

## **Inevitability 781**

### Chapter 781 Individual Missions

Two days later, at a quiet spot on the docks of Banamo Port.

Jenna, dressed in a black outfit that looked like a cross between a dress and a robe, gazed out over the blue ocean shrouded in a thin fog.

Her task was to monitor the docks and be the first to spot Admiral Deep Sea's flagship, the Newins.

Of course, this was just one of her responsibilities. The most critical part was to ensure no Pirate King's fleet arrived at Banamo Port before the Newins. If that happened, she had to quickly inform Lumian so the unknown adventurer could disappear.

Jenna paced back and forth or found a spot to sit, patiently waiting for her target.

Suddenly, she saw a colossal shape break the surface of the water, emerging from the depths.

The massive object was jet black and metallic, with seawater cascading off its surface. It resembled an elongated, inflated spindle with a thin, curved metal tube extending from its top like a snail's eye stalk.

In the next moment, the metal tube retracted, and the upper half of the behemoth split open, unfolding outward to reveal a broad deck, numerous cannons, and hundreds of pirates. Masts and sails were raised.

Jenna was momentarily mesmerized. Though Lumian had described how Bone Splitter Basil's Black Octopus submerged, surfaced, and unfolded, seeing it in person was stunning.

There was a strong sense of mechanical beauty!

Moreover, the behemoth was no smaller than the latest steam-powered ocean liners, vastly superior to traditional sailing pirate ships.

Jenna didn't need further confirmation to know this was Admiral Deep Sea Howl Constantine's flagship, the Newins.

She quickly deduced that the Newins had arrived alone, without the Black Octopus.

Since Vice Admiral Dusk Bulatov Ivan became the King of Dusk, other ships in Admiral Deep Sea's fleet rarely traveled with the flagship. The Newins and the Black Octopus could submerge and travel secretly, which other ships couldn't do. Forcing them to follow would only expose Howl Constantine's movements.

This was one reason Franca had targeted Admiral Deep Sea.

What a beautiful piece of alchemical machinery... Jenna thought, staring at the Newins.

Her father had been a worker, and his appreciation for machinery had deeply influenced her and her brother Julien.

With Trier full of all sorts of useful and odd machines, Julien had almost given up his faith in the Eternal Blazing Sun in his youth to join the God of Steam and Machinery's Church.

Jenna withdrew her gaze and walked away from the dock, somewhat worried about something else.

Her brother Julien would return to Trier in just over a month after his exchange studies. She didn't want him to continue living in this dangerous city built on a "caldera." She wanted Julien to settle in a place with strong official forces but not as dangerous as Trier. Port LeSeur, where he was currently staying, or another similar town would be ideal.

Jenna knew she couldn't persuade Julien. He would worry about her unless she found a reliable person to marry. Besides, Julien had grown up in Trier, and it offered him more opportunities. How could he leave his hometown?

I need to find a way, something temporary to convince him. Permanent relocation is something Julien would never accept. As Franca said, maybe try for three years, then another three... Jenna didn't consider having Anthony directly "hypnotize" Julian.

Just then, two drunken pirates stumbled onto the dock and spotted Jenna in her hooded, dress-like outfit.

They looked her up and down for a few seconds, exchanged glances, and blocked her path.

"Hey lady, name your price."

"If you don't want to, we'll just decide for ourselves!"

As they spoke, the pirates reached out to grab Jenna.

In Banamo Port, this wasn't uncommon. Local women either worked as streetwalkers in protected places like bars or stayed home to avoid attracting pirates. The best outcome would be the arrival of the sheriff and receive compensation, and the worst would be being killed on the spot by pirates unwilling to pay, their bodies thrown into the sea or taken aboard a ship and sold elsewhere.

Before the pirates could touch her, they suddenly found themselves engulfed in silent, evil black flames.

They felt a surge of fear and pain, sobering up instantly, and turned to flee in terror.

As they ran, they screamed, "Witch!"

"Witch!"

Jenna felt a bit of her Witch potion digest from their fear and pain. She watched them weaken under the black flames, collapsing and dying as they ran.

Jenna then faced a dilemma.

Should I maintain the mysterious and evil image of a Witch or follow my instincts and take the money from their corpses...

...

In a bar in Banamo Port.

Anthony sat on a barstool with a mug of beer, listening to a pirate across from him boast.

His task for the past two days had been to blend in with the pirates, monitor, and guide the "public opinion."

Although Lumian had analyzed a lot, he wasn't entirely sure how the pirate community would react. Human nature was unpredictable, and among so many pirates, it was normal for some to act in ways that defied logic.

A Conspirer couldn't predict events with certainty like a high-ranked Seer, Prophet, or Spectator. They needed to prepare extra measures to ensure things went as planned and not fall apart at the first deviation.

So, Anthony frequented the pirates' favorite bars, making as many friends as possible to understand their reactions to the unknown adventurer's provocations. He identified voices that could significantly influence the outcome and used his Hypnotist abilities to quietly guide and change the attitudes of a few influential pirates, ensuring the public opinion matched Lumian's goals.

This large-scale, covert guidance helped Anthony digest a good portion of his Hypnotist potion. It involved actual hypnosis and seemed to indirectly guide the collective psyche of the pirates in Banamo Port.

Gulping down golden beer, the pirate beside Anthony admired his new friend.

To him, this new friend was not only amiable but also a good listener among pirates, not interrupting to show off during others' stories.

Holy Lord of Storms, it's rare to meet a pirate like this. I finally got to finish my story! The pirate Stilwell praised the god in his heart and asked Anthony, "Interested in joining our crew?"

Anthony smiled and replied, "I don't think I'm skilled enough to be one of you."

"Haha." Stilwell laughed proudly.

Anthony glanced around and lowered his voice, "Have you heard about the unknown adventurer?"

Stilwell's smile vanished instantly. "Yeah, I heard. There's so many pirate captains here, but none have taught that adventurer a lesson!

What are they waiting for? This is their chance to gain more fame. They might even become the tenth Pirate Admiral!"

In his rant, Stilwell never mentioned challenging the arrogant adventurer himself.

Suddenly, a commotion erupted in the bar.

"What's happening?" Stilwell picked up his beer and mumbled, heading towards the table.

After a while, he returned to the bar, excitedly telling Anthony, "Admiral Deep Sea is in Banamo!"

"Admiral Deep Sea is here?" Anthony looked delighted.

"Yes, someone will teach that bastard a lesson!" Stilwell sat back on his stool, enthusiastically, "That's a Pirate Admiral! Every Pirate Admiral earned their title through real battles, not just boasting. They could kill all the adventurers here if they wanted to!"

When Stilwell finished, Anthony echoed, "I'm already looking forward to it."

Gulp. Stilwell picked up his beer mug again and took a sip.

He boasted, "I thought Admiral Deep Sea would come to end the humiliation caused by those so-called notable pirates."

"Why do you say that?" Anthony asked curiously.

Stilwell glanced at him. "You don't know?"

Anthony smiled and explained, "Although I'm from Intis, our boss often intercepts ships in the Berserk Sea and rarely comes to the Fog Sea."

"That explains it." Stilwell nodded understandingly. He lowered his voice, "We suspect Admiral Deep Sea comes to Banamo Port every year to find that legendary treasure."

"Treasure? The Lost Newins?" Anthony acted like a genuine pirate.

The Lost Newins was one of the most famous treasure legends on the Five Seas, rumored to be at the bottom of a certain part of the Fog Sea.

It was said to be the site of an ancient civilization of intelligent beings, long destroyed. Strange items often appeared in the area, all pointing to the ancient Newins.

"Yes." Stilwell nodded emphatically. "Think about it. Admiral Deep Sea's flagship was found in some ruins and named the Newins. Anyone would suspect those ruins are the Lost Newins! Besides, the area where the Newins supposedly sank isn't far from here."

Chapter 782 Clamor

Banamo Port, Carnival Bar.

Adventurer Mason had donned the loose pants and thick jacket favored by pirates. He looked toward the unknown adventurer drinking strong liquor with his back to him, feeling a constant tension.

He wasn't worried about being hurt but was anxious about when this kind of life would end.

Pirates were never reasonable; they would always vent their anger on others. After no one stepped up to respond to the arrogant unknown adventurer, many pirates tried to take their anger out on other adventurers in Banamo Port.

Frequent adventurers in Banamo Port were used to a life of hiding. They would never openly identify as adventurers, disguising themselves as other professions instead. Otherwise, bodies would be found in alleys or floating near the docks.

In this pirate-dominated port, being an adventurer was clearly a dangerous and elusive profession. People like Mason had regular identities to disguise themselves, sometimes even joining pirate crews to help gather supplies while stationed in Banamo Port.

Taking on commissions wouldn't expose an adventurer's identity because many pirates also took jobs for rewards. For example, if they killed a rival pirate, they could collect a bounty through connections.

Who wouldn't want that?

Pirates approached tasks differently from adventurers. They would first identify the mission issuer and decide if they could kill the client directly. Some adventurers would naturally turn into bandits in lawless areas.

Mason had recently lost his job at a trading company. With his distinct, non-native features, he had to dress as a pirate to avoid trouble.

His thoughts drifted to a corner of the Carnival Bar near the window.

The walls were charred, the glass cracked, and overturned tables and chairs lay amidst two charred bodies that had been burning for a long time.

These were two pirates.

Earlier that afternoon, they had recognized an adventurer they had encountered before and decided to vent their malice on him. The unknown adventurer at the bar counter didn't even turn his head, summoning one fiery raven after another, blasting the pirates apart and burning them.

This convinced the watching pirates that the unknown adventurer was a man of his word.

If he said he would kill, he would kill. If he promised punishment for crossing the line, there would be punishment, even in a pirate port watched by thousands of pirates and many Beyonders.

And the pirates' captain didn't dare retaliate.

Mason had witnessed the entire scene. He noticed that the two pirates were familiar with the Pyromaniac's abilities and were quite skilled, with one being a Low-Sequence Beyonder. Despite their precautions, they couldn't escape the ravens. They were covered in flames by the window before they could escape from the center of the bar.

This filled Mason with admiration and longing.

When will I have such power?

When can I become an adventurer who can intimidate so many pirates?

Mason had intended to "kindly" help the pirates deal with the bodies, but to his regret, their captain and first mate quickly arrived and collected their "inheritance."

I should stick close to this adventurer. If I'm recognized, I'm done for...

Mason muttered, gulping down his dark beer. How did my life change so drastically?

Though he hadn't been harmed, he felt implicated.

This heightened his fear that he might have brought disaster to Banamo Port, though it didn't seem like a disaster yet. He hoped it would end when the unknown adventurer left or a Pirate Admiral or King arrived.

Never perform rituals you don't fully understand... Mason warned himself.

He then raised his glass to his reflection on the wall, toasting to his resolution.

...

In the shadow, Franca was intently observing the Carnival Bar inside and out.

This was her task.

Even though Lumian was vigilant and prepared, he could still be ambushed. The Beyonder world had many strange, unpredictable, and hard-to-defend abilities, rituals, and spells. Thus, Franca stayed hidden, monitoring the surroundings from another angle, ready to intervene or provide a Mirror Substitution.

In the past few days of wandering around Banamo Port with Lumian, Franca had seen pirates drinking, chatting, joking, eating, gambling, venting, and sleeping, making them seem no different from ordinary people. She felt a bit guilty about the possible plague plan. But after witnessing pirate battles and hearing about killings, kidnappings, bullying, robbery, and rape, she genuinely felt that letting these scum die from the plague would purify the world and be a good deed.

Ignoring her hunger, Franca grumbled about Lumian, This guy, doesn't he know it's been an hour past lunch? You get to eat, but I don't! Based on our previous understanding, shouldn't we shake off potential trackers, hide back at the inn, and let me rest and eat something?

Despite her complaints, Franca continued to dutifully monitor the surroundings.

At that moment, a few pirates entered, bringing a lively, joyful, and excited atmosphere to different tables.

Hmm... Franca melded into the shadows, sticking to the wall, and stealthily approached a group of pirates to listen in.

“Admiral Deep Sea is really here?”

“The Newins has already docked!”

“Do they know about the adventurer?”

“...”

Oh, Admiral Deep Sea is finally here... Franca silently confirmed with a guess.

Since Jenna hadn't issued a warning, it meant no Pirate King had arrived in Banamo Port. Franca began to anticipate Admiral Deep Sea's reaction and actions.

She was sure Admiral Deep Sea and his key subordinates were aware of the unknown adventurer's provocation.

It was a simple deduction.

Since Admiral Deep Sea was avoiding the King of Dusk, he would first confirm the situation in Banamo Port before coming to resupply.

The common practice was to send lesser-known pirates from the fleet on other ships to scout Banamo Port. If Banamo Port was a regular stop, trusted subordinates might be stationed there long-term, reporting back promptly.

Of course, local forces could also provide warnings. In any case, Admiral Deep Sea would be well aware of recent events in Banamo Port; otherwise, he wouldn't surface the Newins.

Franca calmed herself, no longer distracted by hunger.

But like the pirates, she waited half an hour without seeing Admiral Deep Sea or his key subordinates, growing puzzled.

Why haven't they shown up?

Could it be that Admiral Deep Sea is also a cautious person? But Lumian is only showing the strength of a strong Sequence 6. This crafty guy is using crimson-white flames, not the Reaper's white flames...

Franca thought carefully and understood the reason.

If she were in his shoes, targeted by the King of Dusk, she wouldn't cause trouble right after arriving at a port. She would complete the resupply first and prepare for another dive. That way, even if something unexpected happened, they could leave Banamo Port immediately and not complete their primary objective here.

Also, Lumian, the unknown adventurer, had been in Banamo Port for two or three days. He didn't seem to be hunting bounties of lesser known pirates, as if he were waiting for something.

This could make people suspicious of his true intentions. Admiral Deep Sea would naturally be cautious.

Phew... Franca sighed silently.

Her gaze continued to sweep across the Carnival Bar, wary of any surprises.

In the process, her eyes inevitably swept over Lumian, noticing her companion's slight smile and good mood, holding a cup of amber-colored Lanti Proof mixed with something unknown.

...

Lumian played with his glass, using his Hunter's exceptional hearing to roughly understand why the pirates were suddenly excited and anxious.

His target had arrived!

Lumian wasn't surprised since he already knew-Jenna had come by earlier and left a note under his hand, concealed by shadows.

Knowing Admiral Deep Sea wouldn't come looking for him immediately, Lumian remained calm, acting unaware of the commotion behind him.

He glanced at the bartender trying to control his expression and smiled.

"The wind is quite noisy today," Lumian said.

The bartender didn't know how to respond, forcing a stiff smile. "True."

Lumian said nothing more, feeling his emotions and state change.

To be honest, he felt a bit nervous about facing a Pirate Admiral with his fleet. But it also made his blood boil slightly.

He had never been one to shy away from challenges. Since becoming a Hunter, he had tasted the allure of challenges even more.

With that thought, Lumian raised his cup of Lumian to his lips, tilted his head back, and drank it all in one go.

## Chapter 783 Boarding the Ship

Banamo Port, near the docks.

Jenna hid in the shadows, watching Anthony mingle with the crowd, blending in with the pirates.

She didn't deliberately track the famous pirates who arrived on the Newins when it docked. On the one hand, she feared being discovered, which would alert Admiral Deep Sea to a grand consOriginal awaiting him at Banamo Port. On the other hand, she didn't need to follow them to know the whereabouts of the Newins' first mate, second mate, and boatswain.

The pirates in Banamo Port were eagerly anticipating Admiral Deep Sea or his capable subordinates to teach the unknown adventurer a lesson.

Naturally, they kept an eye on these individuals and shared information with their companions and friends!

In other words, with so much attention on the situation, most of the pirates in Banamo Port had become unofficial reporters. Admiral Deep Sea's key subordinates couldn't go anywhere without being noticed and widely discussed.

If they used stealth abilities or invisibility, they might avoid the curious eyes spread throughout Banamo Port. However, they were currently gathering supplies, which meant they couldn't hide the large quantities of goods.

Thus, information flowed swiftly into Anthony's ears: "Great Shark is at Firth Trading Company."

"Ship Destroyer is heading towards the Carnival Bar!"

"Holy Lord of Storms, those guys are meeting at Blackstone Square!"

"They're one street away from the Carnival Bar!"

"They've stopped for now, discussing something!"

"They seem to be heading to Old Dante's for large barrels of pale ale!"

"..."

Anthony sensed the commotion among the pirates, watching them leave the current street and head towards the Carnival Bar.

He stood up as well to avoid standing out.

During this, he gave Jenna's hidden shadow a look.

Jenna understood immediately, using the shadows along the street to slip through the growing crowd towards the Carnival Bar.

...

Lumian sipped the freshly poured amber-colored Lanti Proof, nodding to himself.



He then looked at the bartender behind the counter, smiling as he said, "You might want to move the valuable liquor and items out of here for now. It's probably best if no one stays inside."

The bartender froze for a few seconds before responding hastily, "Alright!"

No one wanted to alert Lumian by passing on messages that might affect the plan, but he guessed something was brewing from the pirates gathering outside the bar.

He was both excited and nervous, knowing the impending conflict would take place in the Carnival Bar, where he was.

Watching the bartender instruct the waiters to move valuable items out the back door, Lumian pulled out a blank sketchbook and an ink pen, casually sketching as he asked, "How much is your bar worth, including this two-story building?"

"Uh..." The bartender was stunned again.

What does this mean?

Is he implying the bar might get destroyed in the upcoming conflict, collapsing the whole building?

Recalling the powerful crimson-white fireballs, the bartender grew even more anxious, forcing a smile as he said, "Are you offering compensation? You decide, or let the loser pay..."

"This building is a simple structure built by locals. It's definitely cheap. Your bar caters to low-level pirates, so the furniture and décor are all the cheapest kind..." Lumian continued his assessment without looking up, still sketching in the blank book.

"Yes, that's right." The bartender nodded quickly, agreeing.

Lumian looked up, shaking his head with a smile. "Whatever I say, you agree. It's making things difficult for me."

"..." The bartender closed his mouth, unsure how to respond.

Lumian lowered his head again. "How about 2,000 verl d'or?"

"Okay." The bartender used a different word, not even trying to bargain.

Lumian didn't pause his sketching, his tone calm.

"Payment will be after assessing the damage. If the big pirates coming later want to help compensate, that works too."

"Alright." The bartender responded quickly.

He looked around, wishing he could sprout wings and fly out of the Carnival Bar.

From their conversation, he feared staying could lead to him becoming a mangled corpse.

A few minutes later, the waiters had moved the few valuable items out, leaving only the cheap goods in the bar.

The bartender left through the back door, and the other patrons, including Mason, exited to wait and watch outside.

They didn't dare stay in this anticipated battlefield.

This was the lesson of experience.

Lumian sketched for a while, then put down his pen and slowly sipped the remaining Lanti Proof.

A few minutes later, Franca sneaked into the shadows near the bar and whispered, "Admiral Deep Sea didn't come, but his first mate, Great Shark, and others are almost here. They'll be here in about two minutes."

Lumian picked up the ink pen again and continued sketching in the book.

He chuckled and said, "Remember to prepare the 2,000 verl d'or compensation, and when we get back, return the 1,000 verl d'or bounty for summoning the messenger."

"Ah?" Franca was a bit surprised.

Lumian chuckled and said, "All of this is to help you digest Pleasure. You should cover all expenses, including consumed Beyonders items."

"No problem." Franca wasn't resisting; she was just surprised Lumian brought it up suddenly.

She watched Lumian finish his sketch on the blank page, curious as she asked, "Why not just take out the Pride Armor, disguise it as a person with a robe, and have it sit in this chair facing away from the incoming pirates?"

With Lumian present, the Pride Armor couldn't be used, so it might as well serve some purpose by being placed here.

"Do you really want this building destroyed?" Lumian chuckled. "Besides, the Pride Armor can't use Lie and can't disguise itself as me. The subordinates of Admiral Deep Sea would notice something's wrong before even entering."

As he spoke, Lumian finished the last stroke on the blank page.

It was a sketch outlined in deep blue ink, depicting Lumian himself.

The paper gradually turned translucent, and the sketch of Lumian suddenly came to life, thickening and expanding like a balloon.

In an instant, a stoic-faced Lumian appeared before the bar counter, blocked by Lumian's body.

It had the instinct to complete a few minutes of combat and possessed some of Lumian's abilities, obeying the sketcher's commands.

As the sketched Lumian sat in a chair facing away from the bar door, Lumian transformed into a shadow creature, disappearing from the bar.

Soon, Great Shark, the first mate of the Newins, arrived at the Carnival Bar with a few companions of similar strength, surrounded by a crowd of pirates.

The tall, muscular, bald Great Shark glanced at the unknown adventurer calmly sitting at the bar and gestured, leading the way through the door.

As the Beyonders from the Newins entered the bar, Lumian, disguised and watching from the window, placed his right hand on the glass.

A black mark hidden under his clothes glowed.

Bottle of Fiction!

He trapped the Carnival Bar inside the Bottle of Fiction, setting the condition for exit to be non-Beyonders.

Lumian turned, and in the chaos of the pirates losing sight of the bar's interior, he squeezed through the crowd and headed to a nearby alley, teleporting to the docks with Franca.

They met Jenna and Anthony at the designated spot, using shadows and Psychological Invisibility to remain hidden as they boarded the alchemical ship Newins.

Compared to when they arrived, there were fewer pirates on the ship, just enough to maintain basic vigilance.

Lumian wasn't worried their actions would alert Admiral Deep Sea.

According to gathered intel, Howl Constantine wasn't a Beyonder of the Devil pathway and couldn't sense malice. His abilities resembled a Sequence 5 Ocean Songster of the Storm pathway, and according to the Tarot Club, Admiral Deep Sea had no ties to the Church of Storms.

Thus, Lumian had Jenna confirm if the Black Octopus had followed the Newins to Banamo Port-the Black Octopus's captain, Bone Splitter Basil, was a Devil.

Considering the changing situation at the Carnival Bar might alert Admiral Deep Sea, Lumian and his team didn't waste time, swiftly sneaking into the ship's hold.

Within a minute, they found a lone pirate in a corridor room.

Franca checked the surrounding mechanical devices for alarms, then whispered to shadow-form Lumian, "It's show time."

Lumian immediately slipped into the room, moving behind the lone pirate and emerging, giving a harrumph.

Two flashes of white light, and the pirate fell unconscious.

Anthony entered the room quickly, beginning hypnosis.

Jenna and Franca guarded the door from the shadows, soon hearing friendly conversation inside, "Where's the Admiral?"

"In the captain's cabin."

"The Admiral must have a powerful backer to be one of the most famous pirates, right?"

"I don't know, but the Admiral is indeed mysterious."

"..."

After a brief inquiry, Anthony made the pirate forget he had such a friend on board.

They then sneaked to the upper deck, stopping outside the captain's cabin.

Lumian's eyes twitched as he gazed at the silver-white metal door.

He realized Admiral Deep Sea's possible pathway and sequence.

On an alchemical ship like this, an Ocean Songster's power might not be inferior to being in the deep sea or the air!

While Lumian pondered, two pirates pushed a food cart to the captain's cabin using a mechanical lift.

#### Chapter 784 Mask

Lumian immediately retreated into the nearby shadows, closely watching the slowly opening metal door of the captain's cabin.

As the cart filled with various foods was pushed in, he finally saw their target, Admiral Deep Sea, Howl Constantine.

Though he had heard many rumors and seen the wanted posters, nothing compared to witnessing the reality of his sea monster lineage firsthand.

Admiral Deep Sea, Howl Constantine's face looked as if a translucent, palm-sized octopus clung to it, with numerous slimy tentacles hanging down to his chest. His deep blue, almost black hair was thick and coarse, falling to his shoulders, and his body was entirely wrapped in a black cloak, even his hands hidden within.

He was nothing like a normal human.

Lumian couldn't help but feel this was unusual.

His face, fused with an octopus, was exposed, so what was there to hide about his body?

Even if he was truly an octopus beneath the cloak, no one around would be surprised!

The only reason to cover his body so tightly was if there was something even more unpresentable there.

Puzzled, Lumian carefully observed Howl Constantine's fate.

Being in shadow form didn't prevent him from doing this since shadow beings could still "see" the real world, though the perspective was slightly different.

As the two pirates arranged the food on the long table in the captain's cabin, Lumian's eyes reflected the illusory river of fate composed of complex mercury symbols.

Given that they were less than fifteen meters apart, Lumian extended his right palm, letting it stay at the edge of the shadow, and remotely touched Howl Constantine's river of fate.

Most of Admiral Deep Sea's fate fragments instantly materialized, flowing turbulently.

Knowing time was limited, Lumian could only browse briefly.

He saw Howl Constantine diving in the dark, lightless ocean depths, fighting a half-giant over two and a half meters tall wielding a huge sword. He watched as Admiral Deep Sea passed through ruins

filled with bizarre buildings and saw his future self removing the translucent octopus from his face...

Removing the octopus clinging to his face? It isn't Howl Constantine's face; it's a mask? He isn't a descendant of sea monsters? Lumian was stunned. Reflexively, he decided on the fate fragment he would exchange.

It was a fragment of Howl Constantine being injured on the seabed.

In this fate fragment, back when he was only Sequence 7 or 6, Howl Constantine failed to return to the surface in time, suffering the crushing pressure of deep water and the suffocating sensation of liquid flooding his lungs.

This was different in severity from Moran Admiral Deep Sea's fate fragment of lust outburst, which had irrevocably changed Moran's fate, forcing him to an early death. In contrast, this fragment merely influenced Howl Constantine's subsequent exploration style, making him more cautious. However, Lumian couldn't find a more suitable fragment in such a short time.

As fate began to swap, Howl Constantine, who was seeing off the two pirates, suddenly turned his gaze towards Lumian's hiding spot.

His spirituality had warned him!

Almost simultaneously, Admiral Deep Sea's eyes lit up with intense lightning.

With a crackling sound, thick lightning struck Lumian's hiding spot, hitting the wall and shattering into countless tiny electric serpents, which spread out, covering the area with their fierce and erratic energy, using the properties of the metal door, walls, and floor to launch indiscriminate attacks inside and outside the captain's cabin.

The two food-delivering pirates were hit first, their bodies trembling and convulsing as if performing a grotesque dance.

Their skin quickly charred.

Amid the cracking sound, mirrors hidden in the shadows where Franca and Jenna were hiding shattered, but the Demonesses' figures did not appear.

...

At the Carnival Bar, Great Shark Jorg and his companions, including Ship Destroyer, had just entered the hall and were staring at the unknown adventurer's back. Before they could speak, the noisy surroundings abruptly fell silent. The pirates' chatter and conversations seemed muffled, vanishing instantly.

Wh- Great Shark Jorg instinctively looked towards the window, seeing the dim sunlight through the fog replaced by deep darkness.

At that moment, Lumian, sitting at the bar, turned on his stool. His expression was indifferent, his gaze calm, looking at the few big pirates as if they were dead men.

A huge crimson-white fireball shot out.

Boom!

Amidst the flames and wind from the explosion, the pirates either used their agility or abilities to dodge in different directions.

Behind Ship Destroyer, Lumian's figure swiftly emerged in the chaos, letting out a hum.

Two beams of white light shot from his nose, causing Ship Destroyer to faint instantly.

Witnessing this, Great Shark Jorg felt a chill down his spine, instinctively muttering to himself, "Formidable..."

...

Aboard the Newins.

Having used the Lightning Strike ability and created an area attack effect utilizing the current environment, Admiral Deep Sea, Howl Constantine, had a figure suddenly appear behind him.

It was Franca, dressed in an assassin's suit.

Franca gripped an almost invisible triangular spike in her right hand while raising her left palm, with an iron-black spiked ring targeting Howl Constantine.

Lightning flickered in her eyes.

As Franca used Psychic Piercing on Howl Constantine, Jenna appeared by the door, throwing a Louis d'or at Admiral Deep Sea, seemingly to distract him and make him momentarily ignore Franca's assassination attempt.

A golden brooch carved into a gorse flower was pinned to her chest.

Covered in gray-white scales, Anthony appeared in the corridor, with tiny electric serpents still crawling over his body, paralyzing him and preventing rapid movement.

But this didn't stop Anthony from using his ability.

Staring at Admiral Deep Sea, with a translucent octopus clinging to his face, his pupils turned vertical, glowing golden.

Awe!

This ability made the target feel as if they encountered a true dragon, panicking instantly.

As fate began to swap and Howl Constantine noticed the anomaly, he struck out lightning. At that moment, Lumian teleported into the captain's cabin, landing on a wooden chair by the window.

Soon, tiny electric serpents covered the area, but they didn't last long due to the wooden chair's material.

This caused Lumian's body to show signs of paralysis.

However, he didn't reveal himself because he was now a true shadow creature, and no shadow being would leave the shadows due to a mild electric shock.

Lumian chose to stay in the shadow provided by the wooden chair, quietly watching the upcoming battle.

During the fate exchange, he couldn't attack Howl Constantine, which would interrupt the process.

So, the next step was to see if Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, three Beyonders below Sequence 5, could hold off Admiral Deep Sea for at least two minutes!

Of course, if they really needed to kill Howl Constantine, Anthony could do it quickly with the Winter is Coming revolver, but that was impractical and went against their original goal.

Awe and Psychic Piercing hit Howl Constantine, but the Admiral's face, fused with the translucent octopus, glowed faintly, protecting his soul and spirit, causing only minor effects.

As his octopus-like face dimmed slightly, Howl Constantine, puzzled by the unfamiliar assassins, suspected some adventurer group wanted to make a name for themselves and earn a huge bounty. Enduring the dizziness, he grabbed an obsidian trident from the nearby weapon rack and thrust it at Franca.

The trident immediately surged with violently flickering silver-white lightning, its heavy tip seemingly trying to pull Franca onto itself.

Crack!

Franca's body, clad in the assassin's suit, shattered into numerous mirror fragments, while Jenna threw a silent black flame at Howl Constantine before hiding in the shadows again.

Anthony also pulled out the exquisite Winter is Coming revolver, aiming at Admiral Deep Sea for a standard shot.

The gunshot had just sounded when a sharp wind pierced everyone's ears.

Howl Constantine, wrapped in a whirlwind, flew into the air, avoiding the yellow bullet and eerie black flame.

He then pointed the obsidian trident at Anthony.

The silver-white currents on the trident converged into thick lightning, shooting out.

Anthony, experienced as ever, immediately dove away from the door, changing his position and avoiding the direct hit from the lightning, though the resulting tiny electric serpents still affected him, causing his body to tremble and paralyze.

The two pirates, just recovering from the previous shock, were struck by the new wave, falling unconscious and twitching on the ground.

Franca and Jenna were also affected by the indiscriminate attack, revealing themselves from their hidden states.

Admiral Deep Sea, Howl Constantine, showed no joy or bloodthirsty emotion but grew more vigilant, his octopus-like face showing doubt.

There should be one more assassin!

Why hasn't he appeared?

What is he preparing?

At that moment, out of the corner of his eye, Howl Constantine saw a figure leisurely sitting on the wooden chair near the window.

The figure had black hair, blue eyes, a handsome face, and wore a thick dark jacket, reclining against the chair with his right foot resting on his left knee, a mocking smile on his face.

#### Chapter 785 Performance

Seeing the assassin who had been hiding suddenly sit openly on a chair by the window, calmly watching him as if he didn't care about the ongoing battle, Admiral Deep Sea, Howl Constantine, felt a sudden heavy weight in his heart.

Such a posture and expression suggested that the opponent didn't consider him a threat and was absolutely confident in dealing with him.

That's why he didn't attack immediately to support his companions but instead sat there, arrogantly smiling and observing.

Without any hesitation, Howl Constantine instinctively aimed his obsidian trident at Lumian.

A bolt of silver-white lightning formed in his hand, amplified by the trident's tip, and shot out like a raging thunder serpent towards Lumian.

Lumian kept his right foot on his left knee, his face bearing a mocking smile as if Howl Constantine's desperate counterattack was just child's play, incapable of changing the outcome at all.

Of course, this was just a front he put on.

In reality, he couldn't attack Howl Constantine or leave the hundred-meter range, or else the Fate Exchange would be interrupted.

But not being able to attack didn't mean he couldn't influence the current battle. Lumian left his shadow form and deliberately revealed his presence to Howl Constantine, using himself as bait to attract most of Admiral Deep Sea's attention and create a sense of pressure and fear, forcing him to react hastily and increase the chance of making mistakes.

Even a Hunter who couldn't strike, speak, or communicate could still provoke, scheme, and set traps!

The thick silver-white thunder serpent struck Lumian.

With a crack, Lumian's figure shattered like a mirror, leaving only the quickly charred wooden chair behind in the ravaging lightning.

He disappeared again, and the thunder serpent, constrained by the chair's material, didn't dissipate much.

This made Howl Constantine anxious, considering whether to break through the window and dive into the sea.

Underwater, he feared no Beyonders below demigod level!

Even many Saints couldn't dive into the depths to fight him!

Just then, he felt his limbs and body being bound layer by layer, making it difficult to move or turn the obsidian trident quickly.

The bindings tightened rapidly.



Taking advantage of Lumian drawing away most of Howl Constantine's attention and caution, Franca had set up the spider silk of a Demoneess of Pleasure, entangling Admiral Deep Sea layer by layer.

Faced with this restricted situation, Howl Constantine stopped and let the translucent octopus on his face glow with dawn-like brilliance.

The light suddenly exploded into countless fragments, sweeping through the captain's cabin like a storm.

The long table with food shattered into pieces, the metal walls were marked with deep scratches, and Franca and Jenna's figures shattered into countless mirror fragments again, while the invisible spider silk broke inch by inch, unable to restrain Howl Constantine any longer.

In the corridor, away from the captain's cabin door, Anthony was unaffected by the light storm, as was Lumian outlined beside him.

Lumian placed his hand on the metal sliding door of the staircase, using his contractual ability.

He enclosed the area within the Bottle of Fiction, with the entry and exit condition being female.

This effectively blocked any rescue attempts by the pirates, preventing interference in their battle. Except for teams with female captains, most pirate ships had very few female Beyonders, if any at all. The non-Beyonders on board were merely ship prostitutes, incapable of becoming regular pirates.

...

Outside the Carnival Bar.

The real pirates, the disguised Mason, and the rest simultaneously noticed that the glass windows no longer reflected the scene of Great Shark Jörg and the others fighting the unknown adventurer.

The glass appeared dim, showing the bar's interior with no bartender or customers.

“What happened?” a pirate asked loudly, uncertainly.

“What ability was used?” Similar questions echoed.

They all suspected the unknown adventurer was behind the changes, as Great Shark and his crew wouldn't hide their fight; they would want to showcase their strength to more pirates.

Within the Bottle of Fiction.

Great Shark Jörg, wearing black gloves, was surrounded by signs of explosions and charred marks.

He had timely distorted the unknown adventurer's attack intent, avoiding injury in the recent bombardment.

However, his companion, Ship Destroyer, another Beyonders of the Hunter pathway, had long been unconscious from a combination of Beyonders powers and explosion damage.

The other pirates were also scattered, none unscathed.

Gazing at the unknown black-haired, blue-eyed adventurer several meters away, Great Shark Jörg cursed the teleportation ability.

Just as he was about to shift positions and attempt a Bribe, the handsome adventurer's figure rapidly faded like a projection and disappeared.

Worried it was another teleportation, Great Shark Jörg dove to the side, turning to look behind him.

Nothing happened.

Jörg and the remaining pirates, suspicious and tense, maneuvered cautiously multiple times, but the adventurer never reappeared.

Finally, the bald Great Shark began to grasp the situation.

That was just an illusion?

We fought an illusion and nearly lost?

Where did the real one go?

Realizing this, Great Shark Jörg blurted out, "Sh\*t! The Newins!"

The unknown adventurer's real target was the Newins and the Admiral!

Jörg and the others grew anxious but were trapped in the Bottle of Fiction, unable to get out.

After trying several methods and abilities without success, they resorted to violent disassembly.

...

Aboard the Newins.

As the light storm began to subside, Jenna quickly appeared behind Admiral Deep Sea, in a blind spot created by his own body.

Then, using all her strength, she stabbed a dagger covered in silent black flames into Howl Constantine's back.

Although he couldn't turn or redirect the trident in time, Howl Constantine remained unfazed.

From his cloak emerged a silver-white lightning bolt that struck Jenna at a speed too fast to dodge.

Countless tiny electric serpents coursed over Jenna's body, but she seemed largely unharmed and only slightly slowed.

Pfft!

The dagger covered in black flames pierced Howl Constantine's black cloak.

At the beginning of the fight, Jenna had thrown a Louis d'or at Howl Constantine, not to seek luck but to activate the Decency brooch, completing a Bribe that significantly weakened his attacks, defenses, and controls against her for a while!

Since then, neither the rampaging lightning nor the light storm had affected her as much as she let on.

Her frantic dodging and use of the Mirror Substitution were meant to psychologically deceive Admiral Deep Sea!

She didn't expect Howl Constantine to be unaware of the Bribe ability, given that his deputy was likely a Briber. Instead, she performed as if the Bribe had failed, leading him to attribute the Louis d'or toss to another ability.

At the start, Howl Constantine might still have guarded against the Bribe, but in the heat of battle, and with time running short, he instinctively responded without caution.

Thus, he ignored the Bribe from before and didn't stop Jenna's assassination!

With a pfft, the black-flamed dagger pierced Howl Constantine's cloak and flesh.

Acting was for a better assassination!

After the successful strike, Jenna felt a strong resistance and wriggling flesh as if alive, preventing further progress with the dagger despite her full strength.

She abandoned force, instead channeling the black flames into Howl Constantine's body.

As the black flames surged, Admiral Deep Sea howled in pain.

Franca seized the opportunity to reach Howl Constantine's side, stabbing the transparent Wintry Blade into Admiral Deep Sea.

The Wintry Blade pierced the skin and flesh but couldn't go deeper into Howl Constantine's body.

But it was enough.

Howl Constantine's body stiffened as if frozen, and his thoughts became sluggish.

Franca slid to Jenna's side, retracting the Wintry Blade.

Simultaneously, she flipped out a compact mirror with her left hand, reflecting Howl Constantine's body.

Then, with her right hand, she smeared black flames on the mirror's surface.

Demoness' curse!

Black flames erupted from Howl Constantine's body, burning it but not touching the octopus on his face.

Howl Constantine let out a pained shriek, breaking free from the stiffness and mental fog, slamming the obsidian trident onto the metal floor.

Blinding lightning burst forth.

Chapter 786 Face

Arcs of silver lightning shot from the obsidian trident, turning the entire captain's cabin into a hell of electricity.

Despite having Bribed Howl Constantine and weakened his attacks, Jenna didn't dare risk her fragile body against the powerful lightning at such close range.

She and Franca shattered into pieces amid the dancing arcs, reflecting the blinding light.

Their figures reappeared at the cabin door, where lightning still raged.

Franca didn't hesitate. She grabbed Jenna's arm and activated the last gem on her Seven-Stone Bracelet before the paralysis set in.

Blink!

They vanished from the cabin door, blinking to a wooden table in a room diagonally opposite.

During this process, Franca and Jenna saw metal panels sliding open on the cabin ceiling, revealing several dark holes.

With a splash, blue seawater poured into the captain's cabin like a waterfall, and the metal door shut tight.

When Franca and Jenna's figures reappeared, their bodies still crackled with residual electricity, and they trembled uncontrollably.

Immediately, the last gem on the Seven-Stone Bracelet shattered, leaving only the two diamonds representing Teleport.

In the corridor near the stairwell, Lumian and Anthony remained unharmed by the electric storm.

It wasn't because the lightning hadn't spread through the metal floor and walls but because Lumian had taken out the gray-white lightning-shaped brooch Fury of the Sea from his Traveler's Bag and thrown it ahead.

One of its side effects was that it had a high chance of attracting lightning during storms.

This meant that it greatly attracted lightning!

As expected, most of the small electric arcs converged on Fury of the Sea, making it bloom like a bright silver flower.

Thus, Lumian and Anthony only felt a mild tingling, retaining their ability to move.

Looking at the now-closed cabin door, Lumian raised an eyebrow and murmured, "Did Howl Constantine get seriously injured in the last attack and decide to seal the cabin to recover?"

To Lumian, Admiral Deep Sea's response wasn't wrong. If possible, it was indeed one of the best choices under the circumstances, especially since Howl Constantine couldn't gauge the strength of Lumian, who had been merely watching and not acting, nor did he know the full extent of Franca, Jenna, and Anthony's abilities. If faced with something like a Banshee's terrifying scream, Howl Constantine-having been weakened by a Demoness's black flames-would likely die instantly.

But sealing the cabin to recover was precisely what Lumian and his companions hoped for. They hadn't planned to kill Howl Constantine before the Fate Exchange was complete. This quiet waiting scenario was exactly what they wanted.

"Watch out for secret passages in the cabin. Howl Constantine might escape or jump into the sea," Franca cautioned Lumian as she recovered.

She had rich experience in assassinations.

"I'm keeping an eye on it," Lumian replied concisely, picking up the Fury of the Sea.

He was monitoring the Fate Exchange situation and his own senses and spirituality.

If Admiral Deep Sea showed any signs of fleeing, Lumian would immediately blow open the cabin door.

As long as he didn't directly attack Howl Constantine, the Fate Exchange wouldn't be interrupted!

Franca's hands still trembled slightly, and she exuded a faint burnt smell as she remarked, "Howl Constantine's lightning strikes and Spirit Body and mental protection from items almost ruined all our efforts, along with this unique environment.

"If not for our abundance of mystical items and our good teamwork, we might have been forced to give up the plan and have you join the battle personally.

"What's the phrase? 'An unstoppable force overcomes all obstacles.' No matter what supernatural abilities you use, I'll counter with lightning and turn it into a weaker version of a lightning storm using the environment."

Jenna, who was also trembling and smelled burnt but was in better shape, nodded slightly in agreement.

As the one fighting on the front lines, she deeply understood this.

Outside the Carnival Bar, the pirates and disguised pirates saw the heavy wooden door suddenly swell and shatter.

Boom!

An explosion followed, sending the doorframe and fragments flying.

The figures of Great Shark Jorg and his men finally appeared to the onlookers.

Most of them were injured to varying degrees, their expressions grim, as they sprinted towards the dock without bothering to disguise themselves.

Seeing this, both real and fake pirates had similar thoughts.

They lost?

Even with all of Admiral Deep Sea's top men, they lost?

Are they running to seek help from Admiral Deep Sea?

They're fleeing in such a sorry state...

As thoughts raced through their minds, the onlookers turned their gaze back to the inside of the Carnival Bar. They saw broken tables and chairs, exploded barrels, and the mingling scents of alcohol and scorch, but no sign of the unknown adventurer.

This left the pirates and impostors bewildered, unsure of what it meant.

In the sealed captain's cabin, now filled with blue seawater, Howl Constantine's cloaked body floated, bubbles constantly rising.

His face, with the translucent octopus, hung slightly down, gazing at the submerged metal floor, feeling his soul being nourished, quickly shaking off his weakened state.

After several seconds, Howl Constantine slowly but steadily raised his head, looking at the closed metal door.

Outside, Lumian turned to Franca and said, "It's almost done. Stand by the door and show your face. If Howl Constantine sees the real face of a Demoness of Pleasure, he might feel extreme pleasure, which will help with the digestion."

"This is so weird..." Franca muttered as she moved to stand opposite the captain's cabin door, leaning against the metal wall.

She pulled down her hood, revealing her radiant and beautiful face.

She wanted to strike a pose but couldn't bring herself to do it under everyone's eyes!

Lumian, calculating the progress, walked to the door of the captain's cabin and placed his hands on the metal.

White-hot flames instantly gathered, compressing layer by layer into the metal door.

Rumble!

The metal door rapidly caved inwards and then exploded.

With a splash, the blue seawater gushed out, momentarily driven back by the explosion's shockwave.

Howl Constantine's figure emerged before Lumian, Franca, and the others, a hopeful smile playing on his lips.

Taking advantage of the respite, he had activated the Newins' defense system. He was ready to fight the four assassins with the help of this alchemical ship.

In that state, he was confident he could hold his own against even a demigod for a while!

This was the main reason he hadn't jumped into the sea when the cabin door closed.

Suddenly, he saw an exceptionally beautiful face and a figure—despite partially covered by leather armor—that radiated allure.

He was momentarily stunned.

At that moment, Howl Constantine's mind buzzed, going blank.

That emptiness was immediately filled with extreme pleasure, which erupted, seemingly shattering his soul and scattering it in all directions.

He froze in place, his blood staining the blue seawater that hadn't yet flowed out of the cabin.

Tears streamed from his eyes, mixing with the seawater.

They were tears of pain and tears of joy.

Silently, the translucent octopus fell from Howl Constantine's face, revealing his true visage.

It was a handsome face, but the features were not deep, rather soft.

Seeing this, Franca's heart suddenly raced.

This face bore a striking resemblance to the man she had encountered in the Trier catacombs, Harrison, who was suspected to be from Resurrection Island.

Not in detailed appearance, but in style.

It was an “Eastern-style” face, but not purely so, more like a mixed heritage!

Stunned, Franca heard an illusory sound of something shattering and felt the complete digestion of the Pleasure potion.

She saw an illusory starry sky filled with twinkling stars.

Lumian was about to kill the severely injured Howl Constantine when he suddenly sensed the environment becoming extremely dangerous. He heard the mechanical sounds of the entire Newins' mechanism activating.

It was like a killing machine awakening.

Lumian didn't hesitate. He reached out, grabbing Franca and Jenna's shoulders, and lifted the Bottle of Fiction.

Anthony stepped forward, grabbing Lumian's clothes.

The four of them quickly disappeared from the corridor outside the captain's cabin.

They teleported back to the motel in Banamo Port.

Soon, the pirates near the dock noticed the Newins retract its masts and sails, sealing itself up and submerging into the sea.

Great Shark Jorg and his men hadn't even reached the dock!

Fleeing?

Admiral Deep Sea just fled?

He didn't even fight the adventurer, just ran, leaving behind his first mate, second mate, and boatswain?

Various thoughts surged in the minds of the pirates near the dock.

Chapter 787 Magic Mirror Divination's Answers

When Great Shark Jörg and his men arrived at the dock, the spot where the Newins had been moored was now empty, with only the gentle ripples of blue water moving softly in the light fog.

At that moment, Jörg and the other pirates stood frozen, as if they were staring at a surreal painting beyond their imagination.

Soon, a deep panic gripped them.

The Admiral fled on the Newins. What do we do now?

If that unknown adventurer couldn't kill the Admiral and let him escape, will he turn his attention to us for revenge?

He used illusions to deal with us; he must have really come to hunt the Admiral...

Their thoughts raced, and Great Shark Jörg and his men turned and ran, fleeing the dock area.

They needed to find the Newins' contacts in Banamo Port, relying on their local knowledge to find a secret place to hide and then contact Admiral Deep Sea to decide their next steps.

...

Inside the captain's cabin of the Newins.

Howl Constantine, having donned his translucent octopus mask again, stared at the nearly lightless, swaying seawater outside the thick glass window, feeling his internal and external wounds gradually healing with the help of medicinal potions.

He couldn't help but recall his recent encounter. Though it was extremely painful, it brought him an unprecedented pleasure, leaving his soul almost completely blank.

The joy it gave him far surpassed that of the women brought to the ship, making him want to experience it again despite his strong will.

Phew... Howl Constantine exhaled, grateful that he had activated the Newins' defense system in time. Otherwise, under the influence of that extreme pleasure, he would have been easily killed in the next second.

He believed the assassins had felt the Newins become extremely dangerous, leading them to retreat and flee the alchemical ship without pursuing him further.

He did not regret not activating the defense system earlier; being caught off guard, he had no time to do so.

What puzzled Howl Constantine now was when the seed of pleasure had been planted in him, causing an explosive reaction upon seeing the true face and figure of that Demoness.

He muttered to himself, Is that why the male assassin never attacked?

Not that he didn't want to, but he couldn't, not until the pleasure seed had fully rooted in my soul?

What are their true intentions beyond assassinating me? Are they after the secrets of the Newins and the Lost Newins?

Lacking the necessary clues, Admiral Deep Sea found it hard to make a decisive judgment and could only suppress his emotions for now, planning to contact his subordinates in Banamo Port once his body and soul had fully recovered to check if they had noticed anything unusual.

Instinctively, he reviewed the recent events, trying to find investigative details. But removing the true intentions of the assassins made the whole affair seem like a deliberate setup by two Demonesses and their companions to give him an ultimate pleasure, with the near-death experience being a normal part of it. In this world, many have died from pleasure without being attacked.

Reflecting on this, Howl Constantine noticed a shiny gold Louis d'or at the cabin door.

It was left by the two Demonesses.

Staring at the water at the doorstep and the gold coin, which had clearly been treated to prevent tracking, Howl Constantine suddenly had a ridiculous thought and fell into an indescribable silence.

...

In the motel room rented by Lumian and company in Banamo Port.



Jenna quickly removed the Scotch Broom-like Decency brooch and submerged it in the aluminum military flask Lumian had given her.

Almost simultaneously, Jenna felt the eyes of Lumian, Franca, and Anthony change significantly.

Their gazes now held undisguised disgust, aversion, and malice.

Jenna had felt malice from some people in the bars and dance halls of Trier's Rue Pasteur, but it was often mixed with desire and longing, unlike the pure hatred and loathing now directed at her.

Of course, Jenna also noticed a certain amount of desire in Franca's disgust and aversion, as if she wanted to satisfy herself by domineering over Jenna.

Lumian, though his expression remained relatively normal, had a change in his eyes, reflecting an Ascetic's endurance.

He nodded at Jenna and said, "The Decency brooch's negative effect has taken hold. Go to the next room for an hour."

"I know." Jenna glanced at Lumian, recalling past events.

Back then, she had been tasked with protecting Lumian under the negative effect of the Decency brooch, and she had felt the urge to beat him up.

She regretted not taking the chance to draw piles of dogsh\*t on his face.

Recalling these memories, Jenna smiled slightly, left the room, and went to wait for the negative effect to wear off in the next room.

"Phew, the Decency brooch's negative effect is really strong..." Franca commented sincerely.

Lumian gave her a sidelong glance and laughed.

"I think your hatred and disgust weren't pure enough."

Franca immediately felt embarrassed, awkwardly smiling as she said, "Sometimes, hatred and disgust can also spark desire. Just ask Anthony!"

Before Lumian could turn to him, Anthony spoke up, "It's true. The human brain and soul are complex. Different people might develop the same desire from different stimuli.

"Some get pleasure from pain, others from jealousy, breaking taboos, being scolded or tortured, or sharing with others, gaining their affection. The possibilities are endless."

"In simple terms, the world is full of perverts?" Lumian mocked Franca.

Franca didn't take the bait, her expression growing serious as she frowned slightly.

Once free from the Decency brooch's negative effect, she recalled the scene she had witnessed earlier.

After some thought, she said, "Do you think Admiral Deep Sea's real appearance resembles Harrison from Resurrection Island?"

Lumian recalled and said, "You mean they both have noticeable Eastern features?"

He had seen Franca's drawing of Harrison.

"Yes, but more like a mix of someone like Harrison and an Intisian or person from the North Continent," Franca said thoughtfully.

Because Anthony was present, she didn't mention the transmigration matter, instead steering towards Resurrection Island.

With a nod, Lumian replied, "Draw Howl Constantine's portrait, and we'll write to the Tarot Club Major Arcana card holders."

"No need to ask Madam Judgment or Madam Magician yet; I'll try with Magic Mirror Divination first," Franca responded immediately.

She began preparing the ritual in the room, sketching Howl Constantine's features from memory. This included an appearance similar to Resurrection Island residents, slightly pointed ears, dark blue near-black thick hair, and the tentacle-like dark veins on his hands when holding the obsidian trident.

Some details Franca hadn't noticed during the fight were now retrieved from her memory through the ritual.

Lumian examined the portrait for a moment and said, "It does have an Eastern style."

Franca nodded, then busied herself with the Magic Mirror Divination.

Soon, the mirror on the desk turned dark, with faint sounds of water echoing within.

Franca picked up the portrait of Admiral Deep Sea and asked the target of the Magic Mirror Divination, "What does this appearance signify?"

She didn't directly ask about Howl Constantine's origins, fearing it was beyond the Magic Mirror Divination's knowledge.

A hoarse, elderly voice emerged from the mirror: "This is an elf."

An elf? Lumian's temples throbbed.

This was a legendary Beyonder race!

Previously, Lumian had only known of elves as a mythical race from ancient times, living on the Sonia Sea's Sonia Island. He learned they were powerful, with their queen, Soniathrym, being one of the eight ancient gods, ruling the sky and sea.

In the real world, encountering a true elf since the Fifth Epoch was rare, only seeing occasional descendants with diluted bloodlines.

Franca was equally shocked, blurting out, "An elf, or a half-elf mixed with humans?"

"Half-elf," the hoarse voice responded.

Though a half-elf, Howl Constantine's features show a strong elven bloodline... In theory, the Sequence 5 Ocean Songster shouldn't cause such changes... A half-elf? Could the elves be

descendants of transmigrators, living and thriving in this world? Elf legends date back to the Second Epoch... Franca thought deeply, almost forgetting to ask the third question.

Gathering her thoughts, she pondered for a few seconds and asked, "Is the Lost Newins an ancient elven relic?"

Though elves supposedly lived on Sonia Island in ancient times, they once ruled the seas, so leaving relics in other seas was plausible.

Yes, if Howl Constantine is a pure-blooded half-elf, it makes sense he wore a mask to disguise as a sea monster. The Church of the Lord of Storms supposedly hates pure-blooded elves...

The elderly voice in the mirror answered Franca's third question, "I don't know."

"Alright..." Franca ended the Magic Mirror Divination and fell into a long silence.

She suddenly regretted using Admiral Deep Sea Howl Constantine merely to digest the Pleasure potion this time. Instead of training the team and exchanging fate, they should have gotten Lumian to strike fully with their support to see if they could capture the elf alive.

#### Chapter 788 Realizations

Seeing the Magic Mirror Divination come to an end, Lumian turned his gaze to Anthony.

"The Newins has definitely fled. Go out and gather information from the pirates. Find out if Great Shark Jörg and the key crew members managed to board the ship. If they didn't, find out where they are now."

"Understood." Anthony knew Lumian wanted to quickly determine the whereabouts of Great Shark Jörg and his men to see if they could use them to "visit" the Newins again and learn about the elves and the true nature of the Lost Newins.

Lumian couldn't go himself; the pirates would avoid him, and even if he forced the information out of them, it would alert Great Shark Jörg and his men if they were still in Banamo Port, making them hide deeper.

Disguising himself wouldn't work either; the pirates wouldn't be friendly or forthcoming.

The same applied to Franca.

Only Anthony, who had befriended many pirates, could naturally obtain the needed intel.

After watching Anthony leave the room, Franca sat down at the desk with a sigh and said, "This whole transmigration thing keeps getting more complicated."

"You used to treat it too simply," Lumian scoffed.

Franca didn't argue, staying silent for a moment before changing the subject.

"I've fully digested the Pleasure potion. After a few days of rest, I'll be ready to attempt the Demoness of Affliction ritual."

"Honestly, it feels like a dream. Have I really digested it?"

She still seemed somewhat incredulous.

Lumian chuckled in response.

“What else were you expecting? If Admiral Deep Sea knew our main goal was to help you digest the Pleasure potion, he'd think the world was absurd. He'd wonder if it was necessary and suggest that with a Demoness of Pleasure's conditions, we could have just asked for his help with a notarized agreement to prevent harm, and he'd happily assist.”

“It's just hard for me to accept...” Franca muttered. “And I know what you mean. In our world, plenty would say, ‘Helping a Demoness of Pleasure digest a potion is too wicked-please let me help,’ but that's superficial pleasure and low-quality digestion. Real pleasure comes from experiencing it in pain and sinking into it. Targeting people like Moran Avigny and Howl Constantine aligns more with the essence of the Demoness path.”

Lumian was just joking and didn't continue the topic.

Franca was silent for a while, then looked at Lumian and carefully said, “About your plan to spread a plague among the pirates in Banamo Port -I don't think it's viable.”

“Why?” Lumian raised an eyebrow, amused.

Franca straightened, her gaze unwavering.

“I don't think we can completely separate the guilty pirates from innocent bystanders. The plague would inevitably affect the latter, causing them to die in despair.”

Lumian chuckled. “It was just a concept, a direction. We can refine the plan to address those concerns, and if it's not feasible, we can abandon it. We can't limit our thinking right from the start.

“For example, by then, I might be a demigod and find a high-level replacement for the Bottle of Fiction, capable of containing all of Banamo Port with conditions allowing only pirates to enter or exit.”

“No,” Franca shook her head. “There are adventurers who moonlight as pirates, and many of them haven't committed crimes deserving death.”

Lumian smiled and sighed.

“Then we'll collaborate with the Aurora Order or find a Sequence 5 artifact from the Broker path to identify guilty targets.”

Franca seriously thought for a moment.

“That won't work either. We have our own crimes. Many adventurers have killed pirates. Does that count as guilty?”

Lumian was momentarily speechless, then laughed.

“You really are suited for switching to Provoker.

“I was just raising examples; my point being that a plan shouldn't be dismissed outright. We need to analyze its feasibility and consider future changes.”

“Okay.” Franca expressed her opinion and sighed quietly.

After some thought, she decided to speak frankly to Lumian, “Since discovering the vortex plan, you've become more aggressive, like when you first came to Trier. Or is it the Devil's Whispers from Hisoka that's constantly stirring your malice? The Traveler's Bag only mitigates its influence; it doesn't completely eliminate the negative effects.”

Lumian chuckled, somewhat self-deprecatingly. “It's a bit of both.”

He then grew serious.

“But more importantly, I've come to some realizations.”

“What realizations?” Franca asked, puzzled.

Lumian nodded. “I was going to remind you anyway. You've been a Demoness for a long time. Haven't you noticed the inherent nature of this pathway?”

Franca fell silent.

Lumian continued in a low voice. “Like the Hunter pathway, it inevitably brings catastrophe and calamity. We are destined to belong to darkness and represent destruction.

“Think about it. What's the general perception of Hunters and Demonesses among Beyonders? Danger. Hunters are seen as bloody dangers, and Demonesses as evil dangers. We can't escape this impression, nor can we deny it.

“The subsequent potion digestion and advancement rituals will push us deeper into darkness unless you choose to stop advancing and remain where you are. Otherwise, we'll face challenges that test our very souls.

“You could consider switching paths, but your only option would be the Hunter pathway.”

Seeing Franca's expression change but still remaining silent, Lumian suddenly laughed.

“What I'm trying to say is, give up on purity; don't shy away from darkness and evil. We need to confront these things. Only then can we find ways to avoid evil and discover the light within the darkness. We will all be tainted by darkness.

“We are stained black; we must strive not to fall, not to betray our inner principles.”

Franca was silent for a while before sighing deeply.

“Affliction and Despair give me bad premonitions. But walking in darkness, seeking light within it-won't we be corrupted bit by bit and eventually fall completely?”

Lumian chuckled. “Do we have any other choice? We can only keep fighting our own darkness and evil until we die.”

Franca tersely acknowledged his words and expressed her thoughts, “Actually, all Beyonders are like this. The paths of gods are inherently dangerous and inevitably lead to madness. Hunters and Demonesses just make it more obvious and direct.”

She couldn't imagine the struggles and pain if she had chosen the Devil pathway.

When the negative effects of Jenna's Decency brooch wore off, Anthony returned and briefed Lumian and the others on the current situation in Banamo Port.

The Newins had indeed fled, and Great Shark Jörg and his men hadn't boarded and were now missing.

In the following two days, Lumian and his team disguised themselves and searched Banamo Port for the first mate, second mate, and boatswain of the Newins. However, they found no significant leads, whether through social investigation or mystical tracking. Instead, they discovered some suspected associates of Admiral Deep Sea had also disappeared.

Lumian suspected Great Shark Jörg and his men had left Banamo Port through some secret means. Whether they returned to the Newins remained unknown.

...

In Trier, in an apartment in Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative.

Angoulême de Francois set up a ritual and summoned the messenger of the Seven of Cups.

He saw a rabbit-shaped Spirit Body emerge from the flames, dressed in an odd manner: a miniature silk top hat between its ears, tiny gold-rimmed glasses on its nose, a black trench coat clearly not meant for a rabbit, and holding an iron-black revolver sized for a large rabbit.

The messenger of Hidden Blade is quite cute, with a unique style... Who knew she would dress her messenger like this... Angoulême picked up the prewritten letter and handed it to the adorably dressed rabbit messenger.

The rabbit gave him a cold, sharp glance.

Um... Angoulême retracted his previous thoughts.

...

In one of the motel rooms rented by Lumian and company in Banamo Harbor, Franca read Angoulême's letter and said with some difficulty, “007 has a lead on the Mirror People and wants us to follow up, but we still haven't found Great Shark Jörg.”

She was more interested in the secrets of the elves than the Mirror People.

Lumian leaned back, relaxed, and said, “The worst-case scenario is that Great Shark Jörg and his men have already returned to the Newins through secret means. We won't get any results staying here.

“So, let's leave. Once the alert is lifted, those people might come out.

Meanwhile, we can make long-term plans to keep an eye on Banamo Port. Maybe the Newins will return for supplies.”

“Agreed,” Franca accepted reality.

At that moment, Jenna noticed a problem: Rabbit Chasel was still in the room.

She hadn't paid it for delivering the message.

#### Chapter 789 At the Stake

Jenna observed Rabbit Chasel, who increasingly resembled Gehrman Sparrow, and carefully asked, “What do you need this time?”

One of the later volumes of The Great Adventurer? Or something else?

Luckily, few people knew about her messenger, and Rabbit Chasel didn't deliver messages frequently. Otherwise, Jenna would have to consider providing different knowledge.

Rabbit Chasel lowered its paw holding the revolver and said in a thoughtful tone, “Get me a pair of boxing gloves that a rabbit can wear.”

What kind of request is that? Lumian said with a chuckle, “I don't remember Gehrman Sparrow ever wearing boxing gloves.”

This imitation doesn't quite fit the persona!

“True, but Gehrman Sparrow has Blazing Danitz. I need my own Danitz. I want to develop one in our community,” Rabbit Chasel explained earnestly. “Danitz uses boxing gloves.”

For a moment, Franca, Jenna, and Lumian didn't know how to respond.

After several seconds, Jenna nodded and said, “I'll have a pair custom-made for you. Mm, normal Rabbit of Knowledge size, not your size?”

“That's right.” Rabbit Chasel raised its right hand, blew on the small revolver's muzzle, satisfied.

But... this gesture isn't fitting for the current scene... Franca noticed that Rabbit Chasel was still an immature Rabbit of Knowledge, mimicking and repeating much without truly mastering it.

...

In the darkness of Banamo Port, only a few street lamps with candles flickered. Pirates gathered in bars, drinking heavily or going upstairs with women, enjoying pleasures unavailable at sea.

With the Newins gone and the unknown adventurer disappeared, the pirates gradually put the incident behind them. After all, everyone felt embarrassed; no one would ridicule another.

As pirates, they knew they might die in a storm, during a robbery, or in a mutiny on their next voyage. Dwelling on past problems was meaningless; indulging in the present was the only option.

Of course, they also talked about the unknown adventurer's strength and what had happened inside the Newins, wondering why Admiral Deep Sea fled in such a hurry.

“I think that adventurer was waiting for Admiral Deep Sea!”

“Does he want to recreate Gehrman Sparrow's great feats?”

“Pui! Son of a bitch. What great feats? We're pirates!”

“He succeeded but didn't completely succeed? He defeated Admiral Deep Sea but let him escape?”

“Is he close to the power of the Kings?”

“What's happening on the sea? Every so often, a powerful adventurer appears! There was that Louis Berry before, too.”

“...”

Disguised as a non-pirate, Mason mingled in several bars, listening to the pirates discuss recent events, hoping they'd start a fight.

On his way to the next bar, Mason turned into a quieter alley and saw a figure standing ahead, seemingly waiting for him.

The figure had black hair and blue eyes, with sharp features and a handsome face. It was the same unknown adventurer who had challenged all the pirates in Banamo Port and forced Admiral Deep Sea to flee.

Mason suddenly heard his heart pounding and blurted out, “I'm not a pirate!”

Lumian strolled forward and smiled. “I have a task for you.”

Hearing this, Mason relaxed a bit and carefully said, “What can I do for you? I'm not sure if my abilities can meet your needs.”

He feared that while completing the task might be easy, the aftermath could be problematic-pirates might hack him to pieces once the adventurer left.

Lumian said bluntly, “It's a simple and secret task. Keep an eye on Banamo Port. As soon as the Newins returns or you spot Great Shark Jörg and his men, summon my messenger immediately.”

Hearing “messenger,” Mason was suddenly struck by a thought.

He remembered his last task: summoning a terrifying messenger through a ritual!

Unable to control his expression, Mason asked in slight terror, “Are you Lumian Lee, sir?”

The master of that terrifying messenger?

“Perceptive,” Lumian replied, not too sincerely.

Mason connected the recent events in his mind: Was the real purpose of that task to bring Lumian Lee to Banamo Port?

And Lumian Lee's goal was to deal with Admiral Deep Sea, Howl Constantine, for the Lost Newins?



My spiritual intuition was partly correct; the ritual indeed brought something bad to Banamo Port, though it didn't turn into a catastrophe...

Lumian continued, "The payment is 5000 verl d'or."

The task is indeed simple, and I likely wouldn't be discovered by the pirates. The reward is generous... If I refused, knowing the task details might bring trouble... After weighing it for over ten seconds, Mason said, "No problem, I think I can handle this task."

Lumian nodded slightly, paid a 1000-verl d'or deposit, and turned to leave the quiet alley.

Watching Lumian's figure disappear into the darkness, Mason silently repeated his name, "Lumian Lee, Lumian Lee..."

Mason finally remembered where he had heard the name: on a wanted poster aboard a ship!

The poster described Lumian Lee as a survivor of a sacrificial ritual to an evil god that destroyed a village, severely corrupted by the evil god.

...

In Trier, in the prison district, at the Rois Comprehensive Execution Ground.

Returning to Trier for two days, Franca, feeling ready for the Demoness of Affliction advancement ritual, decided to proceed.

007's lead on the Mirror People came from an ore scholar of the Trier Cave Association. The Purifiers had planned to investigate all the association's ore scholars, but one had mysteriously disappeared before they could visit. Recently, someone had seen her in Underground Trier, suspected to be Palia, a Mirror Person.

Franca looked at the stake and sighed sincerely, "When I became a witch, I wondered if I'd end up burned at the stake. Who knew, I have to tie myself up here."

As she spoke, she took out the brown-red wooden suitcase given by Demoness of Black Clarice from the Traveler's Bag and unlocked the metal clasp.

Next, she retrieved a red wine glass, crushed the crystalline ice containing potion ingredients, and poured in Flower-Faced Bat blood and human blood from a seriously ill person. Both were dark red, and when combined, they turned almost black.

She then added the Flower-Faced Bat's head, a Two-Tailed Black Snake's gallbladder and tail tip, and ten drops of Enfinitas Eucalyptus essential oil.

As the ingredients were added, the dark red blood in the glass turned pitch black, with occasional nauseating green bubbles.

"It's like a cup of untreated sewage," Lumian commented honestly.

"Dammit! Shut up!" Franca grew more disgusted as she looked at the Demoness of Affliction potion.

She handed the potion to Lumian and lightly jumped onto the stake, tying herself up with Jenna's help.

During this, Franca muttered, "Damn, this feels so weird..."

She adjusted her mindset for several seconds and nodded to Lumian, "I'm ready."

Lumian handed the potion to Jenna and extended his right palm.

A ball of crimson-white flames flew out, landing on Franca, who immediately felt pain. Her body instinctively wanted to dodge and contract, but the ropes held her firmly.

Jenna quickly jumped to her side, one hand holding the ropes and the other bringing the potion to her mouth.

Franca forced herself to gulp down the pathogen-like dark-green potion.

Whether from the flames or the potion, her head quickly grew hot, and her mind became fuzzy from the heat.

She involuntarily recalled past pleasures, including her own experiences and the feedback from her partners.

At that moment, Franca was both the giver and receiver of pleasure, drowning in it from body to soul, almost dissolving like spring water.

Her thoughts drifted, her will sank, and her self was lost in various intense pleasures.

However, the pain accompanying those pleasures kept her slightly conscious. It was the mental resistance and spiritual conflict with Gardner Martin, the emotional gap with Jenna, as if they could never truly unite body and soul...

The extreme pain from the burning flames on her body was like invisible threads pulling her self and consciousness, making her sway like a kite in a storm, not completely out of control.

Swaying, Franca instinctively cursed in her mind:

Damn, it hurts so much!

This ritual is trying to kill me, isn't it?

Cough, cough, hot smoke in my throat and lungs, so uncomfortable. Am I dying...

Dammit, I can say I smell good now, like food, the scent of roasted meat...

Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony stood before the stake, watching Franca's body gradually turn black and her expression twist beyond beauty.

Even Lugano, ready to provide medical help, felt a bit heated, their minds wandering with certain thoughts and urges.

Facing this horrifying scene, they had inappropriate desires.

Fortunately, it wasn't severe and was bearable.

After several more seconds, the crimson flames on Franca's body turned pitch black, then into crystalline ice shards, falling off in pieces.

The shards took the charred skin with them, revealing Franca's new, tender, and glistening skin underneath.

Even with his Ascetic's endurance, Lumian instinctively looked away.

## Chapter 790 Charm

Not only did Lumian avoid looking at Franca, but Jenna and Anthony also instinctively turned their heads, as if evading a temptation that could pierce their hearts.

“Dammit, my clothes almost got burned up!

“Just one step away from running around naked!

“Thankfully, thankfully...”

Franca's cursing reached Lumian and the others' ears, bringing a sense of familiarity and dispelling the earlier temptations.

Franca then disappeared from sight, took out a set of clothes from the Traveler's Bag, and changed in a nearby secluded corner.

She then deactivated her invisibility, tied up her ponytail, and walked back to Lumian and the others.

“The beautifying effect is really impressive...” Franca took out a mirror, examined herself, and poked her cheek as if testing her skin's elasticity and smoothness.

Lumian chuckled and said, “Is that the only change the Affliction potion brought?”

Franca was about to speak when she suddenly remembered something and glanced at Lugano.

Lugano immediately said, “I need to go back and prepare dinner for Ludwig.”

“Okay.” Lumian nodded.

After Lugano left, Franca felt the changes in her body and spoke slowly, “Enhancing appearance, figure, and charm is just one aspect, and it's the least important. No, it's not unimportant, but it has little to do with becoming stronger. No, I remember someone saying beauty is part of a woman's power, just like handsomeness is part of a man's. Anyway, you get the idea. The other changes include Charm becoming an active ability instead of a passive state.”

As a Beyonder in the Demoness pathway, Jenna easily understood Franca's meaning.

“Before, you showcased your appearance, figure, and aura, naturally enchanting anyone who saw you. Now, a glance, a gesture, a word can completely charm someone?”

“Yes,” Franca said with a smile, “But combined with showcasing my appearance, figure, and aura, the active Charm ability will be more effective. Charmed enemies will hesitate to harm us, unable to use their full strength. Some might even give up resisting just to get closer to us.

In daily interactions, if Charm is used repeatedly on someone, they will truly fall in love with us over time.”

Franca glanced at Lumian, her eyes twinkling.

She wanted to test the effect of Charm and see how it compared to the endurance of an Ascetic.

Lumian suddenly felt Franca's lake-blue eyes deepen, as if hiding countless words, and her fair, smooth skin seemed delicate enough to break with a touch.

An indescribable feeling surged within Lumian, causing him to curse aloud, "Dammit! Stop experimenting with your abilities here!"

Charm works well if it can make an Ascetic curse... Franca thought to herself, then said seriously, "It's just that I've just advanced, and the potion's power is leaking out, making it hard to control."

"Do you think I'll believe that?" Lumian retorted, realizing he felt unusually agitated.

For a Provoker, staying calm while provoking others was crucial.

Franca withdrew her gaze and continued explaining the Affliction potion's abilities, "The core ability is Plague. It can create various pathogens within a 30-meter range. Once I get used to the Affliction potion and truly master its power, this range can expand beyond 40 meters and eventually to 50 meters as the potion is digested.

"A Demoness of Affliction can create multiple pathogens, accelerating their infection and the onset of diseases. The initial ten seconds are the incubation period, followed by mild symptoms like allergies, fever, cough, and sneezing. The symptoms quickly worsen, leading to severe illnesses like pneumonia. In two to three minutes, the disease will become critical, potentially causing sudden death or incapacitation."

Done with explaining Plague, Franca excitedly envisioned, "This pairs well with an Assassin.

"Stealthily get within a few dozen meters of the target, silently spread pathogens to cover the area. When the target shows mild symptoms and realizes something is wrong, strike as their strength decreases, their state affected, and many abilities disrupted. If the first strike fails, reposition and keep trying, dragging the target into severe illness.

"Plague should be something a Guardian's abilities can't defend against.

Their invisible barriers don't seem to block air. The people they protect can still breathe normally. I'm not sure if the barriers have a sterilizing function..."

"Heh heh, next time I face Admiral Deep Sea, I won't worry about his octopus mask. It seems to only protect the spirit and mind, maybe also making the body tougher and more resilient."

"It's indeed well-suited for assassination and prolonged fights," Lumian evaluated from a Hunter's perspective.

He pondered and asked, "Does the infection and onset time of Plague vary based on the target's constitution? Can the pathogens you create be burned by a Hunter's flames?"

He was recalling his battle with a bestowed from the Order of All Extinction.

“Of course, there's a difference. Undead creatures won't be infected unless I become a Demoness of Despair,” Franca said introspectively. “I'm not sure if the pathogens can be burned by a Hunter's flames. Want to test it?”

“Sure.” Lumian also wanted to confirm.

This could be useful if he ever faced a Demoness of Affliction.

Jenna and Anthony immediately distanced themselves, moving to the edge of the Rois Comprehensive Execution Ground.

In the early winter night, Lumian's body suddenly ignited with brilliant white flames, spreading around and burning the air within a seven-to-eight-meter radius.

Franca stood over ten meters away, her lake-blue eyes deepening.

As the flames crackled, time passed, and Lumian gradually felt a discomfort in his throat, as if swallowing a foreign object, making him want to cough it out. His nose also felt sore and itchy.

Franca stopped the experiment and concluded, “Hunter's flames can indeed kill many pathogens created by a Demoness of Affliction, reducing the disease's impact. It took me about a minute to give you mild symptoms.”

Lumian sneezed, coughed twice, and the white flames quickly dissipated.

When Jenna and Anthony returned, Franca continued, “A Demoness's webs have also been significantly enhanced. As a Demoness of Pleasure, I could only roughly control them to entangle and bind targets. Now, they're like extensions of my arms, capable of more precise actions, like...”

Franca suddenly smiled.

“Tickling you!”

As she spoke, Lumian and Jenna felt something soft and invisible tickling their waists, causing a tingling sensation.

“Immature, haven't you grown up?” Lumian mocked, then added, “But it's useful in combat.”

Franca withdrew the invisible webs, untied her ponytail, and let her hair fall.

Her flaxen-colored hair didn't drop but floated, each strand distinct and lively.

“Now, my hair is also a weapon,” Franca proudly announced, “It can pierce skin, inject black flames, and cause stiffness in the contacted area, effective in close combat.”

She let her hair down, tied it again, and took out a mirror.

“My curses are also stronger and more targeted. Before, I had to reflect the target's full image in a mirror to curse them with black flames. Now, I can reflect just a part of the body, affecting the corresponding area.

“My other abilities have also been enhanced, including black magic and mirror magic.”

Jenna listened quietly and sincerely remarked, "Compared to a Demoness of Pleasure, this is a significant improvement."

"After all, it's Sequence 5," Franca said, feeling extremely pleased.

Seeing this, Lumian nodded slightly. "I won't be participating in the Mirror People investigation for now. I plan to leave for Lenburg tomorrow."

To find the City of Exiles, Morora!

He had been studying the Lenburg language and discovered it was essentially the same as the Feynapotter Kingdom's Highlander, with some dialectal differences-Lenburg split from Feynapotter after the Battle of the Violated Oath in the Fifth Epoch.

So, having learned Highlander, Lumian quickly mastered the Lenburg language in a few days.

"So soon? Well, you've digested the Reaper potion and need to consider advancing to demigod." Franca suddenly felt wistful.

Lumian glanced outside the Rois Comprehensive Execution Ground and said to Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, "Take care of Ludwig for me and keep an eye on Lugano."

Based on the information from 0-01 and Madam Magician's hints, it was best for Lumian to go to Morora alone.

Initially, he considered taking Ludwig, his godson, but given his angelic nature and divinity, he might cause unnecessary changes in Morora. So, he abandoned the idea.

In comparison, Termiboros, sealed by Mr. Fool, could be temporarily ignored. Theoretically, He wouldn't trigger 0-01.

"Okay," Franca and the others responded to Lumian.