

## **Inevitability 821**

### Chapter 821 Infatuation

Above the dark and low void of the mirror world, numerous brilliant stars shed beams of clear light. These beams converged into a column of light, illuminating the mirror world and engulfing Franca, the Demoness webs, and Nikila himself.

Franca and Nikila both shattered into countless mirror fragments. These shards, along with the invisible webs, quickly dissolved into nothing under the starlight.

The starlight quickly faded, and Nikila and Franca's figures reappeared in different corners of the mirror world.

Seeing the entrance to the tunnel of webs now unobstructed, Nikila felt a surge of joy. He pulled out a dark gray scroll from the inner pocket of his black wool coat.

Suppressing the urge to cough, he whispered a Hermes word, "Wind!"

The dark gray scroll instantly ignited with cyan flames, a roaring wind gathering around Nikila, pushing his feverish and muddled thoughts forward at the speed of the wind toward one of the dark tunnels.

Nikila, seizing the moment before Franca could intervene, followed the wind into the tunnel entrance.

However, he didn't feel the familiar pull from other mirrors.

He was back where he started.

The dark, illusory tunnel wasn't open to him!

Mirror Maze!

After becoming a Demoness of Affliction, Franca's mirror magic had evolved, allowing her to create scene illusions with pre-set mirrors.

While waiting for Jenna and Anthony to act, she had woven invisible webs, spread pathogens, and placed mirrors at multiple tunnel entrances.

These mirrors, influenced by Beyonder powers, reflected each other, creating a mirror maze that hid the real tunnel entrances, showing only their reflections.

Nikila had chosen a false target, the reflection of a real tunnel, and naturally couldn't escape.

Taking advantage of this gap, Franca wove another web, ensnaring Nikila, wrapping him in layers, either making him blush or laugh uncontrollably.

Having experienced this before, Nikila didn't let himself get completely entangled. Using his abilities as a Constellations Master, he broke free once again.

In the following time, amidst increasing fever and violent coughing, he barely managed to fend off Franca using scrolls and attempted to destroy the mirrors creating the maze, seeking the real exit.

Under Warlock attacks and interference from spells like wind blades, lightning, flashes, purification, freezing, and paralysis, Franca kept changing positions, sometimes using Mirror Substitution to block an attack, showing great patience and restraint.

Her focus was on maintaining the Demoness webs and spreading pathogens, using her Demoness of Affliction's Charm to buy time.

Gradually, Nikila felt he shouldn't resist or harm the beautiful lady.

His breath grew hot, his heart racing either from the pathogens or her every move, pounding as if to leap from his chest.

The immense pressure made him suspect he might suffer a heart attack any second.

Without hesitation, he pulled out a scroll etched with lightning patterns from his coat's inner pocket.

It was a powerful item he bought from a Broker.

“Storm!” Just as he finished chanting, Nikila started coughing violently, and the scroll erupted into a dazzling silver light.

The silver light expanded, filling the mirror world with a thunderstorm, the accompanying wind pushing lightning into the tunnel entrances, shattering the mirrors Franca had placed.

With the sound of breaking glass, Franca's figure shattered, the mirror maze collapsed, revealing the true dark tunnels.

Nikila had no time to celebrate. Aided by the scroll's spell, dragging his sick body, he dashed toward the nearest tunnel entrance.

He had scrolls with some healing effects but didn't want to miss the chance to escape.

Seeing the tunnel entrance within reach and the attacking Demoness reappearing in another corner, Nikila's heart surged with hope.

At that moment, he saw two figures in the tunnel entrance out of the corner of his eye.

Jenna and Anthony, who had teleported using the last diamond of the Seven-Stone Bracelet, had arrived and been lying in wait.

During the brief and weakened storm, both had been struck by lightning but evaded the worst damage using Mirror Substitution—one from her own ability, the other from the Mirror Substitution created by the two Demonesses.

Seizing this chance, Anthony's eyes turned gold, radiating a dragon-like aura.

Awe!

Fear and panic surged in Nikila's heart, leaving him disoriented, as if facing an unbeatable predator.

Seeing the target pause and turn in circles, Jenna threw a handful of black powder and chanted a few Hermes words.

It was one of a Witch's black magic spells.

Due to their need for materials and incantations, Jenna rarely used these in combat, opting for the convenience of frost and black flames.

The black powder ignited, and a cold wind rose, surrounding Nikila with ghostly figures pressing against him, covering his mouth and nose.

With this dual interference, Franca's Demoness webs wove again, sticking Nikila in place.

Franca smiled sincerely at the Mirror Person.

With a buzz, Nikila felt his blood split, half surging upward, half downward, his heart seeming to stop.

Under repeated Charms and his severe illness, he could no longer resist Franca's allure.

In a daze, Nikila saw the woman, whose every detail fit his aesthetic, beckon to him and offer a transparent triangular spike symbolizing goodwill and control.

I wholeheartedly accept... With this thought, Nikila didn't question why the webs no longer restricted him. He reached out and grasped the triangular spike, feeling a slight sting.

His thoughts froze completely, becoming as sluggish and stiff as rusted machine parts.

Wintry Blade!

With Nikila under control, Franca glanced at Jenna, signaling her to find and destroy the remaining mirrors on him.

Then, Franca could form an ice spike and perform a lobotomy on Nikila.

With Lumian absent, there was no one to use the ritual leather for the Animal Creation Spell to turn Nikila into a large hound.

Jenna nodded slightly, cutting off the lower half of Nikila's right sleeve, and quickly took off his black wool coat. She swiftly found the remaining five mirrors and smashed them one by one.

During this process, Nikila did not resist. He looked at Franca with a mixture of obsession and pain, coughing intermittently.

He still held the Wintry Blade, blood trickling from his hand.

Franca's left hand formed a long, thin ice spike.

Suddenly, Nikila's expression twisted.

Knowledge infusion from the Hidden Sage? Dammit, why now? Franca was first stunned, then understood the reason.

In his severely ill and dying state, Nikila was unlikely to withstand this.

He might lose control on the spot!

In a flash, Franca discarded the ice spike and the Wintry Blade, taking out a mirror that reflected Nikila's image. She then wiped the glass surface with her right hand, covered in eerie black flames.

Nikila's exposed skin was marked with numerous blood-red cracks, with strange things forming inside them.

At that moment, pitch-black flames erupted from his body, burning his soul.

Using the blood dripping from Nikila's hand, Jenna began a curse, while Anthony aimed the Winter is Coming revolver at Nikila, ready to use the Certain Death effect at any moment.

Soon, the two Demonesses acted before Nikila could lose control, ending his life completely.

Silently, Nikila fell to the void and dark ground of the mirror world, becoming a corpse.

The eye-like objects hidden within his flesh stopped moving, unable to emerge.

Franca quickly set up a ritual, completing the Magic Mirror Divination.

In her makeup mirror, Nikila's eerie, pale figure appeared, showing only slight signs of losing control.

The ghost's eyes still held a trace of obsession with Franca but now included the pain and despair of being killed by her.

A Demoness of Affliction's Charm is terrifying... I wonder if Baby Cupid from the Scrooge pathway can make someone fall hopelessly in love with them too... Franca mused with a sigh and then asked, "Are you Griffith?"

"Yes, I am very pleased you know and remember my true name." The mirror's Nikila smiled joyfully.

".." Franca was momentarily speechless.

She paused for a second before asking, "Do you know what happened to your superior, Kmerolo, one of the Ten Pillars?"

Chapter 822 Wilderness

Nikila looked at Franca with an obsession and said, "He should be feeling the call of the wilderness."

"Wilderness?" Franca didn't hide her confusion.

Nikila eagerly and thoroughly explained, "In Fourth Epoch Trier, near the ruined palace of Alista Tudor, beside His remains-no, on His remains, no, under them-well, there's a wilderness there. All Mystery Pryers and Savants will eventually return to that wilderness."

All Mystery Pryers and Savants... The only thing powerful enough to influence both pathways must be the Celestial Master. Professor and Assistant Professor had dreams about the wilderness before... Franca perked up and asked, "What else do you know about this wilderness?"

Nikila shook his head slightly, looking a bit annoyed but very honest.

"Nothing else. According to our leader, the higher the sequence of a Mystery Pryer or Savant, the more likely they are to hear the call of the wilderness."

The Hidden Sage should stand atop the Mystery Pryer pathway, so during the Hostel incident, when the seal of Fourth Epoch Trier was broken, the leak of wilderness power greatly affected Him, driving Him madder. Is Kmerolo in a similar situation? After all, he's in Trier... The demigods of the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery in Trier might also be affected? Franca swallowed and asked, "Has Kmerolo returned to that wilderness?"

Nikila smiled gently but painfully.

“Not yet. He's probably just deteriorating, unable to maintain himself well, and resisting the call in some extreme way. If he were to return, he'd have to pass through our mirror world. It wouldn't escape our leader's notice. If our leader knew, so would I.”

For Trier, Kmerolo returning to the wilderness might not be a bad thing. According to Nikilno, Griffith-Kmerolo is like a powerful bomb that could go off at any time... Franca thought for a moment and asked, “Do you know where he's hiding now?”

Nikila sighed and said, “He hasn't contacted me for a while. The last time we met was near the catacombs.”

Near the catacombs... Franca then asked, “Griffith, what was your goal in infiltrating the Moses Ascetic Order?”

Nikila emphasized seriously, “I am the original. Our goal was to make the higher-ups of the Moses Ascetic Order gradually aware of the wilderness and help us unseal Fourth Epoch Trier at a critical moment.”

Franca had an epiphany and asked, “Did Kmerolo, with your ‘help,’ already know about the wilderness and its exact location?”

Was it knowing too much and possessing godhood that made Kmerolo lose control gradually, becoming unable to resist the wilderness call?

The Church of the God of Steam and Machinery hasn't shown similar issues, at least not as severe...

“Yes.” Nikila shared his feelings with his dream lover. “So, this is both good and bad for me. It took me a lot to gain Kmerolo's trust and interest in the wilderness without arousing suspicion, but now all that effort is wasted. I have to figure out how to gain the trust of another of the Ten Pillars.”

“Why is it also a good thing?” Franca was puzzled.

Nikila smiled and said, “If Kmerolo returns to the wilderness, I might get the Mysticologist Beyond characteristic someday.”

“Mysticologist is Sequence 4 of the Mystery Pryer pathway? Can you Mirror People ascend by drinking potions?” Franca quickly asked two questions.

Nikila nodded. “Yes, I can ascend to Mysticologist by drinking the potion. I am the original.”

“Have you ever drunk a potion?” Franca glanced at Griffith's body, which had not produced any Beyond character characteristics.

“No,” Nikila replied candidly.

Meh, no Beyond character drops... Franca cursed inwardly in pre-transmigration gaming terms and then said, “Moran Avigny has been dead for a while. Your leader can't leave the seal and

frequently get feedback or give orders. Who's handling day-to-day matters and contacting the Mirror People in Trier?"

"It's Palia. She received instructions and information from the leader," Nikila replied but didn't elaborate like before.

The mineralogist, Jasmine, I'm tracking... No wonder she appeared twice in Underground Trier despite being wanted... She's rebuilding the Mirror People network in Trier? Franca asked quickly, "Can you contact Palia?"

Nikila shook his head again. "She contacts us one-way for now. This way, if any one of us is exposed, it doesn't affect the others. According to the previous arrangement, Palia contacts me through the mirror world once a week to check on my situation and exchange new information, usually on Sunday evenings between eight and ten."

Don't you find this troublesome and inconvenient? Well, it is quite safe...

Franca criticized silently and saw Nikila's image fading, about to disappear, and quickly asked the last question, "Besides Fourth Epoch Trier and current Trier, where else does your mirror world connect to?"

This question came from Lumian's letter.

He confirmed Morora exchanged information with the outside world through this special mirror world.

Nikila thought for a moment and said, "A strange place, much like Fourth Epoch Trier, also sealed, with many living people inside, but we can't enter."

Mirror People can't use the special mirror world to go directly to Morora...

Franca nodded slightly and asked, "Did some of your companions go to Lenburg to find that sealed strange place?"

"Yes, although we can't go directly, if we can enter normally, we can use the mirror world's power..." Nikila said as he began to lose his soul's integrity.

He looked at Franca, lingeringly and painfully scanning her beautiful face.

Franca's skin prickled with goosebumps.

Watching Nikilthe Mirror Person Griffith-disappear completely, Franca sighed inwardly.

Short-term, high-intensity, high-frequency Charm can last so long. It might take a day or two to fade...

Repeated Charm in daily life, maintained long-term, can indeed make someone fall deeply in love with me... I wonder how long this love lasts without supernatural influence. A year should be fine, but it's hard to say for the seven-year itch...

Heh, Hunters can form teams, and so can Demonesses. But the loyalty and rapport will be higher. The only issue is team members might not truly cooperate and could hate each other... What a mess...

Franca put away the mirror and said to Jenna and Anthony, "No need to wait. This guy doesn't have any Beyonder characteristics."

By then, Jenna had finished collecting the loot, getting 460 verl d'or and nine scrolls from Nikila.

The scrolls' effects and incantations required Magic Mirror Divination to reveal.

Anthony glanced at Nikila's body and the nine scrolls, considering.

"Should we have someone use Lie to disguise as Nikila and wait for that Mirror Person Palia to contact?"

"We can, but it's unlikely," Franca said after some thought. "We can bury the body and carry out anti-divination and anti-prophecy measures, but there are many days until Sunday. The Mirror People leader might notice something wrong. Still, it's worth a try."

After carrying out anti-divination and anti-prophecy measures and seeing Nikila's body turn into a few broken mirror shards, Jenna frowned slightly. "Still none of those special mirror world shards."

Moran Avigny didn't leave any either.

The shards in Jenna and Franca's possession came from Gardner Martin and the Tamara family's crypt.

"What kind of Mirror Person leaves special mirror world shards? What's special about the fake Martin? Next time we catch a Mirror Person, we must ask..." Franca muttered to herself.

The three quickly tidied up the scene, and Franca activated the Ice Amulet to teleport to the fixed mirror world entrance.

During this process, Franca used the amulet's power to send Lumian the intelligence gathered from this operation.

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Morora, second floor of the Carnivore bar.

Reading a book comfortably, Lumian glanced at the room's mirror, seeing water ripple and a line of Intisian appear.

Reading it, Lumian suddenly froze.

He realized he had overlooked something.

At this moment, could the Mirror People sent to Lenburg to investigate the whereabouts of 0-01 have infiltrated Morora?

And the Mirror People produced by the underground mausoleum's incident could use that special mirror world unlike him!

Chapter 823 Advice

If the Mirror People have infiltrated Morora, what would they do? Lumian pondered for a while, placed the book back in the Traveler's Bag, and stepped down the stairs to the hall.

It was dinner time, and the bar was bustling. Julie flitted between tables like a butterfly, serving drinks and meals to the customers.

The patrons were well-behaved; no one tried to act inappropriately by grabbing Julie's ass or touching her chest.

They weren't being moral or civilized. None of them had clean hands; those who entered Morora were all hardened criminals. Their compliance was because someone had made a fatal mistake not long ago: Julie had been unstable lately, often in a daze. Unlike her usual self, she couldn't always gracefully avoid wandering hands and arms amidst the laughter and noise. One evening, someone found an opportunity to give her a hard pinch in the ass.

Julie's suppressed fury and rage exploded instantly.

If Lumian hadn't intervened in time, reminding her it wasn't a legal duel, that drunkard would have ended up in the kitchen missing a vital part of his anatomy.

In the end, since the drunkard refused Julie's duel challenge, after much "negotiation," he "voluntarily" chopped off his hand as an apology.

Otherwise, he might have lost control and attacked the repugnant bar owner, forcing him into self-defense.

Lumian glanced at Julie, whose face was devoid of smiles, and walked into the kitchen, where Lez was finally taking a break, enjoying his dinner.

He picked up a caramelized finger, put it in his mouth, and chewed noisily.

Lumian sighed quietly and said, "I need to step out for a bit. Keep an eye on Julie."

"No problem," Lez replied, pointing to the plate of now-missing fingers.

"Boss, want some? I've found a new cooking method-first deep-fry, then steam in a seasoned broth for twenty minutes."

"No, thanks." Lumian turned and left the Carnivore bar, walking through the dark, unlit streets to the Knowledge Cathedral.

He found a corner where he could see the graveyard and the entrance to the underground mausoleum through a window. Pulling over a wooden chair, he sighed and patted the backrest.

The Church of Knowledge is getting more considerate...

There hadn't been chairs by the brass bookshelves before.

Too bad there's nowhere to rest my feet. Lumian sat down, gazing at the graveyard through the stained glass, using the crimson moonlight to observe the entrance to the underground mausoleum.

According to his information, Celeste, who had been on duty in the underground mausoleum for two days, would return to the surface at nine tonight.



Lumian's goal was to make others believe he was at the Knowledge Cathedral to study while actually observing the mausoleum's entrance and the experimental subjects' activities.

His true purpose was simple: to mask his love of studying with the guise of observing the mausoleum and experimental subjects.

With this excuse, he wouldn't have to waste time idling around the bar, drinking and boasting. He could finish the remaining books sooner.

By the cathedral's bright candlelight, Lumian read for a while, then forced himself to lift his head and observe the mausoleum's entrance for a couple of minutes.

After repeating this several times, he suddenly thought of his sister.

Back then, Aurore always urged him to study but would occasionally drag him from his desk, forcing him to look at the trees outside the window and the distant mountain pastures.

Now, he had to rely on himself.

Time passed, and the cathedral's clock chimed loudly.

A group of black-robed enforcers left the Knowledge Cathedral, crossed the graveyard, and reached the mausoleum's entrance.

Soon, the previous group of enforcers emerged from the gray-white stone steps leading to the mausoleum, moving in an orderly fashion.

With his Hunter's vision and the crimson moonlight, Lumian saw that the leader was Celeste, wearing a black robe and a blindfold.

The Demoness emerged from the entrance area slowly and expressionlessly, removing her blindfold.

The line behind her was long, each person carrying a lantern.

At that moment, Lumian felt a sudden, eerie sensation as if the deep darkness at the mausoleum's entrance had come to life.

The darkness instantly swallowed the last experimental subject in line.

Lumian blinked, seeing no movement in the darkness. The anomaly seemed like an illusion.

Frowning slightly, he counted Celeste's team members again.

Quickly, he concluded, One person is missing... and one lantern...

Lumian watched Celeste's team until they returned to the Knowledge Cathedral.

Near the stairs, Celeste turned her head slightly, glancing in Lumian's direction.

Lumian crossed his right leg over his left knee, leaning back in the chair, calmly meeting her gaze.

He felt Celeste had likely noticed his observation.

This meant she probably still retained some self-awareness.

Phew, no need to worry about Julie losing control for now... Lumian sighed quietly, watching Celeste and the enforcers disappear at the stairwell.

He had been worried that Celeste's issues might trigger Julie to lose control before they were fully prepared.

That would interfere with his studying!

Reading for a while longer, Lumian noticed Morora's Archbishop Heraberg patrolling the brass bookshelves.

Thinking for a few seconds, he spoke as Heraberg neared, "Your Grace, I have a question."

Dressed in a plain white robe with brass threads, Heraberg smiled kindly.

"Ask away."

Holding his book, Lumian sincerely asked, "The mausoleum's taboos seem to target the living. What if an undead or an immortal creature enters?"

Heraberg gave Lumian a deep look and smiled. "The dead should remain in eternal slumber. What do you think?"

Meaning, an undead would fall into eternal sleep upon entering the mausoleum? As expected, 0-01 has death and darkness characteristics...

So, I can't exploit any loophole with the Eggers family's golden mask...

Lumian sighed regretfully. "I think so too."

Heraberg, with his white hair and beard, spoke like a teacher. "While studying, remember to take care of your health and stay mentally sharp. Don't stay up late reading. Maintain your usual pace."

Wh- Is he worried I'll degrade and succumb to the books' inherent corruption? Need to control the corruption rate? Lumian pondered, then stood up and responded, "Yes, Your Grace."

He immediately tucked the book into his Traveler's Bag and left the cathedral under Heraberg's approving gaze.

Crossing the square outside, Lumian saw Julie stepping lightly out the cathedral's side door, looking relaxed.

Here to check the situation first, huh... Lumian watched her disappear into another alley, heading back to the Carnivore bar.

Approaching the bar, he heard a pained, agonized scream not far away.

Julie's doing? Lumian chuckled to himself. Feeling bad, cut a finger.

Feeling good, cut another. Can't she find another hobby?

Luckily, there were enough exiles in Morora.

Still, Lumian knew their presence had tripled the daily death toll since they arrived.

They couldn't stay long, or the exiles' replenishment wouldn't keep up, and Morora would face a shortage crisis.

The bar was closed. Lumian went behind the counter, poured himself a glass of liquor, and sipped it slowly, as if waiting for something.

After a while, Julie appeared at the door in a shirt and skirt, her cheeks still flushed. She glanced at Lumian and smiled. "Boss, were you waiting for me?"

She played with a frosty, bloody object in her hand.

Lumian took a sip of Lanti Proof and asked, "Do you know my name?"

Julie approached the counter, shook her head, and smiled. "I only know you're my boss."

"Celeste, as an enforcer, should know the names of every Morora resident," Lumian said directly.

Julie's expression changed slightly, then she sighed and smiled. "But she said Louis must be a fake name."

"I don't believe you didn't ask someone on the outside to investigate my real identity," Lumian said, leaning on the counter and sipping his drink.

Julie pouted, not answering directly, only saying, "It doesn't matter."

"True." Lumian nodded with a smile. "I caught a Mirror Person from Underground Trier who told me his companions went to Lenburg to find Morora. Now, new intel suggests they might be here."

Julie's smile faded, replaced by a serious look.

Lumian finished his Lanti Proof, set the glass down, and headed upstairs.

Julie sat in silence for a while, then left the Carnivore bar.

In an empty house in Morora.

The Demoness put on a gold ring set with blue gems and sat before a half-length mirror.

The reflection wavered slightly, showing some changes.

Chapter 824 Nightmare Changes

Julie watched her reflection in the mirror gradually become bloodstained, her expression turning cold and her eyes filling with malice.

She wasn't surprised. Instead, she smirked with a hint of sarcasm.

The reflection became agitated, clawing at the glass as if trying to scratch out an escape.

Her face twisted quickly, and the malice in her eyes seemed almost tangible.

Before long, another figure appeared behind her—a man with short brown hair, bearing a strong resemblance to Julie, also covered in blood and exuding a sinister aura.

Julie rubbed the blue gem-encrusted gold ring on her thumb, watching as the female and male versions of herself shrank and faded, revealing their current surroundings.

It was a dark, almost lightless world.

Beyond this world, countless points of light representing different mirrors dotted the surroundings. Most were affected by Morora's seal, appearing hazy and unreachable.

Julie's gaze swept across the few clearer points of light, her intuition as a Demoness guiding her to one particular mirror.

Inside that mirror, a shadowy figure appeared.

Sensing Julie's gaze, the figure recoiled and left the mirror.

Julie immediately reached into the mirror, pulling herself through it.

Ignoring the curses and anger from her two reflections, she directly transported to the mirror that had shown the shadow.

She emerged from a small mirror into a long-abandoned room, the traces of occupancy wiped clean.

Julie turned to the window beside the mirror, observing the outside environment.

She saw a graveyard bathed in crimson moonlight, a cathedral-like library, and the clearly visible entrance to the underground mausoleum.

After a brief silence, Julie muttered to herself, "The Mirror People have indeed infiltrated..."

...

Upstairs in the Carnivore Bar, Lumian reclined in his chair, feet propped up, engrossed in his book.

There was still time to study!

He had told Julie about the Mirror People to leverage the Demoness Sect's power to confirm and search for them. As a Hunter, he couldn't utilize the mirror world on his own, and the Mirror Cufflink could only be used twice more.

Remembering Archbishop Heraberg's advice to not overextend himself, Lumian decided to end his studies early and get some extra sleep tonight. Just as he was about to close his book, someone knocked on his door.

It was Julie.

She nodded slightly at Lumian, saying, "I found a Mirror Person spying on the mausoleum but couldn't catch them."

"Only one?" Lumian asked for confirmation.

Julie tersely acknowledged his words. "Only one."

She turned and headed to her room.

Lumian chuckled and said, "Not only did you not catch them, but you didn't even see what they looked like?"

His voice was low, almost to himself, but loud enough for Julie to hear.

Julie turned around and sneered. "At least I found traces of the Mirror People. Better than someone who needs me to confirm it."

Lumian pretended to be stung, retorting, "I was just letting you fulfill your pitiful, insignificant purpose."

Julie ignored him and went into her room.

Lumian smirked to himself and closed the wooden door.

Now, Julie should be less wary about him being capable of using the mirror world, right?

...

In a daze, Lumian saw a blood-stained land, collapsed grand structures, and towering iron-black pillars, many of which were broken.

Driven by instinct, he walked forward, passing through burning palaces, torrential rain, and a forest of lightning striking the ground.

He stopped before a corpse.

The body was charred black, the face flayed to reveal a scorched skull.

Behind it lay a mountain of bodies and bones, piled hundreds of meters high.

Lumian's gaze followed the corpses upward, sometimes meeting their eye sockets, which burned with pale or dark red flames.

Finally, he was about to see the top of the "mountain."

Suddenly, intense fear and a compulsion to stop thinking and follow orders overwhelmed him.

He jerked awake, gasping for breath.

Another nightmare...

The nightmares are becoming clearer and more frequent...

Lumian glanced towards the ground, instinctively reaching out as if to touch something.

He grasped only air.

Quickly calming himself, he murmured, At this rate, when I finish reading the remaining books, these nightmares caused by the corruption might transform drastically...

What will that bring?

If the nightmares get clearer and the feeling stronger, I might lose control in my sleep. Then Albus, Julie, and Wanak would have the chance to challenge an Angel. No, the Church of Knowledge would eliminate the problem first. Having sealed Ludwig, they wouldn't hesitate to seal another...

Lumian rubbed his temples, agreeing more with Archbishop Heraberg's advice:

Don't rush; maintain physical health and mental clarity!

Even if corrupted, proceed gradually!

Sighing, Lumian believed that in five or six days, when he finished the borrowed books, the situation would change significantly in his favor.

But can the situation remain stable until I finish studying?

Since the last injury, Albus hasn't appeared for days, secretly plotting...

Wanak regained control of Dades Agricultural Company but no longer has fixed offices or residences...

Celeste's duty in the mausoleum is both a risk and an opportunity. She might have advanced the Demoness Sect's plans, and Julie's opportunity could be coming soon...

Will they let me study until I finish the books?

Probably not...

Lumian mused that Albus, Wanak, or the Demoness Sect would likely make a big move involving the mausoleum soon.

They might not know the importance of studying or that Lumian was diligently studying, but they must sense that delaying further would worsen their situation!

Never underestimate the intuition of Demonesses or the instincts of those backing Albus and Wanak!

...

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

Franca was smug about successfully planning and executing an ambush on a powerful Mirror Person.

This felt more rewarding than leading a team raid in her pre-transmigration games.

She pointed to the cash and scrolls on the coffee table, saying, "Let's split the spoils. You two go first."

Using Magic Mirror divination, the two Demonesses had identified the effects and incantations for the scrolls.

There was a Sun scroll, a Healing scroll, and one each of Lightning, Burning, Flash, Wind, Freezing, Paralysis, and Secret Voice.

Anthony gestured for Jenna to pick first.

Jenna, not wasting time with politeness, took the Sun, Lightning, and Flash scrolls after a few seconds of thought.

Anthony chose Healing, Paralysis, and Freezing, leaving 460 verl d'or and the remaining three scrolls for Franca.

Franca picked up the Secret Voice scroll, smiling. "This is perfect for coordinating operations. Surprised you didn't want it."

The Secret Voice scroll created a secret channel linking three to five people within fifty meters, allowing them to communicate without being overheard or blocked by obstacles.

You could leave it for Lumian... Jenna thought but didn't say, not wanting to dampen Franca's spirits.

As they chatted, a messenger from Madam Judgment delivered a reply:

"The Moses Ascetic Order will handle the abnormality in Kmerolo. You don't need to follow up."

...

In Trier, in a room with overturned furniture and papers scattered everywhere.

The Hermit, a Major Arcana card from the Tarot Club whom Franca and her team had met before, stood before a wall covered in meaningless lines. She wore black-framed glasses and a deep black robe adorned with eye-shaped purple patterns, examining faint traces of dried blackened blood, tears, and saliva.

A nearly transparent, eyelash-less, and indifferent eye hovered before her, silently observing. Its gaze seemed to contain countless stars and various scenes.

After a while, The Hermit ignored the blackened blood, taking a small amount of the powder stained with tears and saliva.

A dreamlike pumpkin carriage appeared before her, altering her appearance, aura, and physique.

The Hermit calmly sat in the carriage.

A group of mice pulled the pumpkin carriage into a tunnel outside the Trier catacombs.

Still seated in the pumpkin carriage, The Hermit conjured a vibrant, slightly unreal ball of yarn.

She infused the powder from before into the yarn and threw it into the tunnel's depths, leaving a bright thread on the ground, pointing the way forward.

#### Chapter 825 The Final Seduction

The Hermit followed the vibrant thread of yarn through the dark tunnel in her pumpkin carriage.

She didn't know how long she had been descending when she arrived at a naturally formed cave.

The vibrant yarn ball had stopped here.

The swarm of mice and the pumpkin carriage vanished, and The Hermit floated down, her feet touching the ground.

She didn't need to remove her glasses to see the pools of pus-like blood on the ground, eroding the soil in the extreme darkness.

For a moment, The Hermit seemed to see a scene from the past: A blurry figure staggered towards the cave, each step leaving a splatter of pus-like blood that sizzled as it corroded the rocks and soil.

The Hermit weaved through the pools of blood and entered the cave, but it was empty. The trail of pus-like blood ended abruptly.

It was as if the figure had exhausted all its flesh and blood, leaving no trace, or had evaporated entirely.

He had vanished.

Has Kmerolo disappeared like this... The Hermit immediately conjured nine blazing suns.

The intense heat caused the pools of blood to show signs of evaporation.

Then, the Major Arcana cardholder removed her glasses.

The pus-like blood changed immediately.

It wasn't blood but dense, intertwined, complex symbols or letters.

These symbols or letters were grouped together, eroding various rocks and soil, bright red and dazzling.

Even with her knowledge of mysticism, The Hermit couldn't identify what they represented.

Kmerolo's flesh and blood transformed into this? The Hermit pondered for a moment and decided to strip away all the bloody symbols and letters and take them to a high-ranking Cryptologist.

...

Morora, Carnivore bar, second floor.

Lumian had another nightmare, but this time, he was clearly aware that he was dreaming.

He dreamed of walking through a dark, lightless tunnel, with stone slabs beneath his feet and bricks in the walls, with rusty iron wall lamps every so often, none of them lit.

Lumian wandered aimlessly, sometimes turning right, sometimes descending stairs, and sometimes resting against the wall.

Suddenly, he saw yellowish light ahead.

In the glow, figures in black robes appeared, carrying quietly burning lanterns, their eyes covered with thick black cloth.

Law enforcement... Experimental subjects... Lumian instantly understood.

Am I dreaming of the mausoleum?

This matches the sealing information of 0-01 and the books' descriptions...

Using my knowledge and the corruption I've suffered, did I recreate a tunnel of the mausoleum in my dream?

The experimental subjects, despite being blindfolded, walked steadily, maintaining a straight line forward.

I don't seem to be blindfolded... Will something abnormal happen? No, I'm just dreaming...

Although lucid dreaming, Lumian's thoughts were sluggish, seemingly influenced by the dream.

As he was about to pass by the experimental subjects with lanterns, his gaze naturally fell on one of the lanterns.

The lantern's glass case, framed in bronze, reflected a black shadow.

The shadow, human-like in shape, flickered and leaped to another lantern.

That shadow isn't mine... nor the lantern-bearer's... It's... it's one of those Mirror People corrupted by the mausoleum's power? Or perhaps the Mirror Person that infiltrated Morora? Lumian shivered, feeling more awake than ever.

He focused his gaze and saw the slightly distorted, human-like black shadow pause and look back at him from the lantern's glass, illuminated by firelight.

As their eyes met, the shadow vanished instantly.

Lumian's vision wavered, the entire tunnel, lit by the lanterns, shaking violently.



Within seconds, Lumian woke up, his eyes snapping open.

The shaking continued, and his bed creaked while the house clattered.

An earthquake? Lumian judged calmly.

In Morora, he had already experienced four earthquakes, one volcanic eruption, five torrential rains, four hurricanes, three tornadoes, two hailstorms, and two snowstorms... Often, more than one extreme weather event occurred in a single day, though sometimes it was just ordinary weather fluctuations.

Based on his physical assessment and experience, Lumian judged that this earthquake wouldn't collapse the sturdy Carnivore bar building, so he lay there calmly, with no intention of getting out of bed and escaping to the street.

If worse came to worst, he could still teleport to the Knowledge Cathedral.

Staring at the still-swaying ceiling, Lumian recalled the nightmare: Was I woken up by the earthquake, or did my nightmare trigger the earthquake?

After pondering for a while, Lumian believed it was the latter.

But this meant his nightmare had truly connected to the underground mausoleum!

Earlier, was I wandering through the mausoleum in some peculiar form, not needing to be blindfolded or carry a lantern?

Was everything I saw and experienced real, actually happening in real time?

Was the Mirror Person on the lantern real too?

Right, that didn't look like the lantern-bearer's Mirror Person, their physical condition was noticeably different.

Could it be the Mirror Person from Trier? Did he use the special power of the mirror world to start exploring the mausoleum before Albus, Julie, and I?

If so, he may have been at it for many days, and might be close to succeeding...

When he saw me, did he see what I look like, my state, my form?

Yes, if one enters the mausoleum without being blindfolded, the experimental subjects will see the corresponding Mirror Person in their own eyes and be replaced?

A series of questions flashed through Lumian's mind, creating a sense of urgency.

He sat up and looked towards the window.

The earthquake had already subsided, and outside the not-so-thick curtains, the sky seemed to be getting slightly brighter.

Lumian sighed, suppressing his negative emotions, and decided to sleep a bit more, until six in the morning.

He needed to be in his best condition to complete the remaining three days of study, otherwise, he might lose control or even die from it.

After waking up naturally, Lumian had breakfast prepared by Lez and then went directly to the Knowledge Cathedral, sitting in his usual spot, reading and monitoring the entrance to the underground mausoleum.

This way, if there was an anomaly, he could teleport there immediately and enter the underground.

After alternating between thunderstorms and clear skies, Lumian finished his morning studies and headed back to the Carnivore bar for lunch.

About a third of the way back, he heard a painful yet slightly pleasurable scream from the direction of the bar.

Is Julie at it again? She wasn't in a bad or good mood today...

And it's the bar's busy time... Did someone bother her? Lumian shook his head, thinking Julie was quite unprofessional.

Soon, he returned to the Carnivore bar and found the area in front of the bar and inside the hall empty, with tables and chairs overturned, broken glasses scattered, and spilled liquor on the floor, some of it already frozen.

It looks like Julie went berserk, attacked all the patrons, and drove them away... What happened? Lumian became highly alert.

As the owner of the Carnivore bar, he felt both distressed over the wasted liquor and keenly aware of the unusual situation.

He remembered that Julie had seemed fine when he left in the morning, even proactively helping Lez prepare the ingredients for the day.

Lumian sniffed the air, detecting a faint smell of blood and a hint of something resembling chestnut flowers.

To most men, the latter scent was very familiar.

Something's off. Based on my observations, Julie usually finishes her collection before the target reaches the peak of pleasure. This time, the scent is quite noticeable... Did she let the original owner of the collection enjoy themselves? Lumian frowned and followed the smell of blood upstairs, pushing open Julie's door.

On Julie's bed lay Lez, naked, eyes wide open, mouth half-puffed, with his legs a bloody mess.

He was dead.

Julie attacked Lez? Lumian looked into Lez's eyes, seeing extreme pleasure, relaxation, and evident pain, with no signs of a supernatural battle in the room, only splattered blood and a few sources of the chestnut flower scent telling the story.

This made Lumian suspect that Lez had willingly gone to bed with Julie.

And this culinary artist knew well what Julie would do.

Similarly, Julie's behavior was different this time, seemingly allowing Lez to complete his climax.

Did Lez seek liberation? Or did he make a preemptive move and fail?

Lumian wasn't shocked by this but found it too sudden.

Lumian's gaze fell on the lifeless bloodstain at Lez's mouth.

After a few seconds, he suddenly recalled something Julie had once said to Lez: "I've decided to seduce you last."

Last... Lumian's eyes narrowed sharply.

To Julie, now was the final moment?

Was she about to take her last action?

Where had she gone now?

Chapter 826 Entry

Lumian directly activated the black mark on his right shoulder and teleported to the edge of the boundless cemetery, right at the entrance to the underground mausoleum.

This place looked like the mouth of a giant beast, with gray-white stone steps stretching down into the dark, deep throat.

Lumian suspected Julie had already entered the mausoleum.

Whatever the Demoness Sect's plan was, it ultimately had to involve the sealed 0-01 deep within the mausoleum!

Lumian sniffed around the entrance, detecting only the scents of grass, trees, and the earthy smell after rain. There was no trace of Julie's fragrance.

At the same time, he scrutinized the gray-white stone steps descending into the darkness, looking for fresh footprints-there had been a thunderstorm earlier.

No signs of Julie... Lumian turned and transformed into a blazing white spear, shooting across hundreds of meters and landing beside the Knowledge Cathedral.

He didn't take a detour, opening the nearest stained glass window and jumping into the church, quickly running to Heraberg, who was dressed in a plain white robe with brass thread.

"Your Grace, do you know which room Celeste is staying in?" Lumian's breath was steady, but he spoke quickly.

Heraberg, the archbishop of Morora, smiled and replied, "The third floor, the room closest to the cemetery, with a view of the mausoleum entrance."

Lumian was taken aback.

You knew all along...

He didn't waste time asking further, igniting white flames on his body and darting like a javelin towards the staircase.

After a few turns, Lumian reached Celeste's room.

He grasped the brass handle, gently twisted it, and pushed open the wooden door.

The room was tidy, with minimal furnishings-a single bed, a desk, a chair, and a shelf for books and miscellaneous items, giving off a monastic austerity.

Indeed, Celeste is gone as well... Lumian confirmed his suspicion.

He didn't immediately enter the room, sensing it was filled with invisible, pathogen-laden webs, like a poisonous spider's nest.

While preparing to burn the unseen webs, he observed further.

He noticed Celeste might have been playing the part of a corrupted experiment subject, as the room lacked any unnecessary items. With her disappearance, even the spare black robes were gone, leaving the room empty, save for a mirror on the desk by the window.

The mirror was a common dressing mirror, not unusual in a Demoness's room.

But it sparked a thought in Lumian: Did Celeste leave through the mirror world?

The law enforcers usually entered and exited together. She couldn't have bet on the Knowledge Cathedral turning a blind eye and walked out alone...

Is she meeting Julie somewhere in the mirror world?

Did Julie and Celeste use the mirror world to enter the mausoleum, leaving no traces at the entrance?

With this in mind, Lumian's thoughts raced, forming a web of connections from various bits of information and ideas.

He quickly made a guess: Did Celeste patrol the mausoleum as an experiment subject several times to place mirrors at key points or obtain coordinates of similar reflective items?

When I used the Mirror Cufflink before, I couldn't identify which mirrors were in the mausoleum or if they were dangerous...

This was the Demoness Sect's preparation, and now, Celeste has control over the mirrors in the mausoleum and can start the operation?

Why not act immediately after her last patrol?

Were a few days needed for other preparations?

As his thoughts raced, Lumian whispered, "Termiboros, do you think I should enter the mausoleum now or continue my studies, hoping Julie and Celeste fail?"

Before Termiboros could respond, Lumian laughed and said, "I won't rely on others to fail."

He had made his decision.

He would enter the mausoleum to disrupt and stop the Demoness Sect's actions, buying a few more days!

The only issue was that in the mausoleum, he had to be blindfolded and couldn't read or study during the downtime.

Is there a way to convert text to sound? Aurore's grimoires mentioned related ideas and preliminary results, but I'm not a Warlock... Lumian sighed internally, then heard Termiboros's layered, majestic voice: "It's very dangerous."

You're actually answering... Is this a genuine warning or a hidden plot?

He only mentioned the danger, without strongly dissuading me... No matter, whether Termiboros opposes or tempts me, I'm going... Lumian quickly calmed himself, chuckled, and said, "Maybe we'll both become 0-01's puppets."

"Not including me," Termiboros responded in a powerful voice.

Is that so? Lumian once again transformed into a flaming spear and swiftly returned to the cathedral hall.

He approached Heraberg, holding three books, and smiled. "Your Grace, I still have two and a half books left to read. Do you have a way to convert the remaining knowledge into sound so I can study while exploring the mausoleum?"

Heraberg's wrinkles smoothed out, and his expression became even gentler. "Good, good, this is the attitude needed for study."

He took out a brass sheet and accepted the books from Lumian.

In Heraberg's amber eyes, countless symbols and words swirled and spun.

Lumian saw tiny glimmers rising from the books, converging into a river that flowed into the brass sheet.

What kind of mystic art is this... Lumian was mesmerized.

Before coming to Lenburg, he had gathered detailed information about the Church of Knowledge, including some details about the Reader pathway.

He knew the Sequence 5 of the Reader pathway was called Mysticism Magister, capable of inventing and creating unique spells.

Soon, the glimmers vanished, and the brass sheet became more lustrous, with its symbols and patterns gaining more depth.

With two snaps, Heraberg broke off two corners from the brass sheet and molded them into cylindrical shapes.

Lumian watched, jaw dropping.

Without the aid of fire, breaking off two pieces of brass with just my hands is quite difficult, let alone molding them like clay with my fingers...

Your Grace, are all Readers this strong, or is it unique to you as a puppet?

Your fingers could probably crush my bones to dust...

Or is this a side effect of the mystic art?

"Insert them into your ears. The activation spell is 'listen' in ancient Hermes, as I know you only speak this language and haven't mastered Jotun or Elvish yet. The deactivation spell is 'stop.'" Heraberg handed the brass sheet and the two cylindrical brass earplugs to Lumian.

Lumian instinctively argued, "I know Hermes too."

He understood Heraberg was referring to languages capable of invoking supernatural powers.

“Hermes?” Heraberg laughed.

Lumian sensed contempt for the Hermes language in his laughter and expression.

With time running out, Lumian didn't ask further, inserting one brass earplug and pocketing the rest. He then transformed into a blazing white spear and flew from the open stained glass window to the mausoleum entrance.

Lumian calmed his breathing, took a carbide lamp and white bandages from the Traveler's Bag.

After lighting the carbide lamp, he wrapped the bandages around his head, covering his eyes.

Lumian's vision gradually turned pitch black.

For a Hunter who relied heavily on sight, this was far from a pleasant experience.

Feeling his way, he picked up the carbide lamp and cautiously descended the gray-white stone steps.

He focused on maintaining his balance, worried about stepping wrong and tumbling down like a wheel into the mausoleum.

He wasn't afraid of getting hurt but feared extinguishing the lamp.

Being blind is no fun... Lumian muttered, constructing a mental map.

Most of the map's content came from the 0-01 sealing information and the book Examples of Mausoleum Construction, with some from his nightmares over the past few days.

Using the mental map, his heightened senses, and his control over his body, Lumian gradually adapted to the darkness, descending more steadily.

Finally, he reached the bottom of the stairs and officially entered the mausoleum.

He felt the surrounding darkness surge like a tide, eroding his skin, bringing a chill and a slow drain of life force.

Almost simultaneously, his right palm turned icy cold.

The abnormal life force drain stopped.

The Underworld Daoist's mark activated? Lumian silently mused, In this situation, even without a lit carbide lamp, I shouldn't encounter any issues in the mausoleum's darkness. Hehe, when I find Julie and Celeste, I could use my Hunter ability to extinguish their lamps directly. But Julie is special, and Celeste likely is too. It might not be easy to have the darkness engulf them...

Blindfolded, Lumian turned and sensed the Abscessed Hand's head location using the semi-activated black mark on his right shoulder.

He planned to find this thing first, then stop Julie and Celeste.

Then, he could toss the separated Abscessed Hand parts together and see what mutation occurs, giving the enemies a “surprise.”

Perhaps because they were in the same mausoleum, Lumian quickly sensed the summoning and special connection from Hand Bro.

It was not far!

## Chapter 827 Blind Battle

Morora, fifth floor of the Knowledge Cathedral.

A law enforcer in a black robe stood at the window, looking at the entrance to the underground mausoleum, which resembled the mouth of a giant beast.

In his eyes, Lumian's figure could be seen descending the gray-white stone steps one by one.

Elsewhere in Morora, Albus Medici stood by another window.

However, his gaze was not on the nearby buildings but on the cemetery and Lumian, neither of which could be seen from this street.

Is it starting? the descendant of the Red Angel chuckled.

...

Blindfolded, Lumian moved steadily through the darkness, guided by the mental map in his mind, approaching the location of the Abscessed Hand's head.

This is the end. I need to turn left... It's exactly like the diagram in the book... Lumian reached out his right hand, not holding the carbide lamp, and touched something cold and hard.

It was likely a wall.

He then turned left, walked a bit further, and stopped.

He sensed the Abscessed Hand's head was just a few meters to his right, while the surroundings were eerily silent.

Lumian turned, extending his right hand in that direction, but he only felt an equally cold, hard wall.

Behind the wall? According to the diagram, there should be a room behind here, and the door is about five meters ahead...

Even though he couldn't see, the importance of knowledge became evident in this situation.

Counting his steps, he reached what should be the door and felt around, finding the wooden board.

He fumbled for the handle, gently twisted it, and pushed open the slightly ajar door.

Meanwhile, he mused internally, Albus casually threw it, and the Hand Bro's head ended up here?

Even if it bounced around, it shouldn't have gotten this far...

Even though it's not very far from the entrance, there were two turns, and the door is even closed.

Did the door close afterward?

Growing more cautious, Lumian listened for any sounds beyond the door.

It was completely silent.

He slowly entered the room, moving towards the corner from which the rotten stench emanated, his connection to the Abscessed Hand growing clearer.

His right hand was ready to draw the Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag at any moment, while his left, holding the carbide lamp, reached for Abscessed Hand's head.

The head was higher than he expected, placed on a shelf rather than the ground.

Suddenly, his fist brushed against something slimy and damp, which wriggled slightly.

Five cold, finger-like things instantly grabbed Lumian's left fist.

A chill ran down his spine.

Encountering such a thing while blindfolded was many times more terrifying.

He couldn't tell what it was!

But he was certain it wasn't the Abscessed Hand's head, as that was just a head!

In a flash, Lumian's left fist ignited with blazing white flames.

His fist moved forward, accelerating suddenly, snapping sharply between the finger-like things.

Boom!

The explosion scattered the slimy fingers, and Lumian used the semi-activated black mark on his right shoulder to teleport behind what he presumed was the Abscessed Hand's head.

“Hmph!”

Lumian exhaled two beams of white light from his nostrils.

He felt he had hit his target.

Without waiting for his opponent to fall, he swung his left fist, burning with intense flames, while his right hand stayed ready to draw the Sword of Courage.

Bang!

It felt like hitting an elastic, dead wood. He unleashed his accumulated flaming forces.

Boom!

The violent blast pushed the slimy “wood” forward a bit.

Then, there was silence, with no sound of something hitting the ground.

Cautiously, Lumian transformed into a blazing-white spear and charged.

He felt himself piercing through a withered tree filled with rust and flesh, landing in front of the Abscessed Hand's head amidst a strong, pungent odor.

There was no resistance, no real counterattack.

Is it over? Lumian, still blindfolded, felt uneasy.

He kept his right hand in the Traveler's Bag, holding the carbide lamp's handle with his mouth, reaching up with his left hand, prepared to use the Spirit World Traversal if needed.

In the still atmosphere, Lumian touched the slimy, foul-smelling, limp flesh and greasy, disgusting “weeds.”

This should be Hand Bro's hair... No other abnormalities...

Lumian mustered his courage and continued feeling around.



Soon, he touched a decaying neck, then a wounded “shoulder.”

A shoulder... Despite being mentally prepared, Lumian was still startled.

The Abscessed Hand's head couldn't have grown a body, right?

After waiting a few seconds with no sudden attack, Lumian grabbed the greasy “weeds” that were likely the hair and pulled.

As he applied force, there was a reluctant, cork-popping “plop” sound.

His center of gravity wavered as if he had pulled something free.

He had torn off the head!

Almost simultaneously, Lumian sensed the Abscessed Hand's body parts inside the Traveler's Bag moving, but they couldn't breach the spatial barrier, only wriggling closer, pushing away other items.

This is Hand Bro's head... Then who tried to ‘shake hands’ with me? Scenes flashed through Lumian's mind: A head dragging a bloody spine flying through the air, a headless body chasing it...

In the mausoleum sealing 0-01, there must be similar headless bodies, and one of them took Hand Bro's head, attaching it to its neck? No wonder Albus's casual toss brought Hand Bro's head all the way here... Lumian quickly guessed, finding the situation both amusing and horrifying.

If the headless body and the Abscessed Hand's head stayed together for months, something terrifying might happen...

Lumian didn't dare put the head in the Traveler's Bag, which would inevitably cause the body parts to reunite, summoning the Abscessed Hand. He wanted to wait until he encountered Julie, Celeste, Albus, or Wanak.

Holding the head and the lamp, Lumian prepared to leave the room.

Suddenly, Lumian felt something and flinched his right shoulder.

He sensed that something was trying to pat him.

But when he moved away, everything returned to normal, silent and still.

Lumian's body ignited with blazing-white flames that expanded outward in a spherical shape, pushing in all directions.

The flames only ignited the object that had originally held the Abscessed Hand's head.

Unable to see, Lumian didn't dwell on what had tried to pat his shoulder. Recalling the earlier battle, he quickly determined his position and direction.

Then, he walked steadily back to the door and exited, acting as if he could see every detail around him.

Finally obtaining the Abscessed Hand's head gave Lumian a bit of confidence. Using the mental map he had formed, he made his way to the lowest level of the underground mausoleum, filled with puppet soldiers.

Blindfolded with layers of white bandages, he occasionally turned right, walked forward, descended stairs, and fumbled to open heavy or simple doors.

He didn't forget to activate the brass amulet in ancient Hermes, listening with one ear and monitoring his surroundings with the other.

As he walked, Lumian suddenly conjured a flame in his right palm and flung it ahead, forming a burning straight sword.

It seemed to hit something, but it could have just been an illusion.

Lumian didn't maintain the flaming sword, letting it extinguish.

He didn't investigate whether he had encountered something real or if it was just a reaction from his tense, sightless state.

Though his knowledge didn't explicitly cover it, his past experiences hinted at a key point: In the underground mausoleum, if you believe something is real, it likely becomes real! As long as it doesn't pose a direct threat, it's best to ignore potential dangers!

After descending another staircase, Lumian suddenly felt like he was being watched by numerous eyes.

At that moment, he had the urge to tear off his bandages and see what was happening.

Plop! A cold drop of liquid fell on the back of his left hand.

It felt sticky, but there was no smell of blood.

Plop, plop, plop! The cold “droplets” increased, falling faster and faster, like a sudden downpour.

Inside the mausoleum, 20 to 30 meters underground, it started to “rain.”

What the hell is going on? What's around me... The book only mentioned a hall here, straight ahead to the exit, but it didn't provide a detailed layout or mention anything special inside...

Lumian endured the soaking “rain” and, under countless watching eyes, stepped forward with his right foot.

Thud!

A drumbeat suddenly sounded, as if striking Lumian's heart, making him feel like he wanted to spit out blood.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The drumming grew clearer and more intense.

Lumian also faintly heard a soft, scratching chuckle.

Chapter 828 Same Kind?

Drumming echoed continuously, each beat resonating with Lumian's heartbeat, making him feel like he was about to vomit blood.

Enduring the discomfort, Lumian pushed through the cold liquid like a sudden downpour, under countless watching eyes and strange, soft chuckles, steadfastly moving forward.

One step, two steps, three steps, suddenly a blood-red color lit up his bandage-wrapped vision.

It was a reddish plain, with an army of undead in iron-black armor advancing.

My first nightmare after I started studying? The thought flashed through Lumian's mind. He then noticed the scene before him fracturing, overlaid with images of burning palaces, forests of thunder, mountains of corpses, and rows of blindfolded experimental subjects marching.

These were all from his recent nightmares.

Lumian realized it wasn't the bandages losing their effect but a powerful hallucination induced by something, blending reality and illusion.

Meanwhile, the monotone voice in his left ear stopped reciting knowledge from books and became sharp and raspy, shouting something unintelligible.

Lumian's right palm suddenly felt hot, with a slight burning sensation.

The residual aura of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor had been triggered!

Simultaneously, the mark from the Underworld Daoist grew colder, suppressing the emerging violence and madness, while a slight burning sensation appeared on Lumian's left chest.

Is this a mishmash of everything? Lumian mentally mocked himself.

With these changes, the cold liquid droplets softened, like cold, wet hands brushing against his body.

The war drumbeats no longer synchronized with his heartbeat, the mysterious gazes lost their unnerving power, and the scratching chuckles turned into soft, alluring singing.

Lumian paused, guessing at what was happening.

He maintained a steady pace, heading deeper into the hall marked on his mental map.

The "raindrops," drumming, gazes, and singing remained unchanged, allowing him to proceed smoothly.

This must be the corruption from the 0-01 sealing information and knowledge I've learned, triggering hallucinations and making the dangers here see me as one of their own, similarly corrupted?

This also triggered the Blood Emperor's residual aura, causing a chain reaction with the Underworld Daoist's mark and Mr. Fool's seal. Without these, I might have truly become a puppet like the others here, a real experimental subject...

Hmm, did Mr. Fool's seal also passively confuse perceptions?

Deciding based on similar levels of corruption could be a mysticism principle or an exploit...

As his thoughts cleared, Lumian raised his right hand, pressing it to his left chest, silently muttering and joking with himself, Praise Mr. Fool!

Thanks to Archbishop Heraberg, thanks to the power of knowledge!

Learning brings me joy!

While listening to the strange roars in his earplugs, Lumian tried to discern any hidden information, maintaining his quick pace to avoid provoking unseen dangers.

Estimating his steps and distance, comparing it with his mental map, Lumian finally reached what should be the hall's exit.

At that moment, the nightmare scenes in his vision changed.

He seemed to be at a high place, looking down at a mountain of corpses and bones.

His gaze moved down, past the burning pale flames and dark-red lights in the eye sockets of the skeletons, past the rotting flesh and pale bones, to the dark red near-black ground, and the iron-black armor.

The metallic surface of the armor reflected a single black figure.

Lumian saw it clearly: It was the bespectacled, scholarly-looking serial killer Guei!

This exile, sent to Morora with Lumian, Julie, and Lez, had vanished after spending some time in the Knowledge Cathedral.

The reflections of Guei on the armor seemed to sense Lumian's gaze, suddenly looking up, but quickly lowering his head again, as if realizing it was a mistake.

The fragmented scenes vanished.

Guei?

His reflection on the iron-black armor... like mirrors...

Is he the Mirror Person who infiltrated Morora?

Lumian's eyes widened behind the white bandages.

He quickly compared Guei's figure with the Mirror Person from his nightmares: Highly likely the same!

So it's him... and he even knows to study in the Knowledge Cathedral... He's now around that mountain of corpses? Lumian suddenly felt that Guei might be as troublesome and dangerous as Albus Medici, Julie, Celeste, or Wanak.

Recalling the recent scene, Lumian thought his perspective was odd:

At the top of the mountain of corpses?

Overlooking everything...

Did I share the perspective of 0-01?

Right, being heavily corrupted means becoming its puppet, and it seems high-level Hunters can share power, damage, vision, hearing, and feelings with their team...

0-01 just considered me one of its own?

It didn't give me power like Wanak, probably not fully 'accepted'... If I read all the remaining books and mastered the knowledge, would the corruption reach a critical point, making 0-01 see me as a fully submissive puppet, while I'm not? In such a case, I could approach it and find a way to leave a mark.

This matches my earlier guess. The purpose of the test is to gauge the level of corruption, my body's endurance, and the balance of the various corruptions within me.

I really needed to ace it. If I hid anything and colored Archbishop Heraberg's judgment, I'd have been the one suffering. I would either become a true puppet of 0-01 or die here due to insufficient corruption.

Knowledge is indeed power; knowledge indeed holds wealth!

Lumian couldn't help but curse Julie and Celeste. Those two Demonesses raised by pigs had prevented him from completing his studies!

Since it had already happened, he could only keep cursing while passing through the hall's exit.

After walking a few dozen meters along the marked passage, Lumian suddenly felt a disturbance to the side, hearing the sound of something heavy moving through the air.

Holding his carbide lamp and the head of the Abscessed Hand, he lunged forward and rolled away.

Thud!

The sound of something heavy hitting the ground echoed.

Using the sound, Lumian quickly sketched an image of the "enemy" in his mind: a giant sword!

In the underground mausoleum, the only beings carrying giant swords without feeling alive that Lumian could think of were the puppet soldiers.

Am I being attacked by a puppet soldier in this passage?

Hey, we're on the same side! We're both 0-01's soldiers!

Surprised, Lumian heard a whooshing sound as the giant sword swung down again.

Completely blind, Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder, teleporting behind the suspected puppet soldier attacker.

Simultaneously, knowledge from the Doll Crafting and Maintenance book flashed in his mind: "The puppet soldiers used in the underground tomb are uniformly two meters tall, made of iron...

"Their weapons come in four types: giant swords, hammers, spears, and bows...

"The weakest point of the puppet soldiers is their neck, due to mechanical structure issues and the inevitable development brought by the mausoleum's corrupting forces..."

As this knowledge flashed by, Lumian leaped, tensed his chest muscles, spread his arms, raised his right fist, and aimed at the back of the puppet soldier's neck, as constructed in his mind.

His fist ignited with layers of compressed white-hot flames, finally striking something hard and cold.

With a clang, the compressed flames were injected into the puppet soldier's neck.

Using the force, Lumian flipped back in midair, while an explosive sound echoed from within the puppet soldier.

A Cull completed with Fire Infusion!

The sound of heavy metal fragments hitting the ground followed.

As Lumian steadied himself, he heard Albus's voice in his ear:

“You can see?”

This member of the Medici family had a peculiar metallic quality in his voice.

Albus is here too? Did he witness me precisely dismantling the puppet soldier? Lumian's right hand stealthily reached into the Traveler's Bag, as he responded with a smile, “Can you see too?”

Albus's metallic voice came from another direction:

“I can't see by myself; I'm blindfolded like you. But I can share the vision of the puppet soldiers here.”

This is an example of the power of high-level Hunters... A gift from the Red Angel? This gift can even piggyback on 0-01's puppets... According to Madam Magician, that King of Angels once held 0-01... Lumian deliberately harrumphed and said, “Did you make the puppet soldier attack me?”

Albus switched locations again, seemingly using different puppet soldiers to speak.

“This was a test. Only those who pass the test are qualified to cooperate with me.”

“You think you're worthy of cooperating with me? Why would you think I want to work with you?” Lumian said disdainfully.

Albus laughed. “That Demoness has a very dangerous item. If we don't work together, she could take us out one by one.”

Chapter 829 Deception and Betrayal

Cooperate? You just want to use me as cannon fodder, right?

Well, let's see if I can find out what item Julie has... With his eyes covered by white bandages, Lumian wore an expression of skepticism. “How dangerous could it be?”

Albus, also blindfolded and holding a lantern, leaned against the wall of a burial chamber, watching Lumian through the eyes of the iron puppet soldiers twenty meters away.

He chuckled inwardly. You didn't put that ragged head in your bag but carried it in your hand. Not afraid of trouble, or are you planning something?

And your right hand has been in that bag made by a high-level Apprentice...

The half-body should already be inside. You don't want to reunite the head and body now, fearing unforeseen consequences. You plan to use it as an indiscriminate weapon at a crucial moment, don't you?

Perfect for surprising Julie and the others. I won't try it myself to avoid unnecessary consumption.

Cooperation is great; it gathers the dangers together, letting them cancel each other out...

Albus made an iron puppet's mouth move, its metallic voice saying, "The item on that Demoness is one of five created by the Primordial Demoness before Her slumber after the Pale Disaster of the Fourth Epoch. It can make the bearer a vessel for the Primordial Demoness's descent."

"A vessel for a deity's descent..." Lumian repeated.

The Demoness Sect plays high-stake games, don't they?

He had thought Julie's item could only temporarily grant her the power of a Sequence 4 Demoness of Despair, not that she could briefly become the Primordial Demoness herself!

Even a fraction of a true god's power was immense!

Albus's laughter echoed in the metal cavity.

"Yes, a vessel.

"Fortunately, Julie isn't sturdy enough as a vessel. If she were an Angel-level Demoness, she could sustain the descent for a minute or two without dying. A Saint-level Demoness could hold it for a few seconds, but her soul and body would collapse. Julie, as a Demoness of Affliction, can't maintain the state for more than three seconds and that's with the cost of complete annihilation.

"Even without invoking the descent, the item grants her various special abilities, temporarily allowing her to use Sequence 4 powers.

"If we don't cooperate, facing Julie's normal state alone is tough but not hopeless. But if she's pushed to the brink and tries the descent, we won't last three seconds.

"By working together and using all our trump cards, we might last until her descent ends. Then, we rely on our skills."

Last three seconds in front of a Demoness... Such ambiguous words would be a field day for the scandal reporters on Trier's Avenue du Boulevard. They'd twist your words into questioning your prowess... Influenced by vulgar jokes from Trier's Ghost Face and other tabloids and Franca's quips, Lumian mentally criticized.

He didn't believe in Albus's sincere cooperation. He thought this Red Angel's descendant would throw him out as a shield at the critical moment to endure Julie's deity's descent. This might be Albus's ultimate plan to survive.

Like Emperor Roselle's parable: in a forest, you don't need to outrun a bear, just your companion.

Franca often joked that in adventures, companions were the best shields.

But Julie and Celeste likely know my true identity, that I'm a lover of one of their peers, and that I was once an Iron and Blood Cross Order member. They wouldn't place as much importance on me as much as they'd be wary of a Medici. So it's still a question who's the primary target and who's the shield... In a hesitant, distrustful tone, Lumian said, "I can sense Julie's danger but didn't expect it to be this severe.

"Of course, I still don't trust you."

“Cooperation and mutual vigilance are not contradictory. I can't truly trust you either,” Albus replied with a hint of amusement.

“When there's a common interest, even enemies who killed one's parents can temporarily cooperate. How much more so for us?”

While speaking, Albus thought to himself, Working together against those two Demonesses is better than fighting you now and facing your hidden trump cards head-on. Even if I win, the cost would be high, and how would I deal with the Demonesses and Wanak afterward?

Heh heh, in a real fight with the Demonesses, you won't be able to hide your trump cards. The situation will become chaotic, everyone will go all out, and the dangers will cancel each other out. I'm best at winning in chaos...

After a moment of contemplation, Lumian gritted his teeth and said, “Let's cooperate until we deal with the two Demonesses.”

“A very wise choice.” Albus did not hide his joy.

Lumian, holding the carbide lamp and the Abscessed Hand's head, began to walk slowly.

With a posture of “I am trying to show sincerity,” he said, “Besides the two Demonesses and Wanak, we have another enemy.

“That's the Mirror Person from the special mirror world from Fourth Epoch Trier. His name in Morora is Guei.”

“Mirror Person...” The iron puppet ahead repeated the term, then laughed. “I'm not surprised. It's a problem left by that lunatic Alista Tudor.”

“What do you mean?” Lumian took the opportunity to ask.

Albus, with a tone of clear reverence, said, “You should know my ancestor was a King of Angels. He told me that the special mirror world was likely created by Tudor.”

“Red Angel? Wasn't He killed before Alista Tudor became the Blood Emperor? How did He know the origin of the special mirror world?” Lumian expressed his doubts.

“What do you mean 'killed'?” Albus sighed. “That's why I dislike working with Hunters. If it weren't for today's necessity, I wouldn't have sought you out. Hunters really have a way with words.”

“I also dislike working with Hunters, like you,” Lumian agreed.

Albus switched to another iron puppet: “My ancestor entered the Fourth Epoch Trier and confirmed its various problems. He said the special mirror world might not be a product of those problems but the cause of them.”

The Red Angel meant that the special mirror world wasn't created by the fall of the Blood Emperor and the destruction of Fourth Epoch Trier, but existed before and led to the need for a new Trier to seal it after Fourth Epoch Trier's fall? Could the Red Angel be deliberately spreading false information for some consOriginal?



But this matches what I found in the Blue Avenger's treasure vault-the Blood Emperor might have been using the mirror world for His resurrection arrangements before His fall.

Similarly, the Tamara family's connection with the special mirror world was also before the War of the Four Emperors...

Lumian stopped, thought for a few seconds, and said, “Alista Tudor left too many problems behind, didn't He?”

Though the Knight of Swords said that among the crazy ancient gods of the Second Epoch, the Undying Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace was the most troublesome, causing many issues, and was quite similar to the Fourth Epoch's Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, Lumian had only encountered problems related to the Underworld from the Phoenix Ancestor. In contrast, he encountered troubles from the Blood Emperor frequently. So, in his mind, the Blood Emperor was the most troublesome, much more so than the Phoenix Ancestor.

Albus seemed to share a similar sentiment. Using the iron puppet's mouth, he said, “Because He is the symbol of calamity.”

Wh- Lumian suddenly had a deeper understanding of the Hunter pathway.

Albus then asked, “As temporary collaborators, do you need me to share the puppet's vision with you? That way, you won't have to pretend to be blind.”

Such a good thing? Lumian instantly became wary.

Thinking about how Wanak had to fully submit to 0-01 to share a bit of power, and considering that all the puppets here were 0-01's minions, Lumian pondered for a few seconds and said, “No need.”

In a situation where he was not truly part of Albus's team, he worried that sharing vision might gradually turn him into a puppet.

“Sometimes, being too cautious isn't good,” Albus Medici said without further persuasion, his tone containing a hint of undisguised regret.

For the next while, Lumian followed his mental map, winding through the underground tombs. Albus occasionally used the iron puppets scattered around the area to remind him he wasn't left behind.

After a while, Lumian slowed his steps, mumbling to himself, In the Examples of Mausoleum Construction, there's nothing marked ahead...

This is where Albus comes in, isn't it?

Without hesitation, Lumian walked past what seemed to be a gate and entered the blank area on his mental map.

The next second, he felt his skin prickling, as if approaching a fierce lightning bolt yet not touching it.

Lumian immediately recalled the forest of lightning from his previous nightmare.

His ears then caught Albus's voice through the iron puppet:

“Wanak is coming. Just a dozen meters ahead.”

Wanak? Lumian's mind immediately pictured the most dangerous figure in Morora, with blood-red hair and iron-black eyes, and his spirit instantly tensed up.

### Chapter 830 Destination

Lumian had always thought Wanak, who could draw power from 0-01, was more dangerous than Albus and Julie. This lightning-filled area was perfect for Wanak to unleash his potential.

No matter if Wanak could only change the weather slightly or if he was on par with Julie and Celeste, who could become vessels for a deity's descent, in this forest of lightning, he was as powerful as a true demigod.

Together, Albus and I would get beaten up by the thunderstorm...

Lumian's first instinct was to exit this area and find another path to 0-01.

That way, even if Wanak pursued him, outside his optimal environment, he wouldn't be invincible.

In a flash, Lumian remembered the nightmares he had.

After the forest of lightning, there were mountains of corpses and bones, with 0-01 possibly at the peak.

This meant this was the only way to the core sealing arethere was no way around it!

This fact was hinted at in "Examples of Mausoleum Construction," even if it wasn't clearly marked.

Or, I could pretend to retreat, draw Wanak out, and avoid fighting him in the lightning forest...

Wait a minute...

Lumian suddenly had a bold idea.

Since previous dangers saw him as one of their own, would Wanak, a puppet of 0-01, make the same judgment?

Wanak wasn't a fully intelligent human but more like a sentient puppet.

Such a target could likely be deceived!

When I first arrived in Morora, I had little corruption from 0-01, with a mix of other influences, so it made sense for Wanak to see me as an enemy. But now, after much learning, the corruption is approaching a critical point.

I should try.

If it fails, I'll use Shadow Animation to withstand the lightning attack and seize the chance to teleport out of the forest, avoiding a direct fight with Wanak...

Lumian made his decision and stepped forward.

As he walked, he recalled the nightmares he had since arriving in Morora, listening to the brass earplugs recounting knowledge to align himself with the corruption. At the same time, he thought aimlessly about various significant and insignificant questions to relax and prevent his body from being too tense.

This could prevent Wanak from noticing anything unusual!

Why did I end up in the forest of lightning?

According to the nightmare, there should be burning palaces and waterfall-like downpours ahead.

Are they on a different route?

...

Lumian endured the increasing prickling sensation, mentally calculating his distance.

Three or four more steps to meet Wanak...

As soon as this thought crossed Lumian's mind, he heard slow but steady breathing, masked by the rolling thunder, just a few meters away.

Lumian's back tensed involuntarily, and his right hand reached into the Traveler's Bag, ready to pull out the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand.

After its previous writhing approach, they had fused together but were temporarily unable to break through the Traveler's Bag's seal and reunite with the head.

As he got closer to Wanak, Lumian, unable to see his expression, instinctively wanted to hold his breath.

He quickly adjusted, forcing himself to remain calm.

The next second, he felt a gaze fall upon him, making the skin on his face break out in barely noticeable bumps.

It was Wanak's gaze.

At this moment, Lumian wished he were a Hypnotist, but he could only keep telling himself, I am an experimental subject, I am an experimental subject...

He maintained the same pace as the black-robed experimental subjects, walking straight ahead.

Two steps... one step... Lumian tried to clear his mind.

He walked past the imagined figure of Wanak.

One step... two steps... three steps... Lumian didn't dare relax, feeling cold sweat on his back.

Outside the lightning forest, Albus Medici, through a guardian puppet's eyes, watched Lumian holding the carbide lamp and the ragged head, step by step, approaching Wanak, who had unbuttoned two buttons of his shirt.

He saw Wanak's gaze fall on Lumian, follow him for seven or eight seconds, then slowly shift away, watching Lumian pass the most dangerous person in Morora and head towards the end of the lightning forest.

Wh- Albus squinted his eyes, then laughed. So that's how he gets through dangerous areas, no wonder he's been reading and studying these past weeks... When we reach the destination, I'll have to guard against him using this trick...

Lumian walked a bit further, feeling the prickling sensation fade as faint echoes of sound from the brass earplugs leaked out, indicating he had left the lightning forest and entered a narrow corridor.

After this corridor, I should reach the area around the mountain of corpses...

Should I wait for Albus to catch up, or go face Julie and the others alone?

Heh heh, I wonder how Albus will get past Wanak...

Lumian stopped and listened for sounds from the direction of the lightning forest.

Thud, thud, thud. He heard slow, steady footsteps.

“Why did you stop?” Wanak's sharp voice suddenly rang in his ears.

A chill ran up Lumian's spine to the back of his head, making him almost pull out the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand.

He stiffly wanted to “explain,” but after a moment's thought, he chose to remain silent and continued walking.

In the nearly frozen air, Lumian heard the thudding footsteps pass him and head towards the end of the corridor.

Phew... He quietly exhaled.

He didn't stop again but slowed his pace, moving like a snail.

Soon, he felt countless eyes on him.

Seeing Wanak rush towards 0-01, Albus Medici laughed at Lumian's pointless risk-taking as he leisurely passed through the lightning forest.

Using the guardian puppets in the corridor, Albus saw the walls made of square iron plates, with surfaces as smooth as mirrors.

At this moment, twisted, pale faces appeared in these “mirrors.”

These faces belonged to the residents of Morora, silently staring at Lumian. Occasionally, someone would cautiously extend a hand from the metal surface, quietly reaching for Lumian's body.

Lumian merely swung a fireball in that direction, not making any aggressive moves.

Seeing the pale hand retract into the iron wall, Albus made a puppet speak: “I see Wanak didn't blindfold himself. Do you want to try it too?”

In the underground mausoleum, puppets of Wanak's level don't need to blindfold themselves, not fearing replacement by a Mirror Person.

Theoretically, I should be able to do the same, given I'm almost like him now... Albus must have noticed Wanak didn't attack me and is suspecting my condition... Lumian calmly responded to Albus, “I don't want to die yet.”

He then asked, “Should we wait here for a while, let Wanak and the two Demonesses fight it out, and then take advantage?”

Wanak rushing to the mountain of corpses must be to stop Julie and Celeste from doing something to 0-01!

Albus replied through a puppet: “I haven't seen the two Demonesses ahead.”

Julie and Celeste haven't arrived yet? Did you two Demonesses get lost?

You were the first to enter the underground mausoleum! Or have you arrived but are hiding, waiting for the right moment? Lumian's thoughts raced, and he resumed his normal pace.

As he walked, he smiled at Albus. "You must have noticed Wanak won't attack me. So, will you let me go ahead unimpeded, join me, or rush ahead of me?"

Lumian worried Albus might lag behind, letting him face any unexpected dangers around the mountain of corpses alone. So he pointed out his unusual condition, making Albus cautious.

The next dangers, of course, should be faced together. No one should think of hanging back to reap the benefits after the fact!

Albus's laugh came from Lumian's side.

"Since we've agreed to cooperate, we'll go in together."

"That colors you in a different light," Lumian responded insincerely.

After several more steps, Lumian suddenly stopped, feeling he was about to reach the mountain of corpses.

"Why did you stop?" Albus asked through a puppet at the entrance.

"Why did you stop?" Lumian retorted.

"You still don't trust me," Albus sighed.

Lumian chuckled in amusement and replied, "Aren't you the same?"

Suddenly, he sped up, as if trying to leave Albus behind and rush to the foot of the mountain of corpses.

Moments later, he heard a swooshing sound, the noise of a flaming spear piercing the air.

Lumian scoffed and left the corridor completely.

The next second, he felt an intense sense of danger.

This wasn't a premonition but a Hunter's instinct to dodge an attack aimed at his head.

"Are you here to die too?" Julie's cold, indifferent voice echoed in Lumian's ears.

Lumian quickly activated the black mark on his right shoulder and withdrew his hand from the Traveler's Bag.

He pulled out a bluish-black, swollen, headless corpse!

...

Trier, in the apartment Franca and Jenna rented.

Jenna said to Franca, "Your suggestion worked. I've digested the Witch potion. Turns out, getting close to mystical dangers was the key."

Franca's face lit up with joy.

"Are you going to take a couple of days to adjust before going to the sacrificial square in the underground catacombs for the advancement, or do it now?"

Jenna pursed her lips and said, "My spiritual intuition tells me it's best to do it now."