

Inevitability 801

Chapter 801 Pretending

Seeing Julie remain silent, the black-robed female enforcer led her team across the square, continuing their patrol of Morora.

Julie stood there, staring at her back, as if turned to stone.

Hidden in the shadows, Lumian watched silently, musing to himself, An old lover?

That enforcer had a certain Demoness-like charm...

Was she the last Demoness to infiltrate Morora, Julie's lover, but ultimately became an experimental subject and forgot her past?

Yes, the Knowledge Cathedral's Heraberg mentioned that in Morora, the past isn't important, only the present and future matter. Is this implying that after becoming an experimental subject or spending enough time here, ties to the past will gradually disappear, even memories can't be retained?

This is somewhat like the people who disappeared in the Trier's catacombs, who were forgotten by everyone who knew them, but the effect is opposite and not as strong...

Lumian felt he understood Julie's emotions better now.

She might have willingly taken on the task of infiltrating Morora, hoping to find and rescue her lover, only to discover her lover had completely forgotten her, not betraying her but simply not remembering who she is...

Besides the two untainted Demonesses around me, there's actually another who believes in true love... Julie must have another purpose in seeking Celeste, confirming her situation, obtaining untransmitted information, and perhaps items prepared for seizing 0-01... Lumian seriously considered the feasibility of attacking the enforcers without facing punitive consequences.

After a while, Julie trudged back towards the Carnivore bar, her face plain and her expression sorrowful, like a white Jimsonweed swaying gently in the cold night wind.

Lumian stayed vigilant, following Julie until she reached the Carnivore bar before reappearing in his room using the shadows.

A while later, lying in bed listening to the wind, Lumian's thoughts wandered aimlessly.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes, noticing a troubling detail.

Having become an experimental subject, Celeste's reaction just now was wrong!

From previous tests, Lumian knew the enforcers strangely recognized every resident of Morora. Celeste should have asked "Who are you calling?" or "What do you want?" instead of "Who are you?"

Whether in a normal state or not, she most likely still recognized Julie but pretended not to.

Lumian sat up, narrowing his eyes.

Is Celeste not a complete experimental subject yet?

Is she pretending not to recognize Julie to protect her or to keep her secrets safe, ensuring the plan continues?

What is she using to maintain some clarity and self-awareness, not becoming a complete puppet-like experimental subject?

Is it something the Demoness Sect prepared based on previous infiltrators' experiences, or has Celeste had some fortuitous encounter, discovering part of the secret?

Lumian decided it was necessary to “contact” Celeste.

Of course, he would first see if Celeste would secretly approach Julie.

...

In Trier's arts district, Franca waited outside an art gallery, as agreed, for the Demoness of Black.

Before long, a four-seater carriage pulled up, and Clarice, wearing a black hat and thin veil over a dark court dress, looked out from the window and nodded at her.

Franca opened the door, stepped lightly up, and sat opposite her.

As the carriage moved slowly through the bustling city, she smiled at the Demoness of Black.

“Madame, I've ascended to Affliction.”

“Faster than I expected,” Clarice said, her doubt evident.

Franca smiled slyly. “Because Ciel became a Reaper.”

“He's Sequence 5 too? His advancement seems even quicker than yours...” Clarice slightly raised her head, her eyes seeming to shift. “After Gardner Martin's death, he should have left the Iron and Blood Cross Order, right?”

Franca spoke the absolute truth.

“Yes, he used Gardner Martin's Beyonder characteristics to concoct the potion, so he owes him for the quick advancement.”

The Demoness of Black smiled in understanding, her demeanor much warmer than usual.

“Even in death, Gardner Martin helps you.”

That was a hell of a joke... Franca felt slightly awkward.

She quickly changed the subject.

“Madame, you said you'd tell me some secrets of the sect once I became a Demoness of Affliction.”

Clarice, with a slight smile behind her thin black veil, replied, “Yes, you're now considered a core member of our sect. Hmm, where should I start...”

Seeing the Demoness of Black unconsciously reveal a hint of innocent girlishness, Franca couldn't help but be momentarily moved, marveling at the high-level Demoness's overwhelming charm.

After a few seconds, Clarice's expression turned serious and a bit melancholic as she began, "I'll start with the specifics of our sect.

"We originally were a family, all members descendants of the Primordial One, but since the Fifth Epoch, such an organizational structure couldn't sustain our influence. We began to incorporate Beyonders of the Assassin pathway who also believed in the Primordial One as members."

"Are you also a descendant of the Primordial One?" Franca, having learned this from the Tarot Club, still showed appropriate surprise and curiosity.

This was a performance learned from Jenna, honed with a Spectator's feedback.

The Demoness of Black nodded slightly.

"My mother is a descendant of the Primordial One."

Wait, according to our deductions, you should have Sauron and Tamara blood... Does this mean your mother was of Primordial One and Tamara bloodlines? Franca hesitated, then pitifully asked, "Does that mean I can never join the brass in the sect? I'm not a descendant of the Primordial One..."

"It doesn't matter. You can marry a descendant, and your spouse will count as a family member," Clarice smiled again. "Moreover, in the future, you might truly become a child of the Primordial One. We are always getting closer to the Primordial One."

"What do you mean?" Franca expressed her confusion.

She felt a sudden inexplicable fear.

"You'll understand in time," the Demoness of Black did not elaborate.

I hate people who speak unclearly... Franca silently grumbled, waiting for the Demoness of Black to continue.

Clarice returned to the previous topic.

"After the Pale-White War, the Primordial One fell into slumber, occasionally waking. All sect affairs are handled by high-ranking Demonesses titled by color. Currently, there are thirteen, including myself, some of whom are Angels, others powerful Saints."

"Is there a pope, a pontiff, or a matriarch?" Franca asked.

Clarice nodded.

"Yes, the Primordial One's child, our Matriarch, the Demoness of Gray.

She likes to be called the Saintess of Gray."

“The Primordial One's child... What is Her relation to Krismona? Browns told me Krismona is also a child of the Primordial One,” Franca openly expressed her curiosity.

The Demoness of Black replied emotionlessly, “They are twins, but our Matriarch was born as a male Sequence 9 and later became a Demoness.”

Twins... It seems the Demoness of Gray might know some secrets of the Krismona Night Pillar... Franca felt a strange sense of history merging with reality.

The Demoness of Gray must have witnessed the Fourth Epoch.

Clarice continued, “Each high-ranking Demoness titled by color handles specific affairs, directly reporting to our Matriarch. They do not have clear subordination among themselves, and we sometimes receive revelations from the Primordial One, allowing us considerable autonomy.

“I came to Trier to manage sect members here, maintain contact with local collaborators, and clean up the Mirror People.”

Franca seized the opportunity to ask, “Is our approach to the Mirror People complete eradication? No intention to use them?”

The Demoness of Black smiled sadly. “How do you plan to use them?”

If I knew, why would I ask you? Franca awkwardly smiled. “To help us control that special mirror world. I think it's quite useful.”

The Demoness of Black glanced at Franca, her eyes shimmering, and laughed softly.

“Why do you think we haven't mastered that special mirror world?”

“Uh...” Franca was genuinely confused.

It wasn't an act.

The Demoness of Black resumed her melancholy, elegant demeanor, smiling faintly.

“All mirror worlds are under our Demoness control. That special mirror world was originally used to fight the Primordial One, but ultimately, the Primordial One took control of it.

“Of course, after the War of the Four Emperors, we lost partial control of that special mirror world. After the Pale-White War, we could only exert limited influence.”

“Why?” Franca felt there must be a significant secret.

The Demoness of Black smiled.

“Perhaps the Matriarch and other high-ranking Demonesses who survived the Fourth Epoch know, but not me.

“From the Mirror People's state and their confessions, I guess the Primordial One's projection in the mirror experienced some changes or, the Primordial One's

projection separated part of Her characteristics, affected by the Fourth Epoch Trier's seal, unable to return, unable to reunite with the Primordial One.

“But this doesn't explain why we lost further control after the Pale-White War. Fourth Epoch Trier's seal hasn't strengthened.

“Moreover, a true god is unique.”

Chapter 802 The Most Special Point

A true god is unique... What does that mean? Is it impossible for another Primordial Demoness to exist, whether in a mirror or a painting? Franca pondered over the Demoness of Black's final words, sensing they held critical mysticism knowledge.

As for Clarice's speculation about the Primordial Demoness's projection in the mirror undergoing some changes, Franca had thought the same before. When the Demoness of Black obtained the black Primordial Demoness figurine, she had nonchalantly mentioned, “The Mirror People believe in the mirrored Primordial One, but it's actually just a projection of the Primordial One in the mirror.” She didn't explain further, and at that time, Franca had already guessed that perhaps the projection had undergone some changes.

But the problem was that if one continued this line of reasoning, it could explain why the Demonesses lost further control over the special mirror world after the Pale-White War. According to Franca's limited knowledge, in the Pale Disaster, Death fell, and the Primordial Demoness was heavily injured. Such a weakened Primordial Demoness couldn't prevent the projection in the mirror from changing further, thus losing control over that special mirror world and failing to recover from the injuries for millennia.

Franca thought that if she, with her limited understanding of the Pale Disaster, could come to such a conclusion, the Demoness of Black wouldn't say it couldn't be explained. Unless she was completely unaware of the outcomes of the Pale Disaster or had already obtained other strong evidence that ruled out the possibility that the Primordial Demoness's injuries during the divine war led to the Demonesses' further loss of control over the special mirror world.

After some thought, Franca carefully asked, “Is the black figurine I handed over evidence of the Primordial One's projection changing in the mirror?”

The Demoness of Black neither nodded nor shook her head. Instead, she explained mysticism, “Our Assassin pathway's most unique node is Sequence 7, Witch. This isn't just because it changes our gender but also because it leaves a strong, distinct imprint in the mirror world. This imprint is what allows us to use mirror magic.”

This is about the Mirror Person for each Demoness... Franca suddenly had an epiphany and took the opportunity to say, “Previously, Moran Avigny said the one in the mirror is our true self, our exiled and sealed self...”

Clarice shook her head with a hint of melancholy.

“I believe Moran Avigny didn't lie to you. The Mirror People indeed believe they are the true selves, but can you completely trust conclusions made from their own perspective?”

“Have you ever forgotten your past self, that indelible pain?”

“No,” Franca answered sincerely, “I often think back to my past self and life, imagining if I hadn't chosen the Assassin potion, would things have turned out differently.”

The Demoness of Black nodded sympathetically.

“We still remember, we haven't forgotten, so it's impossible for our true self to be exiled. If one day, we no longer feel pain from our losses, forget the past, and immerse ourselves in the present state, the strong imprint we left in the mirror might activate in a mystical sense, leading to cognitive confusion and gradual loss of control.

“In this regard, having once been male and constantly reminiscing about our male self is a major advantage in maintaining our identity and avoiding loss of control.”

“Then purely female Demonesses must be very dangerous?” Franca feigned sudden realization; in truth, she was worried about Jenna.

“There won't be purely female Demonesses,” Clarice coldly replied.

If you encountered one, you would kill her? Without the sacrificial square in the catacombs, Jenna would have lost control and died when ascending to Witch... Franca didn't delve further, fearing to arouse the Demoness of Black's suspicion.

Clarice continued, “Aside from the product of the special mirror world, everyone has a Mirror Person. Each time we look into a mirror, a Mirror Person is created. For non-Demoness pathway individuals, these Mirror People are temporary projections, quickly dissipating after the person leaves the mirror.

“But we Demonesses are different. The strong imprint creates a Mirror Person that always exists and grows stronger as we advance in Sequence. At the divine stage, because a true god is unique, the imprint returns to the body, merging with the self. From then on, one exists both in reality and in the mirror, embodying both states.”

There's some similarity to what Moran Avigny said. The Demoness of Black didn't deny our strong imprint in the mirror could be called Mirror People... Both their words likely contain parts of the truth but not the whole truth. Perhaps piecing them together could reveal some reliable facts... Franca nodded thoughtfully. “So the appearance of the black figurine is abnormal. It should have merged with the self?”

“That's why we suspect the Primordial One lost part of Her characteristics, causing changes in the mirror projection,” Clarice confirmed Franca's statement.

But according to this logic, the white figurines each sect member carries shouldn't exist either... The Primordial Demoness, also known as the Chaos Demoness, shouldn't be purely black or white. Unless the white and black figurines represent something other than the real and mirror selves... Franca didn't dare voice these emerging thoughts.

The Demoness of Black further explained, "Black figurines are rare. Not every special Mirror Person has one, not even someone as significant as Moran Avigny.

"Which specific ones possess it is currently unknown."

That's right... Franca felt a pang of regret for not asking Moran Avigny about the black Primordial Demoness figurine back then.

She and Lumian had previously thought it didn't warrant further investigation: wasn't it just a special entity the Mirror People worshiped?

Asking directly for the deity's honorific name and related information seemed enough, with no need to focus on the figurine's origin...

Franca showed her frustration, then tentatively asked, "Shouldn't we be trying to destroy the Fourth Epoch Trier's seal to lift the restrictions on that special mirror world, letting the Primordial One regain control and complete the fusion?"

"Why are we still cleaning up Mirror People?"

The Demoness of Black replied seriously, "Opening it ourselves and them opening it are completely different."

Which one dominates the white or black figurines? Franca, a voracious reader and imaginative transmigrator, had a vivid imagination.

The Demoness of Black didn't give her a chance to ask further.

"What we need to do now is clean up the Mirror People in Trier, disrupt their plans, and, if possible, collect vital information from the deepest Darts of the special mirror world."

Yes, Madame," Franca seized the moment to request, "I'm tracking a Mirror Person and need items that can traverse the mirror world and send messages through mirrors. My Mirror Cufflink is running out of uses," Demoness of Black Clarice nodded lightly.

"Alright, I'll prepare it for you."

She paused for a moment before adding, "Remember, the mirror world is both mysterious and dangerous. It is also a source of our strength as Demonesses. Don't resist approaching it, but don't underestimate it either.

"Compared to the Hunter pathway, the mirror world is our most unique feature."

The most unique feature... Franca suddenly felt that the Demoness of Black was hinting at the mirror world's importance far beyond what she imagined.

After exchanging more mysticism knowledge about the sect and the Assassin pathway, Franca asked one last question, "Madame, can the Plague of an Affliction Witch expand the types of pathogens?"

"What do you mean?" The Demoness of Black frowned slightly, evoking pity.

“I mean, can we find special pathogens and incorporate them into our Plague ability? Simple illnesses like pneumonia, strokes, and heart attacks are powerful but lack imagination. I remember some pathogens cause narcolepsy or complete muscle weakness...” Franca elaborated on her idea.

The Demoness of Black was silent for several seconds before saying, “When you become a Demoness of Despair, you can create mystical pathogens with different effects. For now, the range of Plague is fixed by the Beyonder characteristics unless...”

“Unless what?” Franca asked curiously.

The Demoness of Black spoke with longing and admiration, “Unless the Primordial One modifies the scope of Plague as a true god of the Demoness pathway.”

So that's possible? This is what being a deity means, influencing one's pathway... Franca was genuinely shocked, realizing the true meaning of the word “true god.”

...

Morora, in the Carnivore bar.

Lumian lay on the bed, eyes closed, appearing asleep but actually closely monitoring Julie's movements.

He suspected that Celeste, the seemingly fully converted experimental subject, might secretly visit Julie at night to share vital information about Morora.

As the night deepened, Lumian felt a sudden restlessness, as if the air was filled with amorous energy.

His mind couldn't help but recall scenes of temptation he'd witnessed before.

Chapter 803 Transmitting Information

Similar experiences were not new to Lumian; he had felt this way before.

Whenever Franca prayed to the Primordial Demoness figurine made of bone, Lumian would sometimes be nearby. Even through doors and walls, through the wall of spirituality, he couldn't help but feel sensations.

Is Julie praying to the Primordial Demoness figurine? Lumian, still with his eyes closed, made a guess about the current situation.

It wasn't necessarily due to Julie's extreme piety; it was a daily ritual for members of the Demoness Sect. Even a believer of Mr. Fool, like Franca, had to do it regularly.

Before long, the amorous energy in the air dissipated, and Lumian's state returned to normal.

Suddenly, he remembered something: Where did Julie get a Primordial Demoness figurine?

During the exile to Morora, Lumian noticed that neither Lez nor Julie seemed to carry personal belongings. This meant that, except for Lumian, who had special treatment and wasn't searched, all other exiles were handled by the standard procedure.

So, Julie shouldn't have a standard-issue figurine from the Demoness sect. Even if she wanted to make one herself, she would need to buy materials and set up a ritual, and Lumian's tracking today showed she hadn't done any preparations.

So, where did her Primordial Demoness figurine come from? Or did she directly use the language that can invoke natural forces to recite the Primordial Demoness's honorific name? But if that were the case, the influence of the power overflow on me would be too weak. Even if it was not as strong as the residual divine power Franca experienced, it shouldn't be just a bit of restlessness... Lumian became extremely alert.

He quickly had a hypothesis.

Celeste had visited!

It must have been this Demoness, who had become an experimental subject, who gave Julie the Primordial Demoness figurine or something similar!

Why didn't I notice?

It was monitoring the room Julie was in all along...

With that thought, Lumian suddenly sat up and looked at the full-length mirror in his bedroom.

Yes!

Celeste must have come through the mirror world!

She must have communicated with Julie through the mirror, which is why I didn't detect anything unusual until Julie started praying!

It's normal for the Demoness Sect to have items like the Mirror Cufflink!

Silently, Lumian got out of bed and walked to the full-length mirror in his room.

He felt it was time to use the Mirror Cufflink.

He put on the glass-like cufflink and pressed his hand against the mirror surface.

The button-like accessory lit up with a faint glow, and Lumian's figure immediately penetrated the mirror's surface, entering the deep, dark mirror world.

Before the dark, web-like tunnels spread out before him, Lumian clearly sensed the three mirror imprints he had left in the outside world and the few he had set up in Julie's and Lez's rooms.

He didn't rush to the mirror in Julie's room. Instead, he took out an unfinished letter from the Traveler's Bag.

It was a letter to Franca, Jenna, and Anthony.

Lumian then activated the black mark on his right shoulder, attempting to teleport to the full-length mirror in Franca and Jenna's apartment.

It felt distant and had an invisible barrier. Even if he penetrated the barrier, there was a vast, silent void of darkness that Lumian instinctively believed contained indescribable danger and terror.

Does this represent that special mirror world?

To leave Morora and return to the outside world, I must pass through it?

Even Angels would find it dangerous...

With these thoughts, Lumian stretched out his right hand, holding the letter, using the already activated Mirror Cufflink to give the paper a reflective, glass-like hue, and sent it out.

The light stuck to the invisible barrier's surface, slowly permeating it, falling into the dead silence, and heading toward the distant target mirror.

It works... Lumian breathed a sigh of relief and used the contracted ability of Spirit World Traversal to shift to the mirror in Julie's room.

The mirror was pitch black with no traces left.

Lumian sniffed slightly, catching a lingering scent.

It smelled like a human hormone, coupled with the influence of mystical power, faintly sweet, amorous, and warm.

Not Julie's scent... Lumian nodded slightly. Celeste indeed visited.

Now the question was, did Celeste use an item to traverse the mirror world and reach Julie's room, an item that escaped the Church of Knowledge's search, or did she use the special connection of the mirror world to send it through a ritual?

Or, did she conduct a ritual to ask the Primordial Demoness for it? Or is she no longer the original Celeste but her corresponding special Mirror Person? This could explain why she retained some self-awareness after becoming an experimental subject, but it's not the only explanation...

Lumian, an experienced handler of mystical events with much knowledge, naturally linked it to the special Mirror People.

He didn't peek into Julie's current situation through the mirror, fearing Celeste had given Julie some mirror-related items, making her more sensitive to the gaze from the mirror.

Moreover, Julie had just finished praying, and the Primordial Demoness figurine's residual effects lingered. Lumian didn't know if this would affect his spying.

Of course, he could roughly guess what Julie was doing.

Because he could hear Julie's suppressed, soft moans through the mirror.

Lovers reunited, getting what they wanted, relaxing and celebrating. Yes, and the sensations brought by praying to the Primordial Demoness figurine. She hasn't gone out to add to her collection, which is already quite restrained. Lumian silently chuckled.

He teleported back to his bedroom mirror, stepped out of the glass surface, and lay back on the bed.

...

Trier.

Lonely, empty, cold... Franca, used to go early to bed and early to rise, sighed, lying in bed, unable to sleep.

She felt she needed a few more days to adapt.

At this moment, she sensed something, sat up, walked out of the room, and went to the living room.

She looked at the full-length mirror in the living room and saw a water-like light wave on the glass surface, reflecting a neatly folded letter.

Is it from Lumian or the Demoness of Black? Franca walked over and pressed her hand against the mirror's surface.

Her right hand felt slightly cold, as if penetrating a lake mixed with ice, touching the now ethereal, intangible paper.

The paper quickly "dispersed," forming lines of Intisian words on the mirror surface: "I have arrived in Morora..."

Lumian briefly described his experiences and the results of the experiment but didn't mention the specific situation in Morora.

It was a kind of corruption!

A corruption Franca and the others might not withstand!

At the end of the letter, Lumian reminded: "I've already told my messenger and Madame Hela that if anyone writes to me but can't find me, they should send it to you to handle. Yes, I'm talking about you, Franca. Now you temporarily have a messenger."

Dammit, he still has to mock me in the end! Franca cursed in a mix of anger and amusement, grinding her teeth.

She thought for a moment and began writing a reply: "Nothing much to say, just a reminder: The Demoness of Black told me that Demonesses with color titles occasionally receive revelations from the Primordial One and have strong autonomy. If they are like this, won't the Demonesses of Affliction sent to Morora for important tasks also receive revelations, or even some divine power from the figurine?"

"You should take this issue seriously. Also, it's time to test your Ascetic endurance. If you get bewitched and lose your manhood, even if it grows back every morning, I'll laugh at you for the rest of your life."

After finishing, Franca folded the paper and took out a rectangular amulet from the Traveler's Bag that looked like it was made of ice.

The amulet was entirely transparent, with patterns and motifs like bubbles inside, flowing and gathering continuously.

It was the Ice Amulet given to Franca by the Demoness of Black, allowing seven traversals through the mirror world or fourteen transmissions of information.

Franca put on the amulet, held the letter, and returned to the full-length mirror.

With a flash of cold light, she pressed the letter into the mirror surface, letting it fall toward the place the previous message came from.

...

Morora.

After reading the letter on the mirror's surface, Lumian lay back on the bed again.

He anticipated possible surprises.

Like Wanak, the owner of Dades Agricultural Company, coming to kill him at night.

This most dangerous criminal in Morora should soon figure out who the exile he confronted in the afternoon was. He must already know that Lumian killed the Carnivore bar owner and took over the place.

Given his attitude, he couldn't wait to kill Lumian on the spot. Now that he had identified his target and locked in his whereabouts, he would act quickly.

Lumian hadn't slept all night, only pretending to, not just to monitor Julie but also for this reason.

Now, he hoped Wanak would come soon. Then, he would teleport away, leaving Julie, the Demoness, for Wanak, letting them have an intense duel. That way, he could see what cards Julie had, what items she got from Celeste, and whether Wanak could further use the power of 0-01.

To Lumian's disappointment, Wanak didn't show up all night.

Is there a need to be this cautious? Just come straight here... Lumian muttered, getting out of bed and heading downstairs.

Chef Lez was already up, preparing breakfast with the kitchen ingredients.

"We can resume operations by noon today," Lez said, glancing at Lumian. "But we don't have any beef, lamb, or pork in stock."

"I'll give you some startup funds," Lumian replied, just about to leave the kitchen when he suddenly heard Julie's footsteps coming down the stairs.

An idea crossed his mind, and he casually said to Lez, "By the way, let me tell you about a few people you need to be cautious of. Whatever you do, don't provoke them.

"First, there's Wanak, the owner of Dades Agricultural Company..."

Lumian relayed all of Gusain's warnings to Lez and then added, "And another one, named Albus Medici..."

As soon as he mentioned the name, Lumian heard Julie's footsteps pause momentarily.

Chapter 804 Consultation

"He might not use that name in Morora. I knew him before and saw him again yesterday when he came to the bar to duel with the owner. He has red hair. In Morora, anyone with red hair, no matter the shade, is trouble..." Lumian described Albus Medici's appearance in detail.

Chef Lez nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

"Are you sure? Do you need me to sketch them for you?" Lumian asked earnestly.

He wasn't just asking Lez but also Julie, who was coming down the stairs slowly.

He wanted to give the Demoness something to focus on, hoping she'd be aware of Wanak and Albus Medici soon enough, letting trouble collide with trouble to see who was the bigger problem.

Lez shook his head slowly. "No need. I'll remember them like different ingredients with distinct features."

"Different ingredients, like a turkey?" Lumian imagined Albus Medici looking like a turkey and laughed.

He then handed Lez 200 sassen gold coins to restock the bar with meat and drinks.

As he turned to leave the kitchen, he saw Julie reaching the bottom of the stairs.

The Demoness had changed into fresh, clean clothes—an elegant white blouse paired with an ankle-length green skirt, highlighting her gentle and graceful demeanor.

Lumian suddenly recalled the sounds he heard last night, which contrasted sharply with Julie's current serene appearance.

His mouth went dry.

Dammit, this Demoness is subtly using Charm on me! It was normal to react, but this strong reaction wasn't right for an Ascetic like Lumian.

He looked at Julie and raised an eyebrow. "Do you remember the second rule of the bar?"

Julie, looking more radiant than yesterday, seemed to glow with inner joy.

Lumian felt an urge to rub his forehead.

Hey gal, are you really not worried about exposing that Celeste visited you last night?

Although you don't know that I witnessed you sprinting to Celeste yesterday and suffered a huge blow...

Julie smiled gently. "Don't harass the boss."

"You were Charming me just now," Lumian stated flatly.

Julie shrank back, feigning fear. "What... what are you going to do to punish me?"

She acted scared but her eyes sparkled with amusement, as if she was teasing Lumian.

Lumian sighed, half-genuine, half-deliberate. "First-time offense can be forgiven. But don't let it happen again, or else..."

He didn't finish the sentence, leaving an ominous silence.

"Yes, boss!" Julie beamed.

She glanced at the door.

"The bar won't open until noon. Can I go out for a bit?"

"Sure," Lumian teased. "Planning to add to your collection? Do you have a morning exercise routine?"

"No," Julie shook her head lightly. "Just want to explore the city more."

As she left the bar, Lumian immediately teleported ahead, transforming into a shadow creature to follow her.

But Julie vanished.

Invisibility, then wiped her tracks, and did anti-divination? Lumian emerged from the shadows, frowning slightly.

This meant what Julie was doing this morning was very important. She didn't want anyone to know!

Also, having finally met her lover and found solace, she was more professional now, unlike her near-breakdown last night.

This was the normal behavior of a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction.

Lumian wasn't too disappointed. At least Julie now knew about Wanak and Albus Medici.

Following the nearest path, he walked towards the cemetery but didn't dig any graves or sneak underground. Instead, he went straight into the library-like Knowledge Cathedral.

Today, he was not merely tracking Julie. His main goal was to visit Archbishop Heraberg of Morora.

The title of Morora's Archbishop was Lumian's creation. After all, this puppet-like clergy member of the Church of Knowledge claimed to oversee all theological affairs in Morora.

Lumian felt that since the Church of Knowledge had 'recommended' him into Morora without confiscating his mystical items, direct inquiry about the underground mausoleum might be surprisingly effective rather than probing indirectly.

This was also a test. Lumian wanted to see if the sealing information about 0-01 was given only to him or distributed to all eligible individuals.

Did the Church of Knowledge place its bet solely on him, or did it hedge its bets across multiple candidates?

Inside the radiant holy cathedral, Lumian found Heraberg, with his graying hair, kind eyes, and white robe with brass embroidery, standing by a brass bookshelf, quietly reading a thick book.

"Archbishop," Lumian called tentatively.

Heraberg looked up and asked warmly, "What puzzles you?"

Lumian chose his words carefully.

"If I want to enter the cemetery's underground section to find something, how can I avoid the dangers?"

Heraberg smiled and pointed to the brass bookshelf beside him.

"This one, this one, and this one... read them all thoroughly."

Lumian followed his gesture, mentally noting the book titles:

"Morora Residents' Code,"

"Doll Crafting and Maintenance,"

"Examples of Mausoleum Construction,"

“Principles of Sealing”...

What use is this for a Hunter like me? I'm not a Reader who can wield knowledge directly. Does this mean that by absorbing the knowledge in these books, I can grasp the layout of the underground mausoleum, understand the sealing mechanisms, and find a way to leave my mark on 0-01? Lumian thought deeply as he withdrew his gaze.

Heraberg continued, “Once you've read those, complete these test papers. You must score perfectly on each one.”

Lumian looked at the stack of test papers filling a shelf. His forehead twitched, recalling some unpleasant memories.

He maintained a neutral expression, confirming, “So, once I finish reading and acing these tests, I can avoid the underground dangers?”

Heraberg pointed to another brass bookshelf.

“That one, that one, and that one. Master all the knowledge on those shelves, and you'll be well-prepared.”

Three shelves? Lumian's lips twitched slightly.

That's about two or three hundred books, plus thousands of test papers, right?

Heraberg smiled and sighed. “Remember, knowledge equals power, and knowledge equals wealth. All the answers you seek lie within.”

Lumian's expression shifted as he bit his lip and said, “I'll start with these.”

He pulled out the initial books Heraberg pointed out.

Heraberg nodded approvingly.

“A Hunter who learns and pursues knowledge is the most powerful Hunter.

“It's been years since another Hunter came to me, willing to patiently read the designated books. The others, with red or thick hair, won't even step into the Holy Temple of Knowledge, let alone approach these bookshelves.”

It's because Aurore instilled a reading habit in me from a young age...

Lumian thought, feeling a pang of sadness.

He placed the books into his Traveler's Bag, bid farewell to Heraberg, and walked towards the Knowledge Cathedral's entrance.

Along the way, he saw a familiar figure-Guei, who had been exiled to Morora with him.

The scholarly-looking Guei, now dressed in thick, cotton clothing, stood by a brass bookshelf, engrossed in a book by the light of the stained glass window.

After a few seconds, Lumian walked over, smiling. “What a coincidence. Why are you here reading?”

Guei smiled faintly. "Didn't I tell you yesterday? I regret not knowing enough. Now, with such a vast library, how could I pass up the chance to learn? What brings you here?"

"To ask if it's too late to convert to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom," Lumian joked, then changed the topic. "Have you found a job yet?"

"Not yet," Guei shook his head. "I don't want to work on a farm or in a factory as some exile's slave. I'm planning to study for a while. Fortunately, I had some luck yesterday and earned some money, so I don't have to worry about going hungry."

Lumian chatted with Guei for a bit before waving goodbye to the secretive serial killer and returning to the Carnivore bar. He found a spot by the window and began reading the borrowed books in a comfortable position.

Morora's sunlight alternated between bright and hidden by storm clouds, but it didn't affect Lumian's reading as he had his radiant fireball lamp.

Near noon, Julie returned, her steps light, her face smiling, exuding a charm that even made Chef Lez steal a few glances at her.

Julie gave Lumian a curious look. "You're reading?"

"Not much else to do," Lumian replied casually.

Julie had no interest in the books; she withdrew her gaze and went upstairs, likely looking for waitress attire.

Lumian clicked his tongue silently.

Really, knowledge is power, and knowledge is wealth. Aren't you curious about what I'm reading?

Lez approached and said, "Boss, lunch is ready."

Lumian nodded, put away the books, and stood up.

He thought for a moment and said to Lez, "Find a red cloth and hang it at the door."

Chapter 805 Test

Lez didn't ask why. He went upstairs, found a piece of red cloth, and hung it at the entrance of the Carnivore bar.

Lumian then sat at the newly rebuilt bar, enjoying the spiced, marinated roast beef with soft, delicious bread.

As time passed, more and more customers entered the Carnivore bar.

Lez had put up a wooden stand outside with a new menu and corresponding prices.

Of course, this wasn't the main reason for the influx of customers.

The primary reason was the incredibly low prices on the menu. After all, there was no owner to take a cut.

The customers came in with a sense of skepticism. They didn't have much faith in the bar under new ownership, repeatedly checking if the prices were real, if there were any hidden costs, and if the portions and quality of the food were as advertised.

This skepticism stemmed from being frequently deceived by Morora's unscrupulous merchants.

Those merchants had a point, though: "We've been exiled here for serious crimes. You can't expect us to run honest businesses, can you? Besides, the Morora Resident Code doesn't prohibit false pricing or inferior goods, and the enforcers won't check the kitchen's hygiene."

Most customers were angry but helpless. Those merchants they could deal with had already been eliminated. The remaining ones were too powerful to confront.

They often regretted not keeping a few manageable merchants around to ensure food quality and fair pricing through regular supervision.

Sometimes, killing wasn't the best solution.

"If I had understood that, I wouldn't have been exiled to Morora!" A man in his forties voiced his opinion while holding a beer with white foam.

His gaze kept shifting to Julie, temporarily acting as the bartender, hoping to catch her attention with his words and demeanor.

Low prices drew them in, but the pretty bartender made them stay for another drink.

Lumian forked a piece of perfectly roasted beef, savoring the combination of Lez's secret spices and the tender meat.

He wondered if, after leaving Morora, he should have Ludwig become a head chef.

Can't waste a Chef's talent!

After finishing lunch, Lumian took a glass of strong liquor and walked around the hall as the bar owner, piecing together the current situation in Morora from different customers.

Not long after the establishment of this City of Exiles, a class division emerged, mainly based on power.

Today, the Beyonders firmly controlled all key positions in Morora, holding the resources like food, meat, vegetables, dairy products, various minerals, factory goods, sales channels, and street shops. Ordinary criminals without supernatural powers could only serve them, working on farms, in mines, ranches, factories, etc. The better-off were employees; the worse-off were nearly slaves.

For these ordinary criminals, the ultimate dream was to gain the trust of a powerful Beyonder and receive unwanted Beyonder characteristics as rewards after a duel.

This is exactly what the Iron and Blood Cross Order dreamed of, Lumian mused with a chuckle after returning to his seat at the bar.

As a former member of the Iron and Blood Cross Order, he often mocked the awkward "preaching" and "rituals," but it helped him grasp the core ideology of the Iron and Blood Cross Order:

They wanted to establish a world where Beyonders no longer hid but gained status through power.

Morora seemed to embody this vision.

Lumian was about to finish his drink and find a quiet place upstairs to study when he noticed Gusain, the gentleman, entering the bar.

You came quickly... Someone's been watching this place? Lumian played with his glass.

Gusain sat beside him, removed his top hat, and addressed Julie, who wore a white blouse, black vest, and a dark tie with a unique charm, "A Lanti Proof."

In Morora, the most popular drinks were rye beer, Lanti Proof, and red wine.

Lumian took out paper and pen from his Traveler's Bag and started sketching on the bar counter.

Gusain waited until Julie handed him the Lanti Proof, took a sip, and then smiled ahead.

"You made your decision faster than I expected."

"I don't want to be tied down like this," Lumian replied with a hidden meaning-his true intention was that he didn't want to stay in Morora long, while Gusain interpreted it as him not wanting to remain under the Church of Knowledge's rule.

"That's a choice all strong people make. Eagles don't mingle with sparrows," Gusain praised.

Lumian, still sketching, laughed.

"Now, you need to convince me that you have a promising future. I won't stand with losers."

"I've incited dozens of riots and haven't been caught by the Church of Knowledge. Isn't that reason enough?" Gusain sipped his Lanti Proof.

Lumian shook his head.

"In my hometown, there's a saying, 'One swallow doesn't make a summer.' It means that a single event can't predict a season. Making hasty judgments based on isolated incidents is unwise."

"What do you need to be convinced?" Gusain tilted his head.

Lumian chuckled in response.

"Pass my test."

Gusain paused for a moment, then laughed.

"Normally, wouldn't it be our organization testing new members to see if they're qualified. How did it become the other way around?"

"It depends on the new member's strength and importance, not past experiences," Lumian said, with an expression suggesting he didn't need them to stir up trouble-he could form his own team.

Gusain drank his Lanti Proof, then said, "What do you want us to do?"

Lumian remained silent until he finished his sketch, then pushed the paper toward Gusain.

“Find this person.”

The drawing was of Albus Medici.

Although Lumian's drawing skills weren't high, his precise control as a Hunter, his deep memory of the subject, and mental reconstruction made Albus Medici's likeness vivid, capturing his aggressive, unpleasant aura.

“Him?” Gusain asked, confirming as he held the drawing.

Lumian nodded slightly.

“His real name is Albus Medici. I don't know if he's using an alias in Morora.”

“Medici...” Gusain repeated the last name softly.

He folded the drawing, tucked it into his pocket, then picked up his drink.

“You can test us, but we need to test you too.”

“You must prove your capabilities.”

“Killing the original owner of this bar isn't enough?” Lumian smiled. “Or do you want to duel me?”

Gusain, maintaining his gentlemanly demeanor, shook his head.

“We acknowledge your strength. Now we need to test other aspects.”

Lumian, holding his glass, turned to Gusain, waiting for him to elaborate.

Gusain glanced around, his eyes resting on the irresistibly charming Julie for a moment.

Lowering his voice, he said, “The Church of Knowledge's control over Morora relies on something in the underground mausoleum of the cemetery. Our ultimate goal is to break in and take control of it.

“It's very dangerous. We found a similar place to train our members. Your test is to enter that fog-covered underground area, overcome the challenges, and reach the marked location.”

The goal is still 0-01? Lumian thought for a few seconds and said, “Alright, when do we start?”

“Tonight,” Gussin finished his Lanti Proof, paid, and left the Carnivore bar.

Lumian glanced at Julie, noticing she was dealing with customers politely and reservedly, seemingly unaware of his conversation with Gusain.

Heh... Lumian smirked inwardly, set down his glass, and headed upstairs.

...

Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai.

“Jenna should be back the day after tomorrow, right?” Franca murmured, standing by the living room window, a bit wistful and fearful.

Her face alternated between light and shadow against the deep night and streetlights, like an enchanting dream.

Suddenly, she saw Penitent Baynfel, dressed in black clerical robes and looking like a charred corpse, emerge from the void, holding a letter.

A letter? Who's writing to Lumian? Hmm, Baynfel's appearance here means messengers can't locate Morora, even those with special contracts... Franca accepted the letter with a polite smile.

“Thank you.”

Baynfel nodded, turned, and vanished into the night outside the window. Franca sighed and mumbled, “I wanted to build a relationship and ask you to introduce me to a messenger...”

She raised her right hand, catching a mixed scent of powder, perfume, grass, flowers, and spices from the letter.

A letter from a woman? Franca, entrusted by Lumian, muttered as she opened the letter and read it.

“Not sure if I should call you Monsieur Louis Berry or Monsieur Lumian Lee.

“Through Rhea, I've delved into Matani's mysticism circle, learning much about the mysticism and realizing I'm not weak-just inexperienced and unable to show it. For real.

“Of course, I've also realized the gap between us and how vast the world is beyond Matani.

“I'm willing to help your friend and hope you'll keep your promise.

“Amandina.”

Chapter 806 Expressing Goodwill

Amandina? If it were anyone else, Franca might not have remembered, but she couldn't forget this participant of the Dream Festival, a girl who called the Underworld Daoist her teacher. Franca later summoned the Armored Shadow Chen Tu for more information, and she might even need Amandina's help.

With this in mind, Franca reached into her Traveler's Bag and counted her accumulated gold.

Including the final payment from a member of the Curly-Haired Baboon Research Society, she now had gold worth 82,000 verl d'or and nearly 20,000 verl d'or in cash. With a little exchange, it would be enough to meet the requirements of the Armored Shadow, Chen Tu, for a conversation.

Of course, Franca didn't plan to do this anytime soon.

First, Lumian was in Morora. Without using his special connection with the contract target, even knowing the Armored Shadow's name as Chen Tu, Franca wasn't sure she could summon the spirit from the original world. After all, that might not be its true name, and translating it into ancient Hermes or other mystical languages might correspond to different spirit world creatures.

Secondly, facing the Armored Shadow without a demigod present would likely be extremely dangerous.

Amandina's presence might partially substitute for a demigod, intimidating the Armored Shadow.

Should we wait for Lumian to return from Morora before summoning Chen Tu again? Franca felt a mix of excitement and apprehension, a state known as “near-home anxiety.”

After a moment, she exhaled slowly, deciding to respond to Amandina on Lumian's behalf.

Hmm, Lumian promised to take Amandina to the area around the Samaritan Woman's Spring, giving her a chance to meet the Underworld Daoist outside of the Dream Festival.

This is beneficial for us, but it's too dangerous with my current strength.

Besides, I'm not sure if the power brought by The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings combined with the Tarot Club's Minor Arcana identity can penetrate the fog around the Samaritan Woman's Spring.

We should wait until Lumian is out of Morora. For now, I'll show Amandina some goodwill to lay the groundwork for future cooperation...

Hmm, I'll organize some important mysticism knowledge and give it to Amandina for free. Show some respect for the higher authority, if not for me. If the Underworld Daoist sees how well I treat His disciple, maybe His attitude will change...

Also, I'll ask Amandina which path of the divine she wants to take besides the power of the boons and help her get the corresponding potion formulas and materials. This won't be free. Giving everything for free would make us look too humble and lead to disrespect. Too much kindness can turn into resentment...

Amandina should choose between the paths of Darkness, Death, and Warrior. The potion formulas and characteristics for the mid-to-low Sequences of the Warrior path are relatively easy to find. Maybe we can ask Madam Justice to get help from Mr. Star for the Darkness path. He seems to be a high-ranking member of the Evernight Goddess Church; last time, he wore red gloves...

Perfect timing, I was about to report the secrets of the Demoness Sect taught by the Demoness of Black and mention Amandina's situation to see what mysticism knowledge can be shared and what can't be leaked...

Having sorted her thoughts, Franca returned to her bedroom, sat at her desk, and began writing her report.

...

South Continent, Port Port Pylos of Matani, in a three-story white marble villa.

Having finally made up her mind and sent out that letter, Amandina grew more awake as the night went on, pacing back and forth in her soft, girlish bedroom, waiting for Lumian's reply.

The more she learned about mysticism and Beyonders, the more she realized the gap between herself and Lumian and how ignorant she had been.

Though she felt she could continue living as she had, maintaining the appearance of a normal high-society person with certain supernatural abilities, the events during the Dream Festival and the rumors she had heard from various mysticism circles made her feel a sense of crisis and urgency.

Living in the South Continent in an era of increasing disasters, her Sequence 7 Nightmare powers and current situation of facing everything alone made her truly afraid that one day her entire family would become sacrifices in a Rose School of Thought blood ritual or that the hidden problems of the Dream Festival would suddenly erupt and engulf her.

The more she knew, the more afraid she became.

Amandina felt she could never return to her previous state of ignorance and recklessness, and she had a strong desire for higher Sequences and more extraordinary power.

That would mean she could do more and see more.

Suddenly, she saw the same cool-looking charred messenger from before emerge from the void, handing her a small dressing mirror.

A mirror? What does Lumian Lee mean by giving me a mirror? Amandina accepted the mirror with curiosity and confusion, feeling it was quite ordinary.

She was about to ask the Penitent Baynfeld when she noticed a dark, aqueous light spreading across the mirror's surface.

As the light flowed, the mirror gradually brightened, revealing a figure.

A mystic telegraph? And one where you can see and talk to the other person? How fascinating... Amandina didn't notice the messenger leaving, her attention entirely captivated by the mirror.

She soon realized that the figure in the mirror wasn't Lumian Lee but a stranger, a woman.

The woman had lake-colored eyes, both bright and deep, as if hiding countless words that made one want to explore them. Her nose was delicate and straight, her lips a tempting combination of red and tender white skin, and her eyebrows extended to her temples, with her flaxen hair tied into a ponytail, giving her an air of elegance.

So beautiful... Amandina stared blankly, instinctively admiring the woman in her mind.

She herself was a girl of outstanding appearance and had always been proud of it, but this time, she felt no sense of competition, entirely immersed in a beauty she had never seen before.

Her gaze naturally lowered, seeing the smooth, slender neck and the lace flowers around the shirt collar.

For some reason, Amandina felt an urge to see the entire body of the woman in the mirror, to see how beautiful she would look naked.

She felt this wasn't her own problem. Even Padre Cali who only liked men would surely have a similar urge!

Using a bit of Charm to enhance goodwill for easier communication, Franca also observed Amandina.

This girl had a waterfall of black hair and blue eyes, exuding a youthful energy of free self-expression.

All of Lumian's female acquaintances are quite beautiful... Is this a Hunter's talent? Franca smiled sweetly through the glass mirror.

“Lumian is busy right now and can't leave, so he asked me to communicate with you.”

Amandina snapped out of her daze, shaking off the spell of the woman's beauty.

She looked at Franca in the mirror, curiosity and a desire to explore igniting within her.

“You're Lumian... Eh... Monsieur Lumian Lee's friend? The one who might need my help in the future?”

“Yes.” Franca smiled and nodded.

Hmph, and you say you're not lovers. Such a beautiful woman makes even me, who likes men, want to sleep with her. How much more for a man who doesn't like men... Amandina felt she had seen through Lumian's lie.

She straightened her waterfall-like hair and asked brightly, “I'm willing to help you. Can you keep your promise?”

“That might have to wait until Lumian finishes his current tasks, and you're not strong enough yet,” Franca said succinctly. “Do you want to advance through potions besides the power of boons? Which path do you want: Death, Darkness, or Warrior?”

Franca spoke quickly because the power of the Ice Amulet was limited in time.

After posing the question, she suddenly thought of something.

It is said that the Warrior path's potions has a significant height-enhancing effect, even turning the drinker into a giant at higher levels...

Hmm, turning such a pretty girl into a three or four-meter-tall giant beauty seems odd... Franca wasn't sure if she was worried or looking forward to it.

Amandina had discussed with Lumian which paths she could take and had thought seriously about it, so she quickly made her decision.

“Darkness.”

As a girl who had always been good at understanding her parents' thoughts and was adored by her elders, Amandina felt that since the figure during the Dream Festival had only given her the power of Darkness and not the Death power given to Robert or the Warrior power given to some gravekeepers, it might mean that He wanted her to be pure and focus on the path of Darkness.

She also planned to go to the ancient tomb during the next Dream Festival to receive more gifts, naturally not wanting to disappoint that figure.

I still want to see what happens when the power of the Death or Warrior path is mixed with the Darkness boon... Franca said seriously, “I will inquire and gather the necessary things for you, but you need to pay for it or complete tasks I assign.”

Amandina was no longer the naive girl she used to be and understood the value of potion formulas and Beyonder ingredients. She nodded.

“Okay.”

Franca smiled in the mirror.

“Also, I appreciate you agreeing to help. No matter what Lumian promised you, I will provide you with some extra mysticism knowledge for free.”

“Really?” Amandina was delighted.

This beautiful lady is truly generous!

And it's not a trap. The potion formulas and Beyond ingredients come at a cost.

Franca didn't answer directly but smiled and said, “Remember, my name is Franca.”

As she spoke, she raised her right hand and pushed a stack of stapled papers forward.

In Amandina's eyes, the stack grew larger, eventually penetrating the glass and falling into her hands, while Franca's image disappeared from the mirror.

Franca... Lumian Lee and she make a good match... Amandina imagined Lumian and Franca together, suddenly having some romantic thoughts.

She whispered to herself, That must be beautiful. I'd love to see it...

Suppressing the images in her mind, Amandina looked at the papers in her hand, glancing over a line of words: “Law of Beyond Characteristics Convergence...”

Wh- Amandina was both bewildered and deeply impressed.

...

Morora, late night.

After the Carnivore bar closed, Lumian exited through the back door and saw Gusain wearing a top silk hat.

Gusain slowly smiled. “I'll take you to the place for your test now.”

Chapter 807 Overlooked

Morora's night was devoid of streetlights, relying solely on the crimson moon high above to provide light, casting deep darkness and dense shadows everywhere.

Gusain, dressed like a gentleman, carried a lantern as he led Lumian to a neighborhood near the edge of the city.

The area had been completely abandoned due to a small volcano that had erupted, swallowing several houses and leaving a charred wasteland in its wake.

“The place you mentioned isn't at the base of the volcano, is it?” Lumian glanced around, adjusted his cuff, and smiled.

Gusain nodded slightly.

“Yes, the volcanic eruption affected the underground part of the cemetery, allowing its power to seep out. The lava receded quickly, leaving behind an empty void.

“If you can find the right path through the void filled with the fog of war and reach the designated spot, it will prove you have the qualifications to join us in penetrating the underground part of the cemetery.”

Fog of war... Gusain had been using this term to describe the underground fog, which seemed to have leaked from the mausoleum containing 0-01, which represents the Red Priest... Lumian didn't conjure a bright white fireball for illumination. Instead, he followed Gusain, who carried the lantern, into a building on the edge of the volcanic area.

Inside the house, filled with solidified volcanic rock, they descended a precarious staircase into a partially collapsed basement.

The basement walls had a gaping crack leading to a void filled with dense fog.

“You need to reach this point near the cemetery's underground section and light the oil lamp between four stone statues. Remember, there are four statues facing each other in pairs.” Gusain hung the lantern on a protruding stone brick in the wall crack and took out a simple map, pointing to the destination.

Lumian studied the map for a minute, then turned his gaze to the dense fog outside the crack. “What's special about this fog?”

Gusain pressed his top hat and smiled.

“It significantly reduces your visibility, affects your hearing and smell, suppresses your Astral Projection's interaction with the spirit world, and dulls your spiritual warning and intuition.”

“And?” Lumian asked, seemingly relaxed.

Gusain thought for a few seconds.

“The fog of war envelops the corresponding spirit world area. Some Beyonders, even if they can enter the spirit world, can't locate themselves or escape the fog. If they try to teleport out, they might get lost somewhere in Morora and never return to reality.”

Seeing means being able to teleport there? With my Hunter's vision, I can only see five or six meters... Lumian roughly understood the fog's effects and laughed.

“If I could create a hurricane, could I blow it away?”

“We've tried. You can, but once the wind stops, the fog comes back, and the dispersal is limited to reality, not affecting the part seeping into the spirit world,” Gusain explained the previous experiment's results.

Lumian asked a few more details, then conjured a bright white flame to hover above his head.

He stepped forward, through the crack, and into the dense fog.

Unlike normal fog, this one felt like it had been scorched by fire. As Lumian inhaled, his airways stung with a fiery pain, and his mind filled with the smell of burning, blood, and rust.

The dense fog churned, and the ground trembled slightly.

Lumian saw tall figures emerging from the fog five or six meters away.

These figures were made of black iron, covered in dark red rust, like neglected metal puppets.

Some lacked arms, others had disjointed bodies, and some had gaping holes in their chests. They staggered towards Lumian, wielding giant swords that gleamed coldly.

Lumian chuckled. "Who dug you out of the trash heap? Recycling, huh?"

Before he finished speaking, he disappeared from his spot, reappearing behind one of the iron puppets.

His eyes turned iron-black, and his right fist ignited with bright white flames, crashing down on the puppet's waist.

Suddenly, a bright white flame spear shot from the crack in the wall, hurtling towards Lumian.

Lumian couldn't dodge or use Spirit World Traversal in time. He could only fall to the ground, following the momentum of his right punch.

At the same time, he prepared to swap places with his shadow.

Bang!

His flaming right fist struck the puppet's waist, creating a spiderweb of cracks.

Then, his fist brushed against the metal surface, pulling his body to the ground, narrowly avoiding the white flame spear, though a lock of his hair caught fire.

With a clatter, the white flame spear pierced the puppet and landed two meters away, revealing Gusain in his top hat.

The invigilator was the attacker!

The second most dangerous person in Morora!

Creak! Creak! The puppet took a step forward out of inertia, then collapsed into a heap of scrap metal.

Lumian, lying on the ground, didn't roll away. Since he hadn't gone far from the basement, he teleported to the crack covered in dense fog, moving as far as his vision allowed to escape the fog of war.

Once outside, he could either counterattack Gusain or find a chance to escape, both better options than fighting in a preset scenario.

Whenever possible, avoid fighting in someone else's setup!

As Lumian's figure appeared in the dense fog near the basement crack, he saw a bright white flaming metal spear rushing towards his heart as if waiting for him to come.

Besides Gusain, there was another ambusher!

Gusain's attack seemed to lure Lumian to teleport towards the exit, stepping into a trap!

At this moment, Lumian, in Morora, far from Franca and Jenna, couldn't use their Mirror Substitution. He could only swap places with his shadow in a flash of light.

Pfft!

The bright white flaming spear pierced Lumian's chest, setting him ablaze.

But Lumian's figure turned thin and black, dissolving like a shadow in the firelight.

The spear-wielding man stepped through the crack into the fog of war.

His hair was tinged with blood, his features aggressive, and he wore a black and red jacket. He was Albus Medici.

Albus Medici, whom Gusain was supposed to be looking for, was here!

Lumian's figure reappeared in another direction, but due to the fog of war, he was still within six meters of Albus, Gusain, and the remaining iron puppets.

He saw Gusain's forehead glow red, something about to emerge. Albus's hair was covered in red flames, lengthening as it spread.

“Traitor,” Gusain whispered, sentencing him.

He then created several bright white fireballs, hurling them at Lumian to cover every corner.

He seemed unafraid of affecting himself or Albus, though they were only five or six meters apart, and the fireballs could flatten the Carnivore bar.

Hearing Gusain's words and seeing Albus's stance, Lumian understood why he was attacked: He had overlooked the Iron and Blood Cross Order!

This secret organization, primarily following the Hunter path, was also searching for 0-01. Over the years, someone had likely infiltrated Morora.

One of them was Gusain!

With the core members of the Iron and Blood Cross Order's strange connection to Fourth Epoch Trier, they could maintain some self-awareness in Morora. Using 0-01 to sense the approaching enforcement team made sense, fitting Gusain's behavior!

Now, it seemed Albus Medici was still cooperating with the Iron and Blood Cross Order, using the secret organization. Lumian's attempt to use Gusain's power to find Albus had been turned into a trap.

Seeing the incoming bright white fireballs and Albus blocking the exit, Lumian didn't hesitate. His sleeve flashed, and he disappeared again.

This time, he left behind a makeup mirror.

The mirror fell through the dense fog, cracking as it hit the ground.

Rumble!

Gusain's fireballs exploded, only affecting a six-meter range, unable to disperse the dense fog of war, confined to a small area.

The mirror shattered into countless pieces, some turning to dust, others melting and reforming.

Albus, feeling the impact and heat, muttered in confusion, "Using the mirror world?"

Behind the dark void of the mirror, Lumian used the Mirror Cufflink again, quickly looking forward and finding the fog of war hadn't invaded the dark, web-like tunnels.

Indeed, in Morora, the mirror world is special... Lumian dared to trust Gusain and enter the fog of war for the test because he had the Mirror Cufflink.

Of course, with items like the Sword of Courage, he wasn't without fighting strength, but he didn't want to risk it in an enemy's prepared battlefield without knowing Albus's full capabilities.

Lumian chose a mirror mark in Morora and used Spirit World Traversal to leave.

As he vanished, the dark void behind the mirror silently collapsed with its shattering.

Lumian's destination was Julie's room mirror.

Upon arrival, he looked through the glass, finding Julie, the Demoness, nowhere to be seen, not even asleep in bed.

Lumian's lips curled into a smile.

Chapter 808 Return

Not far from the abandoned neighborhood, Albus Medici, who had parted ways with Gusain, walked along the shadows by the roadside toward the cemetery.

Suddenly, he stopped, as if sensing an undercurrent in the nearby darkness.

Albus chuckled, and a dense fog immediately surged out, covering his figure and half the street.

After several seconds, the fog gradually dispersed, but Albus was no longer there.

He had vanished.

From the shadow that had just been enveloped by the fog, Julie, with her hair tied up and wearing a slit dress, emerged, staring at the spot where Albus had stood for several seconds.

A golden ring with a blue gemstone adorned her left middle finger.

Julie looked away, her expression somewhat grim, and headed toward the few blocks where the exiles gathered.

Some time later, in the deep darkness of the night, the sharp, painful screams of a man echoed from a room.

...

Lumian returned to the full-length mirror in his room and stepped out, lying down on the bed.

After discovering that Julie had quietly left the Carnivore bar, he knew the Demoness had been secretly following him and Gusain.

This was one of his intended outcomes.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have discussed searching for Albus Medici and accepting the corresponding test with Gusain at the bar.

He had done it to ensure that Julie, temporarily acting as a bartender, would hear it!

Although he and Gusain had lowered their voices, the Demoness was close enough to catch the crucial information with her enhanced hearing.

Of course, Lumian hadn't initially considered Julie as a contingency plan because Gusain had witnessed the Demoness castrate Vijepan and had clearly noticed her beauty and charm when she became a bartender.

In such a situation, Gusain would likely guess Julie's identity as a Demoness and remain cautious, knowing she might have overheard their conversation.

Lumian's primary goal was to gauge the progress of the Demoness Sect regarding 0-01 based on Julie's reaction.

If the Demoness Sect, through the long-term investigation of Celeste and other Demonesses, had completed preparations and was only waiting for the final opportunity to act, Julie would avoid creating extra trouble and patiently maintain the status quo. In that case, Lumian would have to closely monitor Julie and Celeste to prevent them from taking the lead.

If the Demoness Sect wasn't confident and still lacked information, Julie would likely use this opportunity to gather more intelligence from Gusain and the rebels connected to him, making her actions more comprehensive. Lumian wouldn't need to be as urgent and could allocate time and effort to other investigations.

In this regard, he had perfectly achieved his goal.

Now, Lumian was more curious about Julie's reaction after discovering Albus Medici while following him and Gusain. What would she try to do?

Will she attempt an assassination on the spot, wait patiently to challenge Albus alone after he and Gusain part ways, or go find Celeste to discuss it first? It's a pity I don't know where they'll encounter each other, so I can't observe the battle and see what cards they hold. If I'm lucky, I might even eliminate them both if they end up badly injured... Lumian sighed regretfully on the bed.

After a while, he sensed some movement from Julie's room.

The Demoness had returned.

Lumian sniffed the air and detected a faint smell of blood.

He chuckled inwardly and mocked, Albus, did you lose your prized possession? I wonder if you can regrow it as an Iron-blooded Knight...

There wasn't much commotion in Morora just now, not like there was a fierce battle... So, did Julie fail to locate Albus and vent her frustration on some random guy?

Lumian waited patiently, ensuring the City of Exiles, Morora, fell into a deep slumber, then transformed into a shadow creature and blended into the darkness of the room.

He moved swiftly, returning to the abandoned neighborhood with the volcano, and arrived at the crack in the basement, once again gazing into the void filled with dense fog.

He felt it was necessary to investigate this area thoroughly to better understand some details in the 0-01 sealing information and gain further insight into the underground mausoleum.

Neither Gusain nor Albus would expect him to return here, especially after the possibility of facing Julie's attack!

The fog isn't as dense as before. The visibility range is about thirteen or fourteen meters... Was it Albus and Gusain enhancing the fog of war with their abilities or items earlier? Lumian observed the fog for a few seconds, making a preliminary judgment.

He then conjured a bright white fireball for illumination and slowly walked into the fog of war.

The fog felt similar to before, with no other changes. Lumian dripped a few drops of perfume on the ground every so often to mark his path for the return journey.

He was heading to the area marked with statues on the map Gusain had shown.

In the dead silence, only the faint sound of footsteps echoed in the fog as Lumian discerned the terrain, passing several iron puppets hidden in the fog.

Finally, relying on his Hunter abilities and the memorized map, he reached his destination.

There, against the rock wall, stood four statues made of gray-white stone, each over two meters tall.

These statues faced each other in pairs, their faces blurred, dressed in peculiar clothing, with square scarves wrapped around their heads.

In the middle of the statues stood a half-height stone platform with an unlit oil lamp on it.

Who made these statues? They weren't originally here. According to the 0-01 sealing information, this place isn't part of the underground mausoleum, it's just normal underground... After the volcanic eruption, some of the mausoleum's power leaked out, and someone built these four statues and placed the oil lamp here. What's the purpose? Lumian mused silently, staring at the bright white fireball.

Judging by the style of the statues and the overall arrangement, he doubted the Church of Knowledge had set them up to reinforce the seal.

It was more likely the work of the Iron and Blood Cross Order, which explained Gusain's familiarity with the area.

Meanwhile, Lumian felt the call from underground growing stronger.

It seemed to be just behind the rock wall, waiting for him to approach.

Lumian took a deep breath, suppressing his inner urge.

He circled the statues and the oil lamp on the stone platform several times, finding nothing unusual.

Lumian pondered for a moment and had two ideas.

One was to light the oil lamp and see what happened; the other was to take this opportunity to destroy something and trigger a possible change.

Lighting the oil lamp is too risky. It's not necessary yet... Lumian decided on the second idea after some thought.

Destruction is always easier than construction!

And if something went wrong, leaving a mess behind would be more meaningful than keeping the place intact.

Lumian conjured a bright white fireball, placing it at the base of one of the statues, setting it to explode with a delay.

After setting up five time bombs, Lumian moved about ten meters away, hiding in the dense fog, and snapped his fingers.

Rumble!

The four statues and the stone platform simultaneously underwent a violent explosion, cracking from the base and collapsing into piles of rubble.

The explosion dissipated some of the dense fog, allowing Lumian to see the statues and the platform.

No anomalies or dangers appeared... Good. Now, let's see if Gusain or Albus notice the commotion and come to check it out. I'll be hiding here, ready to strike a fatal blow... Lumian grew more puzzled about the statues and the platform, planning to set a simple trap for Gusain that might be overlooked due to its subtlety.

If the statues and the platform were crucial, Gusain would rush to confirm the situation, instinctively thinking the destroyer had already escaped to avoid an ambush.

Just as Lumian was about to retreat further into the fog, he noticed the five piles of rubble starting to wriggle.

They collided and quickly reformed, rising back into their original statue and platform shapes.

Identical to before.

Wh- Lumian's eyes froze.

The stone statues and the platform can restore themselves?

No wonder the Iron and Blood Cross Order didn't station guards here...

They aren't afraid of these things being destroyed!

Lumian quickly recovered and tried a new approach.

This time, after blowing up the statues and the platform, he used his Traveler's Bag to collect some of the rubble, waiting a few meters away.

The stone statues and the platform restored themselves again, drawing materials from the earth, while the rubble in Lumian's pouch became ordinary stones.

Lumian temporarily gave up on destruction, emptied the pouch of rubble, and returned to the statues, picking up the oil lamp with the glass cover.

Inside the lamp was a semi-solid, semi-liquid yellowish grease, with a wick seemingly woven from black hair.

The more Lumian looked at it, the more familiar it seemed.

He began to recall the source of this familiarity.

After over ten seconds, he suddenly reached into his Traveler's Bag and took out an item.

It was a pale yellowish-red, semi-solid substance in a transparent glass bottle, with a thick black wick on top.

Corpse wax candle!

A candle made from the corpse oils of an Iron-blooded Knight and a Demoness of Despair mixed with other substances!

The oil lamp on the stone platform resembled it somewhat.

Lumian muttered to himself, Magician Magician said that Fourth Epoch Trier and a place in Bansy Harbor were the best scenes for the corpse wax candle...

What about the underground mausoleum in Morora, which is very similar to Fourth Epoch Trier?

Chapter 809 Additive

In the dense fog, Lumian stared at the oil lamp, feeling an urge to light it and see what would happen.

Eventually, he controlled himself and refrained from taking the risk.

With everything still in a state of chaos and uncertainty, Lumian believed that making any high-risk decisions would be unwise.

He also had no intention of taking the oil lamp to trade with Albus Medici for the head of the Abscessed Hand. Since the Iron and Blood Cross Order placed the oil lamp here without guarding it, they probably weren't worried about losing it or had many similar lamps.

Based on his observations, Lumian deduced that the pale yellow grease in the lamp likely didn't come from Iron-blooded Knights and Demonesses of Despair. It was different from corpse wax candles and seemed to be a mixture of mid-sequence Hunters and Demonesses.

Though it's less effective than a corpse wax candle, it should still work in the underground of Morora, which is similar to Fourth Epoch Trier...

Lumian reached into his Traveler's Bag.

Just because he couldn't light it or take it didn't mean he couldn't do anything.

He planned to add something extra to the oil lamp, ensuring the Iron and Blood Cross Order would face unforeseen complications during their rituals!

Lumian took out some old blood powder from the Demon Warlock, Ice Lemon Fish fillets, a Berserk Agent from the Nightstalkers, and another Bark Agent from the same source.

He placed them on the half-height stone platform, mixed a bit of each into a brown lump the size of a human finger joint.

What do you call this? A cocktail! Lumian chuckled, putting all the materials back into his Traveler's Bag. He then took out Mr. K's finger, sliced off some flesh, and wrapped it around the brown lump.

This was a precaution against the Iron and Blood Cross Order's inspection-Hunters from the Order would undoubtedly check the oil lamp for any issues before use, as it wasn't always under their strict watch.

In Morora, Lumian didn't worry that using Mr. K's finger this way would be detected.

Looking at the blood-stained lump, Lumian reluctantly scooped a bit of the semi-solid, yellowish-red substance from his corpse wax candle and smeared it on the lump.

A double disguise, combined with a higher-Sequence, godhood-possessing item, should fool the Hunters' noses and eyes!

Once the lump was coated with the yellowish-red substance, Lumian examined the candle, reassuring himself, Just a little bit, it shouldn't affect the number of uses...

After putting away the corpse wax candle, Lumian picked up the oil lamp, removed the wick made of woven black hair, and carefully submerged the yellowish-red lump into the semi-solid grease, ensuring it stayed in the desired position.

Seeing the lump's yellowish-red color blend with the surrounding grease, leaving only faint traces hidden inside, Lumian breathed in relief and slowly inserted the wick back into the semi-solid grease.

After several adjustments, the wick's position and condition finally met Lumian's requirements.

He could already imagine the scene:

The oil lamp would initially burn normally, with the corpse wax having perhaps a hint of godhood, enhancing the ritual's effect and immersing the Iron and Blood Cross Order members in the sensory experience.

This would last for twenty or thirty seconds, after which the corpse wax part would burn.

This would bring an intense pact-like experience, potentially fatal for some Order members with weaker wills.

Of course, this might also benefit some members, causing positive mutations, but the corpse wax portion was minimal, and the burn would soon reach the random materials wrapped in Mr. K's flesh.

Lumian wasn't sure what the impact would be, but he was confident it would worsen the situation.

Just suck on this one; it hits strong. Lumian recalled how South Continent people described East Balam cigarettes, smiling as he addressed the imaginary Order members.

Then, he cleaned up the traces on the oil lamp and tidied the scattered rubble.

Following the faint scent of various perfumes, Lumian found his way back to the basement crack through the dense fog, leaving the area slowly.

He transformed into a shadow creature, silently returned to the Carnivore bar, and pretended to sleep to avoid an ambush by Albus Medici, Gusain, and others.

At six in the morning, Lumian felt refreshed.

He rolled out of bed, stretched his neck, and laughed softly.

“Didn't come? Albus and the others didn't come, neither did Wanak. Do they think I have teleportation abilities, making it hard to kill me outside a special battlefield or without special items?”

“Heh heh, you're too hesitant, too cautious. Now I have shadows again, no longer afraid of sunlight, and can block another fatal attack...”

Lumian drew the curtains, gazing at the brightening dawn, his eyes falling on the books from the Church of Knowledge on his desk.

He instinctively felt a headache, frowning.

He resisted reading and learning, struggling with an indescribable inner turmoil.

If there were only a few books, Lumian would be highly motivated, reading diligently and focusing intently, but knowing there were three whole shelves of books and thousands of scrolls left him feeling defeated, unwilling to start.

After several seconds, Lumian rubbed his temples, sighed, and muttered to himself,

Well, since 0-01 was sealed by the Church of Knowledge, I should respect knowledge.

There's nothing else to do now, just waiting for Albus and Julie to take further action, hoping to seize an opportunity and direction...

Lumian sat down, leaning back in his chair, placing his feet on the edge of the desk, reading the books specified by Heraberg in a comfortable but precarious position.

He had read the first two or three chapters before and found nothing noteworthy, but this time he planned to study in depth.

As he read, Lumian's expression gradually changed.

He became engrossed in the reading, almost forgetting the time until Lez knocked on the door, telling him breakfast was ready.

“Okay.” Lumian nodded, setting down the book without any visible changes and heading out of the room.

Almost at the door, he saw Lez turning towards the stairs and half-turned back, glancing at the books on the desk with a puzzled expression.

These books indeed contained important knowledge!

He was currently reading one thoroughly and had skimmed through the others, already finding similarities with the details in the 0-01 sealing information, along with more detailed explanations!

If I read through the three bookshelves and pass the exam, I might find a way to approach 0-01 through the overall sealing operation and use the sealing principles to protect myself when touching the artifact...

Knowledge is power, knowledge is wealth, knowledge holds all the answers... Lumian withdrew his gaze, his eyes flashing with thoughts as he entered the hallway and turned towards the stairs.

The problem now was that this kind of knowledge brought noticeable corruption, just like the 0-01 sealing information. Lumian worried that the more he learned, the closer he got to 0-01, the more likely he would become its puppet.

Also, if I focus too much on reading these books, Albus, Julie, Gusain, and Wanak might get suspicious and also borrow a few books from the Church of Knowledge. Then I would lose my advantage... I need to wander aimlessly every day, set traps for them, outsmart them, and make it seem like I'm just reading out of boredom... Lumian's smile gradually widened.

He finished the flight of stairs and glanced at Julie sitting on a bar stool at the counter.

The Demoness wore a white shirt and black skirt, looking quite demure, but she swayed her waist gently, making the stool spin.

She glanced back at Lumian and continued talking to Lez, "I only think about finding what I lost from other men when I'm in a terrible mood. Normally, I just feel jealous and resentful, wondering why I lost it and they still have it?"

"And you, your cooking has conquered me. I acknowledge your right to keep that thing, as long as you don't come to me when I'm in a bad mood, I won't do anything to you."

Is that why you Demonesses like turning lovers into Witches? Lumian sat beside Julie, smiling at Lez. "What are you guys talking about?"

Lez licked his lips and replied, "She asked if I was curious about the taste of Demoness meat and cut a small piece for me. Grilled, it was delicious, rich in fat and very chewy. Then we got to the topic we were discussing."

Lumian glanced at Julie and noticed the bandage marks on her left shoulder, with some bloodstains on her shirt.

She really cut it... One daring to cut and the other daring to cook, your mental states and inner worlds are beyond me... Lumian snorted and directly asked Julie, "What are you up to?"

Julie smiled, showing two shallow dimples.

"I want to learn cooking from Lez."

Her face was full of longing and expectation.

To cook for Celeste? You Demonesses... Lumian shook his head and focused on his breakfast.

...

Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca received a reply from Madam Judgment. The letter began:

"Mr. Star agrees to provide potion formulas and Beyonder ingredients in stages for Amandina's matter, but he doesn't need money or resources. He only hopes you can help with some matters."

Me? What can I help Mr. Star with? Franca pondered deeply.

Chapter 810 Learning is my Hobby

Thinking that if it were truly dangerous and beyond her ability to help, Madam Judgment would surely protect her, Franca pulled out a sheet of pure white paper and began her reply: “Dear Madam Judgment, “If Mr. Star's requests are within reason, I have no problem with them.”

After writing this, Franca read the rest of Madam Judgment's letter:

“The Demoness of Black's description and speculation about the Primordial Demoness are a common view within the Demoness Sect. However, if it were that simple, things wouldn't be this complicated.

“Many high-ranking witches believe the mirror world is vital for the Demoness pathway. This isn't entirely inaccurate, but as a collective concept of 'doors', the mirror world seems incapable of bearing such importance.

“These are things we need to understand further.

“Two of Cups, I know this may be harsh, but you still need to continue infiltrating the Demoness Sect for a while. You are currently our highest-ranked member within the sect.

“Due to the peculiarities of the Demoness pathway, we cannot actively cultivate male Assassins, and the existing Demoness Sect members are mentally twisted, longing to approach the Primordial One. We can only passively wait and find people like you who inadvertently enter the Assassin pathway...”

Suddenly feeling a heavy sense of responsibility... Franca muttered to herself, sighed, and continued writing her reply.

She wasn't too disappointed, still hoping to obtain the main ingredients for the Demoness of Despair within the sect, provided she found a way to bypass the cruel requirements of the advancement ritual.

After sending her reply, Franca leaned back in her chair, gazing idly out the window at the night sky.

Suddenly, the area in front of her grew extremely dark, and a silver skull emerged from the void, holding a letter in its mouth.

Another letter? What's going on? Franca took it, thanked the messenger, and watched it leave before opening the letter, inhaling its subtle, enduring fragrance:

“Dear Muggle,

“Do you remember the previous invitation?

“We're having an offline gathering in Trier this Saturday at 10 p.m. Are you still interested in attending? If so, please reply promptly, and I'll inform you of the location and participation details.

“Professor.”

An offline meeting of the Academy team? Lumian's life is so eventful! I've barely been his proxy for a few days, and I'm already swamped with tasks, one after another... Should he be called 007? Even 007 needs sleep; he doesn't! Franca couldn't help but lampoon.

She had already noticed that wherever Lumian went, hidden catastrophes erupted one after another. But since she hadn't been directly involved in most of them, the impact hadn't been as apparent.

Now, as his liaison, she felt it keenly.

After a while, Franca sighed.

She'd have to use the Ice Amulet to contact Lumian again!

Since obtaining it from the Demoness of Black, she hadn't used it for investigating the Mirror People, spending it all on Lumian-related matters.

She needed to ask Lumian if he wanted to attend the offline gathering of the Academy team, which might include members of the Moses Ascetic Order. If he did, he'd need to designate a substitute and try to send out the Lie earrings.

Franca quickly wrote a letter regarding the matter, wrapping a copper coin, some wraith dust, and her rarely used Beatrice's Necklace in the paper.

She had noticed that after passing through the seal of Morora, Lumian's letters lost their physical form, leaving only pure information. So, she planned to experiment, seeing if ordinary items, highly spiritual items, and Beyonder items could all pass through the seal and in what state they would exist.

The experiment's results would determine if the Lie earrings could be sent out.

If it weren't for the fact that each mystical item was precious and useful, Franca would have included items containing Beyonder characteristics in this experiment.

After preparing the small package, Franca walked to the full-length mirror in the living room, putting on the Ice Amulet.

As it flashed with crystalline cold light, Franca pressed the package into the glass surface.

...

Late at night in Morora, on the second floor of the Carnivore bar.

Lumian sat under a glowing white fireball, focused on reading “Examples of Underground Mausoleum Construction.”

Suddenly, he looked up, his eyes bloodshot, and glanced at the mirror in the room.

The mirror's surface had turned dark, with ripples moving within it.

Lumian reluctantly set down his book, approached the mirror, and placed his right hand on it.

He saw Intisian words appearing on the mirror's surface, line after line, densely packed.

Professor's invitation... Academy team's offline gathering... experiment with transferring items...

Lumian's thoughts raced. Taking advantage of the Ice Amulet's active effect, he reached into the mirror and pulled out an item.

It was a diamond necklace.

Beatrice's Necklace!

The copper coin and wraith dust mentioned in Franca's letter were gone.

Lumian looked back at the mirror, seeing an image of the coin and wraith dust around the densely packed words, with a ghostly presence.

As the Ice Amulet's power waned, and the words faded, the items gradually disappeared.

Only pure information and items with Beyonder power can pass through that special mirror world, through the seal, and reach here? Hmm, items with godhood shouldn't work either, only something made within Morora... Lumian played with Beatrice's Necklace, using the Ice Amulet's remaining power to send Franca two words: "Necklace, okay."

The aqueous glow within the mirror quickly receded, and the dark glass returned to normal.

Soon, the mirror showed another anomaly.

This time, Franca sent the Ice Amulet through.

This helped Lumian conserve the use of the Mirror Cufflink-only two uses left.

Holding the icy talisman, Lumian began writing his reply.

He detailed the experiment results and his observations on the item transfer process, then instructed Franca to attend the Academy team's offline gathering in Trier as Muggle on his behalf.

After folding the letter and enclosing the Lie earrings and Ice Amulet, Lumian activated the latter, pressing the package into the glass mirror, sending it to Franca's apartment mirror.

Franca received the items, read Lumian's letter carefully, and murmured to herself, both expectant and anxious.

Do I really have to pretend to be Muggle?

Sigh, the Ice Amulet can only transmit information nine more times...

Meanwhile, Lumian returned to his desk and resumed reading "Examples of Underground Mausoleum Construction."

He was reluctant to rest; the more he read, the more compelling the books became.

Of course, Lumian knew this was a sign of slight corruption.

Just then, he heard a loud explosion.

It came from a few blocks away!

Explosion? Lumian used his Ascetic endurance to break free from the compulsion, extinguished the fireball, and moved to the window to observe outside.

The explosions continued, with brilliant flames illuminating the streets hundreds of meters away.

It was on the route from the Carnivore bar to the Church of Knowledge.

Lumian saw Julie jump out of her room, landing lightly like a feather, then blending into the shadows, disappearing.

Hunters causing explosions and fires? Lumian rubbed his temples, looking reluctant.

He grumbled to himself, I really don't want to get involved in your schemes and fights; I just want to study peacefully.

Since discovering the important knowledge in the books specified by Heraberg, he had become increasingly focused, spending all his time reading except when “acting” outside.

If not for the risk of exposing the books' importance, he would have used his special abilities to study all night.

The more seriously he studied, the less he wanted to do anything else, often relying on sheer willpower and even his Ascetic abilities to break free from that mental state.

After a moment, Lumian's expression calmed, and he muttered to himself, When I find the opportunity to eliminate you all, I can finally study in peace...

Suppressing his abnormal emotions, Lumian transformed into a shadow creature, slipping into the darkness between buildings and heading toward the explosion site.

Soon, he reached the destination and saw a half-collapsed building- Dades Agricultural Company.

Wanak's Dades Agricultural Company? Someone attacked Wanak?

Lumian snapped out of his study-induced haze, his mind suddenly alert.

He saw two giant figures emerge from the building.

They were three to four meters tall, with iron-like skin and blue paint depicting clothing, each holding a giant broadsword.

Iron soldiers? Giant iron soldiers? Lumian immediately recalled the iron soldiers he had seen deep in the Sauron family's Red Swan Castle crypt.

The next moment, one of the iron soldiers smashed through the collapsed wall and fixed its cold gaze on the shadow Lumian was hiding in.

It charged at Lumian, raising its giant broadsword.