

## **Inevitability 811**

Chapter 811 Combination?

Discovered? How did it find me? I'm currently a real shadow creature...

Lumian wondered as he emerged from the shadows.

He instantly teleported to the side of the iron soldier.

The iron soldier ran past him, realizing too late that its target had moved.

It had to slow down forcefully, half-turning to sweep its giant sword.

Lumian, well-prepared, leaped high into the air. His fist, blazing with white-hot flames, struck the iron soldier's neck.

Clang!

The sound echoed like a church bell. The tall, heavy, and hard iron soldier was pushed back a step.

A fist-sized dent appeared on its metal-covered neck, surrounded by spiderweb-like cracks.

Lumian's strike was purely a Cull, without probing for weaknesses. He didn't need to.

Having thoroughly studied "Doll Crafting and Maintenance," he knew exactly where the weak points of such iron soldiers were!

Of course, he had also observed beforehand to confirm that this iron soldier was of the regular type and hadn't been modified.

The iron soldier, enraged by the Cull attack, swung its giant sword in a storm of slashes, cutting and chopping within a five to six meter radius.

Lumian teleported several meters away, watched the iron soldier, and raised his right palm, still with one hand in his pocket.

One after another, white-hot fireballs formed and flew towards the iron soldier.

The dark red glow in the iron soldier's eyes brightened as it locked onto Lumian and charged at him.

Rumble!

It cleaved through the fireballs in its path, enduring the rest as it advanced through the smoke and flames.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian vanished from its sight again.

Lumian reappeared on the soldier's shoulder, half-crouched, and delivered a powerful punch to the previous dent.

Whoosh! White-hot flames erupted from his fist.

Clang!

The sound was like a hammer striking a large bell.

Lumian's figure quickly faded, dodging the iron soldier's left hand as it released its giant sword to grab him.

A moment later, the dent in the iron soldier's neck shattered completely.

The cracks spread rapidly to its head and body.

The iron soldier staggered forward, its metal fragments falling piece by piece, like an iron rain.

Lumian's figure swiftly outlined not far away. He scoffed and said, "Didn't you learn from the last time? Making the same mistake again. Oh, I forgot, you don't have a brain."

As Lumian finished speaking, the struggling iron soldier collapsed into a pile of metal debris.

Lumian then turned his attention to the other side of the Dades Agricultural Company.

The remaining iron soldier was silently burning with pitch-black flames, moving slower and accumulating more rust.

Clang! It fell to the ground, motionless, losing its oppressive aura.

Julie, wearing a cotton nightgown with a hint of spring, stood leisurely beside it. She watched as the iron soldier quickly shrank back to the size of a children's toy.

The metal fragments near Lumian were also shrinking, soon reduced to mere scraps.

Julie looked at him, smiling gracefully, "Boss, you're even more impressive than I imagined."

Compliment me all you want, but why stare at my crotch... Lumian scoffed, "You're not bad yourself."

Julie blinked and said, "But why don't you look at me when you speak?"

"Because you don't have anything down there," Lumian replied, ignoring Julie and heading towards the Dades Agricultural Company.

Julie's expression turned dark, her face flickering in the firelight.

After a few seconds, she muttered through gritted teeth, "Soon you won't have anything either."

By then, Lumian had reached the half-collapsed building and started inspecting the battle traces.

Explosions, high temperatures, fire, attacks directly hitting key structures... Definitely a battle between Hunters... Multiple injuries, more than one, but all blood traces burnt to scorches...

Lumian quickly circled the explosion site, discovering several corpses.

Some were ordinary, like night shift employees caught in the blast, suffocated by smoke, burned by flames, or crushed by debris. Others were mangled, reduced to chunks of flesh, or dismembered as if violently torn apart.

Lumian noticed one corpse with a somewhat intact head, a faint red mark on its forehead, with something wriggling under the skin, trying to emerge.

I've seen a similar mark on Gusian's forehead...

So, the Iron and Blood Cross Order is indeed trying to assassinate Wanak...

With Albus Medici joining them, they've grown bold enough to eliminate potential rivals and disruptors?

But it seems they failed... Wanak is formidable, facing an Iron and Blood Cross Order assault, possibly with Albus and Gusian present, yet still managing to counterattack and escape...

The Iron and Blood Cross Order is really cooperating with Albus Medici?

Do they truly believe this Medici descendant? Does Gusian not know what the Medici name represents?

Hmm, they know but intend to use Albus Medici, a collaboration full of mutual conspiracies?

As these thoughts raced through Lumian's mind, Julie approached and stopped beside him.

“Have you figured anything out?” Julie asked.

Lumian chuckled.

“Shouldn't I be asking you that? You Demonesses are good at divination, unlike me.”

Julie's expression had returned to normal, her eyes bright as she said, “I tried, but got nothing. Some of them might be carrying items with high rank.”

Before Lumian could respond, she glanced at her boss and said, “It seems that the Albus you're wary of has formed an alliance with Gusian's group.”

Lumian nodded, then added, “They're probably trying to eliminate Wanak.”

“Next, they'll try to eliminate me, you, and all the Hunters and Demonesses in Morora,” Julie said with a slight smile. “Boss, I know you don't trust me, and I can't trust you either, unless all that's left is a shlong. But against the threat of Albus and Gusian, can we temporarily cooperate?”

You? A Demoness who doesn't like to study and only knows how to do twisted things, wanting to cooperate with me? I just want to study quietly and diligently... Lumian criticized, then chuckled and said, “Sure.”

His goal was the information accumulated by the Demoness Sect and their preparations.

“Cooperation” would make it easier to access them.

Julie was about to say more when she suddenly saw a group of black-robed enforcers running over from the direction of the Knowledge Cathedral.

Her eyes flickered, and she said to Lumian, “I have to leave now. Let's talk tomorrow morning.”

Lumian glanced at the leading enforcer and noticed it wasn't Celeste.

He replied thoughtfully, “Alright.”

Julie immediately stepped into the nearby shadows and vanished from his sight.

Lumian stared at the corpses in the ruins for a few seconds before turning and leaving Dades Agricultural Company, heading into the nearest alley.

In the darkness, he walked at a steady pace, pondering a troubling question: Aren't there too many Iron and Blood Cross Order members infiltrating Morora?

Just to deal with Wanak, four or five have already died!

It's not just about whether they could infiltrate so many members or if the Church of Knowledge is being too lenient, but no secret organization would want to suffer such heavy losses among its members.

Morora is the place where 0-01 is sealed. Every Beyonders sent here must be prepared for a high likelihood of sacrifice.

The Demoness Sect only sent one Sequence 5 Beyonders at a time.

Unless the previous Demoness lost contact and no longer responded, they wouldn't send another. Does the Iron and Blood Cross Order really not care about mid-to-low-level Beyonders, treating them as cannon fodder?

For a war, that's not too strange, but a sensible commander would only sacrifice soldiers at critical moments, not let them die on the way. Or has Gusian developed a large number of new Hunters in Morora... Lumian suddenly thought of Gusian, the bloody mark on that corpse's forehead, the stone statue, and the oil lamp in the depths of the underground fog.

Or are the true Iron and Blood Cross Order members only Gusian and a few others, while the rest are mass-produced through a special secret ritual?

As he pondered this, Lumian smiled.

If that's true, when Gusian and the others hold their next ritual to create soldiers, something very interesting might happen. The oil lamp I tampered with should bring about a different outcome...

I wonder what kind of soldiers will appear...

Lumian's pace quickened, and soon he returned to the Carnivore bar. He sat at his desk, forming a white-hot fireball to serve as a gas lamp.

He wanted to finish reading "Examples of Mausoleum Construction" so he could take the exam at the Knowledge Cathedral tomorrow morning and borrow more books.

"Don't let anything interrupt my studying again..." Lumian muttered as he buried himself in his reading.

Amidst the occasional sound of flipping pages, he suddenly turned his head, his sharp gaze focusing on the mirror in the room.

The surface of the mirror rippled, revealing a figure with iron-black eyes, bright red hair, and a chiseled face.

Wanak? The same Wanak who was attacked earlier? Lumian narrowed his eyes slightly, waiting for the figure to speak.

The figure of Wanak swayed lightly, as if affected by water waves.

He asked in a deep voice, "Do you want to kill Gusian and Albus Medici?"

Chapter 812 Strange Test Script

Hearing Wanak's question, Lumian, who was already a bit irritated from having his study interrupted, laughed out loud. "Can you find them?"

"No," Wanak admitted frankly.

Unlike Lumian and Wanak, who had fixed residences, Gusian and Medici moved around in secrecy, making it hard to pinpoint their exact locations.

Wanak continued, "But I can use myself as bait to lure them out."

Lure them out? What kind of Hunter path is this? It sounds more like the path of a Fishing Master... Lumian mocked both Wanak and himself internally, gradually calming down.

He looked at the man with iron-black eyes, chiseled face, and suspected 0-01 corruption who had tried to kill him at their first meeting, and sneered.

"Bait? If you dare to wander the streets of Morora, Albus and Gusian would likely think it's a trap and not make a move.

"Of course, they might send someone to test if you're bluffing, but that won't help you ambush them."

Wanak's eyes remained sharp as he replied in a metallic tone, "I won't treat them as fools. I'll leave some traces, give them clues, let them find my hiding place on their own. They must act within these few days. They can't wait for me to recover, or it'll be a headache for them."

Lumian, using a Hunter's tone, laughed. "Confident, aren't you? Why not wait until you're fully healed to seek revenge one by one? Why take the risk now and set traps, even choosing to cooperate with me?"

"In five days, if they don't find me, those two rats will scurry back into the sewers and hide. I can kill any one of them, but finding them is still difficult," Wanak said, his tone full of murderous intent.

Lumian didn't ask more questions, pondering a few things.

This most dangerous figure in Morora, who seemed to have submitted to 0-01 and gained boons along with the corruption, has the power of a pseudo-demigod.

Does his current attitude imply 0-01 dislikes Red Angel Medici and the Iron and Blood Cross Order?

Or does 0-01 resist anyone trying to control it, as evidenced by Wanak's initial hostility towards me? But under current circumstances, he wants to target Albus and Gusian first and is willing to temporarily cooperate with the weaker side?

Wanak has pseudo-demigod strength and is in his home turf of Morora, yet he was severely wounded by Albus, Gusian, and a few Iron and Blood Cross Order members, forcing him to flee...

Albus is indeed not simple, and Gusian must be formidable too. It was right not to go all out and ambush them earlier...

0-01 has some connection to that special mirror world, allowing Wanak to traverse through mirrors...

Lumian looked at Wanak, who was patiently waiting for his answer, and smiled. "Why me?"

Since arriving in Morora, he hadn't gone all out or used any powerful items.

“We're the same kind of people,” Wanak said, his iron-black eyes cold.

“And I can clearly sense you're not simple.”

Of course, I'm not simple, with so much corruption and so many things mixed together. Simple would be strange... Lumian raised his right hand, rubbing his chin, and asked, “Aren't you worried I'll take this chance to eliminate you, Albus, and Gusian together? You should always be wary of others.”

“You don't have the capability,” Wanak stated bluntly. “And in Morora, truly killing me isn't easy.”

Lumian leaned back in his chair, half-closing his eyes. After a few seconds, he said, “Time and place.”

“The timing is uncertain. It depends on Albus and Gusian's investigation progress. I'll inform you of the approximate time and location in advance,” Wanak, his sharp, chiseled face showing a rare smile, said.

Lumian opened his eyes and sat up straight.

“With your strength, you were severely wounded by them. What special abilities did they show in battle?”

“Not severely wounded, just nearly,” Wanak emphasized. “That Albus has special powers or items that can create war fog, a high-rank Hunter ability... Gusian, besides being a powerful Hunter, has some Demoness pathway abilities and can utilize the mirror world to some extent...”

Lumian listened intently, his smile gradually widening. “Pleasure working with you.”

Wanak nodded slightly, his figure gradually fading in the rippling mirror.

Lumian sat quietly in his chair, muttering to himself, Is this a trap?

Wanak, Albus, and Gusian are using people as pawns in a drama to ambush me?

Or is Wanak using this chance to eliminate Albus, Gusian, and me together?

...

Lumian thought about many things, until his head hurt.

Forget it, I'll think about these conspiracies in a few days. Facing Hunters is troublesome. For now, focus on reading... Lumian turned his attention back to “Examples of Mausoleum Construction.”

After another hour, he closed the book, satisfied.

After nearly a week of effort, he had finally finished the first batch of books specified by Heraberg, and could take the exam at the Knowledge Cathedral tomorrow!

Lumian lay back on his bed and fell asleep.

In a hazy state, he saw an army.

The soldiers were clad in iron-black armor, marching across a reddish plain, with something drifting in the distance.

Sensing Lumian's gaze, they turned their heads simultaneously, their eyes piercing.

Lumian saw their faces: Under the iron-black helmets, their skin was pale and shriveled, like all moisture and flesh had been drained, tightly clinging to their skulls. Dark red flames burned in their eye sockets.

Mummies...

An army of undead?

As this realization dawned on Lumian, immense fear surged from his heart, urging him to submit to some unknown entity.

He struggled against this feeling, finally waking up.

He opened his eyes to find it was just a dream. Outside, the sky was dim, with no sign of dawn.

Too much knowledge about 0-01 might be increasing the corruption? Lumian pondered for a few seconds, then forced himself to sleep a bit more until six in the morning.

Julie hadn't returned overnight. After breakfast, Lumian packed the books into his Traveler's Bag and headed straight to the Knowledge Cathedral.

Heraberg, in a white robe lined with brass, was explaining things to a group of new exiles. Lumian waited until the new exiles left the cathedral, then smiled and presented the books to Heraberg.

"Your Grace, I've finished reading these books."

"Adding 'Your Grace' this time?" Heraberg teased with a smile, taking the books and pointing to the corresponding brass bookshelf. "Go there and pick a paper to do."

Prepared for this, Lumian walked to the bookshelf and randomly picked a paper.

As he searched for a table and chair, he glanced at the questions on the paper.

Suddenly, his gaze froze.

The first question was: "Have you had any nightmares recently?"

The second question was: "Please describe the content of the nightmare in detail."

Is this an exam on knowledge points? Doesn't seem like it... more like those psychological test questions Anthony brought back from the Psychiatrist Guild... Lumian thought, writing his answers on the brass bookshelf's protrusions.

He answered the entire paper truthfully.

"Done." Lumian felt like he was back in Cordu, reporting to his sister that he'd finished his test.

"Let me see." Heraberg extended his right hand.

After reviewing Lumian's answers from start to finish, he nodded slightly.

"You don't need to read all the books on these three shelves. Just this, this, and this..."

Heraberg pointed out eight books with a smile. "Finish these, and that'll be enough."

Huh? Don't need to read all three shelves? Just these eight books?

Lumian was momentarily puzzled, not understanding the basis for Heraberg's judgment.

Were the remaining books on those shelves suddenly unimportant?

Thinking about the test paper's content, Lumian had some guesses.

He thoughtfully responded to Heraberg, "Alright, Your Grace."

As he placed the books into the Traveler's Bag, Lumian roughly estimated the time needed.

If he focused without any interruptions, he could finish one book a day, but that would be suspicious.

About two weeks, maybe a bit more... But according to Heraberg, finishing these is enough, much better than my initial plan of taking six months to read all three shelves... Lumian quietly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling much better.

He mimicked his sister Aurora and Franca's occasional crazy talk, thinking with a smile.

Albus, Julie, Gusian, and Wanak, wait two weeks. Once I'm done studying, I'll kill you all!

Hmm, for now, I'll take advantage of Wanak's "invitation" to find clues from Albus about Hand Bro's head...

And gather intelligence on the Demoness as well...

...

Saturday night, Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative.

Franca looked at Jenna, who had naturally moved into the guest room after returning from Port LeSeur, and didn't ask why. Feeling a bit upset, she said, "You don't seem very happy. Is Julien insisting on returning to Trier?"

"Yes, he's so stubborn." Jenna sighed deeply.

Actually, so are you, and your mother too... Franca muttered internally, saying, "Don't worry, there's still about a month to figure something out."

"Yeah." Jenna glanced at Franca, who had changed into a warlock's cloak. "Are you filling in for Lumian at that mysticism gathering?"

"Yes." Franca tossed the silver Lie earring into the air and caught it again.

Compared to her initial reluctance and anxiety, now she felt more anticipation.

It's quite exciting, isn't it?

Chapter 813 The Abnormality of Warlocks

Franca walked to the full-length mirror and put the silver Lie earring on her left ear.

Her skin immediately turned semi-transparent, and tiny meat tendrils seemed to grow beneath it.

These meat tendrils squirmed and shifted, gathering together again.



In just twenty to thirty seconds, Franca transformed into the appearance Lumian used to disguise as Aurore.

After adjusting herself a bit, she smoothed down her blonde hair and looked at her reflection, saying, "Aurore is really beautiful... Lie is amazing, it can do this much."

"You've never used Lie before?" Jenna, standing nearby, asked in confusion.

She remembered Franca using it more than once.

Franca chuckled and explained, "It's been a while. Just feeling nostalgic.

Plus, after becoming a Demoness of Pleasure and using Lie to tweak my appearance, I didn't dare do it again. Afraid I'd fall in love with myself and get lost in my own beauty.

"Now I've just made a slight adjustment to Aurore's face, and she looks so beautiful. A natural beauty like her taking the Demoness pathway, I can't imagine how stunning she'd become. Lie and the Demoness, they're a perfect match, but it's too easy to lose oneself, preferring to live in lies than face the truth."

Seeing Franca still able to joke around, Jenna quietly breathed a sigh of relief and nodded with a smile. "For us Demonesses, Lie is the most delicious poison."

Franca murmured in agreement and turned back to the full-length mirror to adjust her height.

Before leaving, she looked at Jenna and thoughtfully asked, "You need a few more good acts to fully digest your Witch potion, right?"

"Yes, if I rely on similar performances as before, it will take time and repetition," Jenna replied, knowing what Franca was about to say.

Just like she often did, Franca was about to impart some life, no, digestion experience.

With Aurore's enhanced beauty, Franca smiled.

"I think your acts have overlooked the black magic aspect of a Witch. Think about it, isn't black magic an essential part of many Witch legends? And many of those legends were likely left by real Witches.

"You could try finding a scoundrel, someone who deserves to be hanged, collect their hair and flesh, and as a Witch, predict their doom. Use black magic to torment them daily until they die."

Jenna pondered for a moment. "I can give it a shot."

But... I do hope you becoming a Demoness of Pleasure would change things... Franca sighed inwardly but maintained her smile, pulled up her hood, walked out the door, and disappeared into the hallway shadows.

The scheduled offline gathering was at 6 Rue Belfort on Avenue du Boulevard, a four-story mansion with a garden, located in a luxurious area. Despite its opulence, it was always rented out for 15,000 verl d'or a year, having housed dukes, bankers, and diplomats.

Now, it had no long-term tenants and was temporarily rented for a week by the gathering's organizer, Professor.

Passing through the garden lit by gas lamps and circling a fountain with statues, Franca reached the mansion's entrance, where a table with a sign-in book was placed.

This was the simplest form of identity verification to prevent some odd Trieriens from wandering in.

Franca recalled Aurore's notes, mimicked the handwriting, and signed Muggle with a deliberate slant.

It felt like an unseen gaze lingered on the sign-in book for two seconds.

Silently, the mansion door opened, and Franca stepped inside.

She slowed her pace, seriously recalling the mannerisms of Muggle from the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society gatherings.

Franca, highly professional in her role-playing, had previously used dream divination to retrieve those buried memories. Now, she quickly captured Aurore's walking style.

She shortened her steps and lightened her waist movements.

The mansion's living room was homely, with red and yellow decorations bringing an indescribable warmth.

Eight members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society were disguised as they had been in the Nation of the Evernight to indicate their identities. Some sat in the sofa area, drinking and chatting, while others played darts in a corner.

Professor, wearing a black butterfly mask, left the sofa with an orange cocktail in hand and approached Franca.

With a faint smile on her lips, she said, "Let's chat first, catch up on recent events, then we can drink, play board games, sing, and play cards. How does that sound?"

Great! If offline gatherings were just for trading items and exchanging mystical knowledge without any entertainment, what's the point? One reason Franca was willing to attend was that it had been a while since she had fun with her "fellow countrymen"-teaching Lumian and Jenna to fully understand certain things was too troublesome.

Franca gracefully pulled up a high stool and sat next to Professor, casting a glance at familiar faces like Periodic Table and Isotope, wondering if there were any hidden Moses Ascetic Order members.

"Muggle, are you settled in Trier?" The Academy team member with a periodic table painted on his face curiously asked Franca.

Franca restrained her overly active side, showing just a bit to match Muggle's usual behavior, smiling as she answered, "For now, yes. But considering Trier's situation, I don't plan to stay long. I might move in a while."

She subtly reminded her "countrymen" that Trier was dangerous, like living on an active volcano that could erupt anytime.

“Why do you say that?” Professor keenly asked the question Franca hoped for.

Franca curved her lips into a smile and pointed to the floor. “I encountered some things in Underground Trier that made me think great dangers are brewing below. They could erupt at any time.”

“Like the Mirror People?” Professor asked thoughtfully.

Franca nodded gently. “Yes.”

She didn't say much; it was confidential, and even if she did, others might not believe it without evidence.

Professor, Isotope, and others fell silent, pondering something. Associate Professor and others playing darts returned to the sofa area, steering the conversation elsewhere.

During the exchange, Franca was more active than Lumian had been, understanding many codes and familiar with many things, not afraid of making mistakes or missing memes.

Professor glanced at her, pleased. “It seems you've recovered from the April Fool's incident, back to your usual self, not as silent as before, mostly just observing.”

Uh... Franca suddenly felt she might have messed up.

Not that her disguise as Muggle was bad, but rather too good.

If Lumian returned, the Academy members would surely wonder why she seemed post-traumatic again.

Can't just say she was hurt again, right?

Franca's mind raced, quickly finding a reason. “Actually, I haven't fully recovered. Some wounds might never heal. But chatting with everyone just now made me feel like I was back in the past.”

Professor expressed her understanding. She was about to say more when her face, not covered by the black butterfly mask, suddenly twisted in pain, her eyes bulging as if enduring great agony.

She bent over, clutching her head.

Franca paused, quickly scanning the others, noticing Associate Professor, Isotope, and Periodic Table with similar reactions. Only two non-Warlock members were unaffected.

Oh, I'm a Warlock now too... Franca mimicked their reactions, recalling the pain from her advancement ritual, displaying a headache-like state.

After two or three minutes, Professor straightened up, slowly exhaling.

The non-Warlock member code-named Griffin asked, “What happened to you all?”

Then, a realization struck Griffin. “The evil god Hidden Sage was injecting knowledge again?”

Associate Professor in the brown paper bag laughed bitterly. “Yes.”

“In broadcast format? I thought it was one-on-one,” Griffin marveled.

“Both happen.” Periodic Table massaged her head, addressing Franca and the others, “Have you noticed the Hidden Sage has been injecting knowledge more frequently since that terrifying rainstorm?”

“Yes.” Periodic Table nodded solemnly.

Seeing the Warlocks agree, Franca nodded too.

She pondered, Could this anomaly be related to the Celestial Master?

When Fourth Epoch Trier's seal was briefly opened, some powers leaked out, making the already insane Hidden Sage even crazier?

Franca knew the “terrifying rainstorm” referred to the time when the Hostel Project briefly opened the Fourth Epoch Trier's seal.

Chapter 814 Missing “Ten Pillars”

Franca couldn't talk about the Celestial Master at the moment, nor could she ask the Professors what knowledge the Hidden Sage had imparted.

She could only note this anomaly silently and planned to report it to Madam Judgment later, so the Major Arcana card holders could determine what was wrong.

After a moment of silence, Isotope spoke heavily, “Everyone here understands the pain of being force-fed knowledge by the Hidden Sage.

So far, we can barely endure it, but if the frequency increases, or the intensity goes up, it won't be long before our brains explode with knowledge, turning us into monsters.”

Professor sighed slowly. “I agree. We must have a sense of crisis.”

Periodic Table seemed a bit unstable. “I do feel a sense of crisis, but does it help? Can we unite and kill the Hidden Sage? I used to have such fantasies, but now... heh heh.”

Franca could understand the last two sentences from Periodic Table. In the first two or three years after transmigrating into this world, as an atheist who had read many novels, she initially regarded the Seven Gods as more powerful Beyonders. She believed that as someone on the path of the divine, she might one day have a chance to slay deities and prove her way. But after witnessing more, gaining more knowledge in mysticism, she deeply understood the gap between Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders and demigods.

And that was just demigods, not true gods.

According to the Demoness of Black, true gods could modify and adjust the Sequence abilities within their pathways to some extent!

Meanwhile, Franca recalled the past and noticed that during their gatherings in the Nation of the Evernight, the Warlocks rarely expressed such intense negative emotions. Now, they were no longer hiding their pain and struggle, showing it very directly.

The Academy group has too many non-Warlock members, and those here today are a small circle who know each other well, so they can be more genuine? But I-no, Muggle-am not part of your circle. Are these intense emotions partly an act? What's the purpose? Franca didn't know if Lumian

had infected her with paranoia or if her experiences with the Savoie Mob and the Demoness Sect had made her cautious.

“Yeah, what can we do...” she echoed Periodic Table's sentiment, seemingly touched.

Professor, steady as usual, said gently, “At least we can look for items or methods to reduce the negative effects of the Knowledge Pursuer.

Periodic Table was silent for a moment, then sighed deeply. “That's all we can do for now.”

The Warlocks, along with Griffin and Eagle, discussed this issue, proposing various ideas and rejecting most, leaving a few for further verification.

Franca also used her imagination. Eventually, she said thoughtfully, “It's a pity we can't predict exactly when the Hidden Sage will go mad.

Otherwise, I know a place that might effectively reduce the impact.”

“What place?” Associate Professor asked quickly.

Franca didn't intend to hide it. She felt that if Lumian were here, he would definitely reveal that location to the Professors.

Based on her understanding of Lumian: She had long noticed that Lumian was especially empathetic towards those with similar experiences and sufferings as his. Although he spoke harshly, he couldn't help but provide some assistance. Similarly, he also empathized with those who had similar experiences to Aurore, often putting himself in his sister's shoes.

Franca sighed slightly. “The small sacrificial square at the entrance of the third level of the catacombs. It seems to have remnants of the powers of the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery, which can shield most of the external influences.”

Professor's eyes brightened slightly under the butterfly mask. “I've been there, but I didn't know there were remnants of divine power.”

She paused, adding, “This is actually very useful. When we are on the brink of breaking, I will take a box of white candles and enough food, stay at the sacrificial square until the accumulated effects dissipate and my body and soul recover, then come back up.”

“Exactly!” Franca was happy for these Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members.

Professor continued to say to Periodic Table and the others, “We can also seek help from Beyonders of the Apothecary pathway to produce medicine that quickly restores the body and soul.”

“Temporary enhancement of brain capacity, learning ability, and soul strength would also work,” Isotope and the others chimed in.

Their spirits finally lifted a bit.

After another half-hour of chatting, Professor and Associate Professor called a few people to fetch the board games from the study, while Franca stood up and went to the small bar in the opposite living room to get a drink.

As she hesitated between fruit beer and soda, Periodic Table came to her side, looking over the drinks and lowering his voice, “Muggle, weren't you looking for members of the Moses Ascetic Order?”

Seeing Muggle with her hood pulled up turning to him, Periodic Table's chemical symbols on his face shifted as he smiled. “I am one.”

So, finally, you're admitting? Franca wasn't surprised at all.

She even suspected all the Warlocks in this small circle were members, and Griffin and Eagle, who were not Warlocks, might be as well.

“You guessed it a long time ago?” Periodic Table noticed Muggle had no emotional fluctuation.

Franca chuckled softly. “It's not strange. I'm also a member of another secret organization. Many in the Research Society should have backgrounds in secret organizations or orthodox churches. It's not a problem as long as it doesn't violate our contract.”

Periodic Table smiled. “That's true. You mentioned a Mirror Person named Griffith secretly replacing one of our members? I have a suspect now.”

Franca had been tracking the whereabouts of the ore scholar, Jasmine- suspected to be Mirror People Palibut had no leads. She didn't expect a clue about the more important Mirror Person, Griffith.

“Who is it?” she asked directly.

Period Table organized his thoughts. “Normally, I should report this to the higher-ups of the Ascetic Order for confirmation and handling, but I can't contact my direct Pillar lately.”

“Pillar?” Franca asked, puzzled.

“The brass of our Moses Ascetic Order consists of the Ten Pillars, ten powerful demigods, maybe more. The one responsible for the Trier greater region and my direct superior is Kmerolo. After the terrifying rainstorm, his orders have lessened, and recently, we've had no response from our attempts to contact him,” Periodic Table explained heavily.

After the Hostel Project, the brass of the Moses Ascetic Order in Trier had anomalies and then disappeared? This information is crucial and must be reported quickly... Franca looked at Periodic Table and asked, “No emergency contact with other Pillars?”

Period Table sighed. “No. Normally, we should pray to the Hidden Sage, report the anomaly, and He would give a revelation. But we tried, and there was no revelation, nor did any other Pillar contact us.”

Because the Hidden Sage has gone crazier? Franca nodded. “Go on.”

Periodic Table laughed bitterly. “This situation isn't bad. Though lacking high-level guidance and resources, we also don't have dangerous tasks -unless Nikila is the Mirror Person Griffith.”

“Nikila?” Franca pressed.

Periodic Table tersely acknowledged. "He's Kmerolo's deputy. Recently, his behavior makes me suspect he might be a Mirror Person."

"What behavior?" Franca asked in confirmation.

Periodic Table thought and said, "He gets angry more easily, has more negative emotions, and I noticed he seems awkward using his right hand, though he's right-handed."

"What's his real identity?" Franca's eyes lit up.

Periodic Table hesitated. "I can't be sure he's a Mirror Person. It's normal to have uncontrolled negative emotions after prolonged knowledge infusion. Before telling you his identity and possible residence, I hope to sign a notarized document with you, ensuring if he's not the Mirror Person, you won't kill him and must let him go."

As he spoke, he took out an expensive notarized document from a hidden pocket.

Seeing Muggle's slightly surprised look, Periodic Table laughed self-deprecatingly.

"Blame it on us following the maxim, 'do as you wish, but do no harm.'"

"Sure, no problem," Franca agreed readily.

She wasn't one to kill innocents.

...

Late at night in Morora.

Lumian put down his book, rubbed his aching head, and decided to rest by thinking of something else.

As he considered if he had missed any enemies or competitors, the mirror in the room glowed with water.

Wanak, with iron-black eyes and blood-red hair, appeared again, saying in a deep voice, "Gusain and Albus are about to step into the trap. I'll tell you my 'hiding place' now."

Is it starting? Lumian's mind immediately focused.

Chapter 815 Super Augmentation

As Wanak's figure faded from the mirror's surface, Lumian reluctantly stowed the books on his desk into his Traveler's Bag.

He stood up, left the room, and walked to Julie's door, knocking lightly twice.

Julie quickly opened the door, hugging a blanket to her chest, her bare shoulders glowing like twin mounds of snow under the moonlight.

"I wasn't trying to harass you!" she said with a hint of anticipation.

Lumian spoke as if to himself, "Wanak has invited me to deal with Gusain and Albus together, right in the ruins of Dades Agricultural Company."

Without waiting for Julie's response, Lumian turned and walked down the stairs, merging into the darkness that enveloped the night.

...

Inside a fog-filled hollow, in front of four statues facing each other, Gusain, wearing a silk top hat, said to Albus, who was clad in a black jacket with red stripes, "We can't be sure if the clues about Wanak are bait. We might step into a trap later."

Albus, hands in his pockets, chuckled. "That's why we're here. Whether there's a trap or not, as long as we're strong enough, we can invalidate their schemes and make them swallow the bitter fruit of their failure."

Gusain nodded lightly. "Yes, I've heard a saying: no matter how many eggs band together, they can't break a stone. What we need to do now is become that stone. Last time, we weren't sure if we could pinpoint Wanak, so we didn't risk activating the altar's full power to avoid wasting it. Now, we can give Wanak a 'surprise'."

Albus chuckled. "Not using it last time was good. The illusion might have made Wanak gather all our targets together, allowing us to deal with them all at once."

Looking around, Albus sneered. "I thought Lumian would return here these days, so I had you leave the Lamp of Calamity on the altar to lure him into using it. I didn't expect him to be such a coward."

"He should have been here," Gusain said, showing detailed knowledge of the altar's surroundings. "He tried multiple times to destroy the statues but failed. This led the altar to draw some power from the earth to repair itself, causing slight changes in the details. I didn't expect him to resist the urge and call of the Lamp of Calamity and not light it on the spot. For the Hunter pathway, such self-control is rare."

Albus lifted his chin. "You'd better perform the ritual now. Heh heh, and check the Lamp of Calamity to see if it's been tampered with or has had something added to it. A Hunter not causing some damage would be unworthy of the pathway's name."

"Are you underestimating my caution?" Gusain laughed, approaching the pedestal and picking up the lamp containing a semi-solid, semi-liquid pale yellow grease.

He carefully inspected it, sniffed its scent, and finally dipped his fingers into the lamp, touching the wick twice.

Gusain immediately withdrew his fingers, letting the white-hot flame ignite the pale yellow grease on them.

The scent of warmth, allure, dark fragrance, and rust quickly filled his nostrils. He half-closed his eyes, nodding slightly. "No problem."

Albus laughed. "Where did you learn the method to create the Lamp of Calamity and the corresponding secret ritual? It's quite fascinating."

"You'll find out later. Once we finish this, we'll be true companions," Gusain replied with a smile.

He turned, facing the four statues and the Lamp of Calamity, and took a small blue iron soldier from a hidden pocket, placing it on the pedestal.



Isn't it just the Fourth Epoch Trier? What's so hard to guess? Still keeping secrets... Companions, heh heh... Albus began to back away from Gusain, instinctively keeping a distance out of caution.

Finally, Albus stopped about fifteen meters away, watching through the thick fog as Gusain lit the lamp, sat cross-legged on the ground, and entered Cogitation to complete the secret ritual.

In just over ten seconds, Gusain, surrounded by a seductive dark fragrance, "saw" a dense fog.

Unlike the war fog in the hollow, this fog was tinged with a ghostly black hue, covering a city with no visible boundaries, only faint outlines.

Half-dazed, half-awake, Gusain floated to a familiar place.

After some time, he reached a tall shadow-like tower and descended rapidly, entering its eerie, sinister base.

Here, it seemed there was a well, blending into the darkness.

Gusain repeated the purpose of the ritual to fight off the increasing drowsiness.

He neared the well, gazing into it.

He then "saw" moss-covered stones and iron-black chains attached to the well's walls. The engravings on the chains were blurred, hard to discern.

I can now see the inside of the well's walls?

Never could before...

The ritual's effectiveness is due to my proximity to the great existence?

Gusain felt a surge of joy.

He excitedly looked at the dark water in the well.

The water rippled lightly, gradually forming a figure.

Gusain strained to see, suddenly spotting patches of brown bark.

The bark was embedded in a face, bringing an indescribable horror.

Bark... Gusain was simultaneously frightened and puzzled.

Why would bark appear here?

Shouldn't it be steel and blood?

Instinctively, Gusain looked at his hands, finding patches of brown bark rising on his skin.

Wh- Gusain's pupils dilated as he looked back at the well's dark water surface.

He saw the reflected figure clearly.

It was himself!

His face was covered with mottled bark!

The next moment, the bark squirmed, sinking inward and turning flesh-colored.

They became wet spores embedded in flesh, blooming to release countless tiny naked figures.

Gusain's terror broke its limits. He abruptly opened his eyes, breaking free from the ritual experience.

Huff... Panting heavily, he saw the iron soldier on the pedestal rapidly expanding to three or four meters tall, its eyes iron-black instead of the burning dark-red.

The iron soldier's spear was quickly covered in white-blue flames.

“Success...” Gusain steadied himself, no longer tense.

He thought the anomaly was due to his proximity to the great existence, deepening the ritual experience, thus showing more details.

“I'm stronger now...” Gusain stood up, extinguishing the Lamp of Calamity.

“This is a soldier puppet with some of the Iron-blooded Knight's power and status?” Albus walked back from a distance.

“Yes, treat it as a weakened Iron-blooded Knight. It's not something Wanak can compare to,” Gusain answered confidently.

He hadn't yet examined the benefits and knowledge gained from the ritual.

Albus took a few steps and then stopped, looking at Gusain with a playful smile. “Your hair has grown.”

My hair has grown? Gusain turned his head, seeing his brown hair had grown to his cheeks from above his ears.

He suddenly had a guess:

Did this ritual bring me closer to the Demoness pathway?

With this suspicion, he lowered his head.

Sure enough, his chest was slowly bulging, stretching his shirt, sweater, and coat.

At the same time, Gusain smelled a faint milky scent.

Milky scent... Gusain was stunned.

Does the Demoness mutation cause this?

He was about to ask Albus about his changes when he saw his collaborator backing away.

Immediately, Gusain felt the iron soldier behind him bending over, its head lowering to his ear with the sound of metal clashing and rubbing.

The iron soldier spoke with a metallic voice, softly calling, “Mother.”

“Mother... Me?” Gusain, confused, looked down to see his abdomen swelling visibly.

Seeing this, his mind buzzed, feeling as if he was reborn.

Albus, retreating slowly to avoid triggering anomalies, saw Gusain looking at him, smiling with maternal radiance, his blue eyes icy and sinister.

...

Rumble!

A massive explosion occurred in a district with a volcanic crater, sending a white fireball rolling into the sky, turning red, creating thick smoke.

In the ruins of Dades Agricultural Company, hidden in the underground chamber, Lumian and Wanak felt the near-earthquake-like disturbance.

From the direction of the tremor, Lumian quickly guessed:

The hollow filled with war fog?

A fierce explosion happened there?

Did Albus and Gusain make some preparations before dealing with Wanak, lighting the lamp I tampered with, causing an accident?

Lumian immediately shouted to Wanak, "The situation has changed!"

Then, he left the shadow state, teleporting to the corresponding district.

He didn't choose the hollow entrance with war fog as his destination, fearing the explosion was a bait by Albus and Gusain!

Only a Hunter knew how treacherous a Hunter could be!

Chapter 816 Dark Forest

On the edge of the district destroyed by the volcanic eruption, Lumian's figure swiftly emerged, his gaze fixed on the site of the violent explosion.

The ground had collapsed into a massive crater, thin wisps of fog rising from it, though not yet dense.

Albus Medici leaped out of the crater, followed closely by a three-to-four-meter-tall iron soldier wielding a white-blue flaming spear.

Lumian transformed into a shadowy creature again, blending into the darkness untouched by the firelight.

He decided to observe the scene before taking action.

Almost simultaneously, he saw a figure emerge from the crater, half blending into the night, half illuminated by the firelight: long hair draping over shoulders, a chest protruding prominently, and a stomach appearing swollen as if from excessive beer.

At a glance, Lumian recognized the figure from its now feminine, motherly face-Gusain.

Gusain turned into a woman? And is pregnant? Lumian was initially stunned, then quickly pieced together what had likely happened.

He remembered adding a bit of Berserk Agent and Bark Agent to the altar's oil lamp, both sourced from the Nightstalkers which were imbued with the power of the Great Mother.

So Gusain was the one who performed the ritual using the lamp? He already had some abilities linked to the mirror world, indicating his previous ritual knowledge and power were partly from the Demoness pathway. The Demoness pathway is closely tied to femininity in mysticism. So, with the

divine effects of the corpse wax candle amplifying the Demoness experience, the Berserk Agent and Bark Agent linked his ritual to the Great Mother, resulting in this mutation?

Fascinating...

Lumian watched Albus Medici battle the motherly version of Gusain and the iron soldier, which was much stronger than previous soldier puppets.

He had no intention of helping either side at the moment.

A Hunter only struck at the most critical moment!

Frankly, if Albus Medici hadn't taken the head of the Abscessed Hand, Lumian wouldn't want to eliminate him right now. Even if Wanak's bait plan was a great success, trapping Albus and Gusain, he might still find an opportunity to let Albus escape.

This was to maintain a balance.

Until he finished his studies, Lumian didn't want any one competitor to dominate completely.

That would likely cause a sudden change in circumstances, forcing him to prematurely enter the underground mausoleum before finishing the books Archbishop Heraberg provided.

So, Lumian observed the fight, patiently waiting for an opportunity to get clues about the Abscessed Hand's head from Albus Medici, while casually admiring Gusain's transformation and the terrifying iron soldier.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

Hunter battles were always marked by violent explosions. Buildings, their foundations already hollowed out and walls damaged by the volcanic eruption, collapsed one after another, raising thick dust clouds.

Seizing an opportunity, Albus Medici leaped into the air, forming a white-blue flaming longsword and slashing it at the iron soldier's head.

Boom!

The sword exploded, splitting the iron soldier's head open.

But the iron soldier didn't collapse. Instead, Gusain's right cheek instantly dented and deformed grotesquely.

In the next moment, Gusain's skull and muscles quickly writhed and expanded, restoring themselves.

With this change, the iron soldier's head also rapidly healed.

Wh- self-healing power from the Great Mother pathway, combined with the Sword of Courage's trait of sharing damage? Not only can they endure damage but they can also share abilities? Lumian felt a chill down his spine.

What kind of monster did my additives create?

Seeing this, Albus turned into a white flaming spear, shooting past the collapsing buildings to distance himself from the iron soldier and Gusain.

Thick fog enveloped the area around him, covering the streets for dozens of meters.

Seeing this, Lumian's eyelid twitched slightly.

He sensed that Albus Medici intended to flee.

He would too!

Facing the mutated Gusain and a near-demigod iron soldier, a slight misstep could result in severe injuries or death on the spot. Even if he fought hard and won, he wouldn't emerge unscathed and would likely have to face villains attracted by the commotion. It was better to leave the two monsters for the enforcers or the Church of Knowledge to handle.

An enemy's death was a good outcome, no matter who killed them.

As the war fog formed, Lumian saw a figure appear atop the nearby ruins.

It was Wanak, with iron-black eyes and blood-red hair.

He took a step forward, raised his hands, and lifted his head as if praying to a deity.

Ooo! Morora's already volatile weather suddenly whipped into a hurricane, uprooting trees and forming a vortex connecting the sky nearby.

Whoosh! The hurricane blew away the war fog, revealing Albus Medici's position to Lumian and the others.

A citywide hurricane? Only a demigod could manage that, and not even all demigods... Right, given Morora's extreme weather, and considering Wanak's connection to 0-01, it's not as terrifying as I thought... Lumian's gaze sharpened as he noticed Julie, clad in a cotton nightgown, appearing in the shadows about ten meters from Albus.

The Demoness held a mirror, reflecting part of Albus's image.

Julie's acting now, perfectly coordinating with Wanak? Lumian was initially surprised, then understood why.

Everyone present sensed Albus was in trouble. Without prior agreement, they all made the same choice:

To ambush Albus-to nail his coffin shut!

This is the game's rule, the rule of Hunter and Demoness conflicts: without powerful constraints like notarized documents, alliances are fluid, constantly shifting. But if someone shows weakness, everyone else will target them, giving no chance for recovery... Enlightened, Lumian saw Julie raise her right hand covered in demoness black flames, wiping it across the mirror reflecting Albus.

Almost simultaneously, Albus burst into flames, turning into crimson fire that shot out in all directions.

Some of the flames turned black, becoming calm from blazing, ultimately falling into the underground hollow still emitting war fog.

The remaining crimson flames regrouped about ten meters away, reforming Albus's body.

His aura weakened significantly.

In his eyes appeared a blazing white flame.

A white flaming spear shot from the shadows.

Lumian had joined in, attacking the downed dog.

Seeing this, Albus's short red hair instantly ignited, extending downward, as if turning into shoulder-length hair.

His face took on a faint iron-black hue.

Boom!

The white flaming spear exploded before hitting him, like a bursting firework.

Lumian's figure appeared behind Albus, his eyes shining silver-black.

He swung a fist at Albus.

The fist slowed, as if bearing a heavy fate.

Lumian was attempting to exchange Albus's fate.

Of course, he didn't expect success. He aimed to quickly browse Albus's fate, finding fragments related to the Abscessed Hand's head to locate it.

This was the most crucial task for him.

The silver illusory river of complex symbols quickly filled Lumian's vision, materializing countless fate fragments flowing forward.

Ignoring the rest, Lumian searched swiftly for his target by the approximate timeline.

In a blink, a fate fragment enlarged before him: Albus holding the rotten blue-black Abscessed Hand's head, walking to the underground mausoleum entrance, tossing it in from a distance, hearing it bounce around inside like a ball...

In the underground mausoleum? No wonder I couldn't sense it... Quite the hiding spot... Quite the provocation... At that moment, Lumian felt it wasn't a bad idea to kill Albus here.

This guy really knows how to annoy people!

The next second, before the fate exchange, he lost sight of Albus's silver river of fate.

The Medici descendant, realizing Lumian was behind him, turned into a blazing white flaming spear, shooting out of the ruins.

The iron soldier created white-blue Fire Ravens, chasing the spear like living creatures. Gusain raised his head, preparing to emit a shrill screech, friend and foe alike be damned.

Julie disappeared into the shadows again, but gray-white threads of spider silk appeared before and beside Albus's flaming spear, forming a resilient web waiting for him.

The hurricane hadn't stopped. Wanak leaped into the air, forming a massive white-blue flaming broadsword, ready to slash at Albus.

Chapter 817 Lightning Strikes

Albus's blazing-white flaming spear was about to crash into the layered gray-white web but suddenly disintegrated in mid-air.

Within the raindrop-like flaming fragments, Albus's figure emerged, rapidly falling to the ground to avoid the Demoness's web.

The white-blue Fire Ravens created by the iron soldier curved in the air, corrected their flight paths, and locked onto Albus again. Wanak, who had leaped up using the hurricane, descended, raising his flaming broadsword to strike heavily at his target.

The explosions and the sound of metal clashing erupted simultaneously.

The swarm of Fire Ravens surrounded Albus before he could touch the ground, attacking him relentlessly, individually and in groups.

The blast wave and spreading white-blue flames threw Albus upward, right into Wanak's descending broadsword.

Clang!

The broadsword struck as if hitting metal, producing a cracking sound.

The resulting force slammed Albus to the ground from a height of two or three meters.

Boom!

The impact caused the ground to cave in, revealing the underground hollow filled with thick fog.

Albus fell in.

As soon as Wanak landed, he prepared to jump into the hollow to prevent Albus from escaping or recovering.

Suddenly, he hesitated and didn't make the jump.

He could only create hurricanes in Morora's unique environment and let them wreak havoc in the City of Exiles, unable to direct them precisely underground.

Fighting another special Hunter in the fog-filled, low-visibility hollow wasn't wise; it would put him in danger.

By this time, Lumian had finished attempting the Fate Exchange and withdrew his fist.

He deeply suspected that Albus's intended escape destination was either outside the ruins or the underground hollow covered in war fog.

The Medici descendant had never planned to easily break through the obstacles set by the Hunters, Demoness, and monster. Instead, he deliberately showed this tendency, using their obstruction to forcefully break through the already unstable ground during the previous battle and fall into his real destination.

That way, he could rely on the environment to escape the encirclement, try to hide, and find other possible exits.

Disguising his true intentions to confuse his enemies? No wonder he's a Medici... Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

Meanwhile, he also noticed Albus's astounding defense.

Not only had he withstood the Fire Ravens' bombardment, but he had also blocked Wanak's Cull strike, emerging with only minor injuries.

Simply metallizing his body to some extent couldn't achieve this. Lumian suspected Albus had an item or companion similar to the Sword of Courage that shared at least half the damage.

Considering Albus's abilities surpassing Sequence 5 and some beyond Sequence 5's capabilities, Lumian reasonably deduced a special connection with the Red Angel, allowing him to share some of the latter's power and endure some of the damage-an ability Hunters gained and deepened starting at the demigod level.

If not for being in Morora, the land sealing 0-01, Lumian believed Albus could have borrowed true demigod power, not facing so many limitations.

As the iron soldier prepared to jump into the fog-filled hollow to chase Albus, the motherly Gusain raised his head and let out a sharp, piercing howl.

Lumian and Wanak's minds buzzed simultaneously, their thoughts shattered, life force rapidly draining, causing weakness in the very depths of their souls.

Crack!

In the darkness at the edge of the district, a mirror shattered on the ground, revealing Julie's figure.

In the next second, Gusain fixed his gaze on Lumian, completely ignoring Wanak and Julie.

He caressed his increasingly swollen belly, his blue eyes turning vicious.

Under his will, the near Sequence 4 iron soldier abandoned the pursuit of Albus, turning to target Lumian.

Seeing this, Lumian, enduring the throbbing headache and buzzing in his ears, smiled and waved at Gusain and the iron soldier.

His figure then disappeared, leaving Gusain and the iron soldier to Wanak and Julie.

Bye-bye!

Lumian teleported to the entrance of the Church of Knowledge, just as two teams of black-robed enforcers rushed out.

He walked into the cathedral, found a corner, and sat on the floor, pulling out a borrowed book from the Traveler's Bag, leaning against the brass bookshelf, and began studying.

He was concerned that the child Gusain carried might pose a significant threat and target him, so he sought the Knowledge Cathedral's protection.

I'm studying so diligently, shouldn't you show some appreciation, Church of Knowledge?

In the ruins of the mostly collapsed buildings, Wanak noticed Gusain's belly had swollen even more, looking increasingly like a woman about to give birth.

The belly started writhing as if something inside was trying to break free.

Wanak's gaze froze, immediately raising his hands and head towards the cloudy sky.



Dark clouds gathered quickly, and Morora's weather changed again.

Silver lightning snakes darted through the clouds, converging into a tree-like lightning bolt as thick as a bucket, striking down.

The terrifying lightning targeted Gusain and the baby inside him!

Gusain vanished, hiding in a ghostly wasteland.

But the silver “giant python” pursued him relentlessly, piercing through the void, striking his belly with unavoidable speed.

Bang!

The thunderclap woke the city's exiles.

The wasteland shattered like a mirror, revealing Gusain's blackened belly, emitting a burnt smell as he reappeared in the ruins.

Thud! A charred lump of flesh fell from his belly, struggled briefly, and then lay still.

Gusain froze, life force completely drained, and collapsed.

His flesh rapidly shriveled, turning him into a charred mummy, with large blood-colored blisters appearing on his body.

Another bolt of lightning, formed by countless silver snakes, struck the blistering Gusain.

Boom!

Gusain twitched a few times and died completely.

“Mom!” the iron soldier cried, running to Gusain, crouching down, and picking him up.

Julie seized the opportunity, reflecting the iron soldier in her mirror and covering it with Demoness black flames.

The iron soldier was instantly engulfed in black flames, burning from the inside out.

It stood up, wielding its white flaming spear, and charged at Wanak and Julie in a frenzy.

For a while, fireballs, Fire Ravens, mirror fragments, burning-white spears, and burning rain appeared continuously, with explosions echoing non-stop.

As Julie prepared to escape using the Mirror Substitution, leaving Wanak to face the iron soldier alone, the iron soldier began to tremble.

Still burning with Demoness black flames, its legs seemed unable to support its body, showing signs of rust and melting.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Metal parts covered in black flames fell off its body.

Soon, the iron soldier turned into a pile of scrap metal.

Wanak, who had been struggling, sighed in relief and sneered at the iron soldier's remains. “All strength and no brains.”

With that said, the most dangerous person in Morora then turned his head, looking at Julie a few meters away.

Julie's gaze first fell on his face, then moved down to his crotch.

The Demoness shook her head in disappointment, regretting adding the black flame curse to the iron soldier too early, missing the chance to see Wanak weakened.

Wanak squinted slightly as Julie smiled and retreated into the shadows.

At this moment, the enforcers finally arrived in the district.

...

In the fog-filled hollow, Albus stood in a corner, leaning against the brown rock wall, hair disheveled, clothes tattered, a white cigarette in his mouth.

The Medici descendant took a deep drag and muttered regretfully, "Nobody followed. I was hoping to give you a surprise..."

...

After the explosions subsided and the enforcers returned to the Church of Knowledge, Lumian left and headed for the Carnivore bar.

Archbishop Heraberg of Morora hadn't appeared, seemingly not on duty.

Lumian didn't hurry to sleep. He conjured a white flaming ball and continued reading the books related to 0-01 at a desk.

Soon, Julie returned and knocked on his door.

Lumian, suspending the white flaming ball, opened the shabby wooden door, seeing the neighboring Demoness with moist eyes and flushed cheeks, as if she had just finished some R21 activity.

She held a blood-colored object frozen in ice.

"Wanak's?" Lumian asked with a smile.

Julie sighed and shook her head. "No, I didn't get the chance."

She then accused Lumian, which was her reason for knocking in the middle of the night. "Why did you leave early? Together, we could have cut off Wanak's thing!"

If I hadn't left, something you wouldn't want to see might have happened... Lumian chuckled. "I'm in a partnership with Wanak."

"Pui!" Julie scoffed in disbelief.

She turned and walked towards her room.

After a few steps, she turned back, smiling slyly at Lumian. "Hope you don't regret today's choice."

Chapter 818 Instigation

Don't regret today's choice... Lumian watched Julie's back as she entered her room, and he could guess what she meant by her earlier words:

You'll regret not killing Wanak today!

Julie must really place a lot of weight on Wanak... Does she think he'll affect the outcome of the underground mausoleum raid? Lumian muttered to himself, closing the door and returning to his desk.

He understood Julie's concern about Wanak. Earlier, Wanak had demonstrated his unique ability to manipulate Morora's weather, creating a hurricane powerful enough to disperse the war fog covering the entire district. From Lumian's later observations, Wanak had even summoned terrifying lightning strikes.

Although Lumian wasn't sure if these abilities had limitations, possibly relying on the current weather and only being able to guide it to similar conditions without causing drastic changes, Wanak's display still proved he was, in some ways, akin to a demigod.

Most importantly, with Lumian's understanding of 0-01's sealing information, if Wanak had truly submitted to 0-01, he should have exhibited some special abilities yet to be seen.

I remember the night Wanak was ambushed by Albus and Gusain, the weather was clear, while tonight it's very cloudy, suitable for wind, rain, thunder, and lightning... Lumian held a book borrowed from the Church of Knowledge but didn't read it as attentively as before. Instead, he thought carefully about the hidden details in Wanak's behavior.

After a while, Lumian silently laughed at Julie.

In the Demoness's eyes, tonight was indeed the best chance to hunt Wanak—he was severely injured, the iron soldier had near-demigod strength to engage in direct combat, Gusain had undergone a terrifying mutation with unknown abilities, and with Julie, the Demoness of Affliction, and Lumian himself, they had a good chance to permanently take Wanak down in the ruins.

But the problem was, if Lumian hadn't teleported away, he might have become the primary target of Gusain and the iron soldier. In that case, Julie would likely see it as a great opportunity to kill her boss and choose to collaborate with Wanak, assisting Gusain and the iron soldier.

Do you really think I'm that foolish? If Wanak is killed, with Medici heavily wounded and Gusain and the iron soldier destined to be cleaned up by the enforcers or the Church of Knowledge, wouldn't the Demonesses become the sole dominant force? Then, facing their coercion or attacks, I wouldn't be able to find any temporary allies... Such a situation that could drastically change the power dynamics should wait until I finish reading the remaining books... Lumian muttered, adjusting the white flaming ball above his head so it wouldn't cast shadows on the pages.

After determining the whereabouts of the Abscessed Hand, he could focus more on his studies.

Before that, he thought about what Albus Medici and Julie intended to achieve in Morora.

With backing from gods or a King of Angels, they likely weren't just aiming to leave a mark on the terrifying Sealed Artifact, 0-01.

Internal and external coordination to directly steal 0-01? The Church of Knowledge is one of the seven major orthodox churches, it shouldn't be so easy to take their most important Grade 0 Sealed Artifact unless they intend to let it happen...

Relying solely on violent means is probably not feasible, or the Primordial Demoness and the Red Angel would have acted already...

Do they need 0-01 to undergo some change?

And while I have some clues on how to get close to 0-01, I have no idea how to leave a mark and gain its favor... Do I need to rely on the remnants of Alista Tudor's aura?

Or is it related to one of my previous speculations?

Lumian ended his thoughts and read for nearly another hour before lying down to sleep.

In Morora, he slept lightly, always on guard against potential attacks and the neighboring Demoness's "plague."

If he experienced symptoms like fever or cough, he would wake immediately and teleport to the Knowledge Cathedral to check his condition!

If it weren't for the accumulated negative effects of not sleeping for several days, he would rely on the automatic fatigue removal and spirituality restoration at six in the morning to stay up all night.

At the same time, this misled Julie and others-if they discovered he could stay energized without sleep, they might infer the changes occurring at six in the morning, preventing Lumian from utilizing this special refresh state to turn the tide at critical moments.

The next morning, Lumian deliberately lingered in bed for half an hour before waking up, brushing his teeth, washing up, and heading downstairs to enjoy the breakfast prepared by Lez.

Seven or eight minutes later, Julie returned from outside the bar.

Went out again last night? The Demoness is really good at hiding her movements and whereabouts, it's impossible to track her or even know when she leaves her room... Lumian shifted his gaze back and sipped his milk.

Julie lightly went over to a high stool two seats away from Lumian and remained silent.

Lez glanced at her face, took out a small cake, and added some cream.

"Sweet food can help improve your mood," the Chef said simply, pushing the cream cake towards Julie.

Julie's expression twisted. "I don't need to improve my mood! I'm in a great mood!"

Oh, you're in a bad mood... Last night, you were in a good mood when you knocked on my door... Did something happen when you went out late at night? Lumian openly observed Julie for a few moments.

Lez said, "As a chef, I must accurately judge the current state of the ingredients to choose the most suitable cooking method."

Julie's eyes narrowed, losing any semblance of elegance.

She seemed ready to kill at any moment.

Based on previous observations, only Celeste, the other Demoness, can make Julie's state deteriorate rapidly and her emotions nearly lose control... Did the lovers have a fight? Hmm, my

basic psychology knowledge tells me Julie seems more worried than sad. She didn't hide this... Worrying... Lumian placed his right hand on the Traveler's Bag, ready for the Demoneess to lose control.

Almost simultaneously, he thought of a possibility.

As a member of the enforcers and a listed experimental subject, Celeste was sure to take shifts in the underground tomb or rotate to replace the puppet. For Celeste, who still retained some self-awareness, this was both an opportunity and a danger!

Julie went out to meet Celeste last night and learned that she would be entering the underground mausoleum soon, possibly returning as a fully controlled experimental subject without self-awareness? No wonder Julie is so worried, her mood deteriorating... Lumian chuckled with understanding.

“What are you laughing at?” Julie glared at him coldly.

Lumian smiled and sighed. “It might be fine this time, but what about next time, or the time after? If you don't solve the root of the problem, one day you'll face an outcome you don't want to accept.”

Julie's eyes flickered as she stared at the cream cake, silent for a long time.

When Lumian wiped his mouth and prepared to leave, she frowned slightly and asked, “How much do you know?”

Lumian responded with a smile, “Why don't you take a guess? Maybe I know nothing, and your expression gave me the answer.”

With that, Lumian climbed the stairs, leaving Julie staring blankly.

...

Trier, Avenue du Boulevard, 6 Rue Belfort.

In the four-story townhouse late at night, after Muggle left, Periodic Table and others circled back, reuniting with the Associate Professor couple in the living room.

Glancing at the darkness outside the window, Periodic Table sighed. “Is it really okay to put on such an act in front of Muggle?”

“We didn't deceive her; we just hoped to elicit her sympathy.” Professor sighed. “The disappearance of Pillar Kmerolo, Nikila suspected of being the Mirror Person, and the increasingly erratic actions of the Hidden Sage have trapped us in a predicament, difficult to escape on our own.

After surviving the April Fool's plot, Muggle has become increasingly mysterious, clearly backed by a powerful force.

“Fortunately, she's still kind. Even though she might have noticed something off, she still informed us that divine power lingers in the underground catacombs and agreed to deal with Nikila.”

Associate Professor patted his wife's shoulder to comfort her.

Casting a sweeping glance around, he said, “Not just for ourselves, but for those we care about, we must survive.”

Periodic Table gave a self-mocking smile. “Half a year ago, I never thought we'd end up like this. How did the powerful and secretive Moses Ascetic Order end up in such a state?”

...

The next morning, Franca received a reply from Madam Judgment after breakfast.

“The operation against Nikila of the Moses Ascetic Order can commence as soon as possible.

“The high-ranking members of the Moses Ascetic Order are already aware of Kmerolos disappearance. Another Pillar will arrive in Trier soon to handle this, but it won't affect your mission against Nikila, if he is indeed the Mirror Person, Griffith.”

The Moses Ascetic Order knows Kmerolo is missing? How did they find out so quickly? Was it because of my report or did they just notice something? Hmm, our Tarot Club's mole in the Moses Ascetic Order seems to be quite high-ranking, able to provide intel about the arrival of a Pillar and the judgment that it won't affect our mission against Nikila...

Such a certain judgment... Could that Pillar be one of our Tarot Club members? Hmm... Franca pondered, growing more curious the more she thought about it.

#### Chapter 819 Subteam Operation

In the evening, in Trier, at 35 Rue Saint-Nornez in Quartier 20, known for its public cemetery.

In different states of invisibility, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony stood outside Room 6 on the fifth floor, checking the details of the environment and making final preparations for their operation.

According to the information provided by Periodic Table, Nikila, a suspected member of the Moses Ascetic Order and possibly a Mirror Person, was an ordinary employee of a grain company, living a very regular life, leaving home punctually every day and returning on time.

The only unusual thing about Nikila was that, despite being in his mid-thirties, he was still unmarried, citing severe intermittent migraines as the reason why women found him unappealing.

When Franca read this information, she immediately thought, This matches the characteristic of Mystery Pryers continuously influenced by the evil god, Hidden Sage... Could it be that Mirror People of the Mystery Pryer pathway are also infused with knowledge by the Hidden Sage?

Recalling the content of the dossier, Franca emerged from her invisibility state and created a layer of frost, making it seep into the keyhole and freeze solid.

As a result, she produced a crystalline key and easily opened Nikila's door.

Taking advantage of the fact that this ordinary employee hadn't yet returned home from work, Franca took out a mirror and began divination to avoid any traps or warning setups that might be in the apartment.

“Bedroom, living room, and guest room all have full-length mirrors, and there are up to fifteen or sixteen portable mirrors. If you're not a Mirror Person, who would believe that?” Franca mumbled to herself, checking the room twice.

She was also conveying the collected information to Jenna and Anthony outside the door.

Of course, there was another possibility for so many mirrors, which was that Nikila was a Demoness. However, it was obvious that this individual was not an exceptionally attractive female, nor even a female at all.

Franca went to the full-length mirror in the living room, looked at Jenna and Anthony's figures in the hallway, and said, “I'll ambush behind this mirror. Follow the plan to force the target into this mirror. If he can use the mirror world, we can confirm he's the Mirror Person, Griffith.”

As she spoke, black flames quietly burned around the room, erasing traces left by the previous search.

Jenna nodded slightly and specifically reminded, “Be careful of an ambush behind the mirror, like the one Lumian encountered before.”

“Don't worry. Magic Mirror Divination told me there's no ambush. Of course, I won't fully trust and rely on divination. I'll stay vigilant.” Franca felt Jenna's concern, smiling as she took out the Seven-Stone Bracelet from the Traveler's Bag, now with only two diamonds left, and tossed it outside.

As she threw it, she couldn't help but mutter in her heart, Out with the old, in with the new, out with the old, in with the new...

Once Jenna caught the Seven-Stone Bracelet, Franca reiterated, “After confirming Nikila enters this mirror, you both immediately teleport away, using that fixed entrance to the mirror world to assist me.”

“No problem,” Anthony replied, wearing gloves, closing the apartment door, and warming the lock area, which had become icy from the cold key.

This was to prevent Nikila from sensing the residual cold and suspecting anything amiss when he opened the door.

Once Jenna and Anthony left, Franca took out the Ice Amulet, hanging it around her neck.

Then she placed her palm against the full-length mirror in the living room.

With a flash of cold light, she silently passed through the glass.

Behind the mirror was void, a spider-web-like deep dark tunnel filled Franca's vision.

Keeping a close watch on the surroundings, Franca breathed a sigh of relief and murmured, No ambush.

Confirming this, she leaned closer to the mirror, peering through the glass into the apartment's living room: Nikila had not yet returned, and outside, the dusk was eerily quiet.

Franca's nerves instinctively tightened. She raised her right hand, rubbed her temples, and sighed.

It would be great if Lumian were here...

This operation was proposed and perfected by her, killing many of her brain cells and making her responsible for achieving the goal without severely harming Jenna and Anthony. She couldn't relax at all.

In the past, Lumian bore these burdens and responsibilities. She only needed to question and use her imagination to complete her part of the task.

Sigh, being a team leader is exhausting, no chance to slack off... Franca composed herself and patiently waited.

In the café diagonally across from 35 Rue Saint-Nornez.

Jenna, now a girl in a black dress with her hood removed, sat by the window, chatting with Anthony about various Trier anecdotes.

Suddenly, she propped her left elbow on the table, using her palm to press down her original flaxen hair, her voice dropping slightly. "The target is back."

Anthony, while acting attracted to the beautiful woman opposite, glanced with his peripheral vision at the apartment building.

A double-decker public carriage had stopped by the roadside, and a man in his thirties wearing a black wool coat and a half-high silk top hat got off.

The man was nearly six feet tall, walked steadily, had a thin face with distinct features, and rare deep black eyes.

It's definitely Nikila... Anthony nodded slightly to Jenna, confirming she hadn't mistaken the target.

Jenna then straightened her head, withdrew her left hand, and glanced at the cuckoo clock on the café wall.

She smiled lightly at Anthony and said, "Three minutes to go."

She meant that in three minutes, the operation would officially start.

The reason for waiting three more minutes in the café was to avoid Nikila's instinctual investigation as a Mystery Pryer after returning home.

This was a detail discussed and decided by Franca, Jenna, and Anthony.

...

Nikila, wearing a half-high silk top hat, walked step by step up to the fifth floor and stopped outside Room 6.

He didn't open the door immediately but raised his right hand and rubbed his temples.

Then he closed his eyes briefly and reopened them, his pupils now a deep purple with a mysterious aura.

Eye of Mystery Prying!



Usually, Nikila used special Warlock spells to weaken the effect of the Eye of Mystery Prying to avoid sudden death, but it couldn't be completely sealed. Now, he was using it to its full potential to observe the surroundings inside and outside the room.

Bugs on the ceiling, hairs in the cracks, the neighbor cooking in front of the coal stove, dust floating in the air, children running up and down the stairs, rats hiding in the shadows, pedestrians passing by on the streets -all these scenes overlapped in Nikila's deep purple eyes.

At the same time, he saw shadowy curtains around him and dark aqueous light on the surfaces of all mirrors.

Before the gaze behind the shadowy curtain could become more pronounced, Nikila ended his observation abruptly, closing his eyes.

He knew if he continued looking, something unpredictable might happen, filling him with fear.

Phew... The Eye of Mystery Prying is truly dangerous. Listeners on the Secrets Suppliant pathway hear things, we see things, and both are equally likely to encounter the forbidden and die mysteriously... Nikila muttered, pulling out a brown leather scroll from an inner pocket of his black wool coat, softly chanting a word in Hermes-"Myopia."

The scroll immediately ignited with black flames, quickly turning to ash.

The mysterious deep purple in Nikila's eyes faded into the black depths of his pupils.

After doing this, Nikila took out his key and opened the door.

He had confirmed there were no suspicious individuals or enemies hiding in the shadows, nor were there any signs of abnormalities around the apartment or the street.

Entering the living room, closing the door behind him, Nikila unbuttoned the top of his wool coat and white shirt, relaxing on the sofa with his arms stretched out.

Franca, watching from behind the full-length mirror, took advantage of Nikila's forward movement to grab a beer from the coffee table, extending her right hand slightly through the mirror, pressing it tightly against the glass.

When Nikila sat back on the sofa, Franca immediately withdrew her hand.

Gulping beer, Nikila read the newspapers he had brought back, behaving like any ordinary employee.

Time passed slowly, and as three minutes elapsed, Jenna and Anthony left the café, turning into a nearby secluded alley, preparing both their shadow hiding and Psychological Invisibility techniques.

They quickly returned to the target apartment and hid in their prearranged positions.

At this time, Nikila was still reading the newspapers, considering whether to go out for dinner or cook something simple.

Suddenly, Nikila's throat felt dry and itchy, as if he hadn't drunk water for a long time.

He coughed once and thought, I drank half a bottle of beer, why is my throat so dry?

As this thought crossed his mind, he couldn't help but cough again.

Immediately, a strong sense of unease washed over him.

Something's wrong!

Just as Nikila became alert, Jenna, hearing two consecutive coughs from the target through the wall, emerged from the shadows without hesitation. With her hood still on, she inserted the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty into her own heart.

Her flaxen hair seemed to lengthen slightly, her contours became more refined, and her facial features more stunning.

Previously, Jenna's beauty highlighted her feminine charm, an expression of femininity. Now, her beauty seemed to become a more independent concept, alluring by sheer virtue of its existence.

Through the door, she made the shadows beneath Nikila's feet and the surrounding darkness coalesce into illusory yet solid black chains, wrapping around the target.

Chapter 820 Walking into a Trap

As Jenna used the Abyss Shackles spell from the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty, shadows and darkness came to life beside the coughing Nikila. Under the yellowish light of the gas wall lamp, they coalesced into black chains that wrapped around the Moses Ascetic Order member, binding him firmly in place, even sealing his mouth.

Nikila, experienced in combat, immediately formed a slowly rotating mass of stardust in his right palm. The light in the room dimmed as if night had fallen outside.

In the dimness, numerous bright stars appeared, not densely packed but numerous enough.

They cast beams of light that converged into a thick column, illuminating the entire room and enveloping Nikila.

The black chains formed by the Abyss Shackles disintegrated like shadows meeting sunlight, and Nikila dissolved rapidly in the light column, shattering into countless glass shards.

Mirror Substitution!

Using his unique abilities, Nikila escaped the Abyss Shackles by attacking himself. As a Mystery Pryer pathway Beyonder, many of his spells required incantations. With his mouth sealed, his abilities were significantly limited.

As a result, Jenna confirmed that Nikila was a Mirror Person.

Black fog emanated from her back, growing into a pair of large, illusory bat wings.

These Wings of Darkness transformed into a swarm of palm-sized, insubstantial vampire bats that flew through the walls and door towards the newly freed Nikila.

Meanwhile, Anthony ended his Psychological Invisibility, kicking open the door while aiming a complex, mechanically beautiful black revolver at Nikila.

Winter is Coming!

Anthony was preparing to use the Certain Death effect of this Beyonder weapon.

He didn't intend to actually use it because Nikila's Mirror Substitution ability could prematurely activate, causing the deadly bullet to hit the mirror instead.

Anthony's current objective was to use a Warlock's acute spirituality warnings and mystery-prying eyes to make Nikila feel his life was in danger, forcing him to escape through the mirror world.

According to Franca, Nikila, likely a Sequence 5 Constellations Master from the Mystery Pryer pathway and possibly a Mirror Person, would undoubtedly sense the danger of the Winter is Coming revolver and recognize its godhood-possessing attack.

To genuinely trigger the target's spirituality warning, Anthony needed to complete a psychological suggestion on himself, a simple task for a Hypnotist.

Thus, Anthony was genuinely planning to shoot, fully intending to use the Certain Death effect. However, when his finger began to pull the trigger, it would activate the preset psychological warning, canceling the suggestion and allowing him to fire a normal bullet.

Just as Franca predicted, the moment Nikila saw the Winter is Coming revolver, a hint of deep purple appeared in his pitch-black eyes, reflecting the weapon's decaying aura.

He instantly felt a creeping sense of death, his throat itching more intensely, and a weakness spreading through his body.

This wasn't an effect of Winter is Coming but a backlash from seeing the secret of the Beyonder weapon, combined perfectly with the pathogen Franca spread when she extended her hand through the mirror, worsening Nikila's condition.

Without considering further, Nikila immediately let a mirror substitute himself.

Bang!

Anthony pulled the trigger, firing a yellow bullet with only a disease effect, which, along with the swarm of vampire bats, hit Nikila, causing a shattering sound.

Nikila, now visible in another corner of the room, had no intention of counterattacking. His only thought was to flee immediately.

This was partly because he was unsure if there were more attackers and partly because the gun's danger kept him on high alert.

Unable to assess the situation clearly and knowing the enemy had a demigod-level weapon, he had no choice but to escape.

Nikila quickly lunged towards the nearest mirror, aiming to use the mirror world to escape the battle.

Noticing his move, Jenna slowed her attacks, while Anthony's eyes turned gold, displaying spiraling whirlpools that seemed to penetrate the soul.

Battle Hypnotism!

This spell forcibly hypnotized an enemy during combat, making them perform abnormal actions, but it could not directly harm the hypnotized and didn't last long.

Anthony's intent was only to make Nikila switch mirrors, delaying his escape without directly endangering him.

Nikila hesitated, suddenly feeling the mirror might hide a dangerous trap.

He quickly pulled out a scroll with gold foil from the inside pocket of his black wool coat and softly chanted a Hermes word, "Sun!"

The scroll was instantly consumed by golden flames, erupting into blinding sunlight that turned all the vampire bats to smoke.

This severely affected Jenna and Anthony's vision, their eyes filled with dazzling sunlight.

Nikila seized the moment, rolling towards the full-length mirror in the living room and diving in.

From the start of Battle Hypnotism to his escape, it took only two or three seconds.

The sunlight quickly faded, and Anthony nodded at Jenna.

Jenna immediately grabbed her companion's shoulder, activating the Seven-Stone Bracelet on her left wrist.

One of the two remaining diamonds burst into clear light, enveloping them both.

In the next second, Jenna and Anthony teleported to the quarry chamber with the fixed mirror world entrance, pressing their hands against the protruding rock.

...

Nikila, just entering the void and dark area behind the mirror, couldn't help but cough.

The disease he had contracted couldn't be removed by Mirror Substitution.

Cough! Cough! Cough! As he coughed violently, he felt invisible threads binding his body layer by layer.

Spider webs from a Demoness? Nikila shuddered.

Jenna had been deliberately using the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty to attack this Mirror Person to hide her identity as a Demoness, preventing Nikila from suspecting he was being targeted by Demonesses.

Otherwise, he would suspect a trap behind the mirror, abandoning the mirror world escape plan and rendering Anthony's Battle Hypnotism ineffective.

As his pupils dilated, Nikila reflexively formed a slowly rotating mass of stardust in his right palm.

Before he could use his Constellations Master abilities to destroy himself and the Demoness webs in this area, he felt invisible threads lightly caressing him, from his ears and face to his chest and inner thighs, teasing and scratching with seductive touches.

This instantly sent his blood surging, his thoughts sinking deep to his nether regions.

As he struggled to regain control and use his abilities, he saw a figure at the edge of the web-like tunnel.

The figure wore a black robe with leather armor, the hood askew, revealing a pair of heroic and beautiful eyebrows, clear bright eyes like lake water, and moist red lips.

This indescribable beauty and soul-stirring charm made Nikila instinctively hold his breath, forgetting to resist, forgetting to break free.

Demoness of Affliction's Charm!

The intense danger warning allowed Nikila to barely break free from this bewitching beauty. Clenching his teeth, suppressing the desire from the teasing and seductive touches, he was about to activate the stardust whirlpool in his hand.

Franca continued her Charm, a slight smile on her lips, stunning Nikila while changing the action of some webs. They started tickling him!

“Ha... ha... ha!” Sensitive spots on his neck, armpits, and waist were attacked, making him laugh uncontrollably, tears streaming down his face.

If not for the invisible threads binding him tightly, he would have retreated, twisted his body, or rolled on the ground.

In this state, it was nearly impossible for Nikila to use any of his abilities.

Of course, his desire also faded because of this.

Right now, I really do feel like a black widow spider, methodically dealing with prey caught in its web... At the Demoness of Affliction stage, if the prey is truly ensnared without help, they'll be constantly affected, unable to escape by their own means... It's a pity this doesn't work on Hunters; they can ignite flames to burn the web... I wonder when I'll be able to directly transmit genuine pleasure through the webs... Franca maintained her vigilance, watching the frantically laughing Nikila, muttering to herself.

Her strategy was clear: restrain the enemy, continually interfere with his efforts, and delay him until his illness flared up or he was completely charmed.

During this process, even if Nikila used Mirror Substitution, he would be limited by the distance, with his body reappearing within the area covered by the Demoness webs, repeating the initial experience.

Previously, Franca had already turned this place into a Demoness's nest.

On one side, he was continuously tickled, while on the other, his desire was stoked by teasing touches. Nikila oscillated between hell and paradise, in extreme agony.

The beautiful figure, seemingly forever out of reach, became a symbol of all his hopes and dreams.

Nikila knew he couldn't continue like this. Resolving to endure the laughter, he bit his tongue hard.

The pain pierced his mind, momentarily freeing him from all influences.

He tightened his grip on the stardust whirlpool.

In the void and darkness behind the mirror, one brilliant star after another lit up.