

## Inevitability 841

### Chapter 841 The Brand

Jenna paused before responding, "True."

Initially, they believed the special mirror world was a result of the War of the Four Emperors, created in the aftermath of fierce battles among beings like the Primordial Demoness and the Blood Emperor. However, after Lumian explored the treasury of the Blue Avenger, he uncovered new information suggesting the special mirror world existed before the War of the Four Emperors. He speculated it was a tool crafted by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor to counter the Primordial Demoness and a means for resurrection.

Their greatest confusion at the time was why Alista Tudor, a true god of the Hunter pathway, could create such a uniquely bizarre mirror world. Did high-rank beings of the Apprentice pathway under Him participate?

Franca then remarked wistfully, "According to Lumian's theory and our experience, both Hunters and Demonesses bring calamity. Wouldn't a true god of the Hunter pathway combined with one from the Demoness pathway essentially epitomize the concept of disaster? No wonder Fourth Epoch Trier ended up the way it did..."

"However, is it possible for true deities from neighboring pathways to cooperate amicably, instead of immediately succumbing to the urge to converge and battle for dominance?"

Jenna, puzzled by this question, pursed her lips in thought before asking, "Is there a way to control that urge to converge?"

"That's beyond my knowledge for now, at least until I come into contact with the corresponding mystical knowledge after becoming an Angel," Franca self-deprecatingly said, her thoughts wandering. "Perhaps the Primordial Demoness could, but definitely not the Blood Emperor. Given our understanding of the history of the Fourth Epoch, He was a violent, bloodthirsty madman. How could He control Himself unless someone helped Him? Who could that be?"

Jenna paused thoughtfully and then said, "The Tamara family..."

"Uh..." Franca's eyes lit up. "Right, the Tamara family at that time was primarily known for the Apprentice pathway. High-rank beings of the Apprentice pathway excel at sealing and controlling space, and could utilize the mirror world to a certain extent. Yes, this explains why the Tamara family was involved in the creation of the special mirror world."

One of the two Special Mirror World Fragments they held came from a tomb of the Tamara family.

Growing more excited, Franca said, "The Tamara family must have been the bridge between the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness, carrying out a secret mission! And since they had

long been exposed to the Demoness Sect, it makes sense that some of their members sided with them after the split.

“And, moreover, since Lady Krismona is a descendant of the Blood Emperor, then Her twin brother, the current Demoness of Gray, probably is too. The Apprentice lineage of the Tamara family has borne many humiliations over the past thousand years, willingly becoming women to continue serving the direct descendants of the Blood Emperor. Such loyalty, such loyalty!”

As she spoke, Franca mockingly wiped away a tear, moved by her own words.

Jenna, long accustomed to her companion's boundless digressions and jokes, raised her own question, “Could a Sequence 2 Apprentice pathway Angel from the Tamara family really seal the Blood Emperor's urge to converge?”

“If the Tamara family can't, what about Mr. Door?” Franca turned serious, pondering. “Lumian said He is the foremost noble of the Tudor Empire, and ranked behind Him, Amon, is a confirmed King of Angels. Then it's likely He is one too. A King of Angels of the Apprentice pathway might be able to temporarily seal the Blood Emperor's urge to converge, right? Was Mr. Door also involved in the matter of the special mirror world?”

“Possibly,” Jenna agreed.

The normal mirror world was essentially an embodiment of the concept of “doors.”

Franca's thoughts suddenly took a playful turn, chuckling softly. “There's also a possibility that the convergence behavior of the true deities of the Hunter and Demoness pathways differs from other pathways. First, they attract each other, dancing around each other, and only after reaching a certain climax do they start to devour each other, deciding the ultimate victor.”

Jenna couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Franca was at it with her crude jokes again.

Of course, for Jenna, who had once frequented bars and dance halls in the market district, living as a Showy Diva for a long period, such coarse humor was hardly adult-only material.

Franca then composed herself. “I can now truly understand what the Demoness of Black meant. No wonder she asked me why I thought the Demoness Sect didn't control the special mirror world. She said it had been under the Primordial One's control until the end of the War of the Four Emperors.

“But she also believed that the special mirror world was initially created to combat the Primordial One, only later controlled by Her. Is she unaware of the secrets of those times and the Demoness of Gray's lineage, or is she just deceiving me, trying to mislead me? Or, did the Blood Emperor indeed initially want to combat the Primordial One, but She then took control of the nascent special mirror world, leading to Their cooperation?”

“Or, was their cooperation aimed at combating something else?”

“Ah, what was their purpose in creating such a special mirror world?”

Jenna shook her head honestly. “I don't know.”

Franca thoughtfully stroked her ponytail.

“The Demoness of Black is both a descendant of the Primordial One and has the Tamara family's bloodline. She probably knows more about the special mirror world than I imagined.”

Jenna hummed in response, rubbing her temples. “Either way, we need to report this information quickly.”

Franca glanced at Jenna and cleared her throat. “You also need to go back and rest, adapting to the changes the potion has made to your body.”

...

At the foot of the corpse mountain, Lumian sat with his eyes closed, his back against the piles of bodies and skeletons, intently listening to the monotonous voice emanating from the brass earplugs.

He was completing his studies.

He no longer needed to listen to all the remaining books; mastering this one would likely suffice. Yet, even so, it would still take over ten hours.

As time ticked away, Lumian's body grew weaker. Even with the support of the corpses and skeletons, he could no longer sit upright, relying solely on external forces to keep from collapsing.

His spirituality was evaporating faster, rendering him unable to use his teleportation ability anymore.

Fortunately, he had stowed away the artifact left by Celeste and the mystic pathogens had been dissipated completely by 0-01's activation; his condition hadn't worsened to the point where his heart was too weak to beat or his Spirit Body began to disintegrate, allowing him to barely keep at it.

After an indeterminate period, Lumian suddenly felt invigorated, his body regained strength, and his spirituality was replenished.

It was six in the morning based on Cordu time.

His body refreshed and free from illness, Lumian sat up straight and resumed the final part of his study.

Nearly 45 minutes later, he uttered an ancient Hermes word in a deep voice, “Stop!”

He felt he was on the brink of corruption and could not accumulate any more!

Just as the brass talisman finished transmitting the knowledge, Lumian's mind became hazy.

Vaguely, he “saw” the charred flag dotted with dangerous blood spots, surrounded by dense darkness, gently swaying.

Lumian also “saw” the ground covered in corpses, a vast army marching, the earth soaked in blood, countless severed arms and limbs...

A strong smell of blood and rust pierced his nose, as if coming from himself.

Lumian felt a certain call, not just from the charred flag but also from the dense darkness enveloping it.

The burning heat and icy cold in the palm of his right hand became more distinct.

They originated from the residual aura of the Blood Emperor and the seal left by the Underworld Daoist.

At that moment, Lumian suddenly realized another, deeper purpose of the Aurora Order's arrangement of the Dream Festival: With the Underworld Daoist's seal, I truly share a mystical similarity with 0-01...

0-01 once belonged to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, then fell under the control of Death and suffered the corruption of the Death pathway's powers, which were also utilized by the Church of Knowledge to seal 0-01 itself. And now, I carry the residual aura of the Blood Emperor and the seal left by the Underworld Daoist, bearing powers of the Death, Evernight, and Warrior pathways...

With these thoughts flashing through his mind, Lumian combined the knowledge he had learned with the behavior of Albus and Julie, and amidst the strange and dangerous summons, he stood up and teleported to the top of the corpse mountain.

He didn't open his eyes. In the deathly silent, icy darkness, he couldn't see anything even if he did.

But as he drew closer, a sharp pain developed between Lumian's eyebrows, and his blood-or something else-seemed to want to burst through his pores and flesh.

Lumian didn't resist, enduring the pain.

Finally, a droplet, resembling blood, tore through his forehead and flew towards where 0-01 was located.

With a plop, the residual aura of the Blood Emperor inside Lumian suddenly boiled over, turning into a raging river of flames that ravaged between his Spirit Body, organs, and flesh.

The icy, rotting sensation in his palm intensified, preventing this river of flame from carrying away all his flesh and breaking the seal.

Lumian soon suffered so intensely he nearly lost consciousness; only when the residual aura of the Blood Emperor gradually subsided did he slowly regain his thoughts.

He let out a long breath and whispered to himself, I should be the proxy for 0-01 now...

If it weren't for the Underworld Daoist seal, I would definitely have become another Wanak, no, not another Wanak, but Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, who would have used my body to return.

Lumian didn't dare to linger near 0-01, afraid that the Sealed Artifact might detect a flaw in its new proxy, a defect with a will of his own that still persisted.

And Lumian knew that with his current status and power, it was impossible to take 0-01 out of Morora; even if the Church of Knowledge agreed to let him do so, it would only lead to his own destruction.

Leaving a mark and becoming a proxy is enough to complete this task.

Unfortunately, 0-01 is tightly sealed, and a proxy's special abilities can only be fully manifested in Morora... Lumian muttered a few words and teleported back to the wasteland.

He immediately sensed a team of undead soldiers and iron puppets patrolling silently in the darkness, seemingly eternal in their movements.

Suddenly, Lumian felt a stir in his heart.

The connection between contractors told him that the leader was the Abscessed Hand!

This mysterious being had regrown bones and flesh after being subjected to the bombardment of divine descent, but it seemed to have been conquered by 0-01, becoming its guard.

Is Hand Bro's unique trait being indestructible? Lumian turned his body, letting the Abscessed Hand and its puppets pass by.

Unexpectedly, the Abscessed Hand stopped in front of Lumian and uttered in a low voice, "Omebella..."

Chapter 842 Departure

"Omebella..."

Hearing the voice of the Abscessed Hand and the name it shouted, a chill ran up Lumian's spine, making his hair stand on end and cold sweat break out.

He didn't know when the Abscessed Hand had regrown bones and flesh from the ashes, returning to its original form, but he was prepared for any abnormalities when it passed by him, given the contract stemming from the Inevitability pathway's powers between them.

Lumian wasn't overly worried; they were "colleagues" now, and the situation shouldn't turn dangerous. What he didn't expect was that the Abscessed Hand would call out "Omebella."

It was like a horror story!

For a moment, Lumian couldn't help but wonder if he had already been subtly eroded by the Great Mother's Child of God, Omebella, to the extent that he was gradually being replaced.

Standing in the pure darkness, the unseen Abscessed Hand paused for a few seconds, then continued moving forward with the group of iron puppets and undead soldiers, marching mechanically.

Only then did Lumian snap back to reality, pondering the reason for what had just happened.

According to Ludwig, some beings created directly by the Great Mother or granted her boon, lacking necessary intelligence, can sense the trace of Omebella's bloodline in me and regard me as the Great Mother's Child of God...

Hand Bro was first revived and interrupted by divine descent, then controlled by 0-01, becoming its puppet. The feminine transformation trend seemed to have stopped, meaning it hasn't fully revived and lost its self-awareness, truly lacking necessary intelligence.

Was it directly created by the Great Mother, or did it receive Her boon? The corruption turning it into a woman and pushing it to the limit of beauty likely originated from the Great Mother...

That does seem plausible. Even a single drop of blood can regrow a complete body, evoking a sense of rebirth...

But something's off. By this logic, the Abscessed Hand should call me an Honorable Child of God and show some subservience. Heh heh, to directly call the Child of God's name is blasphemy!

Lumian grumbled to himself, growing more puzzled.

Also, if Omebella itself is a title, the Abscessed Hand should only know I'm a Child of God, not a specific name. The Great Mother likely has multiple Children of God, perhaps continuously created. How could the unwise Hand Bro distinguish who is who and what their name is...

Unless, Omebella is the most special Child of God, or Hand Bro knew Omebell the Giant Queen-in its previous life?

Lumian raised his right hand, rubbing his chin, thinking he should quickly report this to Madam Magician after leaving and see if they could uncover the Abscessed Hand's original identity. Perhaps the ancient records in the New City of Silver contained some clues.

After a few seconds, Lumian vanished from the spot, teleporting back near the top of the corpse mountain.

Distracted by the Abscessed Hand incident, he remembered he still had spoils to collect.

That was the Beyonder characteristic of the Demoness of Affliction from Celeste, which could later be used by Jenna.

As for Julie's characteristic, after the divine descent and filthy blood incident, Lumian had no idea where it was.

In the deathly silent darkness, Lumian stored the shapeless Demoness of Affliction Beyonder characteristic in his Traveler's Bag.

He even placed two chunks of Celeste's corpse inside.

Maybe they can be used as supplementary ingredients. If not, I can give them to Ludwig. With me as godfather away for so long; I should bring him a gift. But will he consider this dirty... Lumian mumbled and teleported to the edge of the wasteland, leaving the area steeped in deathly darkness.

As 0-01's proxy, he quickly and smoothly exited the underground mausoleum, returning to the entrance area.

Lumian then opened his eyes, seeing the blue sky.

At that moment, the morning sun was bright but not harsh, the air fresh and carrying a slight burnt scent after the rain.

Having spent over ten hours in the eternal darkness of the underground tomb, Lumian felt as if a lifetime had passed.

Then, he saw numerous heads, each trailing a bloodstained, pale spine, hovering in the air.

They were countless, thousands, all staring at the entrance of the tomb, at Lumian.

Among them were faces Lumian recognized, regulars at the Carnivore bar.

The aftermath of 0-01's activation?

There must be thousands, if not tens of thousands...

Is this a form of sacrifice?

Red Priest...

Thoughts flashing through his mind, Lumian raised his hands.

His forehead became hot, with a slight prickling pain.

Ooo!

A violent gale suddenly blew, scattering the thousands of heads with trailing spines back into the city.

The flying heads seemed to sense Lumian's will, drifting with the wind, and landed back on their headless bodies.

So this is the special power of a proxy? Unfortunately, it can only be used in Morora... Lumian lowered his hands, feeling regretful, and walked out of the cemetery.

At the cemetery gate, an exile was twisting his own returned head back in place.

Crack!

His head turned from facing his spine back to the front.

Seeing Lumian watching him, he smiled and spoke normally, "Today's... weather... is really nice..."

"Yeah," Lumian responded with a relaxed smile.

He teleported directly to the Carnivore bar, appearing at the door of Julie's room.

The corpse of Lez was gone from the bed, along with Julie's collections.

The enforcers have been here... Did they bury Lez's body in the cemetery?

Lumian mused and vanished from the spot.

This time, he appeared at the door of the Knowledge Cathedral.

He walked inside, up to Heraberg in his plain white robe with brass threads, and smiling, took out the books he had borrowed from the Traveler's Bag.

"Archbishop, I've finished them all."

As he spoke, Lumian felt Heraberg looked slightly older.

"Finished them all, really?" Heraberg asked with a smile.

Lumian made a sound and honestly replied, "There are two books I didn't listen to, but I can't continue anymore."

Heraberg nodded approvingly. "If you know, you know. If you don't know, you don't know; there's no need to pretend."

As he took the books, he said, "There's indeed no need to read these anymore. I must remind you, these books are infected with a plague, as are the other items in your bag. You need to handle them properly, burn or purify them to prevent the plague from spreading."

"Celeste's Grade 1 Sealed Artifact is so potent? It continues to produce a Plague even inside the Traveler's Bag..." Lumian said sincerely, "I'll be careful. Thank you, Archbishop. Archbishop, how do I seal an object that spreads a deadly plague?"

Heraberg looked at Lumian for a few seconds, then laughed.

He pointed to another brass bookshelf. "That one, that one, and that one, take a look and learn."

Indeed, teachers never give direct answers... Lumian didn't resist continuing his studies. He pulled out the books and placed them in his Traveler's Bag.

Then he smiled and asked, "Your Grace, what should I do to leave Morora?"

The white-haired Heraberg said meaningfully, "No one has ever forbidden the residents here from leaving Morora, they simply don't want to leave."

Lumian was momentarily stunned, then asked with sudden realization, "Leave the way you came?"

Heraberg showed a look of approval, then pointed to Lumian's clothes. "Do you want a change of clothes?"

Lumian looked down and saw his clothes, pants, and shoes had become tattered from the previous intense battle.

He was about to take out spare clothes from the Traveler's Bag but remembered they were also infected with the mystical plague.

Heraberg pointed to a room near the stairs.

"There are clothes you can change into."

"Thank you, Your Grace." Lumian sighed in relief and quickly entered the room, finding several plain white robes with brass threads hanging inside.

These were the vestments of the Church of Knowledge clergy.

Lumian glanced back thoughtfully at Heraberg, who had resumed reading, and swiftly changed into a robe that fit his size.

He then opened the cathedral's heavy, ajar wooden door and descended the stone steps layer by layer, deep into the underground.

The passageway hadn't changed since he came; the glowing gems embedded in the walls still provided some illumination.

That indescribable terrifying sound echoed in Lumian's ears again.

Lumian walked at a steady pace towards the exit. As 0-01's proxy, the more he walked, the more he felt this might indeed be a long esophagus.

What kind of creature would have such an esophagus? Lumian pondered but couldn't find an answer.



Alert to this possibility, he neither transformed into a flaming spear nor teleported, instead walking obediently for several hours until he reached the double bronze doors.

He extended his hands and pulled, making the door emit a heavy sound as it slowly opened.

Outside, no one was guarding it.

Lumian sneered silently and stepped out.

He didn't forget to close the door behind him.

Wearing the plain white robe with brass threads, he walked back, feeling unseen, unknown gazes upon him.

Reaching the prison where he had been held, Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

He chose to teleport back to Trier, to the apartment he rented.

His body and spirit were in decent shape, but he felt a strong sense of fatigue, wanting to rest.

Just as his figure materialized, he saw Ludwig enjoying afternoon tea.

Ludwig looked up and froze.

Clang!

The silver fork in the boy's hand fell onto the dessert plate.

Chapter 843 Black Tear

Seeing the genuine fear in Ludwig's eyes, Lumian looked down at himself and noticed the plain white robe with brass threads he was wearing.

He laughed and reassured his godson, "Don't be afraid. There's no exam, and no study."

Ludwig's eyes lit up, and his expression gradually relaxed.

For a moment, he had feared that his godfather had joined the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, thinking the sky was falling.

Lumian glanced at Lugano, who had hurriedly stood up. He took the former Carnivore bar owner's stomach from the Traveler's Bag and tossed it to Ludwig.

"This is a gift for you."

Having completed his journey to Morora, Lumian was no longer bound by his promises and could now obtain godhood. He decided to accelerate the formation of his hunter team, with Ludwig being the most important member.

Taming this sealed Angel involved granting favors.

Ludwig's expression turned ecstatic, as if he had just ascended from the abyss to heaven.

He eagerly prepared to devour the stomach of the Depriver on the spot.

Lumian rubbed his temples and cautioned, "That's infected with a mystical pathogen. You'd better handle it properly to prevent the disease from spreading."

“A mystical pathogen...” Lugano exclaimed, instinctively distancing himself from Ludwig.

As a professional Doctor, Lugano activated his Spirit Vision, focusing on the stomach for two seconds before confirming the presence of the disease.

Ludwig took a bite at the stomach's pylorus and mumbled, “Once it's in my stomach, the plague won't spread.”

“And what about you?” Lumian asked, amused.

“At most, I'll have an upset stomach for a while,” Ludwig answered nonchalantly.

Should I skip purifying the food in my Traveler's Bag? Since it wouldn't hurt you...

Lumian mumbled and turned toward his bedroom.

After taking a few more bites, Ludwig lifted his head and hesitantly said, “Thank you. Thank you, godfather.”

Lumian smiled, nodding in satisfaction. “Not bad. Your manners have improved a lot.”

Ludwig shivered suddenly.

His godfather's tone and expression now resembled those of his most feared people-his teachers!

Lumian said nothing more, heading to his bedroom. He spread out a letter paper and wrote down the key points of his journey to Morora, detailing the problems he had encountered.

Then he summoned the “doll” messenger, handing over the letter along with the Traveler's Bag.

The “doll” messenger disdainfully picked up the Traveler's Bag with two fingers, complaining, “Don't put everything in here! It's too dirty! It's too dirty! It's a trash can now!”

Lumian smiled sheepishly. “I had no other choice.”

I can't carry those Sealed Artifacts directly, right?

Their negative effects combined could kill me instantly.

After sending off the “doll” messenger, Lumian collapsed onto his bed without cleaning up the makeshift altar on his desk. He closed his eyes, letting his body relax.

In Morora, he had stayed up late reading and couldn't sleep soundly with a mad Demoness living next door and other enemies possibly ambushing him at any moment, keeping his mind on high alert.

Now, he finally felt a long-lost sense of safety.

Lumian quickly fell into a deep sleep. When he woke, it was already six in the morning of a new day.

Ah, refreshing and comfortable. Lumian sat up, stretched, and saw his Traveler's Bag and a letter on his desk.

“The messenger came without me awakening... This means I trust her quite a bit...”

Lumian muttered as he walked to his desk and drew the curtains.

In the morning light, he sat down and read Madam Magician's reply: "For now, leaving a mark to become a proxy is enough. Other matters can be dealt with later. In short, regarding 0-01, you've at least gotten ahead of the Demoness Sect and the Red Angel.

"However, no matter how beneficial something seems, it always has its drawbacks. This means you've officially stepped onto the stage vying for the Red Priest position. You will face more attention and danger. Previously, the Demoness Sect might have seen you as a potential ally, and the Red Angel might have considered using you. Now, eliminating you to vacate the proxy position will be a practical option for them.

"You should also remind Two of Cups to be cautious to avoid being exploited by the Demoness Sect.

"Of course, since both the Demoness Sect and the Red Angel have gained something from this, each leaving a bit of blood on 0-01, their immediate urgency to target you is not very high.

"Regarding the Abscessed Hand, due to significant catastrophes in the Fourth, Third, and Second Epochs, many folklore and legends have not survived. The high-level corruption from the Great Mother on the Abscessed Hand prevents us from direct divination, requiring indirect methods, making it hard to obtain the most effective information. We haven't determined when the related legends first appeared but can confirm their existence at the beginning of the Fifth Epoch.

"From your description of its appearance and state, we reasonably suspect that the Abscessed Hand was a Vampire of Angel rank before its death. According to information from the Sanguine, one of the three dukes, an ancient being born in the Second Epoch, Round Moon Duke Olmer, has no memory of such a kin.

"Note that a Sequence 2 Angel is equivalent to a duke among the Sanguine. Even in the long history of the Sanguine, the number of dukes is very limited, and it's impossible for them not to recognize or remember each other.

"The New City of Silver is currently searching through historical texts related to Omebella for possible clues. I will inform you if they find anything."

Hand Bro isn't a Sanguine. No wonder Madam Magician calls him a vampire.

High-level beings of the Moon pathway are not equivalent to the Sanguine, just like the followers of the Primordial Moon in the Rose School of Thought are not considered Sanguine but are referred to as Artificial Vampires or something...

Lumian leaned back in his chair and continued reading.

"You can also try to get information from the Aurora Order. The secrets the one they believe in holds are among the top even among true gods.

“According to my divination, Albus Medici is still alive. His ancestor, the Red Angel, reached some sort of tacit agreement with someone or something in the special mirror world after entering Fourth Epoch Trier through the Hostel plan. This had significantly reduced the danger for Albus to escape from Morora through the special mirror world.

“No need for regrets. This is good news. At least we know the Red Angel might be cooperating with powerful beings in the special mirror world.

“The Grade 1 Sealed Artifact is called Black Tear, created from the tear of a Demoness of Despair after her death, fusing with her Beyonder characteristics.

“Black Tear continuously produces the mystical pathogen that infected you, spreading it around without stopping.

“Wearing Black Tear significantly enhances your charm, with a slight feminine touch, but it won't change your gender.

“Black Tear can help you master some mirror magic, including passing messages through the mirror world, Mirror Traversal, and mirror illusions.

“It also makes your Cull more lethal, allowing you to infuse all your power into a single Cull.

“In places with a special mirror world, Black Tear can help you utilize its special characteristics and power.

“Those were the effects. The negative effects are:

“The wearer also gets infected with the mystical pathogen, with Demonesses of Affliction being less affected and more resistant;

“The wearer experiences intermittent Pleasure, every 45 to 90 seconds;

“Even just carrying it makes you more emotional, more easily moved, and persuaded;

“Having Black Tear also increases the likelihood of unwanted romantic encounters, based on the curse from the Demoness of Despair before her death.”

Reading this, Lumian couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

This Sealed Artifact seems more suitable for a forbidden book like Monks Chasing Dogs.

Pleasure every 45 to 90 seconds is a major problem in battle!

Franca can't use it either, unless it's a quick fight. The mystical plague takes time.

For now, I can only treat it as an unlimited Mirror Cufflink, using it briefly and then sealing it...

Lumian pondered and continued reading Madam Magician's sealing methods.

“The most versatile solution is to find a Sealed Artifact of the Sun pathway that continuously purifies the surrounding area, placing it with Black Tear. How to mitigate the Sun pathway Sealed Artifact's negative effects is another matter.

“The simplest but most demanding solution is to place Black Tear in a mirror, confining the pathogen to the area behind the mirror. Don't worry, the Plague can't travel through the mirror. The issue is that without other items to interact with the mirror world, you can't retrieve Black Tear. If the mirror sealing it breaks, Black Tear will be lost in the mirror world, wandering who knows where.

“The custom solution is that I've isolated a separate space in your Traveler's Bag. Regularly throw in a flame that can burn for over half an hour to incinerate the mystical pathogen.

“I've also purified the other items in your Traveler's Bag. No need to worry about infection.”

Lumian finished reading the letter and exhaled deeply.

This is the benefit of the Tarot Club!

After burning the letter, he checked the Traveler's Bag, confirming that Celeste's Demoness of Affliction Beyonder characteristic was a beautiful eye, stored with the corpse chunks in the isolated space with Black Tear. To use it later, he would need to purify or “disinfect” it first.

Hanging the Traveler's Bag, Lumian walked to the full-length mirror in the room.

Chapter 844 Changes in the Body

Lumian placed his hand on the mirror's surface, activating the contract ability that represented the Mirror Mark.

Immediately, he sensed multiple marks he had left behind. Some were clear, others blurred, and some were like distant glimmers on the horizon.

The clear ones came from Moran Avigny's study and Franca's rented apartment.

The blurry ones, which often changed locations, originated from the treasury of the Blue Avenger. The distant glimmers gave Lumian a feeling of being separated by a vast night, unreachable—they were the marks he had left on various mirrors in Morora.

At the same time, Lumian felt a strong calling. He sensed a unique, solid, and tight connection between himself and the City of Exiles.

In his mind's eye, a dark, illusory world and the mountain of corpses appeared.

The scent of rust and blood filled his nostrils, and his forehead tingled slightly.

If I want, I can use Black Tear now, enter the mirror, and teleport back to Morora...

Lumian suddenly realized.

Of course, such a teleportation had to pass through the special mirror world, which was extremely dangerous for Lumian.

He refocused, examining the changes in his body after becoming a proxy for 0-01.

It didn't take long for him to reach a conclusion.

In Morora, 0-01 will help me absorb some of the damage. I can influence the weather, either making it similar or turning it into a disaster. I can create a small area of Fog of War, use abilities like War Cry and War Song to enhance myself and my team, and weaken enemies...

Additionally, I can temporarily become equivalent to a Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight, lacking only godhood and an incomplete mythical form. Otherwise, I possess all the qualities, albeit slightly weaker than a true Iron-blooded Knight.

It's like receiving a Sequence 4 boon, although high-level boons also come with godhood...

If I abandon my sense of self, I can momentarily approach Sequence 3...

However, all this can only be realized in Morora. With 0-01 sealed, it cannot exert influence outside Morora.

But the changes to my body as a proxy, or rather the corruption, are real and irreversible.

My physical resistance to damage has significantly improved. Although it's not as good as a Dawn Paladin in full armor, I'm no longer at risk of instant death from a headshot. Without targeting weaknesses or using Cull, it takes two to three shots to crack my skull...

My strength, speed, reflexes, constitution, and agility have also improved. My body is becoming more robust and masculine. Luckily, I can use flame shaving.

Otherwise, half a day would leave me scruffy...

My spirituality has increased by about forty to fifty percent. Now, with regular accumulation and storage, I no longer suffer from anxiety due to a lack of spirituality...

According to Grande Soeur's and Franca's terminology, my resistance to flames has also increased significantly. Flames not hot enough won't hurt me. At least Sequence 5 blazing-white flames are needed for any effect. When using Devil's Whispers in the future, the damage and pain from the sulfurous flames will be much lower... Huh, I've also grown three to four centimeters taller...

Lumian felt like an oversized, reinforced Reaper.

My long studies weren't in vain... He sighed, opening his bedroom door and stepping out.

Ludwig had just woken up, wearing a blue hat with yellow stars and energetically drinking milk.

Lumian glanced at Lugano busy in the kitchen and asked his godson with a smile, "What did you make with the Depriver's stomach yesterday, and how much is left?"

Ludwig was stunned for a second. "I ate it all."

"..." Lumian raised an eyebrow. "I thought you'd save some to make a special dish and share it with us."

Ludwig was silent for a few seconds, then honestly replied, "I couldn't resist its allure."

Lumian stared at the boy until he looked down guiltily.

“I'll let it go this time. I understand your desire, but know your mistake and correct it, understood?” Lumian's expression softened.

He wasn't angry about Ludwig eating the entire Depriver's stomach, missing out on his share. To him, it was no big deal. His sternness was part of the education.

As a godfather and the team leader, he was responsible for this. Only by doing so could he quickly complete the ritual and advance to an Iron-blooded Knight.

“Yes, godfather,” Ludwig whispered.

Lumian sat down, waiting for his breakfast, and asked Ludwig, “Have you advanced to Depriver yet?”

“Almost, but I can use some Depriver abilities,” Ludwig said, gulping down more milk.

Lumian nodded lightly, not asking further questions.

...

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

After breakfast, Lumian went to see Franca and Jenna.

He politely rang the doorbell, mindful that at this hour, the two Demonesses might be scantily clad.

With winter over, the Demonesses could wear only light clothes indoors thanks to their resistance to the cold.

Ding-dong, ding-dong. Wearing a woman's shirt, fitted trousers, and fluffy slippers, Franca opened the door.

She looked at Lumian in surprise. “You're back from the City of Exiles?”

That's too fast!

Last time they contacted, he was still studying!

Lumian walked past Franca, saying with a smile, “I used up your Mirror Cufflink.”

“That's fine.” With her new Ice Amulet, Franca generously waved it off.

Lumian was about to speak when he saw Jenna at the dining table. Her facial skin looked deeply cleansed, smooth and delicate. Her crystalline eyes were like autumn streams, hiding a thousand emotions and words, inviting immersion. The simple, light-colored dress outlined a perfect but not exaggerated figure. Her exposed skin radiated indescribable charm.

Lumian's throat tightened, and he felt an uncontrollable heat.

After a few seconds, he averted his gaze and asked Jenna thoughtfully, “Did you advance to Pleasure?”

“Yes,” Jenna replied with a mischievous smile. “Looks like that potion wasn't fake.”

Lumian let out a derisive snort.

“Were you showcasing your charm just now?”

“No,” Jenna laughed softly. “Maybe the potion's power is still leaking after my recent advancement. But, your self-control isn't as strong as I thought.”

Um... Lumian thought his reaction was uncharacteristic of an Ascetic. He suspected residual malice from using Devil's Whispers, needing time to dissipate.

And the Traveler's Bag now held Black Tear-though isolated, the bag couldn't fully block the Grade 1 Sealed Artifact's influence. Some negative effects would always seep out.

That's why he needed to burn the mystical pathogen in the isolated space regularly.

Finding an excuse, Lumian scoffed.

“That's because I'm still weak, with noticeable emotional and desire fluctuations.”

Watching their interaction, Franca felt a pang of jealousy for some reason. She quickly changed the subject, excitedly sharing, “When Jenna advanced, we got some crucial, unexpected intel. Guess what it is.”

Lumian pulled up a chair and sat down, thinking. “Related to Krismona?”

Franca sat nearby and clicked her tongue.

“Sharp. Guess who Krismona's father is.”

Lumian wanted to observe Franca and Jenna's expressions, but their combined beauty made him instinctively look away.

After some consideration, he guessed, “With your tone and attitude... I'll go with the least likely option: Blood Emperor Alista Tudor!”

Franca and Jenna's expressions froze.

Lumian asked in slight disbelief, “I got it right?”

“Yes, congratulations.” Franca nodded solemnly.

“Th-this isn't mystical...” Lumian echoed their earlier doubts.

The two Demonesses then recounted their discussion.

As Lumian listened, he frowned slightly.

“What's wrong?” Jenna asked perceptively.

Lumian stroked his chin.

“I remembered something from my time in Morora.”

“What?” Franca had been curious about Lumian's experiences in Morora.

Considering the corruption from knowledge related to 0-01, Lumian focused on his conflicts with Albus, Julie, and Wanak, emphasizing the importance of books and knowledge.

“In short, I'm now the proxy for 0-01, but this power only works in Morora.”



Lumian pondered. "What puzzles me is why I escaped after being petrified by Julie's divine descent and didn't die."

Franca clicked her tongue.

"You Hunters, always fighting with schemes and layers of plans, not straightforward at all!"

She then laughed.

"I think the Primordial One threw you out to save the Blood Emperor's last hope of resurrection during the divine descent. What's this? True love!"

Lumian didn't immediately refute her near-joking statement. After a few seconds, he thoughtfully said, "Maybe it's not true love, but a practical need. Maybe the purpose of the Primordial Demoness and Blood Emperor creating the special mirror world can only proceed after the Blood Emperor's resurrection..."

Chapter 845 Busy Franca

Jenna agreed with Lumian, "Whether it's true love or not, there must be a specific purpose behind creating that special mirror world, and it seems that purpose hasn't been achieved yet."

"What could that purpose be?" Franca pondered.

Lumian thought for a few seconds, then pulled out the corpse wax candle he had obtained from the Blue Avenger from his Traveler's Bag, and mused aloud, "That special mirror world might have been jointly created by a true god of the Hunter pathway and a true god of the Demoness pathway. This corpse wax candle was crafted from the corpse wax of demigods from both pathways, mixed with other substances. According to the Law of Similarity in mysticism, there might be a connection between the two.

"When I become a demigod, I'll visit Bansy, find the specific location mentioned by Madam Magician, light the corpse wax candle, and complete a secret deed ritual to see what I can discover. This might help us uncover the secrets of the special mirror world."

As for Fourth Epoch Trier, entering the sealed area after the Hostel plan would be a true god-level difficulty.

"At that time, apply for a Major Arcana card holder to watch over the matter."

Franca had no objections, just reminding Lumian to be cautious.

After exchanging experiences over the recent period, Franca relaxed, leaned back in her chair, and said with bright eyes, "You went to Morora and didn't gain much on the Hunter side, only becoming the proxy for 0-01. But you got a lot from the Demoness pathway, like the Beyonder characteristic of a Demoness of Affliction, a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact equivalent to that of a Demoness of Despair."

"What are you implying?" Lumian asked with a smile.

Franca chuckled. "I don't need it. I should be able to get what I need from the Demoness Sect. The only concern is how to complete the ritual. I wish I could go to Morora. It's perfect for the Demoness of Despair ritual-no guilt involved. Just hearing your examples, I know that place is full of talent, criminal talent, people exploring the limits of human evil!"

"I mean, Jenna's Beyonder characteristics up to Sequence 4 are in our full possession. You don't plan to sell them, do you?"

Jenna said instinctively, "But I still haven't saved enough money for the Demoness of Affliction Beyonder characteristic. I'm still short by tens of thousands of verl d'or..."

Lumian chuckled. "No need to worry. From now on, you two are officially part of my team. As the team leader, I'll reward you based on your contributions. It could be money or items."

He made it clear-these things were meant for Jenna. It's not like he could consume them himself. But since they were a team, there had to be clear rewards and punishments, not giving away things for free.

Even giving Ludwig the Depriver's stomach was under the pretense of a godfather returning from a trip and bringing a gift for his godson.

Jenna's expression relaxed, and she teased with a smile in her eyes, "Should we call you Captain now?"

"No need. A good team can address each other by names or nicknames." Lumian turned his gaze to Franca, revisiting the old topic. "I used up your Mirror Cufflink. What compensation do you want?"

"No need to be so polite." With her Ice Amulet, Franca waved it off generously.

"If I need to use Black Tear or the Sword of Courage in the future, I'll borrow them from you. Don't worry, I'm thick-skinned and won't feel embarrassed."

As she spoke, she took out the Lie earring and tossed it back to Lumian. "You should keep this. I'm afraid I'll be tempted to permanently alter my face and body, getting addicted to Lie."

Lumian knew Franca wasn't pretending to be generous. He caught Lie and reminded her, "Be extra careful when dealing with the Demoness of Black. She'll soon learn about my involvement in the 0-01 battle in Morora and suspect I was the one who persisted till the end."

"Understood." Franca nodded solemnly.

Jenna's eyes flickered, and she thoughtfully said, "Should I move out for a while?"

Seeing Franca's puzzled look and Lumian's approving nod, Jenna explained carefully, "The Demoness of Black might secretly monitor you to gather information about Lumian. If I continue living with you, I'll inevitably attract her attention. Facing prolonged observation from a high-ranking Demoness, I don't think I can keep my secrets."

"Think about it. I now have the charm of a Demoness of Pleasure, different from the beauty of a Vampire. A few more glances from the Demoness of Black, and she'll

notice something's wrong. If I live elsewhere, I can disguise this charm before visiting you with makeup or using Lie."

Lie couldn't be worn all the time, and maintaining makeup even while sleeping would also arouse suspicion from the Demoness of Black!

"Alright." Franca was convinced by Jenna's reasoning.

She glanced at Lumian with some resentment, thinking, You really do bring trouble. With the Demoness of Black watching me, how can I help Jenna digest the Pleasure potion?

Franca sighed and asked Lumian, "When will you take Amandina to the Samaritan Women's Spring?"

"You came back too quickly. I haven't had time to get to know her better yet," Franca complained.

Lumian pondered for a few seconds. "When my condition stabilizes."

The rest of the time, Jenna packed her personal belongings and went out to find an apartment in the surrounding area that she could move into that day, while Lumian returned to his place to continue "taming" Ludwig.

Franca continued to track the whereabouts of the Mirror Person, Jasmine, until nightfall.

Looking at the empty and cold apartment, she sighed inwardly and threw herself onto the long sofa.

After a while, the surface of the full-length mirror in the living room suddenly shimmered with a dark light. The face of the Demoness of Black faintly appeared.

Franca stood up abruptly and respectfully bowed. "Good evening, Madame Clarice."

At the same time, she mumbled in her heart, The Demoness of Black really knows where I live...

The Demoness of Black, Clarice, looked at Franca outside the mirror, her expression somewhat detached, and asked, "Has your lover, Ciel, returned to Trier?"

"He has." Franca had prepared for this and answered honestly.

The Demoness of Black scrutinized Franca for a moment, then chuckled softly.

"You've been apart for several weeks. You must be thoroughly enjoying each other's company upon reuniting. Has he become more vigorous?"

You're asking me? Whom should I ask? How would I know... What's the point of this question? Franca silently grumbled.

Such a question was entirely outside her and Lumian's expectations!

At that moment, cold sweat appeared on Franca's back as her mind raced, pushing her thinking ability to its limits.

Vigorous...

The Demoness of Black once said that the taste of a Hunter isn't bad either-the higher their Sequence, the more vigorous they become...

Is the Demoness of Black trying to confirm Lumian's current state from this detail, to see if he has become the proxy for 0-01?

If Lumian and I were truly lovers, such a detail would be easily overlooked, and it's normal for Demonesses to discuss such things. In that case, I would naturally reveal the answer the Demoness of Black is looking for.

Should I hide it for Lumian? No, he's already highly suspicious. Hiding it would mean dragging myself into suspicion. Though I might already be suspected...

Lumian said this morning not to lie about it, but not to be too clear...

Within two or three seconds, Franca raised her right hand, covered her mouth, and let out a small yawn.

Then, she said with a mix of shyness and pride, "Although he hasn't advanced yet and is quite far from it, he has indeed become much more vigorous. I almost feel conquered..."

As she spoke, Franca's words carried a bit of longing, as if dreaming of becoming equally vigorous. This was part of her "acting training" from Jenna and Anthony-performance needing layers.

The Demoness of Black in the mirror nodded and said with a smile, "Truly enviable."

Franca's eyes moved slightly, and she said, reminiscing, "Whether it's due to the long separation or his many hidden secrets, I feel he's become a lot more unfamiliar. Sometimes, when he looks at me, I think, 'Who is he?' and feel like I don't recognize him..."

The Demoness of Black nodded slightly.

"He might have undergone some kind of corruption. Keep your current relationship. If he shows any unusual behavior, let me know immediately. I might be able to help.

"Heh heh, this might also be one of your opportunities to digest the Affliction potion."

"Yes, Madame Clarice." Franca displayed the sense of security that came from having a powerful backer.

The Demoness of Black glanced around the mirror and asked with a smile, "Where's your Vampire lover?"

"Her brother is returning to Trier soon, so she's embarrassed to continue living with me." Franca recited her lines.

The Demoness of Black asked no more questions, gave some instructions regarding the Mirror People, and disappeared into the dark light.

Once the full-length mirror returned to normal, Franca quietly breathed a sigh of relief and prepared to "date" Lumian.

She hadn't even had time to open the door when a soft light appeared before her -a transparent, crystalline ice-blue jellyfish with many tentacles quickly materialized.

One of the jellyfish's tentacles was wrapped around a letter.

Franca recognized the jellyfish as Ongla, the messenger of Madam Judgment.

Every time she saw Ongla, Franca instinctively felt a sense of fear, believing it to be very powerful. However, Ongla the jellyfish, unlike the intelligent puppet messenger of Madam Magician, often acted purely on instinct.

Receiving the letter, Franca silently grumbled, I'm feeling swarmed... I was already busy helping Lumian with his affairs, and even now that he's back, I'm still so busy.

Thanking Ongla the jellyfish, Franca opened the letter: "Mr. Star has confirmed the first task that requires your help."

Chapter 846 "Negotiation"

Upon reading the first line of the letter, Franca felt a sense that the moment had finally arrived.

She had been waiting, waiting for Mr. Star to make a request, so she could exchange it for Mid-to-Low Sequence potions from the Evernight pathway for Amandina.

Franca read the rest with a mix of anticipation and nervousness: "He hopes you can help him decipher the text in the attached materials. They are somewhat similar to those in Emperor Roselle's diary.

"He hasn't set a time limit, so you can take your time.

"The information you provided about Krismona's father possibly being Blood Emperor Alista Tudor is very useful and important.

"Now, we suspect that the entity in the deepest part of the special mirror world, the one worshiped by the Mirror People, may not be the Primordial Demoness in the complete sense. Rather, it could be connected to the creation of the special mirror world by the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness. It seems to have gone out of their control, and this might be why the Primordial Demoness is in a bad state.

"Your main tasks with Seven of Cups are to find the Mirror Person, Jasmine, and probe the Demoness of Black to see if she has a deep understanding of the special mirror world. Of course, your safety must be ensured.

"If you encounter any anomalies, you can ask me for help."

Madam Judgment sure goes straight to the point... Franca turned to the next page of the letter.

The rest were the attached materials.

Franca's pupils dilated upon seeing them: This wasn't anything like the text from Emperor Roselle's diary!

It was either oracle bone script or bronze script, one of the oldest forms of writing from her and Emperor Roselle's country pre-transmigration!

Where did this come from?

Who the hell knows this stuff...

Not sure if it's genuine oracle bone script or bronze script, since I don't understand it either. I'm illiterate in this...

Is it a mysticism language unknown to this world, just similar to oracle bone script?

But it does look like hieroglyphics!

Franca began to examine it carefully.

Although she hadn't studied oracle bone script or bronze script, as a young person growing up in the internet age, she had seen a few and remembered the meanings of some of the simplest characters, like "person."

Before long, she found several similar pictographic characters.

A bit different from what I remember, but mostly the same...

Let's treat it as oracle bone script or bronze script first... Where did Mr. Star get this from? Did they find Harrison of Resurrection Island? No, if they did, they would have told me...

Or, when the Major Arcana card holder of the Moses Ascetic Order was tracking the missing Ten Pillars Kmerolo, they encountered something related to the Celestial Master?

Very possible! No wonder the preface of this material told me that the order of the text had been disrupted to prevent corruption during interpretation. As expected from the Celestial Master, who oversees the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways!

But without context, the difficulty of interpretation is more than doubled...

Chen Tu! Armored Shadow Chen Tu might know, but I can only ask three or four questions per summoning... Don't know if I can directly ask what the general meaning of this material is...

Franca's mind raced, deciding to seek help from the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society first.

Many members of the society came from the same country as her, and there were quite a few highly educated ones, some of whom might have studied oracle bone script or bronze script.

Franca didn't need them to be masters in oracle bone script or bronze script, just being able to recognize the commonly used characters would be enough. The rest could be guessed by the Major Arcana card holders based on the original context.

With this decision, Franca enthusiastically began writing a letter, planning to summon Madame Hela's messenger to request a gathering soon.

She was too lazy to head out to go on a "date" with Lumian and discuss the Demoness of Black. After eating a cream bun, she sat at her desk and carefully selected the characters she barely recognized, studying them repeatedly.

...

In the apartment Lumian rented in Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative.

Lumian sat on the sofa, watching Ludwig read the Ghost Face magazine, and pondered the next steps of "taming."

After a few minutes, he smiled at Ludwig.

“You've been pretty free lately, haven't you? Besides eating, you have nothing else to do.

“Let me give you an assignment.”

The key to “taming” was to make the other party follow orders, even forcing themselves to do things they didn't want to do.

Of course, pure intimidation and suppression wouldn't work. Once or twice was fine, but more than that, Ludwig would definitely run away again.

Ludwig's expression turned to horror, as if saying: “See, you have indeed been corrupted by the Church of Knowledge!”

Without giving him a chance to speak, Lumian continued, “This assignment is to taste Trier's famous meat pies. Gather information yourself, plan the route yourself, and finally compile a food report.”

The first step in following orders was to make the orders acceptable to the child, something he could and would do, then gradually increase the difficulty.

Ludwig's eyes lit up.

He licked his lips and said, “Alright!”

The little boy glanced out the window and eagerly stood up. “I'll go right now!”

Lumian chuckled. “It's already dark, and it's too dangerous outside. You're just a child.”

Too dangerous... just a child... Lugano couldn't help but glance at Ludwig, his face full of disapproval.

Lumian sighed and said, “I mean, you're just a child with insufficient self-control. It's more dangerous for the citizens of Trier walking at night.”

He then told Ludwig, “Tonight, gather information from newspapers and magazines, make a plan, and go out tomorrow morning.”

“Mm-hmm!” Ludwig jumped off the single sofa and started flipping through the newspapers and magazines they had subscribed to, taking it very seriously.

Satisfied, Lumian nodded, returned to his bedroom, and placed a continuously burning incandescent white flame in the separate space of his Traveler's Bag.

After a while, he took out the completely charred, deformed piece of Celeste's corpse, examining it for a few moments.

According to Franca's Magic Mirror Divination, this could be refined and extracted to replace the tail tip of the Two-Tailed Black Snake in the Affliction potion's supplementary ingredients.

The supplementary ingredients' Flower-Faced Bat blood also didn't need to be collected. Franca's blood was a better substitute.

Lumian stuffed the corpse piece back into the Traveler's Bag and took out the books he had borrowed from the Morora Knowledge Cathedral.

Although Madam Magician had already sealed Black Tear for him, useful knowledge was always welcome.

Of course, the more useful the knowledge, the more likely it was heavily corrupted, requiring careful consideration and trade-offs.

Lumian lit the gas wall lamp, picked a book titled "Entering the Mysterious Hall," and leisurely began to read.

As time passed, he suddenly turned his head to look at the door.

His door creaked open, and a figure emerged from the shadows.

It was Jenna, wearing a white shirt and a light gauze skirt. Her slightly darker flaxen hair was pinned up, her blue eyes bright and large, with a faint layer of powder on her face and a small black mole on the bridge of her nose.

Her white blouse, adorned with floral decorations, wasn't revealing, yet its nearly perfect curves made one's mind wander and mouth dry.

At that moment, Lumian felt as if he saw the past Showy Diva Jenna and actress apprentice Celia Bello overlapping, exuding an indescribable allure beneath her fresh appearance.

"I need your help with something," Jenna said with a slight smile as she closed the door.

Lumian suddenly felt a sense of danger-not to his life, but a different kind of unease.

"I'm afraid I can't help you," Lumian said calmly, relying on the traits of an Ascetic.

Jenna lowered her eyes, hiding the brilliance in her blue eyes.

She walked to the bedside, sat down, looked at Lumian again, and said with a smile, "Listen to me first, hear my reasons."

Lumian fell silent for a few seconds before stating, "Go ahead."

Jenna propped her hands on either side, leaning forward slightly in a somewhat playful manner. "It seems you've guessed it. Yes, I want you to help me digest the Pleasure potion."

As expected... Lumian said with a headache, "Why not ask Franca?"

"Two reasons, one superficial, one genuine. Which do you want to hear?" Jenna asked with a smile.

Lumian rubbed his forehead. "The superficial one."

Jenna pursed her lips and smiled self-deprecatingly. "She's very willing to help me digest the Pleasure potion, with no internal resistance, causing little pain. This wouldn't comply with the acting principle of pleasure bringing pain, slowing my potion digestion.

"But you, I know you're unwilling, resistant to this. The more so, the quicker I can digest the potion by making you experience pleasure, ultimately even feeling a bit reluctant, and the self-blame that follows. Also, a very important point is, you have a



false Angelic rank. If everything goes smoothly, I might be able to digest the potion within two or three weeks and consider advancing to Demoness of Affliction.

“As team leader, isn't this the best choice? It can effectively help you improve the team's quality and enhance the ritual's effect.

“You don't have to recommend Black Tear to me. Digesting the Pleasure potion requires a target.”

Lumian remained silent.

Jenna couldn't help but scoff. “Just think of it as teleporting a teammate, lending strength to a teammate. I'm not seeking your emotions or soul. Without emotions, you've never cared about these things, always thinking you have no morals, right? Hey, do you have a cleanliness obsession? It's just helping out!”

After a few seconds, Lumian asked, “What about you?”

Jenna lowered her eyes and softly laughed. “I'll also experience pleasure in pain and feel pain in pleasure, very much in line with the acting principles.”

Lumian remained silent for a while before asking, “What about Franca?”

Jenna bit her lip, her eyes deep. “If she finds out, it'll help her digest the Affliction potion.”

Lumian sighed deeply. “I thought you'd try to seduce me, ignite my desires to achieve your goal. Didn't expect you to negotiate and reason with me.”

Jenna wrinkled her nose and grumbled, “If I tried to seduce you, you'd teleport away!”

“It's better to explain the pros and cons, tell you it's as normal as drinking water or having a meal. No guilt involved, no emotions needed. This is very common in Intis!”

#### Chapter 847 Pleasure in Pain

Seeing Lumian remain silent, Jenna smiled and said, “Doesn't a good team leader need to care about the personal needs of the team members and balance internal conflicts? Sure, when you Hunters reach a high sequence, you can easily subdue people and turn them into puppets without worrying about these things. But now, you can't do that yet.”

Jenna's eyes flickered slightly as she added with a smile, “This benefits you as well. You once said that the emotions and desires suppressed by the Ascetic won't disappear completely. Some will accumulate little by little, and if they reach a certain level, they must be vented, or they'll become a hidden danger. And it seems you haven't vented in a long time.

“Killing people isn't enough to fully release these emotions, and there aren't enough bad guys for you to kill all at once.”

At this point, Jenna looked at Lumian with clear eyes, teasing, “Alright, I've finished explaining my reasons, the benefits, and possible consequences of this. Captain, you need to make a decision.”

Without waiting for Lumian to speak, Jenna pursed her lips and added in a low voice, "Also, there's another reason. We've been through many dangerous things. We don't know when we'll die or lose each other. I-I don't want to bid farewell with regrets."

After a moment of silence, Lumian sighed and said, "You've become quite an excellent Instigator."

Jenna blinked. "Does that mean you agree?"

Lumian nodded solemnly. "Only while you're a Demoness of Pleasure."

Jenna's slightly leaning body suddenly pulled back, and her shoulders, supported by her hands, dropped a little.

The emotions she had been suppressing finally released a little.

She lowered her gaze to her knees and smiled, half self-mockingly, half wistfully.

"When that happens, I can digest the Affliction potion."

Lumian remained silent.

After a few seconds, he said, "I'll find an opportunity to inform Franca about this as a sign of respect."

Jenna fell silent for a moment before saying with a smile, "I thought you'd seek Franca's opinion before making a decision."

Lumian sighed again.

"This is a sign of respect towards you."

He had sighed, having sensed the true emotions hidden in Jenna's words. Jenna knew that Franca was an unavoidable issue in this matter, but she hoped that whatever the outcome-good or bad-it would only concern herself and her partner. As for Franca, she would deal with that separately. That's why when she was asked about Franca earlier, she suddenly became angry and irritated, spitefully saying it would help her digest the Affliction potion. Lumian only realized this through her response, and in that moment understood the mood behind their current banter.

Lumian changed the subject. "You are one of the most proactive people I've ever met."

"The good way of putting it is 'decisive and courageous,' the bad way is 'impulsive and reckless,'" Jenna said, her eyes like the waters of an autumn lake, now fully exhibiting the charm of a Demoness of Pleasure, smiling slightly, "Now, shouldn't we talk about something else?"

She removed the fake mole from the bridge of her nose and asked Lumian with a smile, "Do you remember what I told you about the different meanings of the fake mole when we first met?"

Lumian smiled wryly. "That was our second meeting."

"I didn't see you the first time, so it doesn't count," Jenna said, her hand holding the fake mole slowly sliding down, past her beautifully curved jaw, her long white neck, and the floral decorations on her chest, stopping at the second button of her blouse.

She smiled brightly and asked, "What does this mean?"

Lumian's gaze involuntarily followed Jenna's hand. He closed his eyes and said, "It means secrets."

Jenna laughed. She stood up slowly and walked over to Lumian, who was sitting at the desk.

Her voice turned low, as if it was scratching Lumian's ear.

"I know it's hard for you to take the initiative right now, that you're hesitating to take that step. It's okay, I'll guide you.

"As expected, you're still a virgin..."

Jenna chuckled softly and walked up to Lumian, placing her hands on his shoulders.

After a second, she lowered her head and pressed her lips against Lumian's.

Lumian smelled the fragrance and felt the softness and sweetness, along with the slight coolness and trembling of her lips, and the nervousness and apprehension.

...

Inside Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca studied those characters late into the night and finally received a reply from Madame Hela, who agreed to convene a full gathering of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society soon.

Phew, Franca entered the room, sat at the small analyzer, and shared with the telegraph group members that she had come across some ancient characters that seemed to predate their transmigration. She then chatted with 007 and the others until after one in the morning.

The next day, she woke up around eight.

The habits she had developed recently and the matters on her mind kept her from sleeping in.

After washing up and having breakfast, Franca hesitated about her next move.

Should I find Lumian first to tell him about the Demoness of Black and the oracle bone script, or should I find Anthony to see if he's heard anything about the mineralogist, Jasmine, from the adventurers and smugglers who frequently enter Underground Trier?

After a few seconds of deliberation, Franca decided to find Anthony first because the Hypnotist usually left early and returned late, busy collecting intelligence and advancing his membership in the Psychology Alchemists. If she missed him now, she'd have to wait until the evening.

Besides, proactively seeking out Lumian could expose his current residence to the Demoness of Black. She planned to wait until the evening when Lumian would come to her.

...

With the curtains slightly parted, Lumian stood there shirtless, silently gazing at Ludwig who was savoring a meat pie from the shop across the street. He seemed somewhat refreshed and invigorated.

To his side and slightly behind him, Jenna lay on her stomach in bed, the covers draped diagonally across her. Her lower legs were drawn up and swaying gently in the air, while her face still bore a faint flush.

She gazed at Lumian's side profile and chuckled softly. "Are you embarrassed?"

Lumian let out a derisive snort. "Last night, who was the one embarrassed in the end? First, you insisted on drawing the curtains, then you wanted me to create a wall of spirituality to block the noise, then you said the wall of spirituality wasn't enough and demanded a Bottle of Fiction, then you suddenly got scared and wanted to do a rain check, perhaps another time..."

Jenna laughed softly. "That was to make you eager, to unleash the emotions and desires you've been suppressing with the Ascetic's tolerance."

"I must say, you performed well yesterday, much better than I expected. Of course, at first, your performance was quite in line with your state of innocence."

Lumian chuckled in amusement and replied, "Are all you Demonesses so stubborn with words, insistent on getting the last word?"

"Learned from the best, you." Jenna nodded emphatically, indicating that it was true.

She then laughed. "Why won't you look at me? Are you really embarrassed?"

She seemed to have regained the feeling she had when she first faced Lumian.

Lumian tsked. "I have serious business to do. I need to keep an eye on Ludwig and secretly follow him later."

"Why?" Jenna asked in confusion, "Didn't you let Lugano take Ludwig around when we were in places like Port Santa?"

"Back then, I didn't know he was a sealed Angel, and there are many heretics in Trier," Lumian explained in detail, "When I went to Morora, I made sure Ludwig stayed indoors as much as possible. As long as there was food, he could stay at home. My concern is that if he wanders around Trier, he might run into other followers of the Devouring Whirlpool. Lugano is only a Sequence 7 and not particularly good at combat."

"In that case, Ludwig might follow the Devouring Whirlpool's followers, and he's crucial for you to complete the ritual soon." Jenna suddenly understood.

Lumian withdrew his gaze, bent over, and tried to pick up his clothes from the floor.

After scanning the area, he decided to take out a new set from the Traveler's Bag.

Jenna watched him change clothes with a grin, then walk to the door.

Lumian paused at the door, hesitated to turn around, then held back, and said with a hum, "Ludwig is about to leave this street. You should rest well."

Jenna laughed. "Can you say that while looking at me?"

Seeing Lumian open the door and walk out, she laughed even more wantonly.

"Are you afraid to look at me because you can't resist, don't want to leave, and will be delayed?"

Jenna laughed happily the entire time until Lumian transformed into a shadow and left the apartment when tears seemed to well up in the corners of her eyes.

She looked at the full-length mirror in the room and saw a beautiful, enchanting woman with a smile on her lips and sadness in her eyes.

...

Franca found Anthony in the café below his apartment.

Anthony took a sip of strong black coffee, raised his head, and said, "I was just about to find you."

"Got something?" Franca's eyes lit up as she sat down.

She habitually glanced around and noticed many people looking her way, but no one dared approach to overhear her conversation with Anthony.

I might need to disguise myself and go out looking less attractive at times. Each Sequence in the Demoness pathway significantly enhances feminine charm...

Sequence 4 onwards, the greatest increase in charm is from Demoness of Pleasure... Franca withdrew her gaze and looked at Anthony thoughtfully.

Anthony took out a stack of papers and said, "Based on the time and place you provided about mineralogist Jasmine's recent appearances in Underground Trier, I've been searching for adventurers, smugglers, and students who passed through those areas during the corresponding times. In the past few days, I finally made some progress.

"There are three people who fit the conditions, but they didn't encounter Jasmine nearby. However, they did meet someone else. Based on their descriptions, I made corresponding sketches and found they all seemed to have met the same person, who happens to be someone you're looking for."

"Someone else I'm looking for? Another Mirror Person?" Franca was puzzled.

Anthony unfolded three sheets of drawing paper and pushed them to Franca.

Franca received it and turned it around, quickly glancing at them.

Just one look, and her eyes froze.

Although the sketches on the three sheets had differences, it was clear they depicted the same person:

That person had short hair, soft facial contours, and features that weren't deep.

They had a distinctive appearance, not resembling anyone from any Northern Continent country, nor the darker-skinned people of the Southern Continent.

Franca recognized this person: It was indeed someone she was looking for!

He was suspected to be Harrison from Resurrection Island!

Chapter 848 Project Fishing

Harrison?

He's still in Trier?

007, how come you haven't found him yet? Is your Eternal Blazing Sun Church even capable?

As Franca's spirits lifted, feelings of joy and excitement welled up inside her.

She had mobilized members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society to keep an eye out for Harrison worldwide, but it turned out the target was still in Trier. Of course, he may have just returned recently.

While inwardly criticizing the Purifiers' work capabilities, Franca also sensed something unusual about this situation.

She lowered her voice and said thoughtfully, "Recently, Jasmine has appeared in Underground Trier twice, and people in the vicinity have encountered Harrison both times. This can't be a coincidence.

"Is Harrison collaborating with the Mirror People?"

Anthony ate the last cream puff and took a sip of coffee before saying, "This can actually be deduced.

"Mr. Hanged Man said that Harrison is likely to appear in places closely related to death, darkness, dusk, and decay, like the Samaritan Women's Spring deep in the fourth level of the underground catacombs. Based on the information we currently have, the appearance of the Samaritan Women's Spring originated from the War of the Four Emperors, from Fourth Epoch Trier.

"So, Harrison has a motive to open the seal and enter Fourth Epoch Trier, which aligns with the Mirror People's goals. Although it's unclear how they got in touch, don't forget that the Mirror People have deep cooperation with those Brokers."

"Those Brokers are more annoying than buzzing flies." Franca sighed sincerely.

She then turned to Anthony and said, "You can go take care of your own business now. I'll discuss with Jenna and Lumian how to use this to find Harrison."

"Alright." Anthony had already done his best in gathering intelligence.

After saying goodbye to Anthony, Franca went straight back to Rue Orosai.

Not wanting to expose Lumian's current residence, she planned to use a summoning messenger to have her two companions come over themselves.

I'll summon Rabbit Chasel first. What reward should I give it this time? I can't let Jenna have her way; I feel like she's training Rabbit Chasel in a very dangerous direction... Franca thought for a few seconds, then turned her gaze to the coffee table.

There lay a book-after several months of delay, the sixth volume of Fors Wall's The Adventurer series was finally out!

This volume was titled "The Adventurer 6: The Future" Franca had just bought it yesterday and hadn't read it yet. She had only flipped through the afterword, seeing that the great writer Fors Wall

said she had originally wanted to name this volume “Admiral of Stars” or “Biologist”, but ultimately abandoned these ideas based on a sudden inspiration.

Soon, Franca summoned Rabbit Chasel.

Behind this coolly dressed Rabbit of Knowledge, a timid rabbit-shaped Spirit Body wearing boxing gloves faintly appeared in the void.

Tsk, putting on a show, are we? Franca smiled as she handed the letter paper and “The Adventurer 6” to Rabbit Chasel, instructing, “Remember to return it to me after reading.”

It wasn't that she couldn't part with such a book, but maintaining a give-and-take relationship with Rabbit Chasel would help build a good rapport. In the future, she might be able to ask it to introduce other special “talents” from the Rabbits of Knowledge who could also serve as messengers.

Rabbit Chasel's eyes lit up. “Absolutely no problem!”

After sending off Rabbit Chasel, Franca summoned Penitent Baynfeld.

After completing these two tasks, she lay down in the armchair and pondered her next moves.

I need to notify 007 in the telegram group tonight...

Should I try to contact Professor and the others, mobilize the power of the Mystery Pryers to search for Harrison together?

Sigh, now we've only confirmed Harrison is in Trier, lacking substantial clues to investigate. We can't even go all out even if we wanted to...

We can't just wander around Underground Trier every day, waiting for the right opportunity, can we?

Magic Mirror Divination can't provide answers...

Hmm, I still need to report this quickly. Mr. Hanged Man and the other Major Arcana card holders are also looking for Harrison themselves...

Franca sat up abruptly and continued her busy work.

During this process, she also contemplated her own situation.

If we still can't find him, I might end up digesting some of my Affliction potion...

Well, after dealing with the Mirror Person Nikila, I've already digested a bit. The first rule of the Demoness of Affliction's acting principle is quite easy to summarize: Bring pain to the target, not just physical, but also mental.

The second acting principle should be closely related to oneself. Is pain the foundation of a Demoness?

I should strive to summarize all the acting principles soon, digest the potion quickly. Lumian is already preparing for the ritual to advance to Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight, I can't let him leave me too far behind...

Just as she thought of this, Franca felt the wind at the open window pause for a second.

Then, Jenna's figure quickly materialized.

This newly advanced Demoness of Pleasure hadn't made herself ugly through makeup techniques, but had adjusted the "direction" of her charm's diffusion- she wore a black robe, concealing her attractive figure. At the same time, she used makeup to give her skin a sickly pale look, as if she hadn't seen sunlight for a long time. Her lips were painted very red, forming a stark contrast with her skin...

This made Jenna look more like a Vampire, with her charm mainly concentrated on the intricateness of her features and overall beauty, rather than sexual attraction.

So it can be done this way... Not bad, Vampire Jenna is beautiful too... Franca smiled as she examined her for a few moments until Jenna hesitated for a moment before asking, "What important intelligence did you obtain?"

Franca sat back in the armchair, crossed her legs, and explained the Harrison situation in detail.

Jenna, already seated in the single sofa, wasn't as excited as Franca, after all, she knew too little to experience that deep and complex emotion.

She pondered for a moment and said, "At this point in time, Harrison is suspected to be cooperating with the Mirror People... Is this also part of the vortex?"

"It's possible." Franca nodded heavily and mumbled, "Why hasn't Lumian arrived yet?"

"He went out," Jenna paused before saying, "Probably."

Franca blurted out in surprise, "How do you know?"

Jenna smiled and answered, "He told me yesterday that his first step in taming Ludwig was to assign him homework related to food, which required Ludwig to go out and complete on his own. Hmm... according to you, it's like creating a food guide for Trier Meat Pie."

"Gradually ramping up the gaslighting, huh..." Franca muttered, "Did you discuss this when you left yesterday? He plans to follow Ludwig?"

"He's afraid Ludwig might converge with other believers of the Devouring Whirlpool, and Lugano is only Sequence 7, unable to stop it." Jenna first briefly explained Lumian's concerns, then her eyes flickered slightly as she said, "This should only be one of the reasons."

"Are there other reasons?" Franca tucked her hair and tried to understand the Hunter's countless hidden intentions.

A smile appeared on Jenna's face.

"Yes, although he didn't say it, that's what I think. His hidden purpose should be to engage in his favorite activity: Fishing!"

Franca was enlightened. "Using Ludwig to fish for other believers of the Devouring Whirlpool?"



Jenna nodded and further added, “Judging from the style of Overseer Perle, no matter what plans the Brokers make, they will most likely gather different forces and people through covert transactions, maximizing the advantages of their own pathway. So, there's a good chance that believers of the Devouring Whirlpool and other heretics have been brought onto the vortex plan.

“If we can catch higher-level believers of the Devouring Whirlpool, we might be able to further understand the situation of the vortex matter and discover its key points.”

Franca inwardly hissed. “This is Lumian's style, on the surface he's training Ludwig, but in reality, he's fishing for heretics, investigating the vortex matter.

The most infuriating thing is, his surface goal is indeed very real and important!”

After this exclamation, Franca looked at Jenna and praised with a smile, “You're getting smarter and smarter!”

“Dammit, when you suddenly praise me like this, I don't know whether to accept it gracefully or be modest. If it were Lumian, he would definitely say ‘You've barely caught up to my train of thought!’” The latter half of Jenna's sentence imitated Lumian's tone.

Franca pondered for a moment, her lips slowly curling into a smile.

“Fishing is indeed a good method.

“We can use the same approach to find Harrison.

“Harrison has a deep understanding and very sinister application of death, and is also looking for scenarios closely related to death, darkness, dusk, and other such powers. Does this mean he can be converged by Beyonders of these pathways?

“This could be convergence from high-ranking individuals, and should also include certain special convergences, such as the Underworld Daoist seal on Lumian, or the Samaritan Women's Spring. Hmm, Amandina's power comes directly from the Underworld Daoist, and the Underworld Daoist seems to possess powers of death, darkness, and dusk simultaneously. Amandina might be able to converge on Harrison as well...”

At this point, Franca's eyes became exceptionally bright.

“I choose all of the above!

“Once Lumian's condition stabilizes, we'll have him take Amandina to the Samaritan Women's Spring to meet the Underworld Daoist. We'll ambush nearby to see if Harrison will converge!”

...

Quartier de la Republic, Rue Richelieu.

Standing in the shadows at the side of the street, Lumian rubbed his nose, feeling as if aromatic scent still lingered.

The emotions and desires he had accumulated since becoming an Ascetic were finally released to a large extent through last night's events, making his condition quite good.

But his mood was very heavy, stemming both from feeling torn and guilty, as well as concern for others' feelings.

True "pleasure" indeed makes one want to indulge, hmm, just want to, but it really does bring pain... Dammit, I'll go back and mock Jenna harshly to vent these emotions... Lumian exhaled slowly, turning his gaze towards Ludwig, who was savoring a red fish hot beef pie not far away.

#### Chapter 849 Intercontinental Travel

Ludwig had finished eating the red fish hot beef pie in his hand. He squatted in front of a street bench, took out a pen and a notebook from his red hard book bag, and began writing his post-meal impressions with focus and seriousness.

Watching in the shadows, Lumian pursed his lips.

You say you're afraid, but your body instinctively repeats the habits formed in the Church of Knowledge...

If there weren't so many exams and studies, you might have become a qualified believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom...

While mocking Ludwig, Lumian surveyed the surrounding citizens.

His gaze passed over a young man quietly reading a book in the café across the street, over a middle-aged scholar standing at the intersection observing passersby and carriages without crossing, and landed on a painter who had set up his easel under an Intis parasol tree, blankly painting the street scene.

Lumian left the shadows, walked a few steps, and came to stand behind the painter, peering at his work like the previous passersby.

The painting was ordinary, and he didn't detect any supernatural powers.

Lumian continued walking, inwardly sighing, It seems to be a normal painter for now, just with a somewhat off mental state...

Is this what Trier's painters are like? Sometimes they seem more like heretics than actual heretics...

Sigh, in Trier, it's too difficult to identify heretics based on behavioral abnormalities. As Franca would say, many citizens' mental states are quite beautiful... In this matter, Fourth Epoch Trier and the overall seal are half responsible, and they themselves are responsible for the other half...

As Lumian was thinking, he saw a completely naked man walking towards him, with the only piece of cloth on him being a black top hat positioned in front of his lower abdomen.

This man walked with his head held high, looking around proudly, not at all embarrassed by his current appearance, as if he had done something very worthy of pride.

After passing Lumian by seven or eight meters, his palm was suddenly scalded.

He instinctively withdrew his hand and saw that his black top hat had burst into bright red flames, slowly falling to the ground.

He lost his last piece of cover.

Lumian, his back to him as he continued forward, silently moved his lips.

You're welcome, just letting you show off more thoroughly.

You dare to streak with just that little bit? Next time, I'll send you to the New City of Silver for a free tour.

Lumian walked on with his hands in his pockets, stepping into the shadows, and turned his attention back to Ludwig.

He had been following for a long time but still hadn't found anyone suspicious of being a Devouring Whirlpool believer.

However, considering that since knowing Ludwig, the little boy had never converged with heretics of the same pathway, Lumian suspected that the seal on him must have some restrictions on this. Otherwise, with an evil deity's Angel running around everywhere, who knows how many mystical disasters would have been triggered by now.

There might be another reason. Many evil deities' bestowed, even if they've gained godhood, can disguise themselves as normal humans as long as they haven't lost control or gone half-mad. But those of the Devouring Whirlpool might not be able to. Ludwig, not yet recovered to Depriver, can already eat so much in one meal. The corresponding Sequence 4 demigod, even without letting loose their appetite, would surely have an eating capacity that would alarm the Purifiers and Machinery Hivemind...

Forget it, the main purpose is to 'tame' Ludwig anyway. Fishing out other believers of the Devouring Whirlpool is just an additional idea. It doesn't matter if I don't find any... Lumian had been watching for so long but hadn't found any citizens with problematic eating behaviors.

...

After receiving Franca's second letter, Lumian arrived at Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai after dinner.

Jenna had arrived two or three minutes earlier, still wearing Vampire makeup and dressed in an old-fashioned, conservative black robe.

Lumian glanced at Jenna, opened his mouth, then closed it again.

Seeing this, Jenna immediately raised her chin slightly and said, "Were you going to mock my current appearance?"

Lumian chuckled and said, "I just recalled a joke. Once there was a duke who, in order to whiten his skin, followed the advice of a quack doctor and took arsenic-containing pills for a long time. He did successfully improve his complexion, but he also experienced a side effect-he died."

"Where did you read that joke?" Jenna asked curiously.

"In Ghost Face. Not long before I saw that joke, a guest at the Auberge du Coq Doré told me you can make your face look rosy and healthy by slapping your cheeks, to

help find a job more easily." Lumian laughed. "You coarse-haired folks need to read more books and magazines. Don't be illiterate, or you'll be looked down upon by the clergy of the Church of Knowledge."

I just wanted you to act normal and wait for an opportunity, not keep mocking...

Jenna suddenly felt an urge to grind her teeth.

"Do you think I'm like you? Having not even finished compulsory education..."

At this point, Jenna trailed off.

Meanwhile, Franca, who had been furtively writing something at the coffee table, stood up and said, "You two, don't lose sight of the important matters."

Lumian, who already knew from the second letter about Harrison the visitor from Resurrection Island reappearing and Franca wanting to quickly take Amandina to the edge of the Samaritan Women's Spring area, nodded gently and said, "My condition has basically recovered."

"That was fast..." Franca was a bit surprised.

Jenna's gaze briefly shifted away before returning to Lumian as she nodded slightly and said, "Indeed, faster than I expected."

Lumian tsked. "Isn't that a good thing? We can ask Amandina about her thoughts right now."

"Mm-hmm." Franca excitedly moved to take out the Ice Amulet.

Before coming over, Lumian had already burned the independent space containing Black Tear for over half an hour. He took out this Grade 1 Sealed Artifact Level 1.

"Let's use this. It won't consume any charges."

As he spoke, his gaze swept across the full-length mirror in the living room, the glass windows revealing the night, and the metal-surfaced decorations.

Using Black Tear's mirror magic, he found no abnormalities in these reflective objects and didn't sense any gazes directed at them from within.

He then tossed Black Tear to Franca, giving a slight nod to indicate that the Demoness of Black likely wasn't watching them at the moment.

"I've written down everything I want to tell Amandina to prevent eavesdropping..." Franca put on Black Tear, held the letter paper in her hand, covered it with black flames, and pressed it into the glass surface of the full-length mirror in the living room.

She needed to act quickly and finish this before Black Tear's negative effects took hold!

...

South Continent, Matani, Port Pylos.

Amandina lit the gas wall lamp and sat at her desk, once again reading the mysticism materials provided by Ms. Franca.

Each time she read this knowledge, she was genuinely surprised, respectful, longing, and fearful.

Over the past two to three weeks, she had met with her acquaintances from the patrol team several times and attended two mystical studies gatherings. She discovered that the mysticism knowledge recorded in these materials was actually unknown to the vast majority of Beyonders, whether official or not.

This is truly a gift... Just as Amandina had this thought, she saw the dressing mirror given to her by Ms. Franca, which she had specially placed nearby, become dark and ripple with an aqueous light.

Within the aqueous light, Intisian characters were outlined: "Lam Franca. Lumian has returned.

"He asked me to inquire when you plan to come to Trier. He will take you to the area where that shadow might appear.."

Louis Berry has returned to Trier... Amandina thought for a few seconds, then said to the mirror, "Tonight works."

She had originally planned not to see anyone tonight, to focus on studying the remaining mysticism knowledge.

She had already instructed her maid in advance and locked her bedroom door.

As soon as Amandina gave her answer, Franca's slightly urgent voice came from the mirror.

"Put your hand on the mirror."

Feeling a bit nervous yet quite excited and curious, Amandina reached her palm towards the surface of the dressing mirror.

She felt the hard, cold glass lose its solid feel, like a layer of water without temperature.

Amandina's right hand passed completely through the glass surface, and suddenly a terrifying suction force erupted from within.

Her entire body was yanked in, falling into a dark, empty tunnel, plummeting towards the end of a vortex.

Before Amandina could react, she felt dizzy and disoriented.

When she regained her senses, she found herself standing in a small living room, facing Ms. Franca whom she had met before.

This lady was as beautiful as last time, and with the closer distance and no mirror barrier, her charm was clearly stronger, making even Amandina, a woman, feel a bit embarrassed to look too much but unable to resist.

As Amandina's gaze moved, she saw a beautiful woman with pale skin and bright red lips who looked more girlish, and Lumian Lee sitting in an armchair, wearing a shirt and jacket, with his right foot crossed over his left leg.

Are all the women around this guy so beautiful? He seems to have become a bit more handsome... Amandina suddenly felt a little insecure about her own appearance.

She then looked around, examining this unfamiliar place.

Meanwhile, Franca quickly removed Black Tear and tossed it back to Lumian.

How amazing... Amandina finally came to her senses and asked with sparkling eyes, "Did I come here through the mirror? Is this Trier?"

Lumian tucked Black Tear back into that separate space in the Traveler's Bag and smiled as he corrected, "It was through the mirror world."

"Mirror world..." Amandina pondered this term, "Then, do I have a way to travel to different places through the mirror world like you?"

Lumian scoffed. "Don't you know that non-adjacent pathways can't be interchanged? Don't you know about the existence of mystical items?"

As he spoke, Lumian stood up and walked towards the door. "We're leaving now."

"Aren't they coming?" Amandina pointed at Franca and Jenna.

She hadn't even had a chance to exchange pleasantries yet!

"No need." Lumian opened the front door.

Chapter 850 Slow and Steady Wins the Race

Inside a four-wheeled, four-seater carriage.

Amandina sat across from Lumian, excitedly looking out at the Intis parasol trees along the road, the still brightly lit shops, the magnificent arcaded streets, gentlemen and ladies walking their turtles, and some citizens in strange attire.

She sincerely praised, "Trier truly lives up to its reputation. It's even more wonderful than I imagined."

"I hope you won't take back that assessment after staying here for a while," Lumian wanted to make a sarcastic remark, but there were so many things worth mocking about Trier that he couldn't find the most representative one at the moment, so he could only respond to Amandina in this way.

Amandina turned her gaze away from the carriage window, saying with some regret, "It's a pity I have to return to Port Pylos at dawn."

She planned to apply for entrance exams to some universities in Trier after graduating from grammar school.

Amandina glanced at the coachman's seat in front, and lowered her voice to ask Lumian, "Why don't we just... just teleport there directly?"

Lumian smiled leisurely.

"You're a guest. Of course I should show you around Trier."

Amandina scrutinized Lumian for a moment.

"I feel like you're deceiving me."

“Your feeling is not wrong.” Lumian laughed without concealing anything. “Going slowly allows the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence to take effect.”

If he had teleported with Amandina to the entrance of the underground catacombs and rushed to the Samaritan Women's Spring at the fastest speed to complete what needed to be done, Harrison, the visitor from Resurrection Island, might not have reacted in time, might not have been affected by the law of convergence, and might not have made the decision to sneak into the Samaritan Women's Spring again at night. Everything would have ended without achieving the expected goal.

He had to leave enough time for the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence to take effect! Sometimes, slow and steady wins the race.

“What... what are you trying to converge with?” Amandina, having witnessed Lumian's performance during the Dream Festival, became nervous all of a sudden.

“A target I'm currently tracking,” Lumian leaned back against the carriage wall and answered with a smile. “Don't worry, your safety is absolutely guaranteed.”

Hearing this, Amandina quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Louis Berry was indeed a trustworthy person; he had fulfilled all the promises he made.

What she didn't know was that if Franca or Jenna were here, they would definitely ask in return, “Is only safety guaranteed? Won't there be any injuries, torture, or impacts on the mind and spirit during the process?”

Amandina glanced at the coachman's seat again through the carriage wall and said softly, “Aren't you afraid the coachman will overhear what you're saying?”

You weren't lowering your voice at all just now!

Lumian chuckled.

“He can't hear us.”

Amandina was stunned for a moment, trying to understand with her mysticism knowledge.

“Did you... did you quickly create a wall of spirituality?”

“You can think of it that way,” Lumian couldn't be bothered to explain to Amandina what a Bottle of Fiction was.

Amandina relaxed and asked with a smile, “Are those two ladies just now your lovers?”

Lumian let out a derisive snort.

“Shouldn't you ask that question in front of them?”

“That would be so embarrassing! They would definitely get angry!” Amandina's emotional intelligence was quite good.

“And I wouldn't get angry?” Lumian asked amusedly.

Amandina giggled.

“You don't seem like someone who would get angry over something like this.”

She suddenly pointed out the window.

“Is that the Trier Normal University?”

“Your technique for changing the subject is quite clumsy,” Lumian mocked Amandina without mercy.

And so, the four-wheeled, four-seater rental carriage arrived at Place du Purgatoire at a normal speed.

As Lumian descended the stairs, he took out a white candle and tossed it to Amandina, telling her about the various taboos inside the underground catacombs.

Amandina listened very carefully and lit one of the candles by rubbing it with spirituality.

“I've seen some of these in magazines, but never as detailed as what you've told me today.

“Do these taboos really have to be followed? What happens if they're not followed? For example, what if I hadn't lit a candle?”

As they spoke, the two had already arrived at the giant stone archway inscribed with the warning “Stop! The Death Empire lies ahead!”

The catacombs administrator behind the door, with graying hair and wearing a blue vest and yellow trousers, glanced at Lumian but did not stop the two from entering the underground catacombs at night.

Lumian looked straight ahead, walking forward through the piles of skeletons along the sides of the path, and said in a calm tone, “In that case, you would disappear from this world. Your parents would forget they had such a daughter, your former fiancé would forget he once had such a fiancée, your friends would forget you, your servants would forget you, and perhaps only I would remember you.”

Although Amandina was a Beyonder equivalent to Sequence 7 and had witnessed some of the tragedies that occurred during the Dream Festival, and her former fiancé was particularly skilled at summoning the dead, being in the underground catacombs—a gloomy, dark place full of skeletons and permeated with the aura of death—she couldn't help but feel a bit frightened and uneasy.

This, combined with Lumian's explanation, made the hair on the back of her neck stand up, and she gripped the white candle even tighter.

“The first time I entered the underground catacombs, I thought this was truly a perfect place for telling horror stories. Unfortunately, until now, such opportunities have been rare.” A smile appeared on Lumian's face.

Amandina was stunned for a moment. “Were you just telling a horror story?”

“Yes, and the most terrifying part of this horror story is that every word of it is true,” Lumian replied with a smile.



“\_.” Amandina was scared once again.

She quickened her pace, afraid of being left behind by Lumian.

As the two made their way to the fourth level of the underground catacombs, there were no shortage of skeletons suddenly moving, trying to trip Amandina, nearly causing the young lady to cry out in alarm.

Finally, Lumian led Amandina to the huge, decaying, and mottled tomb chamber that housed the Samaritan Women's Spring.

He looked left and right and silently said to himself, We didn't encounter the shadow resembling Krismona this time... Was She wandering around the fourth level of the catacombs before to find a female Demoness, and no longer has such an obsession after achieving Her goal?

Lumian shifted his gaze back and tossed a mirror to Amandina.

“Hold this and wait for me here.”

“Wait here?” Amandina looked around, slightly panicked.

The surroundings were pitch black, with numerous tombs, decaying and dilapidated, with unknown things lurking in the shadows.

“It'll be quick,” Lumian didn't offer any comfort, but went straight through the half-open stone door into the tomb chamber.

After walking a few steps, he encountered the deeply wrinkled catacombs administrator who looked more like a corpse than a living person.

The elderly administrator, also wearing a blue vest and yellow trousers, did not stop Lumian but stood silently in place, allowing him to pass.

After reaching the gentle downward slope, Lumian took out a mirror and the Black Tear accessory that had been burned for over half an hour from the Traveler's Bag.

Outside the huge tomb chamber, Amandina saw Lumian's face appear on the surface of the mirror by the yellowish light of the white candle, and heard his voice.

“Press your hand against the mirror.”

With experience, Amandina quickly pressed her hand holding the white candle against the mirror surface.

Again, she passed through the familiar cold water flow, experienced the familiar terrifying suction force and weightless falling sensation, and soon found herself appearing beside Lumian.

Lumian put away the Black Tear and the mirror, pointing to the depths of the slope. “It's down there.”

...

In the gap between two ancient tomb chambers, twenty to thirty meters away from the huge tomb chamber housing the Samaritan Women's Spring.

Franca, holding a white candle, carefully peeked out and glanced towards the target location.

She then withdrew and muttered to Jenna, “This candle is really annoying. We can't hide well at all. How are we supposed to ambush Harrison like this?”

The dim yellow light of the white candle was quite conspicuous in the deep, pure darkness.

Jenna looked at Franca and smiled. “It works both ways. Harrison also can't approach silently without us noticing. Besides, hiding in this corner can effectively reduce the impact of the candlelight. It won't travel that far.”

Franca knew all this and was just complaining casually.

She suddenly remembered something and asked with a twitching corner of her mouth, “Have you seen Anthony?”

“Uh...” Jenna was also stunned.

At this moment, Anthony's voice came from outside the gap.

“I've been here all along.”

Along with his voice, Franca and Jenna finally saw their companion.

He was standing openly on the path outside, holding a lit white candle, and the two Demonesses hadn't noticed him before.

“Psychological Invisibility is really great...” Franca praised enviously.

Psychological Invisibility worked on a completely different principle from other invisibility abilities. It mainly involved placing oneself in the psychological blind spots and cognitive dead angles of the surrounding people, making them ignore the situation here. Therefore, whether Anthony was holding a lit candle or not did not affect his ability to become invisible.

Anthony simply replied, “Candlelight is a powerful attention-drawing element here. It also reduces the effectiveness of my Psychological Invisibility. I need to be very focused to maintain it.”

Franca and Jenna stopped talking and hid in the gap between the tomb chambers, listening to the sounds around them.

...

In front of the faintly contracting and expanding thin grayish-white fog.

Lumian once again examined his own state.

That cold emanating from within his heart occupied his body, causing most of his emotions and desires to wither, but the malice and irritability resulting from the negative effects of the contract still existed and were growing stronger.

He was in a very good state now, having endured without much reliance on the abilities of the Ascetic.

Amandina had a similar reaction, one side of her face turning deathly pale from the “freeze”, while she gritted her teeth to prevent an unfamiliar version of herself from emerging.

Lumian grabbed her arm and extended his left palm holding the white candle towards the grayish-white fog.

As his chest warmed, the two successfully walked into the mist.

Everything became even more silent.