key facts related to Perle.

The first time he had observed Moran Avigny, Perle had been on a date with her new lover in the hotel's annex restaurant.

All courtesans were standard, textbook brokers—political brokers!

Combining these two points, a guess formed in Lumian's mind.

Could Perle also be a member of the School of Truth?

Could she be the Overseer that Jebus directly ed to, the bestowed of an evil god at the demigod level?

If that's the case, where did Madam Magician and the others end up? Who were they tracking?

Flee! We must flee immediately!

At that moment, Perle looked at Lumian and the others, a smile forming on her lips as she uttered the Words of Order.

“Your crimes remain unpunished!”

Chapter 729 Purpose

Franca had already concealed herself by the time she recognized Perle. Her plan was to circle around and use the mirror to reflect Perle's figure, hoping to curse her.

If the curse failed, it would at least create an opening for Jenna to sneak up from the shadows and assassinate the target.

Though not as cunning as Lumian the Conspirer, both Jenna and Franca instinctively sensed that the sudden assaulting Perle was incredibly dangerous, even more so than Moran Avigny. However, they didn't go so far as to suspect her of being an Overseer or demigod.

As Perle uttered the Words of Order, Franca felt slender, snake-like entities emerge from the surrounding shadows, enveloping her despite her invisibility.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Razor-sharp icicles burst from the ground like soldiers thrusting their spears.

Franca quickly leaped up, pressing one hand against an icicle to tumble out of the area.

She narrowly avoided impalement, hanging precariously from the icicle's tip.

Before Franca could regain her footing, black flames shot out from the shadows, hurtling directly towards her. The serpentine creatures around her constricted, binding her in layers.

Wh— With no time to react, Franca could only watch helplessly as the black flames consumed her.

At the same moment, a figure stepped out from the shadows—Clarice, wearing an elegant black court dress with her hair in a sophisticated bun. However, the Demoness of Black's face was blurry and dark, unlike a living person.

My crime is cheating, deceit, and exploiting others, mainly in reference to the Demoness Sect. Is this punishment from a manifestation of the Demoness of Black? Franca's thoughts raced.

Her body shattered like glass.

Mirror Substitution!

Jenna, while stealthily hidden, also encountered a strange foe.

It was a clergyman from the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, dressed in a white robe adorned with golden threads. Not only were his facial features hazy and unrecognizable, but his physique was also constantly shifting in subtle ways.

A blaze of sunlight descended, banishing the shadows in the area and exposing Jenna's body.

Realization dawned on Jenna.

My crime is believing in multiple deities and betraying the Eternal Blazing Sun...

So, an abstract embodiment of the Church's clergyman is punishing me...

Jenna quickly rolled to the other side of the quarry cave, dodging the clergyman's attack.

Anthony was not forgotten.

Just as he prepared to use Psychological Invisibility to approach Perle and send her into a Frenzy, a whip wreathed in silver lightning lashed out at him.

A crackling sound echoed in Anthony's mind, both illusory and real, sending a sharp pain through his soul. Every hair on his body stood on end.

If not for his incredible self-control, he would have screamed.

Before him stood a middle-aged man in a black uniform and white shirt, dressed as a Trier police officer.

My crime stems from my transgressions as an information broker, so I'm up against Trier's police? Most Trier police officers lack Beyonder powers, yet this Punisher directly wields abilities in the Arbiter domain? As Anthony conjured grayish-white dragon scales on his body, he deftly ran and rolled, seeking a chance to use Psychological Invisibility.

The already dim surroundings around Lumian suddenly darkened further, as if something was about to take shape, filling him with a profound sense of dread.

Just as the terrifying entity was about to emerge, it abruptly disintegrated. Even the surrounding gloom and fear dissipated like melting snow.

Uh... Is my crime too severe for a Punisher to manifest directly? Lumian guessed, considering Franca and the others' situations.

Behind him, spears of blazing white flame materialized and shot towards the flamboyantly dressed Perle like a volley of arrows.

The flaming spears formed a majestic and fierce forest, providing cover for Lumian's true attack.

He had already drawn his revolver, gently flicking the cylinder with his finger.

Three of the six bullets he had obtained from Jebus were loaded.

Lumian needed to use Implosion Bullets now.

Only by employing these special bullets in combination with his Cull ability did he have a sliver of hope of injuring Perle, whom he suspected to be the Overseer!

Bang!

Lumian's eyes blazed with an iron-black intensity as the starlight-shimmering bullets wove between the blazing white flame spears, speeding towards Perle's neck.

Perle stood beside the fixed entrance to the mirror world, her amiable smile unwavering.

The corners of her mouth curled up. "How dare you attack an Overseer?"

As the self-proclaimed Overseer uttered her first word, Lumian's starlight bullet abruptly changed course, hurtling towards his own neck.

Likewise, the blazing white flame spears strangely returned to Lumian's side, engulfing him.

Before Lumian could teleport, an Implosion Bullet struck him, causing his body to collapse bit by bit.

Crack!

He transformed into a mirror, shattering into countless fragments that vanished without a trace as they gathered uncontrollably.

After the battle with Jebus, Franca had provided Lumian with another Mirror Substitution!

Perle showed no surprise. She sighed and smiled. "Personally, I'd prefer you die now and release that Angel. It would greatly benefit our common cause. Unfortunately, the one who made the Under the Table transaction with me insisted on capturing you alive."

Lumian materialized in a corner of the quarry cave, catching Perle's words.

Instantly, numerous guesses flooded his mind.

Under the Table transaction?

Perle is the Overseer directly above Jebus. She evaded pursuit from the Major Arcana card holders by completing another high-level Under the Table transaction. And for this, she must capture me and take me somewhere?

When did she find out about Moran Avigny's situation? Was she monitoring his residence? Or did she receive information from other sources?

Surely the Purifiers are professional enough to keep the news under wraps, right?

Why capture me alive? Who wants me alive?

To use me as a sacrifice, like Susanna Mattise?

Or could the person engaging in Perle's Under the Table transaction be a Sufferer from the Sinners organization? Someone who doesn't want Termiboros to break free from the seal, but instead wants to control this Angel and use Him as an ingredient for advancement?

No, that's not right. If he were just a Sufferer, even if he could mislead Madam Magician and the others temporarily, he couldn't prevent them from returning to help. Yet, Perle remains calm and collected...

Could the other party in the Under the Table transaction be a faction of the Mother Tree of Desire or the Great Mother? Only they could organize a lineup in this world to deal with the Major Arcana card holders...

With his keen Conspirer's intuition, Lumian connected two problems.

First, the counter-party of Overseer Perle's Under the Table transaction. Second, how she discovered Moran Avigny's mishap so quickly and promptly convened a high-level Under the Table transaction.

As these questions intertwined, a thought struck Lumian.

In the Purifier team, a key member of April Fool's wasn't a transmigrator. Together with Loki, he single-

handedly orchestrated the loss of the humanoid Sealed Artifact. To this day, the Eternal Blazing Sun Church hasn't discovered the perpetrator!

Could a Broker also be involved?

Indeed, only if a key April Fool's member lurking within the Church appears unrelated to the Purifier who lost the humanoid Sealed Artifact, and they don't even know each other, can the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, with its numerous Sealed Artifacts and demigods, investigate for so long without finding anything!

From the Eternal Blazing Sun Church's perspective, the Purifier who lost the humanoid Sealed Artifact truly committed a momentary "mistake." He had no motive for the crime and no links to April Fool's...

Has the School of Truth expanded the Broker business into the Eternal Blazing Sun Church?

It's true; only Unshadowed won't be embroiled in gray transactions, and most Purifiers can't reach Sequence 4. Similarly, not all Cardinals are from the Sun pathway...

It seems the School of Truth has long been connected to April Fool's and is collaborating...

Damn it, it really is a broker organization. It can be associated with any faction!

Could it be that the School of Truth's collaborator within the Eternal Blazing Sun Church urgently transmitted information about Moran Avigny's mishap to Overseer Perle?

Upon receiving the news, Perle immediately convened a high-level Under the Table transaction. Was the transaction with April Fool's? No, April Fool's doesn't have that power. Could it be the Celestial Worthy backing them or other high-

ranking subordinates of the Celestial Worthy?

No wonder they want to capture me alive...

Perle might have intended to offer an item in exchange for severing her connection with Moran Avigny. However, the counter-party in the Under the Table transaction proposed a new plan, allowing her to switch from passive to active, seizing the opportunity to deceive and set a trap. How far it can go depends on her improvisation...

If it is indeed April Fool's and the Celestial Worthy's will is faintly discernible, it would explain why Madam Magician didn't sense anything amiss and walked right into the trap.

Realizing this, Lumian was alarmed.

Termiboros warned me twice about the School of Truth. Could it be that He foresaw the corresponding fate unfold and a chance for Him to break free from the seal? Is that why He was so eager, hoping to compel it into fruition?

Chapter 730 Struggle

Lumian's mind raced, unable to fully process the myriad details, but in the heat of battle, he couldn't afford to waste a single moment overthinking. Only a Conspirer could deduce a possible scenario within two seconds of Mirror Substitution taking effect. Based on Perle's words, Franca and the others would have concluded that she was the Overseer directly above Jebus. She had sidestepped danger through the Under the Table transaction but now had no choice but to confront them head-on. They couldn't let their focus waver, not even for a second.

Lumian cursed inwardly, frustrated that the Blood Emperor's residual aura had been sealed by Underworld Daoist's death mark. If not for that, his best bet would have been to activate the mark on his right palm with everything he had, allowing Alista Tudor to "descend" upon Trier once again. It would have drawn the attention of Angels from the Eternal Blazing Sun Church, the God of Steam and Machinery Church, and other powerhouses hiding in the city, pressuring Perle to retreat.

Without a second thought, Lumian triggered the black mark on his right shoulder.

His plan was to teleport out of there and into Saint Viãve Cathedral.

Since Perle's goal was to capture him alive, he obtained a conclusion through simple deduction.

She would undoubtedly chase after him with all her might. There's no way she would stay put and risk failing the Under the Table transaction!

If that happened, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony would still have to deal with the conjured Punisher, but at least they wouldn't be facing a demigod. Their odds of survival would be significantly better. For any Mid-Sequence Beyonder, even a single Sequence 4 demigod—bestowed or not—was enough to make their hearts sink with despair.

Moreover, the two Demonesses and Anthony all possessed Mirror Substitution, as well as items like the Seven-Stone Bracelet. As long as they didn't become a demigod's target, they had a real shot at using the substitutes to escape to the Church of The Fool's cathedral at Lavigny Docks.

As Lumian's form swiftly dissipated, he reached into his pocket with his left hand, his mind crystal clear, and grasped Mr. K's finger.

He couldn't be sure if Perle was telling the truth about capturing him alive or if it was a lie. Was it just a demigod's nonchalance when dealing with a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, or a habit formed from a Broker's constant deception?

He had to be prepared for the possibility that Perle might not follow him and instead stay behind to take on Franca and the others.

His contingency plan was: Summon Mr. K!

While Mr. K, as a Shepherd, couldn't directly fight a demigod, he was the Aurora Order's Oracle. He could hear the True Creator's guidance at any time. His presence meant that the deity he believed in would surely cast His gaze upon them. There was a good chance it would trigger some miraculous turn of events in their favor.

And even without divine intervention, the Beyonder of the Apprentice pathway under Mr. K's Grazing appeared to have records of demigod abilities. It should be able to hold off Perle for a few seconds, giving Franca and the others a window to escape.

As Lumian activated his teleportation, Franca, who had been compelled to use Mirror Substitution, materialized in a corner of the quarry cave.

Clutching a makeup mirror, she decisively activated the Mirror Cufflink.

She already knew Perle was the Overseer and intended to escape via the mirror world.

Once concealed within the mirror world, she could jump to the mirrors on Jenna, Lumian, and Anthony. She could extend her hand and pull her companions into the mirror world, and they could all flee together!

The glass-like Mirror Cufflink emitted a dark light, but Franca didn't budge, unable to enter the makeup mirror in her grasp.

Wh— Franca was stunned for a moment before a realization hit her.

Failing to enter the mirror world without any interference could only mean one thing:

This was a mirror world!

Except for certain unique mirror worlds, one couldn't enter the mirror world from within the mirror world itself. The only option was to use the mirror to jump!

Mirror worlds came in two varieties. The first was conventional and universal, not a true world. It was a concept of “doors” amalgamated into a dark void passageway linking all mirrors. Wherever mirrors and their surfaces existed, such mirror worlds with no discernible boundaries could be found. The second type was special mirror worlds. They relied on the conventional mirror world and leveraged specific corruption or corresponding abilities to take shape. Some were permanent, others temporary. Their characteristics closely mirrored the real world, projections of one facet of reality, but each had its own unique limitations and rules.

The mirror world in Fourth Epoch Trier belonged to the latter category. It contained only a projection of Trier, a sprawling metropolis, and excluded other regions. Moreover, it was split into three distinct levels.

This mirror world was also special, but on a smaller scale. It was merely a projection of the quarry cave, likely generated by some ability.

As a veteran Shadow Merchant, Perle had a long-established partnership with the Mirror People. It was perfectly normal for her to trade items capable of creating temporary special mirror worlds!

Recalling the dark light emanating from Moran Avigny's mirror just before Perle's arrival, Franca's suspicion was confirmed.

Just as she was about to warn Lumian and the others, she saw the Demoness of Black's Punishment projection seize the moment to reflect herself in a mirror.

Franca's pupils dilated as she activated Mirror Substitution.

In an instant, she transformed into a mirror, engulfed by pitch-black flames from within.

Smack!

The mirror slammed into the ground, shattering into countless fragments.

At the same time, Lumian's figure rematerialized in place.

His teleportation had failed.

This was indeed a special mirror world. Finding an exit was the only way out.

Mr. K's finger had already expanded, morphing into a mass of flesh and blood that enveloped Lumian's body, forming a vibrant red cloak that covered him from head to toe.

With a sickening sound, Lumian's body was pierced by grotesque wounds, as if struck by invisible arrows.

It was only thanks to the protection of the flesh-and-blood cloak, transformed from Mr. K's finger, that he managed to survive. Otherwise, he would have been forced to animate his shadow to absorb those fatal injuries on his behalf.

Of course, he still had one more Mirror Substitution up his sleeve—courtesy of Jenna.

Overseer Perle stood firm beside the jutting rock deep within the quarry cave. She flashed Lumian a smile and said, "Those who defy supervision and try to flee shall face punishment."

As Franca and Lumian's attempts failed in quick succession, Jenna tossed out a handful of fluorescent dust, whispered an incantation, and promptly vanished from the Punisher dressed as a clergyman of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church.

A golden light surged around the Punisher, clad in a white robe adorned with golden threads, spreading outward in layers.

As the golden light reached an empty space, it abruptly encountered an obstacle, staining it a faint golden hue.

Jenna felt a surge of warmth and courage, but her eyes reflected a pure and magnificent blazing pillar of light.

Crack!

The pillar of light struck her, transforming her into a mirror and shattering her into pieces.

Anthony seized the chance to activate Psychological Invisibility once more. However, the Trier police incarnation didn't overlook him, as if it could detect the scent of sin on him.

Two bolts of lightning shot forth from the Punisher's eyes, piercing Anthony's soul.

Anthony's eyes bulged, his mouth agape, but he couldn't even muster a scream. He stood paralyzed, rooted to the spot.

“Death!” Trier's police incarnation uttered a single ancient Hermes word.

Clenching his right hand into a fist, he lunged at Anthony, leaving an afterimage in his wake.

Bang!

Imbued with a peculiar force, the fist collided with Anthony's head in an inescapable blow.

Crack! Anthony shattered into countless glimmering mirror fragments.

Franca, dressed in an assassin suit, reappeared.

Confronted by a demigod's overwhelming power, the ethereal, non-godhood-possessing Demoness of Black, and the sealed special mirror world, she decisively retrieved an item from her Traveler's Bag.

It was a silver-white full-body armor, taller than Franca herself.

Pride Armor!

Franca positioned the Pride Armor in front of her, its back facing Overseer Perle.

She was convinced that the demigod was the crux of the problem, not the Punisher taking the form of the Demoness of Black. If Perle remained unscathed, another Punisher would emerge to eliminate even after dispatching the first. She might even face a direct “accusation.”

Franca noticed Perle standing beside a protruding rock with a fixed entrance to the mirror world.

It led her to believe that Perle could harness the Fourth Epoch Trier's abundant corruption to request a fixed entrance to the mirror world created by the Primordial Demoness. Not only would it allow them to enter and exit the conventional mirror world without relying on their inherent characteristics and abilities, but it would also serve as the gateway to this special mirror world.

After all, it could be considered a gift from a true god!

The instant the Pride Armor's feet touched the ground, it suddenly spun around, fixing an invisible gaze upon Overseer Perle.

Franca swiftly leaped to the side and rolled, avoiding facing the Pride Armor's back.

Thud thud thud!

The silver-white full-body armor charged towards Overseer Perle, condensing a broadsword of light in its hand.

In the dark cathedral bereft of a deity's Sacred Emblem, a pea rapidly grew, transforming into a multitude of thick turquoise vines that converted the area into a lush paradise of plants and an otherworldly forest.

They separated the suspended corpses, preventing them from approaching The Hermit.

Judgment, who had remained silent, extended her right palm, her eyes glowing with a copper-gold luster.

She spoke gravely in ancient Hermes, “Marionettes are prohibited here!”

The animated corpses abruptly ceased their movements, and Magician tore open the void before her, tainting it with resplendent starlight, forming an enchanting door.

Beyond the door was the portrait of a woman—Loki, who had undergone a bizarre transformation.

Loki reached into the air and pulled out a figure.

The figure was a woman with a voluptuous build, dressed in a black gown. A golden crown encrusted with jewels adorned her head. She had curly chestnut hair, blue eyes, a high nose bridge, and slightly thin lips. She exuded a Demoness-like allure from the inside out.