

## Inevitability 751

### Chapter 751 “Help”

Lumian had always assumed that the catacombs administrator, marked with light brown age spots, had been assimilated by the catacombs themselves, becoming part of this peculiar place, and would over time become more corpse-like, losing all semblance of life and forever sleeping within an upright, decaying coffin.

Yet, here he was, able to leave the massive tomb chamber that housed the Samaritan Women's Spring, still carrying a burning white candle.

Taking turns guarding the entrance to the Samaritan Women's Spring, the longer you stay, the deeper the catacombs' peculiar erosion takes hold, making you less and less like the living until finally, you no longer need a lit white candle to prevent being consumed by the catacombs? Can one slowly recover once they rot out? Lumian speculated as he watched the elderly catacombs administrator ascend the steps.

As he drew closer and the candlelight illuminated his features, the group of students also got a clearer look at the newcomer.

They recognized the uniform of the catacombs administrator but had never met one so aged he seemed nearly decomposed.

His face, speckled with light brown age spots and his eyes black and icy, coupled with his faint, almost non-existent breath, instilled an involuntary fear in them, prompting them to huddle together for warmth and courage.

With each soft step echoing, the elderly caretaker stopped at the Entrance to the Old Ossuary.

He then turned, casting his chilling gaze upon Lumian.

“I need to speak with you,” the catacombs administrator said in a hoarse, matter-of-fact tone.

Me? Do we know each other? Plus, I came here on a whim, driven by impulse and didn't inform anyone of my plans. Why would you need to see me? Lumian was taken aback, as were the university students.

They hadn't expected this intriguing, skilled prankster to be acquainted with such a frightening catacombs administrator.

Had he really explored the catacombs so often that he had befriended the administrators?

Perplexed, Lumian stood up and followed the elderly administrator to the side of the Entrance to the Old Ossuary.

He wanted to hear what this was all about and why he was being sought out.

In the dense darkness, with just a stub of a white candle making his face appear more ghastly, the emotionless caretaker said, “There's been an anomaly with a corpse on the fourth level's southwest corner. Handle it.”

“Me?” Lumian pointed to himself with his empty right hand.

Why are you asking me to deal with this? There are other catacombs administrators, official Beyonders for this sort of thing. Why me?

And you're ordering me around as if I'm a mercenary paid to handle such matters, without even discussing compensation...

“Correct.” The elderly administrator nodded gently. “My body and spirit are nearing decay, and I can no longer engage in combat.”

Lumian eyed the administrator with curiosity, probing, “Do you know me?”

The deep wrinkles on the administrator's face unfolded into a strange smile. “You are one of our kind.”

One of our kind... Lumian mused, a guess forming in his mind.

“Deal with it now. The longer you wait, the more troublesome it becomes.” The administrator turned and headed back towards the “Entrance to the Old Ossuary.”

I came to stake out Harrison from Resurrection Island, not to work for you... Lumian muttered silently, his curiosity piqued as he followed the more corpse-like than living administrator down the stone steps.

During this, he flashed a smile and waved at the students, frightening them into silence; none dared to respond.

Once Lumian and the elderly administrator's figures had disappeared deep into the stone stairway, with only a flicker of candlelight remaining, the students finally relaxed and exhaled in relief.

That guy really knew the catacombs administrator well!

He must be extremely familiar with this place!

Were the rumors he shared actually true?

Recalling Lumian's description of the dorm anomalies and the consequences of extinguishing a candle, the students shivered in unison, pulling their candles closer to their bodies.

Descending layer by layer, past François' Tomb and the Blood Order Hall, Lumian followed the old administrator, quickly reaching the southwest corner of the catacombs' fourth level.

Using the remaining third of his white candle, Lumian saw a giant skeleton, about three to four meters tall, composed of bones from different corpses and shaped like a human with seven or eight heads, all eye sockets dark, void of any colored flame.

At that moment, the giant skeleton was opening tomb doors, extracting sharp bones, and adding them to its massive bone sword.

The candlelight spread only slightly, illuminating the area minimally as darkness flowed like water, bringing an indescribable chill and horror.

Even without getting close, Lumian involuntarily felt fear and resistance, as if he were walking towards death.

His blue eyes darkened to iron-black, reflecting the ghastly pallor of the aberrant skeleton.

Deep within its chest, it felt as if he had to cleave through layers of white bones to reach it.

“You see it? Take care of it,” the old caretaker commanded again, as if ordering a subordinate.

“What abilities does it have?” Lumian wasn't averse to lending a hand—he had just acquired a powerful item and was eager to use it, but he couldn't just rush into battle without understanding the monster's capabilities and planning his strategy.

The candle in the administrator's hand was now just a stub, its dim flame stubbornly clinging on.

He shook his head and said, “I'm not sure, but it's being suppressed by the catacombs, unable to show much of its potential. Once it gets dark outside, we might not have that advantage. We must clear it out now.”

The catacombs are suppressing it... Lumian mused aloud, “How often have these anomalies occurred recently? Is it frequent?”

“It's normal, once or twice a month,” the elderly catacombs administrator replied in a raspy voice.

Even if it's broadly sealed, some abnormalities still occur? That's similar to other areas of the Underground Trier... As Lumian was about to ask more questions, the giant, mud-and-mold-covered skeletal aberration seemed to notice them, suddenly turning around and raising its massive bone sword.

The surface of the giant sword burst into pale-white flames.

Thud, thud, thud, the skeleton with several heads moved stiffly but quickly charged toward Lumian and the catacombs administrator.

The surrounding darkness surged over, bringing with it a bone-chilling cold and a terror that seemed to reach into their souls.

Without hesitation, Lumian reached into the Traveler's Bag and grasped the Sword of Courage.

A warm rush quickly spread through his body.

What's there to fear?

Fight, fight, fight!

Lumian drew the iron-black greatsword and charged toward the giant skeleton and its terrifying bone sword.

Then, he swung the Sword of Courage upwards.

A bright white flame with a hint of blue burst forth from the blade.

Bang!

The iron-black greatsword collided with the bone sword, made of numerous sharp bones, in midair.

Lumian's knees bent as his feet sank into the mud.

The skeleton's force was immense, and the bright white-blue flames tangled with the pale-white flames, mutually extinguishing each other.

Lumian was not afraid.

His eyes excited, he tightened his thighs, straightened his knees, and advanced rather than retreated, slashing with his iron-black greatsword toward the colossal creature.

The bone sword responded with the force of a falling boulder.

Boom!

The collision triggered a violent explosion, and the fierce shockwave, carrying the bright white-blue flames, struck the giant skeleton's surface, pushing it back two steps.

Lumian pursued, slashing again with the Sword of Courage.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

With each clash of the huge swords and in every massive explosion, a large number of bones fell from the skeleton, charred, and even the bone sword itself thinned significantly.

Finally, Lumian broke through its defense, cleaving into its chest with one strike.

Boom!

The bright white-blue fireball expanded there, penetrating its entire body.

The giant skeleton froze instantly.

Crash! It collapsed entirely, like a stacked block castle knocked over.

Lumian withdrew his iron-black greatsword, turned halfway to the elderly catacombs administrator, and smiled, saying, "Neutralized."

As he spoke, he returned the Sword of Courage to the Traveler's Bag.

Just after this action, Lumian suddenly sobered up.

Was that it?

Although I had planned to engage in direct combat before drawing the sword, I hadn't considered just a head-on attack...

Truly the Sword of Courage...

Hearing Lumian's words, the elderly catacombs administrator, holding the nearly extinguished white candle, slowly approached.

Lumian, taking advantage of having just provided help, casually asked, "Has anyone visited the Samaritan Women's Spring in the past few months?"

That was supposedly the strongest point of death energy in the entire catacombs, and Harrison might be drawn there.

The elderly catacombs administrator looked at Lumian in slow motion, his voice hoarse as he said, "Extinguish the candle."

What? Extinguish the candle? Are you trying to kill me? Lumian's first reaction was that the catacombs administrator in front of him meant him harm.

Without a lit white candle here, one would be eerily erased and forgotten by all!

At that moment, the candle in the administrator's hand burned down to the end, flickered once, and was completely extinguished.

Darkness surged toward the old man, seemingly engulfing him in deathly silence.

He did not disappear.

In that instant, Lumian recalled many things, including the catacombs administrator considering him one of their own and his own guess about it.

He hadn't made his final, crazy decision when the darkness around the administrator viciously spread, enveloping him.

His white candle suddenly went out.

## Chapter 752 In the Darkness

Dammit!

Though Lumian had toyed with the idea of taking risks, he hadn't truly made up his mind.

The sudden extinguishing of his white candle prompted him to swear under his breath, instinctively preparing to activate the black mark on his shoulder and teleport out of the catacombs.

At that moment, a bone-chilling cold tinged with slight pain surged through the palm of his right hand.

This snap of pain brought him to his senses, thankfully without any further unpleasant changes to his body.

Indeed... Lumian instantly calmed down, abandoning the idea of using his Spirit World Traversal ability.

His suspicions were confirmed!

He clenched his right hand discreetly, ensuring the prominently-marked Underworld Daoist seal wasn't visible to anything lurking in the darkness.

After the elderly, decaying, and clearly unwell catacombs administrator mistook him for a kindred spirit, Lumian suspected it was due to the Underworld Daoist seal.

Given that the Samaritan Women's Spring was closely related to the Underworld Daoist and the catacombs of Trier were likely built to contain its overflowing influence, the administrators took turns guarding the massive tomb chamber leading to the spring.

Since catacombs administrators affected by anomalies could navigate the dark catacombs without a lit white candle and not disappear, theoretically, he should be able to as well, given his Underworld Daoist seal!

Of course, this was extremely risky. A wrong guess could mean dying without leaving a trace, causing Lumian to hesitate despite his wild impulse.

In the pure darkness, where his eyes saw nothing, Lumian felt as if he were in Trier's subterranean river, immersed in cold, damp, heavy, and silent waters.

Yet, he breathed easily; his body and soul strangely drawing air from the dense, dark “waters,” sustaining his existence.

He seemed like a fish in the deep sea.

The darkness, like flowing water, layered and pressed down, isolating this space from the surrounding areas and the outside world.

The next moment, Lumian heard the old administrator's raspy, indifferent voice.

“Recently, three people tried to approach the spring, but I stopped them.”

Three people... Lumian's spirit lifted as he asked, “Who were they?”

“One time it was a Blessed of darkness and death with a Hunter,” the old administrator described in his own way.

A Blessed of darkness and death with a Hunter.. Isn't that Madame Hela and me? You still remember us... Lumian realized, followed by muttered criticisms.

He had thought this elderly administrator, unlike the more active ones like Kendall and nearing a corpse-like state, didn't recognize people by sight but by sensing their presence— Lumian had encountered two catacombs administrators guiding visitors when he arrived at the Entrance to the Old Ossuary, and they didn't see him as one of their own. Instead, they advised him not to wander alone and always keep a white candle burning for light.

“Who was the third?” Lumian pressed on.

Was it Harrison, or Monette, the incarnation of Amon active in these subterranean catacombs?

The old catacombs administrator responded in a monotone, husky voice, “An outsider, he felt similar to us but also different, so I stopped him.”

Similar yet different... an outsider... Lumian pondered these key descriptions and surmised it was probably Harrison from Resurrection Island!

“What did he look like?” Lumian asked, controlling his emotions, seemingly calm.

He couldn't see through the darkness, not even the outline of the old administrator, but he sensed the other was right in front of him, no more than two meters away.

He then heard the old administrator reply: “I've been an administrator for so long, I've forgotten many things. Even death itself vanishes here, let alone our memories. I can't remember what he looked like, only that he didn't resemble an Intisian, nor a Loenese or Feysacian.”

After a brief pause, the catacombs administrator continued in his flat tone, “I should go back to rest now...”

Lumian did not try to stop him, nor did he ask further questions.

Although he hadn't heard any footsteps, nor sensed any movement ahead, a very clear thought suddenly struck him: The person has already left.

He didn't look like an Intisian, a Loenese, or a Feysacian... An outsider... Someone who had been to the fourth level of the catacombs in recent months... Lumian replayed the catacombs administrator's responses in his mind over and over.

Suddenly, he remembered something: Franca had mentioned that she encountered a man in the catacombs who she suspected came from the world of the Celestial Master—the world they had transmigrated from. Her judgment was based on the man's appearance, which closely resembled the people from that world and was distinctly different from those of the Intisians, Loenese, Feynapotterians, and Feysacians!

So, the person Franca met was the one the elderly administrator persuaded to leave? And that person could very well be Harrison from Resurrection Island...

/s Resurrection Island actually a node where two worlds converge?

The reason the nautical chart leading to Resurrection Island is incorrect is because it lacks mystical details; even if one reaches the designated sea area, only danger is encountered, with no sight of the goal?

This would nicely explain Franca's divination result that the “chart is genuine” and why adventurers have failed to locate Resurrection Island. The charts are indeed accurate, but they don't record the method to open the “Island's Door”!

If this is the case, there should be a deeper explanation for why Franca and the others were transmigrated, and for the purpose of the Resurrection Islanders appearing on the North and South Continents...

The good thing now is, Franca has seen someone who might be Harrison and has drawn a corresponding portrait through a ritual, which will help us in our future search.

Heh heh, Franca and Jenna's exploration yielded quite a lot of crucial information about many important matters, filled with a sense of being arranged.

This might not have been that entity's doing, but it's highly likely related to Monette, who often haunts this place...

Lumian was particularly puzzled about why the True Creator or Amon valued this matter so much. Their previous “help” was mainly about combating the evil gods beyond the barrier and didn't involve issues from another world.

Hmm, would that Celestial Worthy be counted as one of the evil gods beyond the barrier?

Does He come from the Celestial Master's world?

/s this also considered a part of the evil gods' invasion?”

Lumian speculated briefly before pondering another question: Whether to inform Franca, 007, Madame Hela, and other members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society about this.

Lumian could already picture what would happen: Including Franca, some members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society would desperately set out to sea, searching for Resurrection Island marked on the sea chart, failing to find the island, but finding it being even more dangerous!

But Lumian preferred to see Franca remain as she was: conflicted about her gender but generally happy.

After a moment of silence, Lumian laughed a bit out of character, whispering self-mockingly in the environment like the dark depths of the sea, “Would you avoid seeking a way to resurrect Aurore because of danger and others' expectations?”

“Would you give up resisting because of danger and others' expectations?”

“Would you refuse to merge with the bloodline of Omabella because of danger and others' expectations?”

“No!”

Lumian made up his mind and began to focus on his surroundings.

He couldn't see anything but faintly sensed figures wandering in the darkness, felt hands reaching out to him, grabbing his arms, ankles, neck, and body, yet not having any tangible effect.

No, there was one thing—Lumian felt distinctly colder, to the point where, with the physical traits of a Reaper, he almost couldn't help but constrict his pores and shiver lightly.

He also heard faint, painful, despairing cries but couldn't discern their specific directions.

Are these the people who vanished in the catacombs before? Lumian tried to listen closely, to find one or two of the missing, to understand their current state, but it was to no avail.

Suddenly, he shivered.

The cold and the dead silence seeped into his mind.

His thoughts became slightly sluggish, and his memories of certain things grew a bit fuzzy.

The Underworld Daoists seal just prevents me from disappearing on the spot, from even dying without a trace, but it can't stop me from being slowly eroded by the abnormalities here, like those catacombs administrators? And, my erosion is clearly faster than theirs...

Lumian snapped a flame into existence, lighting the white candle in his hand.

The darkness, cold, weight, silence, and dampness retreated as the light spread.

Lumian glanced at the candle in his hand, nodding and muttering to himself, “I just interpreted the Underworld Daoist's seal as a kind of alternative white candlelight, but now it seems, they're not the same, fundamentally different. One stems from an anomaly being sealed, the other leverages the power sealing this place?”

As thoughts swirled, Lumian, holding the burning white candle, made his way back along the original route.

Upon returning to the Entrance of the Old Ossuary, he saw that the few university students who had been there were gone.



“Scared off, just like that?” Lumian scoffed softly, leisurely leaving the catacombs and returning to Place du Purgatoire.

In the Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702 on 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca, who was about to go out to gather information on the Mirror People, saw Lumian again.

“You're here again? It's the third time today!” the Demoness of Pleasure asked, her lips twitching slightly.

#### Chapter 753 Rational Franca

Facing Franca's probing, Lumian raised an eyebrow and said, “I've again come across something important that I need to tell you.”

Franca eyed Lumian suspiciously, unsure whether he was playing a prank or had actually discovered something new.

Given the frequency of his discoveries, it seemed a bit much, didn't it?

Just this morning, he had returned from the Blue Avenger, having completed an initial exploration that yielded the formula for the Demoness of Despair potion, a Sword of Courage equivalent to a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, and a specially significant corpse wax candle—all important findings. And now he had more gains in the afternoon?

Ultimately, Franca chose to believe Lumian; after all, he had proven himself a harbinger of chaos on multiple occasions.

She stepped aside to let him into the living room.

“What's it about this time?” Franca asked gravely as she closed the door.

Lumian stood by the window, back to the outside, and said seriously, “Do you remember Mr. Hanged Man's description of Harrison?”

“I remember—he might appear in places closely linked to darkness, death, dusk, and decay,” Franca replied, the oppressive atmosphere stifling her usual retort of not having forgotten what was discussed just that morning.

Lumian nodded and continued, “I had some free time, so I went to the catacombs. I met with the administrator guarding the Samaritan Women's Spring area. He told me that recently, an outsider tried to approach the spring but was stopped by him. This outsider's features are quite different from anyone from the Northern Continent...”

Franca, initially confused, shivered instinctively and blurted out, “Harrison? Was the man with the Eastern features that Jenna and I met actually Harrison?”

She immediately recalled her and Jenna's adventure at the Krismona Night Pillar.

In her urgency, she replaced the more complex description of non-North-Continent-bearing features with “Eastern features”.

“It's very likely.” Lumian nodded slowly.

Franca was taken aback. “Resurrection Island... Resurrection Island!”

Her lake-blue eyes sparkled with excitement and anticipation.

She asked for confirmation, “Could Resurrection Island be a node where the two worlds converge?”

“Even if it's not, it's probably closely related to your world,” Lumian said, not wanting to dampen her spirits.

Franca paced back and forth excitedly, then wailed, “Why didn't I recognize him then? Why didn't I capture him? Now he's gone and we don't even have a starting point! The Eternal Blazing Sun Church is too slow, not a single piece of feedback!”

After Franca vented her frustration, Lumian calmly said, “You can't blame 007 and the others for being slow; Harrison might no longer be in Trier.”

“Mmm,” Franca pondered aloud. “I'll announce this at the research society meeting so members in different areas can watch out for anyone resembling Harrison.”

Before Lumian could caution her, Franca muttered to herself, “I'll tell them not to seek the island until we find Harrison and obtain detailed information about Resurrection Island. It's too dangerous. If they spot Harrison, they shouldn't rush to recognize him or approach him; pretend they haven't seen him and notify President Gandalf, the chairman, Madame Hela, and us...”

Lumian listened intently and then playfully complimented her, “I thought you'd be too excited to think straight. But surprisingly, you, who usually seem carefree and not too thoughtful, have considered everything quite thoroughly.”

Franca wasn't provoked; she replied with a smug grin, “What do you call that? LÃ¼ Duan is never muddled in major matters! If I have to think hard all the time, wouldn't that negate the point of relaxing?”

That made some sense... Lumian asked, puzzled, “Who's LÃ¼ Duan?”

“No need to know!” Franca answered decisively.

Lumian guessed the reason and didn't press further, simply nodding. “We'll share this at the gathering in two days.”

Franca hummed in agreement, then her excitement and joy vanished, her body trembling slightly.

“What's wrong?” Lumian asked with concern.

Franca pressed her lips together, speaking softly, “I'm excited about the truth and what the future might hold, but I'm also afraid it won't meet my expectations. I'm scared of facing an answer I can't handle.”

After speaking, Franca leaned on the windowsill as if drained of strength.

Lumian offered no comfort, his look one and the same as that Madam Magician had when she looked at him: pity.

He too feared that the hope for resurrection he so desperately pursued might just be an unattainable illusion.

After a moment, Lumian asked, "Want to have a drink?"

"Sure," Franca responded with a complex smile. "Getting drunk might help me forget these worries. Ah, typical brotherly comfort-offering a drink."

Two days later.

Franca met with Demoness of Black Clarice, at a hunting ground on the edge of the East Lognes Forest, as agreed.

The demigod-level Demoness had swapped her usual black court gown for dark hunting attire and a black hat that covered her long hair, giving her an air of dashing elegance and freshness.

Compared to her previously melancholic beauty, Madame Clarice now radiated a different kind of allure, equally captivating and splendid. Franca eyed the Demoness of Black with appreciation, suppressing the desires that instinctively arose, and relayed the intelligence on the Mirror People that 007 had provided in detail.

Clarice nodded gently, her smile bright as she took a wooden, burgundy-colored briefcase from her horse.

"This is your reward," said the Demoness of Black as she handed the case to Franca.

Franca did not hesitate, thanking her as she unlatched the metal fasteners and opened the modest-sized wooden briefcase.

Inside, the case was divided by pristine ice blocks showing no signs of melting, each compartment containing a bat's head with colorful markings, a gallbladder oozing blood and green bile, a bifurcated tail covered with sleek, sinister scales, and two types of dark red blood in glass vials.

"Affliction's main ingredient and most of the supplementary ingredients are here. If you're not ready to advance, don't try to break the ice I've crafted. That would only infect the bearer with various diseases and lead to a slow death," warned the Demoness of Black.

"Thank you, Madame," Franca quickly counted what supplementary ingredients were still needed.

All that was missing was the fairly common *Enfinitas Eucalyptus*.

Demoness of Black Clarice commented, "You're very efficient and effective in your tasks.

Perhaps in another year or two, you'll be ready to attempt opening the gate to godhood. But then, we won't reward you with the formula and ingredients for Despair. Instead, we'll inform you of the advancement ritual in advance. Once you're nearly ready, we'll simply give you the Despair potion."

"Is this to prevent High-Sequence potion formulas from being leaked?" Franca asked, understanding dawning on her.

The Demoness of Black nodded.

“Once you earn the right to have a color precede your title, you'll truly access the High-Sequence potion formulas and some of the sect's secrets.”

I also want to obtain the Demoness of Unaging potion formula from you all, but without becoming a Demoness of Unaging, I probably can't have a color precede my name... No matter, having prior knowledge of the ritual to see if it's wicked or not is sufficient... Franca didn't hide the anticipation in her expression.

She then steered the conversation back to the investigation of the Mirror People.

“Madame, to what extent should we pursue the Mirror People? Is it enough to thwart their plans and eliminate those who have escaped from the special mirror world?”

“We couldn't possibly enter that special mirror world and eradicate their leaders and their foundation while Fourth Epoch Trier's seal remains intact, could we?”

Franca was probing the Demoness Sect's ultimate goal regarding the Mirror People, trying to gauge the state and thoughts of the Primordial Demoness.

Clarice looked at her and said with a refreshing smile, “Let's do what we can for now. When you've advanced to Affliction, we'll tell you more.”

Becoming a Demoness of Affliction means entering the core circle of the Demoness Sect, eligible to learn some secrets? Franca was both excited to be drawing closer to the secrets of the Demoness Sect and completing tasks, and somewhat anxious.

Late at night, in a quarry cave in Underground Trier.

Angoulême de François, dressed in a brown woolen coat and wearing a gold brooch, entered this dormant area carrying a carbide lamp.

His right sleeve was rolled up, revealing a glass syringe tied around his elbow filled with a cloudy white liquid.

Behind him followed four or five Purifiers, each with a similar syringe on their arms.

Surrounded by the Purifiers were four tall iron-gray steam robots, responsible for carrying an item over two meters long and about six feet wide.

The item was covered with a red flannel cloth, hiding any details.

Angoulême stopped in the middle of the quarry, gesturing for his teammates to halt as well.

The iron-gray steam robots then set the item on the ground.

As the flannel cover was lifted, a beautifully crafted, classical-looking bed was revealed, making Angoulême and his team feel tired and drawn to its inviting comfort, wanting to lie down for a good sleep.

Angoulême quickly looked away and, using the hand holding the carbide lamp, pushed the plunger of the syringe, injecting more of the liquid into his body.

Following similar actions from the other Purifiers, a figure in a black nun's outfit suddenly emerged from the other side of the quarry.

## Chapter 754 Two Spirits

When the feminine silhouette emerged from the darkness, Angoulême and his companions instantly tensed up.

They were still unsure how to make the humanoid Sealed Artifact move towards the bed on its own; they could only hope that the bed, also a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, would exert its allure to entice beings to lie upon it.

Of course, the Eternal Blazing Sun Church wouldn't send merely a team of highest-ranking Purifiers for a transaction involving a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. Undoubtedly, a demigod was overseeing from the shadows, but in the event of an incident, how many could be saved from the clash of two Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts was an uncertainty.

As soon as the somber yet serene-looking woman appeared, she moved toward the elegant, classical bed as if summoned or commanded.

Angoulême and the others remained perfectly still, almost like statues, fearing any sudden movement might startle their target and hinder the positive development of the situation.

Finally, the figure in the black nun's attire lay down on the bed.

She yawned slightly, then closed her eyes, her whole being radiating profound exhaustion, as if she had spent her life's energy.

She fell asleep.

Several Purifiers stepped forward, placing their differently colored leather cases on the ground.

They then pulled up the red flannel cloth to cover both the humanoid Sealed Artifact and the classical bed together.

The iron-gray steam robots also set down another leather case they were carrying.

They lifted the bed and, along with the Purifiers, left the quarry at a measured pace.

Soon, only Angoulême and the nine cases on the ground behind him remained.

At the edge of the quarry, enveloped in deep darkness, a figure dressed in assassin's garb emerged.

She did not speak to Angoulême but moved past the Purifier deacon to inspect the cases one by one.

Eight of the cases were either filled with shimmering gold bars or packed with numerous gold coins, all quite heavy, making Franca's gaze seem disrupted by the gleam of gold.

I've never seen so much gold in my two lifetimes combined... shame it's not mine, Franca thought regretfully as she stowed the gold, valued at 1.2 million verl d'or, along with the cases into her Traveler's Bag.

Another case contained the main and supplementary ingredients for the Pleasure potion and two folded scrolls.

After verifying everything was correct, Franca nodded to Angoulême in a cold, businesslike tone befitting their professional relationship.

“You keep your promises well. I will continue to provide you with intel.

“Praise the Sun, you are the God of Deeds!” AngoulÃame exclaimed, spreading his arms slightly in homage, attributing all glory and success to the deity.

Franca then left the quarry, continuously circling around and using her Demoness powers to erase any traces, countering any potential divination or prophecy.

After about seven or eight minutes, she met with Lumian in a secret tunnel in Underground Trier and was transported away by teleportation.

Inside Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca handed over the ingredients related to the Pleasure potion along with the leather case to Jenna, while Lumian was already seated on the armchair, engrossed in a reorganized dossier of the Sealed Artifact which wasn't written in a fixed format.

“Number: 1-147 “Original Name: Cl mence Athana.

“This Sealed Artifact was born in a magistrate's family in Spahm Village, Zamet region of Upper Hornacis. She was sent to the Zamet Cloister upon reaching adulthood and, two years later, entered Suhit University to study paleobiology. After graduation, she stayed on as a faculty member.

“Her research in paleobiology primarily focused on tracing the remnants of mythical creatures to prove their existence. At the age of twenty-nine, she abruptly resigned from her academic post and returned to her native village, where she secluded herself in her room.

“Over the next two years, her family suffered a series of misfortunes: “Her father, intoxicated, fell into a cesspit at night and drowned; her mother, overcome with grief, hanged herself; her siblings killed each other over inheritance disputes; and her sister, who had gone home to intervene, went missing and was never found...

“The villagers of Spahm blamed her for bringing misfortune and sought to expel her. Not long after, a strange mental plague broke out in the village. By the time the Purifiers realized the issue, it was beyond redemption, and they had to purify all the infected...

“Further research indicated that Cl mence Athana harbored two spirits within her, with her soul appearing stitched together.

“It is believed that one spirit orchestrated the tragedies of her family and the village's infection, while the other, unable to cope, became muddleheaded yet fought back instinctively, eventually going mad...

“Additionally, she carried another kind of corruption, distinct from her abilities to manipulate minds and spirits.

“It remains unclear when this corruption first appeared, whether before her return to her hometown or after the death of her parents...

“Sealed two years and four months ago.”

“She was sealed not long ago. Among all Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, her number must be one of the latest,” Franca remarked, having appeared behind Lumian at some point, her elbows resting on the back of the armchair as she finished reading the dossier.

Lumian chuckled softly after a pause. “Perhaps one day, this will be my fate.”

He could faintly sense Clémence Athana's struggle and resistance, but she ultimately failed and became a monster.

Franca opened her mouth, unsure of what to say.

After a few seconds, she patted Lumian on the shoulder and said, “Look on the bright side, in the grand scheme of things, we're all going to die. What matters is what we do on the path to death.”

Lumian folded up the dossier, nodded solemnly, and responded, “Until death!”

At 10 p.m., in the ancient and dilapidated palace of the Nation of the Evernight, members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society materialized in various locations.

Franca immediately spotted 007, who was wearing the lion headgear. She adjusted her hood and approached, asking curiously, “We've received our reward. What's yours?”

“007” Angoulême replied with mixed emotions, “I can now wield a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact with less severe adverse effects.”

“Wow, you're basically on reserve for demigod status!” Franca exclaimed enviously.

Her thoughts then turned to Lumian, who also possessed a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact with minor negative effects, essentially putting him in the same reserve category.

Before Lumian embarked on the paths of the divine, 007 had already been a Sequence 5 Beyonder. He was just too busy to serve as vice president of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, so he had never shared this with others.

Thinking about it, 007 wasn't really that enviable after all.

007 glanced at Franca and said, “I used to dream of advancing to Sequence 4 and becoming a demigod, but as I handled more and more Beyonder events, I started to think that it might not be such a good thing. Sigh, fate has pushed me to this point; I can only keep moving forward.”

“Right,” Franca replied, feeling a sense of kinship. “I have a very important announcement to make soon.”

“What is it?” 007 couldn't help but ask impulsively.

Why is Hidden Blade involved in an important matter again?

What is it this time?

So far, the news she brought was crazier and more shocking one after the other!

“You'll find out soon enough.” Franca sighed.

She then looked towards Lumian, who was now disguised as Aurore, donning a warlock robe and a black hood, heading towards the Academy group's gathering place.

Lumian, in disguise, nodded gently at Franca.

Seeing that the members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society had nearly all arrived, Franca walked directly to the massive stone chair.

Dressed in a plain white robe and resembling a half-giant, Gandalf was nearby. He whispered, “Are you going to warn everyone about the Mirror People?”

“No,” Franca looked at Madame Hela standing on the other side and conjured a simple megaphone from the cold air.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I have an announcement to make,” Franca's voice echoed through the ancient and dilapidated palace.

Members like Isotope, Bear, and Cerberus of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society turned their attention towards the depth of the palace to see who was speaking.

They suddenly felt uneasy.

The news Hidden Blade had brought before was never good!

Although she helped the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society clean up its internal saboteurs and established more reliable rules, avoiding foreseeable harm, the surging tide still left every participant unnerved.

As everyone ceased their discussions and looked towards her, Franca cleared her throat and started from the rumors about Resurrection Island, recounting her encounter in the catacombs of Trier with a man bearing Eastern looks in their original world.

So, it's about this... There's a continuation of that incident? 007 relaxed slightly.

A humming sound arose in different parts of the old palace, and members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society couldn't help whispering among themselves.

For most of them, they had already accepted reality, adapted to their current lives, and even had different pursuits. But now, someone was telling them that the matter of transmigration still had secrets; maybe they could even go home!

Franca then spoke about Harrison of Resurrection Island, involved with death and dark forces, searching for something across the Northern and Southern Continents, but she didn't mention Demon Warlock Burman-it was too easy to link that to the great adventurer Louis Berry.

In the sudden silence inside the palace, Franca shared her and Lumian's speculation, “Resurrection Island might be a nexus where the two worlds converge.

“We must find Harrison and get information about Resurrection Island from him!”



After speaking in one breath, Franca's gaze slowly moved from the somewhat dazed faces of the audience to Madame Hela nearby.

She noticed an indescribable emotion in the dark pupils visible behind Madame Hela's black latticed veil.

#### Chapter 755 Different Attitudes

Despite Madame Hela's usual restraint and calm, there are clear emotional ripples this time...

Franca thoughtfully withdrew her gaze.

By then, many members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society had regained their composure from the shock, voicing their opinions with both excitement and urgency.

Someone shouted, "Hidden Blade, you can't make such assumptions so lightly!"

Franca roared back immediately, "Whether or not Resurrection Island is a nexus between two worlds, we still need to find Harrison! This isn't a conclusion; it's a direction for our investigation!"

Another person yelled, "How can we find someone just based on a name?"

"I have his portrait!" Franca responded instantly.

As members expressed their expectations, posed questions, and sought answers, a voice, slightly out of control, shouted, "Why can't you just live peacefully in the present?"

Franca looked towards the source of the sound and saw a male member known as Mole.

After Mole spoke up, several members loudly said, "I don't want to risk everything for a slim hope."

"Why can't you give up these fantasies?"

"I have no interest in returning to our previous world!"

In response to the dissenting voices, Franca wasn't surprised but internally sighed, People vary so much when you gather a hundred of them...

She sincerely responded, "Searching for Harrison and verifying the situation on Resurrection Island are both entirely voluntary. Those who want to uncover the truth about our transmigration can decide if it's worth the risk. Those who aren't interested can continue as before, but please don't stop others from participating."

Mole and others were clearly still worried that investigating Resurrection Island might disrupt their current lives, but with Franca offering the choice of "free will," they could only mutter and retreat to the fringes.

Seizing the opportunity, Franca added, "For now, our investigation into Resurrection Island is limited to gathering information. Do not go looking for it-it's very dangerous. Once we obtain key information from Harrison, we'll discuss whether or not to go to the island and how to approach it. Right now, let me show you Harrison's portrait."

Cheers erupted from some of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members who had grasped the situation: "Hidden Blade is awesome!"

"Hidden Blade, I love you!"

"Praise be to Hidden Blade!"

Franca chuckled and tilted her head, her worries and fears somewhat alleviated by the emotions of the crowd.

She knew that these members were not without fear of the unknown results of the investigation and the potentially disappointing truths it might reveal, but they had waited too long and desired too much. Even a small glimmer of hope could temporarily relieve their pain and sorrow, releasing their excitement and joy.

Franca then took a deep breath, pulled out Harrison's portrait, and affixed it to the back of the massive stone chair.

"Everyone, take turns to come and take a look!" Franca called out, stepping back from the area around the speckled stone chair.

"Do you really think that's a nexus between two worlds?" Gandalf stopped Franca, asking fervently.

Franca smiled awkwardly. "It's just a theory, still."

Gandalf nodded with satisfaction.

"That's no problem. Make bold assumptions, but verify them carefully."

"What, in your opinion, is the relationship between Resurrection Island and our world?"

Franca asked Gandalf, both hopeful and nervous.

Gandalf chuckled. "I don't have any predetermined conclusions yet; I need more information to study."

Franca glanced around and lowered her voice.

She shared the existence of the Samaritan Women's Spring, Underworld Daoist, and Celestial Master with President Gandalf, whom she and Lumian had decided to inform before attending this meeting-previously, they had only shared this with Hela. After all, they had worked together in the real world before.

Gandalf listened attentively and made a judgment.

"The relationship between the two worlds might be closer than we anticipated.

"The phenomenon of transmigration may have started even earlier."

Before Hidden Blade Franca could respond, the president of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society mused to himself, "With so many signs and traces, it's incredible we haven't encountered them, while you frequently do."

This probably requires your praise for the True Creator.. Franca barely held back a sarcastic remark. After parting from the half-giant Gandalf, she was cornered by the tall 007.

“We've yet to find the person who might be Harrison,” 007 simply ed on the previous “person-finding” efforts.

“Maybe he's no longer in Trier.” Franca refrained from complaining about the Purifiers' inefficiency.

She glanced at “007” in lion headgear and cautiously asked, “Would you want to return to our original world?”

007 paused for a few seconds before replying, “Of course, but I'm afraid everything has changed.

“Although the era from which Emperor Roselle transmigrated isn't far from ours-if we returned now, we'd only miss a few days of life-no one has gone back yet, so we can't be certain. Maybe the rules for coming and going are fundamentally different.”

Franca fell silent.

007 glanced at Gandalf sitting on the steps, scribbling in a notebook, and asked Franca, “What did you discuss with the president? He seemed quite stirred.”

Franca, managing her emotions, took the opportunity to share with 007 what she had told Gandalf.

“007” AngoulÃame was stunned for a moment, then clenched his teeth and said, “Why didn't you share this information sooner? What else haven't you told us?”

“I was just afraid you would really go all 007?” Franca joked, only to be met by a stern look from 007, which made her chuckle awkwardly. “Sometimes, it's not that I don't want to share; it's either not the right time or I don't have the permission.”

I'm not Lumian, who has to squeeze out information like toothpaste-if I could tell, I would share everything... Franca added in her mind.

007 knew that Hidden Blade might have joined a secret organization and understood her predicament. He took a couple of deep breaths to calm himself.

He mumbled to himself, “You all have found so many traces of another world beneath Trier; I can't believe the two major churches that have watched over Trier for over a thousand years haven't discovered anything.

“When I become a demigod, a senior deacon, maybe I'll be allowed to look at those dossiers, right?”

“Mmm, mmm,” Franca agreed repeatedly.

In the corner where the Academy group gathered, Professor, Associate Professor, Principal, Isotope and others had all viewed Franca's portrait of Harrison posted on the stone chair and were eagerly discussing related matters.

A woman with the periodic table painted on her face in washable paints asked those around her, “If we really find a way and a path back to our world, would you want to return?”

Professor and Associate Professor looked at each other and said, “If we can bring our children without having to leave anyone behind, we definitely hope to go back.”

Principal, suspected of being a Sanguine, laughed.

“If I could keep my Beyonder abilities, then I'd be willing to go back.”

Isotope, with fake heads on each shoulder and wearing a mannequin headgear, chuckled.

“I have no attachments or affairs that a mere modern life could replace with the sense of accomplishment I've gained in this world; I don't want to go back.”

“What about you, Muggle?” asked Periodic Table, turning to the quietly listening Lumian.

Lumian paused for a moment and said in the voice of Aurore, “That's the place I long for day and night.

“But I'd also like to take some people who are close to me with me.”

After much discussion, the topics of “going home” and “Resurrection Island” finally cooled down, and as everyone naturally fell silent, Lumian lifted his beautifully curved chin and looked around, asking, “Does anyone know someone from the Moses Ascetic Order” Suddenly, most members of the Academy group turned their gaze toward Muggle, observing her rosy lips and pale skin exposed outside her hoodie.

“Why are you asking this all of a sudden?” asked Professor wearing a butterfly bow tie.

The Academy group had many Warlocks and had exchanged information about the Moses Ascetic Order, so it wasn't surprising that “Muggle” knew about this secret organization.

Lumian responded with a smile, “I want to pass a message to the Moses Ascetic Order that there's a traitor among them.”

“A traitor?” Isotope and company listened, somewhat bewildered.

Without giving a direct response, Lumian said, “Have you heard of ‘Mirror People’?”

According to Madame Hela's latest statement, the members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society who could enter the Nation of the Evernight through the spell were at most mentally disrupted or harbored corruption inside; it was unlikely that their life forms had changed without detection, so it could preliminarily be ruled out that there were any Mirror People lurking here.

“I've heard of it,” said Professor in a black half-face mask, nodding solemnly. “There have been occasional incidents of original hosts being replaced by their Mirror People, but why these Mirror People appear is still unknown, and perhaps the official Beyonders have the relevant information.”

You seem to know quite a bit about the mystical world... Lumian's lips curled up with a smile.

“I know a Mirror Person named Griffith who has replaced his original host, and his host was a member of the Moses Ascetic Order; of course, Griffith certainly isn't the name he used in the Moses Ascetic Order.”

Members of the “Academy” group remained silent, simply nodding their heads.

Lumian did not continue the topic.

Professor looked at her and ventured to ask, “Muggle, are you still in Trier?”

“Yes,” Lumian responded with a smile.

Professor looked around and said, “I'm planning to organize a real-world gathering for members in Trier soon; do you want to join? It will primarily involve our Academy group.”

Lumian's eyes flickered, and he smiled coyly. “Okay.”

## Chapter 756 “Farm” Team

After finalizing the details of the real-world gathering through Madame Hela's messenger, including the time, place, password, and method of the meeting, Lumian quietly listened to the members of the Academy group exchanging ideas, occasionally joining in the discussion.

With his current mastery of mysticism, he no longer needed to hide his ignorance.

After a while, Lumian asked if anyone had the potion formula and related ingredients for the Harvest Priest, but the answer was no.

He then walked over to another group near the ancient palace's gate.

Called the “Farm,” it was a group of Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members who enjoyed planting and accumulating wealth. Lumian had once overheard their everyday conversations about how many hectares they had purchased, their plans to save for a ranch, their forest harvests, the effectiveness of their compost, the Church of Earth Mother's batch of modified wheat seeds suitable for arid regions, their growing savings, and how work brought them joy.

After that, Lumian never eavesdropped again.

As he approached the Farm members, he smelled the earthy scents of soil, fertilizer, grass, grains, and livestock—a familiar and comforting aroma that transported him back to Cordu Village, back to his sister's side.

The experienced Lumian instantly became alert.

This... reminds me of life in Cordu for one thing, but on another level, the acts of farming, herding, and harvesting resonate with the Omebella bloodline within me. The Goddess of Harvest is indeed living up to Her name; as expected of the Great Mother's Child of God...

Lumian quickly figured out the reason.

Although consuming the remnants of Omebella's umbilical cord hadn't enhanced his powers or abilities, it had attracted the Great Mother's gaze, allowing creatures She had created or blessed to sense his bloodline, though it hadn't been without effect.

Omebella's residual bloodline subtly altered his perceptions of certain things, indirectly affecting his psyche.

As Lumian listened to the Farm group members discussing, he keenly observed each person's reactions.

Although only creatures lacking necessary intellect would mistake him for a child of the Great Mother, those who had received the Great Mother's boons or were directly created by Her could sense the Omebella bloodline in him, though they wouldn't misidentify him.

This would help Lumian determine through any unusual reactions among the Farm group members whether they covertly worshiped the Great Mother.

After a few minutes, Lumian tentatively confirmed that none of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members in this area were problematic.

He then mimicked Aurore's voice when she pressed her voice down, looked around, and asked, "Does anyone have the Harvest Priest's potion formula or related ingredients? If you're unwilling to disclose the formula, you could sell me a ready-made Harvest Priest potion."

"Muggle, I thought you were a 'Warlock,'" a Farm group member called "Breeder Master" asked, puzzled.

He was tall with a rugged, wild demeanor and wore a primitive tribal mask made from animal fur.

"I Know someone who needs it," Lumian laughed, "and I thought I might make a small profit while helping out."

Breeder Master further inquired, "You should know that a ready-made potion needs to be consumed quickly before it is absorbed by the container and becomes a Sealed Artifact with strong negative effects. Moreover, trading through Madame Hela's messenger would delay things. You have to drink it immediately upon receipt. Will there be no issues?"

Madame Hela's messenger sure is busy... Lumian teased inwardly. "No problem."

After questioning and observing, he was sure that the Doctor potion from Lugano had been fully digested.

This was a Doctor who had treated an Angel and fake Angel!

After Ludwig was brutally beaten by Loki, it was Lugano who had treated and healed his wounds. Lumian himself had received Lugano's treatments on multiple occasions.

After contemplating for a moment, Breeder Master said, "20,000 gold risot for a ready-made Harvest Priest potion.

"It's pricier than just buying the ingredients separately, but we have to respect intellectual property rights. Normally, I'd charge between 30,000 and 35,000, but since we're all members of the society..."

About 40,000 verl d'or, Lumian nodded slightly in agreement.

"No problem."

He already had 19,000 gold risot in bills and coins on him, so he made an upfront payment of 10,000, agreeing to pay the balance upon receipt of the potion.

They brought in 007 from the Sanctuary group to notarize the agreement.

“Pleasure doing business,” said Breeder Master with a smile to Muggle as he pocketed the deposit.

He then turned to other members of the Farm group and exclaimed, “Now I have the funds for more experiments! I've been studying those mushrooms created by the legendary Druid Frank Lee. I find his philosophy intriguing and worth following.

“Given the myriad supernatural beings in this world, including Beyonders, why not merge the blood, flesh, milk of these beings with ordinary plants? Whether through hybridization or genetic modification, with the aid of mystical powers, it can be done relatively easily, and after several generations, the traits stabilize, resulting in plants with magical effects but no Beyonder characteristics...”

As Lumian listened, a strange unease began to form within him.

He never felt this way even when discussing death-related topics with the Purgatory group!

The first time he heard the name Frank Lee was in the Cordu Village dream, where an official Beyonder named Ryan mentioned a saying that circulated at sea: “I'd rather come face to face with Pirate Admirals or even Kings than run into a bloke named Frank Lee.”

Later, when Lumian was at sea, he heard no rumors about Frank Lee, nor did he know if Ryan was exaggerating in the dream or if those who knew of Frank Lee's deeds dared not or chose not to mention him again.

Sanctuary team.

Franca looked towards a member nicknamed “Someone” and asked with a smile, “Weren't you looking for the Marauder pathway Sequence 5 Dream Stealer's Beyonder characteristic? Still need it? I just got one from a friend.

“If you don't want it, I'll go to an Artisan to craft a mystical item with that Beyonder characteristic.”

Someone, wearing an eyepatch-style black half-face mask, sized up Franca and replied, “It seems your friend isn't you.

“I don't need it anymore, but wouldn't mind another.

“One flat rate, 5000 pounds.”

That's about 120,000 verl d'or... Franca laughed and said, “200,000 verl d'or, not a coin less.”

“Someone” calculated for a moment and countered, “150,000 verl d'or at best, or forget it.”

Franca thought for a few seconds and said, "You can pay in two installments, the first right now of 120,000 verl d'or, and the second of 60,000 within three months of receiving the Beyonder characteristic, secured by 007's notarization to enforce the contract."

Someone paused to think, then asked with a smile, "Aren't you worried I'll default after getting the Beyonder characteristic? A Notary's notarization isn't foolproof, remember, I was once a renowned Swindler."

Franca smiled. "Who's better, you or Bard?"

Someone fell silent.

"Bard has already been dealt with by me and my comrades. Unless you're willing to give up a very useful trading platform over 60,000 verl d'or, I'm not worried about you defaulting, your Beyonder characteristics are also quite valuable." Franca, who had mafia ties, made her intimidating remark as casually as discussing what's for dinner.

"It won't be long before I surpass him," replied Someone after a few seconds, "Deal!"

"No rush," Franca said with a smile, "The final payment must be in gold."

In the following days, Lumian had no particular business and wandered around Trier, tracking several Mirror People and looking for Harrison's whereabouts based on intelligence provided by 007.

He was supposed to collect a reward from Mr. K, but his heart resisted, and he kept delaying.

Franca completed her transaction with Someone from the Sanctuary group, receiving a down payment composed of bills and coins totaling 5000 pounds.

She also gave Jenna 15,000 verl d'or in bills, stipulating that the remaining payment of 60,000 verl d'or in gold belonged entirely to her.

Jenna lost the Dream Stealer Beyonder characteristic but also paid off the 45,000 verl d'or she owed Franca, now possessing 16,000 verl d'or and gold Loen pound worth 120,000 verl dor.

She had never been so wealthy before.

She always knew that potion formulas and Beyonder characteristics were valuable and even knew their approximate price range, but she had never paid in full in one go nor truly sold any until now. Now she was experiencing what it felt like to earn money like the Pirate Hunter Gehrman Sparrow.

That evening, just as Lumian returned to his rented apartment planning to change his clothes and muster the courage to see Mr. K, the wall lamp in his room suddenly tinged with eerie green and pale colors.

They blended bizarrely together.

Then, Lumian saw his messenger, the mummified Penitent in a black clergy robe, emerge from the void.

Almost simultaneously, Madame Hela's messenger, a skull made of pure silver, appeared shrouded in darkness.

Shortly after, the silhouette of a doll messenger rapidly took shape.



“...” Lumian was somewhat stunned.

Would the messengers fight each other?

Do! have three letters?

One should be for the Harvest Priest potion, another likely a Sealed Artifact made from the Beyonder characteristics of Hisoka, but what about the third?

Chapter 757 Harvest Priest

As Penitent Baynfel and the pure silver skull appeared, the doll messenger, dressed in a pale gold mini dress, instantly floated beside Lumian as if confronting the other two messengers.

The pure silver skull set down a burlap bag on the desk from its mouth amidst the surrounding darkness, then fixed its burning pale eyes on Lumian.

Penitent Baynfel dropped a folded letter and silently returned to the spirit world, vanishing from the room.

Lumian wanted to take this opportunity to chat with his messenger about his past and ask about his relationship with the True Creator, but given the circumstances, he had to suppress his curiosity and focus on the pure silver skull instead.

Lumian picked up the burlap bag, which resembled a book bag, and pulled out an aluminum flask.

Behind him, the doll messenger floated closer, curiously looking on.

Lumian unscrewed the grayish-white flask to find a golden liquid inside, brimming with white foam.

If it weren't for the lack of a malty scent, he would have thought it was beer.

He took out a piece of paper from the burlap bag, written in ancient Feysac by Madame Hela: “It is indeed the Harvest Priest potion.

“It needs to be drunk within 15 minutes, or you will end up with a alcohol flask that could bring harvests.”

Seeing that Madame Hela had helped with the identification and there was a notarized contract in place, Lumian immediately took out the remaining 9000 gold risot from his Traveler's Bag and the 1000 gold risot notes he had exchanged in the last two days.

“This is the final payment.” Lumian put the gold risot into the burlap bag and handed it to the skull made of pure silver.

The pure silver skull bit down on the burlap bag, merged with the surrounding darkness, and disappeared in an instant.

Lumian then turned his head and said with a smile to the doll messenger, “What's your take?”

The doll messenger snorted.

“I will surpass them eventually!

“I will become the first, no, the second most powerful messenger in this world!”

“Quite ambitious,” Lumian replied, half-seriously, half in jest.

He wasn't surprised by the doll messenger's response; he already knew about the special nature of Penitent Baynfel and the pure silver skull.

The doll messenger then hurled a dark, translucent orb, resembling a crystal ball but more ethereal, towards Lumian, who easily caught it. Inside the bent, transparent barrier, a glossy black bone ring floated, its surface carved with the twisted, agonizing face of a demon, whose eyes contained two vague shadows.

After letting the folded letter fall to the surface of the desk, the doll messenger also left Lumian's room.

It is indeed a Sealed Artifact made from Hisoka's Beyonder characteristics... Lumian couldn't afford to check the artifact's effects and impacts right away, so he stored the dark transparent orb and the folded letter first, and then began to read the letter brought by his messenger.

The letter was very brief: “Seven of Wands: “Do you still remember your promise? We now need your help.

“If you don't have other important matters recently, please meet us at the following coordinates, where I will tell you the details.”

“Knight of Swords.”

Knight of Swords needs help... Lumian came to a realization.

In the incident of the sea prayer ritual, he had asked this Minor Arcana card holder, working under Ma'am Hermit, for help. At the time, he did not ask for a payment but mentioned that he might need a bit of help if he went to the Southern Continent, to which he readily agreed.

Fortunately, I'm relatively free lately. Lumian put away the letter from the Knight of Swords, screwed the cap back on the grayish-white flask, and walked out of the room with it in hand.

Lugano was cleaning up the plates and cutlery that Ludwig had left behind.

“Your Harvest Priest potion has arrived,” Lumian stated calmly.

Lugano froze, a look of confusion washing over his face.

After a few seconds, he pointed to the flask in his employer's hand and asked, “This?”

“Yes, it looks more drinkable than the potions from the Hunter pathway,” Lumian chuckled as he shook the flask. “You have ten minutes to decide whether you want to drink it.”

“Ten minutes?” Lugano exclaimed, startled.

Lumian nodded.

“No, eight minutes.

“If you haven't made up your mind in eight minutes, I'll find a stray dog downstairs or catch a rat and feed it this potion.”

“Don't I need to prepare mentally and physically?” Fear was written all over Lugano's face.

This seems too casual, doesn't it?

This is a potion, after all!

If his mental and physical state weren't right, he could either turn into a monster or die on the spot!

“Only seven minutes left now,” Lumian reminded with a smile. “Your condition is fine; you just need to relax and remember that you are Ludwig's nanny and family doctor.”

“Is that really okay?” Lugano still couldn't believe it.

“Six minutes,” Lumian said coldly.

“..” Lugano was stunned.

How could time pass so quickly?

Gritting his teeth, he replied, “Alright!

But I need to drink it in Underground Trier.”

“Hmm?” Lumian raised an eyebrow.

Lugano quickly explained, “I feel that standing on the earth helps me maintain my state while drinking the potion.”

“The Earth pathway, huh...” Carrying the grayish-white flask, Lumian turned and walked out of the room.

Lugano followed, pulling out a bunch of banknotes from his pocket.

“This is all my savings, 15,000 verl d'or.

“You said before, the rest would be covered by you.”

Lumian nodded nonchalantly and accepted the 15,000 verl d'or without hesitation.

He still had 86,000 verl d'or, including a few coins and gold bars.

Once on the street, Lumian headed directly to the nearest entrance to Underground Trier. A stray dog passed by, barking as if to threaten them.

Lumian chuckled and “tested” Lugano, “Can you understand what it's saying?”

With his mind full of thoughts about the Harvest Priest potion, Lugano asked in astonishment, “Y-you can understand? Do you have a mystical item from a Beast Tamer?”

Lumian laughed to himself. “It says, 'I heard you're going to feed me a portion of the Harvest Priest potion; why haven't you given it to me yet?’”

“..” Lugano then realized his employer was joking.

On second thought, Lugano felt like he was being mocked by his employer.

He's implying that I'm a stray dog!

I was indeed wondering why he hasn't given me the Harvest Priest potion yet...

Once in Underground Trier, Lumian expertly navigated to a deserted tunnel and tossed the grayish-white flask at Lugano.

As Lugano fumbled to catch the flask, Lumian coldly reminded, “Two minutes left.”

Lugano took a deep breath, unscrewed the cap, and saw the potion inside that looked like beer.

He began to recall how he had cared for and treated Ludwig, using this memory to slightly relax his tense spirit.

After a few seconds and two deep breaths, Lugano raised the grayish-white flask and gulped down the potion.

Lumian, who made a ball of bright white flame as a light source, silently watched, observing the various changes in Lugano's body.

He had not forgotten that his “servant” was quite unusual; he could stay conscious during the Dream Festival!

Lugano's face quickly twisted in agony, as if experiencing the pain of Ludwig biting off his arm again.

Lumian saw his feet slowly sinking into the soil, the hairs on his exposed skin visibly thickening and lengthening, and his brown hair doing the same, his brown eyes losing focus.

After a while, the transformations stopped, and Lugano's expression gradually eased.

It went smoothly... He fits the Planter pathway well... I'm not sure if this is due to his own anomalies... Lumian muttered silently, watching as Lugano's eyes slowly regained clarity and reason.

He asked in a relaxed posture, “What abilities have you gained?”

Although it was frowned upon in the mystical world to inquire about the details of someone's Beyonder abilities, who could be blamed because the person across from him was his “servant”?

Lugano saw no problem with this, checking his condition while savoring the acquired mystical knowledge.

“My healing capabilities have expanded. I can now cure diseases in plants and fields...”

“I can also catalyze seeds, making them grow or reproduce faster.

“This divides into two scenarios: the first is placing both hands on the earth, which allows seeds and plants within a thirty-meter radius to grow or reproduce much faster than normal, though not instantaneously complete their lifecycle from

gestation to returning to the land in a few seconds or minutes. The second is directly holding some seeds or plants and fully catalyzing the life contained within them.

“The latter scenario allows me, in a very short time, to create a large amount of vines, which can be used to entangle and control enemies.”

Hearing this, Lumian thoughtfully asked, “So you can only fully catalyze the life contained within plants, and it can't be used on humans?”

“No.” Lugano shook his head.

Lumian continued, “If you encounter a creature that is essentially a plant but has intelligence, could you, by direct contact, cause all of its life to burst forth in seconds or tens of seconds, completing its entire life cycle?”

“First, I'd need to be able to touch it...” Lugano indicated that this was dangerous and not something he, not specialized in combat, could manage.

He added, “Plus, I'm not sure it would have the effect you're imagining.”

Lumian nodded almost imperceptibly, signaling Lugano to continue.

Lugano gathered his thoughts and said, “If I could obtain seeds of different mutant plants, my catalytic abilities could play a significant role in combat.

“I can also command plants and insects within a thirty-meter radius to provide me with appropriate support, as long as it does not exceed their species limitations. However, intelligent ones won't work.

“I've also gained a few ritual spells, mainly for summoning rain or clearing the skies.”

#### Chapter 758 Devil's Whispers

This really leans towards the concept of harvest... If I could obtain seeds from magical plants or be in an environment dominated by magical plants and special insects, the Harvest Priest's combative abilities using mystical means wouldn't be too bad; they might even be impressively effective...

The Beyonder ability to directly catalyze plants to unleash their full life force has vast imaginative possibilities. Unfortunately, a Harvest Priest's direct combat ability is limited. If Lugano were a Sealed Artifact and I were to use it, things would be completely different...

Amid these thoughts, Lumian looked at Lugano and asked, “Have there been any enhancements to your body?”

“There are some, but not many,” Lugano replied honestly.

Lumian nodded and pulled out a letter from his pocket sent along with Hisoka's Sealed Artifact from Madam Magician, reading it with the aid of the bright white light orb floating above his head.

“Temporarily named: Devil's Whisper.

“Positive effects:

#### “1. Devil's Arm:

“To minimize the negative effects and make it easy to use, the Beyonder ability of this bone ring is reduced. Originally Devil Transformation targets the entire body, it now only affects the arm wearing Devil's Whisper.

“It causes the arm to swell, darken, and sprout sinister patterns, as if covered with a thick layer of armor. The flesh becomes highly elastic and resistant, minimizing damage.

“The arm in question becomes immune to most poisons, resistant to curses and fire to a certain degree, and significantly stronger.

#### “2. Malice Perception:

“For the same reason, Malice Perception granted by this ring only helps you sense whether people around you bear ill will towards you, not to detect looming dangers. Make do with it.

#### “3. Desire Incarnation:

“This is a power I specifically requested the Artisan to emphasize, sacrificing the chance to obtain other powerful effects. Moreover, to ensure its full manifestation, I agreed to slightly increase the rings negative effects.

“It can transform your body into a shadowy black liquid composed of various emotions and desires, helping you avoid damage, conceal your movements, and affect your enemies.

“This sounds quite useful, but is it worth my special request to the Artisan? You'll understand why once you use it.”

Upon reading this, Lumian muttered to himself, ‘So, by suppressing the reduced negative impacts of the first two positive effects, some of the impact has returned in the Desire Incarnation ability? What makes it so special for Madam Magician to do this?’

Lumian didn't rush to experiment and continued reading.

#### “4. Wraith Shriek

“By rubbing the demon relief on the ring's face and emitting a loud sound, you can create an effect similar to Wraith Shriek that can rupture the eardrums of living beings and harm their spirits. The closer they are to you, the better the effect.

“Negative effects:

“After wearing it, your malice will become more pronounced. If you can't control yourself and indulge in malice, you'll gradually slip into the Abyss and eventually be

controlled by the malice of this ring, meaning, if you indulge in malice while wearing it, you will become its puppet, and it will be the driver, you the driven.

“While it's not that a single indulgence in malice will result in being controlled, it's hard for humans who have tasted the sweet lure of malice not to continue.

“According to my estimates, the conspicuous malice combined with the existing negative effects of the contract ability will negate all your endurance from Ascetic and your own willpower, making you unable to withstand further emotional and desire stimuli.

“Moreover, whether worn or not, just carrying it will cause your body to suffer burns from sulfur flames, both internally and externally. Placing it in the Traveler's Bag can effectively mitigate this effect. As a Pyromaniac who has reached Sequence 5, you can withstand these burns for a longer period, but be mindful of the sulfur's toxic effects and treat it promptly.

“Furthermore, including yourself, people within a hundred meters radius will be subtly influenced by the Devil's Whisper, more prone to ill thoughts and impulsive actions. This can also be mitigated by placing it in the Traveler's Bag.”

The rest is okay, but after wearing Devil's Whisper, my emotions and desires will become my greatest weaknesses... Lumian assessed this Sealed Artifact from Hisoka.

Its sealing is relatively simple, requiring only spatial isolation. Combined with Lumian's strong endurance, he could totally use it as a mystical item.

Lumian then pulled out the pitch-black bone ring, wrapped in a dark transparent barrier, from another pocket. He pressed his hand against the sphere and slowly reached inside.

His right hand felt like it was moving through a dense swamp, struggling to touch the ring.

At the same time, the dark sphere silently crumbled, unfolded on its own, and merged with the surrounding void.

Lumian then slipped Devil's Whisper onto his left index finger.

His body suddenly liquefied and became ethereal.

He turned into a pool of thick black liquid. Lugano, who only glanced at him, shivered uncontrollably, chilled to the bone as if he had seen the most sinister and hidden desires and emotions deep within the human heart.

The newly-advanced Harvest Priest impulsively asked Lumian, who had just returned to human form from a black liquid state, “When can we return to the surface?”

Lumian gave him an icy glance, his blue eyes seemingly harboring a darkness that no light could penetrate.

Lugano shuddered violently, a familiar fear creeping back as he stuttered, “J-just asking.”

Lumian cracked a slightly mad smile and slowly removed the Devil's Whisper, placing it back into the Traveler's Bag.

He now understood why Madam Magician had specifically requested this ability.

His desires and emotions were not entirely his own!

A smaller part of his emotions and desires stemmed from his fate linked to Termiboros, from the residual aura of the Blood Emperor, and from the bloodline of Omebella. Normally, these would only affect him, but using Desire Incarnation, these emotions and desires could be materialized and thus exert some influence on the outside world and his enemies.

If I were to envelop a Sequence 4 Saint in the Desire Incarnation form, that demigod would likely suffer from the corresponding emotional and desire corruption... But this method of attack means I'm forgoing evasion to face the backlash head-on, Lumian mused briefly, fairly satisfied with this Sealed Artifact.

Facing a demigod, evasion was sometimes futile-better to fight it out!

And both the Sword of Courage and Devil's Whisper gave him that chance.

When night fully descended, Lumian arrived at the headquarters of the Psychic magazine, located at 19 Rue Scheer in Avenue du Boulevard, and met Mr. K in the basement.

Mr. K, wearing a wide hood, warmly said, "Let us pray to the Lord first."

Lumian nodded slightly and closed his eyes.

His thoughts tightly wrapped, not drifting outward.

After a while, he and Mr. K opened their eyes simultaneously.

Mr. K, with a hoarse but fervent voice, said, "Congratulations, you are now a candidate Oracle.

"This is the greatest reward, being closer to the Lord is the greatest reward for us!

"Afterwards, wherever you go, you can contact the local Oracles or members of the Aurora Order, followers of the Lord, to request their help.

"If there are no Saints or Oracles locally, you have the authority to call upon all resources there, including personnel, money, intelligence, and materials."

Is this the Aurora Order's reward, elevating my authority and status? Lumian made the sign of the cross over his chest and said in a hoarse voice, "Praise you for creating all. Praise you for bearing the world's sins!"

Mr. K nodded in satisfaction.

"There are no other rewards for now, let's continue to investigate the matter of the vortex."

"Okay," Lumian quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

If Mr. K had offered material rewards, he would have hesitated to accept them.



It's not that he was worried about the items themselves being marked by that entity; after all, he was already under surveillance, so a little more wouldn't make a difference. His reluctance was more psychological.

Lumian pondered for a moment and then informed Mr. K, "I might be heading to the Southern Continent again soon to wrap up some previous matters, not sure how long I'll need."

"Alright," Mr. K nodded gently, "Which area specifically?"

"Not sure yet," Lumian answered truthfully.

He really didn't know.

Mr. K didn't inquire further.

"We have Saints and Oracles on the Southern Continent, and many followers of the Lord operating secretly there. Once you determine the specific location, I can help you contact the person responsible for that area."

"Thank you, Mr. K," Lumian said, expressing his gratitude.

Mr. K corrected him, "No need for thanks; we are all Oracles now, not being equals is disrespectful to the Lord."

Lumian was momentarily speechless.

He casually asked, "Mr. K, that cathedral you took me to last time, does it have any significant meaning within our Aurora Order?"

Mr. K replied fervently, "That was the first cathedral established by our Aurora Order."

Is it related to Baynfeld? Lumian asked a few more indirect questions from different angles, then took his leave.

Returning to Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, he informed Franca and Jenna about the Knight of Swords' request and then activated the black mark on his right shoulder, beginning the teleportation.

He moved between layers of pure color blocks and indescribable bizarre creatures, not knowing how long it took, but he finally arrived at the location indicated in the Knight of Swords's letter.

The first thing that caught Lumian's eyes were several pale-faced men and women, like bodyguards, surrounding the Knight of Swords with somewhat disheveled brown hair, a suppressed look in his eyes, dressed in a white shirt and black vest.

#### Chapter 759 Spiritual Intuition

Beside the Knight of Swords lay a boundless lake, its quiet crimson waters shimmering under the moonlight of the night, occasionally stirred by a breeze.

Lumian couldn't help but lift his head to gaze upward, feeling the night sky, hung with a crimson moon, seemed closer and much clearer than usual. Even the stars, obscured by the moonlight, were faintly visible, dense as if forming a brilliant, vast river.

A chilly wind blew past, and Lumian, dressed in a thick jacket, turned his attention back to the Knight of Swords and asked, "Aren't you cold?"

Although it was summer in the Southern Continent, their high altitude and thin air made it feel significantly colder, especially at night, with temperatures likely below 15 degrees Celsius.

Originally gazing at the highland lake, the Knight of Swords turned to Lumian and said, "For me, temperature has lost its meaning, and besides, the cold suits me better."

"Is that so? Then, extreme temperatures over 100 degrees Celsius or close to absolute zero don't affect you?" Lumian replied, his tone relaxed.

The Knight of Swords fell silent, his gaze dark, seemingly suppressing something, before Lumian steered the conversation back on track. "What exactly is the matter?"

Without asking the pale-faced, simply dressed men and women around him to leave, the Knight of Swords spoke in a low voice, "This is the Raklev area of the former Highlands Kingdom. I would like you to help find someone here."

The Highlands Kingdom, known for its mummies across the Northern and Southern Continents? Lumian did not hide his confusion. "What can you not find that I can?"

Having worked together before, Lumian knew that the Knight of Swords, a holder of a Minor Arcana card and a Sequence 5 Wraith of the Prisoner pathway-mainly controlled by the Rose School of Thought with its splinter group, the temperance faction, joining the Church of The Fool-must have his reasons.

Combining this information, Lumian guessed that the Knight of Swords was a member of the temperance faction, representing his faction within the Tarot Club, also serving Mr. Fool.

Moreover, having seen a temperance faction Angel suspected of being a messenger of Mr. Fool, Lumian knew this organization was not weak, but rather strong, especially in divination, endowed with potent spiritual intuition.

Considering these, if the Knight of Swords truly needed to find a person, it would be simpler to request assistance directly from the temperance faction.

Is he thinking that it's a waste of my promise if it's not used?

Or, like me, do you prefer to rely on your own abilities and the goodwill you've accumulated to complete tasks, as a way to hone yourself?

Ah, it's more likely you're relying on my mystical ability to attract evil god bestowed to locate the target...

While Lumian made these guesses, the Knight of Swords, his voice suppressing his emotions and desires, said, "Someone's spiritual intuition tells her that you can solve our current problem and provide the most effective help."

A Wraith becomes a charlatan after becoming skilled at divination? Lumian thought sarcastically but didn't inquire further. "What do you need me to do?"

The Knight of Swords took a few steps forward.

"Please allow me to introduce myself.

“My name is Maric, the ‘Knight of Swords’ of the Tarot Club’s Minor Arcana, and also a member of the temperance faction of the Church of The Fool.

“You’re aware of the origin of the temperance faction aren’t you?”

Lumian nodded and pointed at himself. “Lumian Lee.”

The Knight of Swords continued, “We are looking for an important member of the Primordial Moon faction within the indulgence faction.”

We... Lumian’s first reaction was to look around for any companions the Knight of Swords, Maric, might have.

But he found no one.

As for the pale-faced men and women, he didn’t use his Eye of Calamity, simply observing their weaknesses and confirming they were all zombies.

Lumian retracted his gaze and frowned.

“The Primordial Moon faction?”

Wasn’t the Rose School of Thought only known for the split between the indulgence and temperance factions? Where did the Primordial Moon faction come from?

Hmm, from the series of events involving Hisoka and the Dream Festival, perhaps there was also a Devil faction within the Rose School of Thought...

Is this something learned from the Tamara family? Infinitely divisible...

The Knight of Swords earnestly explained, “The Primordial Moon faction joined the indulgence faction later, originally a branch of the Life School of Thought; they grasp the Apothecary, which is also the Moon pathway. Later, guided by the Primordial Moon, they defected from the Life School of Thought and joined the Rose School of Thought.

Life School of Thought... Lumian’s head throbbed.

Why does this keep getting more complicated?

And which secret organization is this now?

Seemingly sensing his thoughts, the Knight of Swords, Maric, spoke succinctly, “The Life School of Thought primarily follows the Fate pathway and is now an ally of the Tarot Club. This matter has nothing to do with our current search.”

Lumian nodded, signaling the Knight of Swords to stick to the main issue.

Aurore once said, “Do not add unnecessarily entities; if irrelevant, best leave it be to save energy.”

Glancing at the pristine, boundless lake, the Knight of Swords, Maric, said, “The member of the ‘Primordial Moon’ faction we’re looking for possesses a very important item-that is our target.”

“How are you so sure they are in, uh, the Raklev area?” Lumian engaged more seriously now.

The Knight of Swords paused for a few seconds before responding, "Two incidents here and some residual traces point to him, but we haven't found him yet. Meanwhile, another event occurred that proves he's still here, possibly right in Raklev City."

"Is he from the Apothecary pathway?" Lumian asked cautiously.

The Knight of Swords gave a slight nod. "Yes."

"Which evil god is their Primordial Moon?" Lumian didn't rush to ask about the incidents and the traces left behind.

The Knight of Swords' expression turned grave for a moment.

"It's likely an incarnation of the Great Mother, sometimes also known as the Mother Tree of Desire."

"The Great Mother..." Lumian's eyelids twitched, "Has the Primordial Moon's important follower received a boon from the Primordial Moon, or should I say, the Great Mother?"

"Possibly." The Knight of Swords wasn't too certain.

A follower of the Great Mother receiving Her blessing would mean they could sense my Child of God lineage within a certain distance... The Knight of Swords hadn't thought of asking for my help before; I had only recently received the lineage of Omebella, and his companion then had a strong spiritual intuition... Are they trying to lure out the target using my Child of God lineage? Lumian's understanding of the situation became instantly clear.

That person's spiritual intuition is spot on!

The Knight of Swords regained his composure.

"That person is named Oxyto, a Sequence 4 Shaman King of the Apothecary pathway, a demigod. Don't worry, we will discreetly provide you with protection."

While speaking, the Minor Arcana card holder bent down to pick up an oil painting from the ground, depicting a handsome young man in his twenties, his skin pale as if he hadn't been exposed to sunlight for a long time, with deep features and slightly curly black hair cascading to his shoulders.

"This is a portrait of Oxyto," the Knight of Swords briefly introduced.

"If there's a boon, the target's current appearance and gender might be uncertain..." Lumian pondered aloud, "Tell me about the incidents that occurred in the Raklev area and the significant traces left behind."

The Knight of Swords pulled out a stack of papers from under his vest and handed them to Lumian, saying, "We first heard from some merchants about several occurrences of a full moon in Raklev City at times it shouldn't appear..."

“At the edge of Lake Dalsh, we discovered a buried ritual site where dozens of humans had become nourishment for the earth. Their abdomens had been torn open, and it seemed something had crawled out, but no related traces were found at the scene...”

Hearing this, Lumian suddenly recalled several scenes he had seen in Madame Pualis's castle.

He grimaced as he asked, “Were these humans both men and women?”

“Yes,” the Knight of Swords seemed to anticipate his question and added proactively, “The males' abdomens were also torn open.”

He then pointed to the stack of papers in Lumian's hands.

“More detailed information is in the documents.”

Lumian hummed in acknowledgment, pondering for a moment.

“I might need my companions to assist me, can you protect them too?”

“No problem, as long as you all stay within five kilometers of each other,” the Knight of Swords assured.

Lumian smiled.

“Then I'll go back first to study the materials and make some preparations.”

...

In the Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702 on 9 Rue Orosai.

After listening to the Knight of Swords' request, Franca scratched her head, puzzled.

“Forget the risk of searching for a demigod for a moment; I think you alone should be able to handle it. There's limited help we can provide, as we don't have the lineage of Omebella.”

Anthony, who had been called over, thought for a moment and said, “I could help cover up traces of the investigation, making those questioned forget they were ever asked.”

Jenna glanced at Lumian and said, “I think your real purpose isn't to get our help.”

Hearing this, Franca realized.

“You want to use this opportunity to train the team? You want to prepare this early?”

“Not too shabby.” Lumian chuckled, “The earlier you prepare for these things, the better, in case I'm forced to advance earlier than planned.”

Franca thoughtfully said, “Then I'll pass Jenna's messenger summoning method to 007. When there are Mirror People clues, we'll go back to Trier to follow up. And don't forget the most important team member.”

“How could I forget?” Lumian laughed.

Ludwig, who was enjoying a late-night snack, saw his godfather enter the room and sit down across the dining table, flashing a smile at him.

Suddenly, the bread in his hands didn't taste as good anymore.

## Chapter 760 Second Day

In the Southern Continent, Raklev region, the day revealed Lake Dalsh in all its clarity, the serene waters reflecting the azure sky and distant snow-capped mountains in a scene almost dreamlike in its beauty.

Lumian, devoid of any mood to appreciate the scenery, was strolling around a pit at the forest's edge with Ludwig, who was smartly dressed in a tweed blazer, and Lugano, who wore a light cotton coat.

The pit contained highly decayed bodies, half-melted into the surrounding soil as if merging with it, decomposing in a unique way that returned nutrients to the earth.

Seeing this, Lumian understood why Oxyto, a Shaman King, didn't destroy the bodies after his rituals, leaving behind evidence and traces: burying the bodies and allowing them to return to the land was likely part of the ritual!

Last night, after reviewing the documents provided by the Knight of Swords, Lumian had a clearer idea of how to find Oxyto, a fervent disciple of the Primordial Moon.

Clearly, conventional methods like Magic Mirror Divination wouldn't work; otherwise, the Knight of Swords' companion, a member of the temperance faction with sharp spiritual intuition, would have already located Oxyto.

Lumian had three plans:

First, since Oxyto was a member of the Rose School of Thought and often mingled with the indulgence faction, he started by sending Franca and Jenna, both Demonesses, to casually stroll through Raklev City in full regalia, hoping to encounter Oxyto. This Shaman King, who never resisted his desires, might approach them, all under the watchful protection of the temperance faction.

Additionally, Anthony would use Psychological Invisibility or disguise himself as a commoner to follow them and observe the reactions of those around the Demonesses to discern any malice before Oxyto made a move.

Whether or not Oxyto had received the Great Mother's boons and transformed into a woman was a detail that didn't affect the Demonesses' ability to seduce him. Lumian deduced from Madame Pualis's and Franca's experiences that Oxyto would still be attracted to women, and might as well have an interest in men.

Second, using his own lineage from Omebella, and the unique ability of the Great Mother's blessed to sense others within a certain distance, he planned to roam the Raklev area in hopes of drawing out Oxyto. Similarly, Lugano, who also bore an anomaly possibly linked to the Great Mother, would serve as excellent bait.

Third, he considered revisiting the sites Oxyto had been before to see what could be eaten.

Pinching his nose, Lumian carefully inspected the traces around and inside the pit along with the numerous bodies for a while, then turned his head to ask Ludwig, "Is it dirty?"

“Very dirty,” Ludwig nodded emphatically.

“Dirty from the Great Mother?” Lumian pressed further.

Ludwig hummed affirmatively, his expression filled with conflict.

Unsurprisingly, he heard his godfather ask, “Is it edible?”

At this question, Lugano couldn't help but gag, while the usually stoic Knight of Swords, Maric, slightly raised his eyebrows.

Ludwig replied reluctantly, “Yes.”

“Can you sense the child born from these corpses after eating?” Lumian further inquired.

Based on his experience, these bodies had likely been impregnated during the ritual, carrying rapidly growing clawed bird-like creatures in their wombs, which then tore through their parents' abdomens, absorbing the remnants and emerging on their own.

From a mysticism standpoint, whether voluntarily or forcibly, the clawed bird-like creatures and the corpses shared a deep blood connection, making it easy to trace one from the other, or even cast curses across distances.

However, according to the Knight of Swords' documents, divinations utilizing this blood connection had been fruitless, as if the creatures that had emerged from these corpses had vanished from this world.

This could be due to a high-ranking individual casting a counter-divination or a change in the creatures' state. Lumian's only hope was that Ludwig might glean different information by consuming the flesh.

Ludwig, with a sullen face, said, “You can extract a bit of the bloodline from the corpses through a certain cooking method. While this won't allow me to sense the child's position and condition from a great distance, I should be able to detect its presence within a thirty-meter radius.”

“Okay,” Lumian felt the results were better than expected.

Then, he watched as Ludwig squatted down and used a child's silver knife and fork to separate a piece of half-melted, half-rotten flesh from one of the corpses.

The flowing yellow pus and the grotesque state of the flesh made Lugano turn away, looking out towards Lake Dalsh and Raklev City on the other side of the water.

Ludwig then had Lumian retrieve a cast-iron skillet, a stand, wheat flour, liqueur, various spices, and a chunk of solidified lard from the Traveler's Bag.

Lumian took on the role of the Chef's assistant, mainly responsible for starting the fire.

Ludwig first melted the lard, then added a bit of liqueur and some spices, frying them until the mixture was richly aromatic.

Next, he wrapped the rotten flesh in wheat flour and tossed it into the skillet, frying it in the deeply colored, fragrant lard.

The odors of fragrance and foul mingled together, gradually spreading.

Finally, Ludwig finished cooking and forked up the fried, golden-brown flour-coated meatball, stuffing it into his mouth.

He chewed, tears seemingly welling up in his eyes, looking pitiful as if wronged.

“You didn't complain when you ate Loki raw,” Lumian joked.

Ludwig muttered as he spoke, “Rotten doesn't taste good, and there's no spirituality in it.”

After swallowing the fried meatball that looked rather appealing, Ludwig continued thoughtfully as he savored it, “The deceased's birthday is on the second day of every year.”

“Is there something special about that?” Lumian asked.

Stuffing candy into his mouth, Ludwig responded offhandedly, “In myths, on the first day, the Oldest One created the world; on the second, the Great Mother was born.”

“I've never heard of such a myth...” Lugano murmured to himself, puzzled, with his back to Ludwig.

Lumian, deep in thought, shifted his gaze to another body.

“Their birthdays couldn't all be on the second day of each year, could they?”

“I remember that the new year for many tribes on the Southern Continent isn't the same as on the Northern Continent; it's not necessarily January 1st. So, which day is the second day, and which calendar are we using?”

Ludwig, with candy in his mouth, said, “Any would do, as long as it's the second day of the new year according to the calendar one believes in.”

Purely symbolic, then... Lumian turned towards the Knight of Swords. “Have you confirmed the identities and birthdays of these bodies?”

Raklev in the Star Highlands was a relatively prosperous area with a significant population, similar to the City of White Rapus, where Lumian had been before. It was one of the ancient Highlands Kingdom's support points ruling over the entire Star Highlands.

This area was known for its rich mines, but interestingly, all mining sites were far from Lake Dalsh, preserving the sanctity of this highland lake in the hearts of its people.

In the past, the Star Highlands were primarily a battleground between the Intis Republic and the Feysac Empire. After the war a few years ago, the Feysac Empire's influence waned, and the Loen Kingdom began to extend its reach. Even the Evernight Goddess Church of Loen Kingdom seemed to be spreading its teachings in this area fact Lumian had heard about while in Rapus.

And throughout the Star Highlands, the city atop the mines, Raklev, had the largest Loenese population.

Knight of Swords Maric nodded slowly and said, “We've confirmed 90% of the bodies; their birthdays, according to the Northern Continent's calendar, are mostly on January 2nd. For the rest, using local calendars, their birthdays also fall on the second day of the new year.



“For those whose identities remain uncertain, they seem to be foreigners, who may have come here either voluntarily or involuntarily. Give us a bit more time, and we'll surely determine who they are.”

With a sufficiently large sample, the findings mostly align with Ludwig's explanation that the ritual required a strong symbol of the Great Mother... Lumian didn't stop the more temperance faction members from wasting energy verifying the remaining deceased's identities-what if there was something else peculiar?

Looking across the lake at Raklev City, Lumian said, “Let's head back to the city now and walk around.”

Let's see which of the three are more effective-Omebella's bloodline, the anomaly of the Earth pathway, or the blood connection with the bird-clawed babies!

Walking towards the city, made of numerous gray and white stone houses, along the shimmering lake as blue as the sky, Lumian suddenly had a thought.

He asked the quiet Knight of Swords walking beside him, “In the Rose School of Thought, was Oxyto in charge of the Raklev area?”

“Not previously, and now it's uncertain,” replied the Knight of Swords succinctly.

Lumian nodded, musing to himself, “If he isn't in charge of Raklev and merely initiated a ritual here on a whim, he should have left after it ended. Why is he still here?”

“Does he have a deeper purpose in the Raklev area?”

“Or perhaps, the Rose School of Thought is planning something for this place?”

The Knight of Swords paused for a few seconds before responding, “We suspect there might be a deeper purpose.”

Pausing momentarily, he added, “Before the Highlands Kingdom was established, many areas of the Star Highlands worshiped Death, and Raklev was one of the places most influenced by this belief. Even today, some local customs still carry remnants of this death worship.”

As they spoke, the three adults and one child arrived outside Raklev City.

Raklev, compared to the refined City of White Rapus, the architecture here was much more rugged. Although there were people in dark red robes and bright dresses, most wore more durable canvas work clothes.

Before even reaching the city gates, Lumian could already sense the hustle and bustle.