

Inevitability 871

Chapter 871 The Critical Part

Deep within the primitive island, amid the pervasive white mist, Perle's twisted face saw the gates of the Black Emperor mausoleum swing open.

A giant figure clad in black armor and a magnificent cloak emerged with majesty, with a torrent of white mist flowing between Perle and the figure.

Roselle Gustav... Perle's face instinctively tensed, causing the mist that formed her body to collapse inward slightly.

Roselle didn't spare a glance at the Vortex Weaver. He floated step by step into the air, reaching the edge of an abstract and ethereal strange world, like a rising mountain.

During this process, the sky dimmed, and the remaining clouds twisted as if something had begun to come alive.

Roselle gazed into the distance, raised his arms, and in a grand voice, he proclaimed, "People of Intis, your emperor has returned!"

Suddenly, the clouds above were pushed together by an invisible force, swirling downwards to form another terrifying vortex.

The center of this vortex was Roselle Gustav.

Meanwhile, across Intis, those who still followed the order Roselle had established heard the voice of the returning emperor. Most were bewildered, questioning their ears after the recent burst of intense light, while a few turned pale, unable to believe their suspicions.

To the eastern reaches of the sky, a beam of light flared up, trembling wildly as if striving to cross the vast distance and reach Roselle's embrace, causing various distortions. Behind this beam, three more beams appeared, as if pushed by an invisible force, forced to advance prematurely.

In different parts of the world, some people found themselves back home despite having just left, others saw their bright cathedrals turn dark and silent, and some were habitually drinking milk but didn't notice they were using their nostrils, suffering no harm.

Long-abandoned compulsory education schools strangely lit up, as if filled with students quietly attending classes.

Using his Worms of Time to search for a flaw in Inevitability's watch, Pallez found an exploitable point, but the Worms of Time he sent out disobeyed His commands.

Madam Magician, who was wandering again with Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice, found herself away from the target location, instead of the sea, and in front of her appeared Madam Judgment and the little boy Will Auceptin holding her hand.

The light dots within the white mist remained largely unaffected, only dimming slightly. Perle, the Vortex Weaver, was first startled, then showed a joyous expression.

She hadn't expected Roselle to step forward, forcibly reviving himself before the ceremony's end to reclaim the Black Emperor's divine throne. Such an outcome was beyond her wildest dreams, and

she hadn't even considered having Héloïse, the Fate's Attendant, weave it, but this was undoubtedly a good thing for her and the great entity she worshiped, the Uncertain Mist.

The rewards this time will be immense! Perle had just formed this thought when the Uncertain Mist she was linked to through the ritual conveyed an emotion, tightening their connection and thickening the swirling mist.

Perle sharply turned her gaze towards the villa in Trier, towards the twisted blood shadow emerging from the sacred glow and white mist.

In a drifting voice, she spoke, "The payment for the indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought is the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, a Sealed Artifact derived from the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Moon pathway. The one willing to offer a price for it is Madam Hart of the Nightstalkers."

As Perle's Words of Order echoed, another light dot rapidly expanded.

This light dot revealed a secret chamber, where a vague female statue stood in the center, the walls covered with childlike figures with bird-clawed limbs, and the floor piled with expressionless humans.

At that moment, a figure stood before the statue, her belly swollen, face full and beautiful, with emerald eyes sparkling like gems, and brown hair neatly tied up, wearing a simple and loose white robe—a pregnant woman.

The lady who nurtured a deity!

The twisted blood shadow from the villa in Trier, using the white mist, pierced through the corresponding light dot and appeared beside Perle, then moved towards the light dot where Madam Hart was.

It walked slowly, influenced and twisted by Roselle's resurrection.

"Madam, you may begin." Perle couldn't change the situation of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and could only ask Madam Hart of the Nightstalkers to provide the price in advance.

Hart nodded gently, turned to face the statue in the chamber, and chanted incantations in a low, indistinct voice.

As the incantation neared its end, the childlike figures on the walls became illusory, transforming into beams of light that entered the statue's belly. The dazed humans on the floor exploded one by one, returning as flesh and blood to the great mother.

The female statue gradually took on a crimson glow, transforming into a humanoid crimson moon.

Madam Hart then turned and made a cradling motion towards Emperor Roselle in the air.

She called out in ancient Jotun, "Come back, child of the mother!"

Blood-red moonlight seeped from Roselle's body, leaving him and heading towards the light dot where the female deity statue stood.

These were the pollutants that forced Roselle to seek godhood and death but failed to free himself from.

Now, they were all drawn out, no longer affecting Roselle, no longer attempting to corrupt him.

Roselle's century-old problem was thus effortlessly solved, but his current state required the corruption of the Uncertain Mist to balance the corruption of the Great Mother. Removing either would break the balance!

In the blink of an eye, Roselle was filled with white mist, twisting the speed of passing and the distance between two points, gradually eroding the emperor to completely corrupt him.

Inside the Black Emperor mausoleum, Bernadette saw this and, no longer calm like outside the mausoleum, anxiously shouted, "Adam, where is your promise?"

Roselle remained unaffected by his state change, as if it was within his expectations. He continued to spread his arms, awaiting the return of the Black Emperor's Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics.

These were traits unique to the Black Emperor's true deity. Once revived, regardless of who held the Uniqueness and the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, they would forcibly return, merging with him without the need for extra rituals or potions!

Crimson moonlight rose from various parts of the primitive island, coalescing with the pollutants drawn from Roselle into a miniature crimson moon-like object.

Perle's ethereal voice rang out in time, "Madam Hart requested the Great Mother to reclaim the corruption from Roselle Gustav. This corruption will be exchanged for the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and given to the indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought..."

Madam Hart caught the miniature crimson moon trying to return to the mother's embrace and pushed it out of her light dot.

The miniature crimson moon entered the white mist created by Perle, slowly flying towards another light dot.

This wasn't the light dot the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess emerged from but one guarded by a peculiar giant tree with a vague figure hanging above it.

The Vortex Weaver, Perle, suppressed her excitement and once again scrutinized the scene of Topsy of the School of Deliciousness destroying the seal in the sea.

In the next second, wisps of thin gray fog seeped from the seabed, cooperating with the hydrlike Topsy.

...

Trier, botanical garden.

Hearing the emperor's return across space, Franca's lake-blue eyes widened in astonishment and confusion, with a hint of uncontrollable joy.

At the same time, her spiritual intuition told her that the order here had been distorted, including the Circle Inhabitant effect.

And wherever there was a distortion, it meant they could escape without triggering the Circle Inhabitant effect!

Where is the distortion? Franca had just this thought when she saw Jenna take out a mirror and quickly perform a Magic Mirror Divination.

Jenna had a similar intuition.

Meanwhile, the two Higdon, ignoring the unusual surroundings, madly attacked Lumian, who wielded the Sword of Courage, unable to focus on the two Demonesses.

Likewise, before Voisin Sanson stood only Ludwig, still short-legged and short-statured, unable to reach him to interfere.

The Circle Inhabitant made a quick decision, pressing his temple, letting the gathered strange light pierce through his head.

In excruciating pain unbearable even for an Ascetic, he was instantly near death.

The Circle Inhabitant effect triggered once more.

Lumian and Anthony's thoughts blurred, and they found themselves back in the intact cabin, before taking out the Sword of Courage and Black Tear forehead accessory.

Franca and Jenna couldn't complete their Magic Mirror Divination in time.

Lumian instinctively took out the Black Tear forehead accessory, intending to throw it to Franca, but upon grasping it, he sensed the mirror world, particularly the special one, feeling the summons of 0-01 from Morora.

Is it possible to sense this way? Not before...

The earlier anomaly distorted the order here and the Circle Inhabitant effect, causing this change? Meaning they could escape through the mirror world without triggering the Circle Inhabitant? Lumian instantly judged.

He acted before Voisin Sanson could commit suicide again and bring the inevitable end, shouting to Franca and the others, "Grab hold of me!"

Time was tight; he couldn't explain and hoped his teammates would trust him.

Despite their doubts, Franca and the others, including Ludwig, grabbed Lumian's body again.

In the next second, Lumian used the Black Tear forehead accessory and the cabin's window to enter the void-dark mirror world, randomly choosing a tunnel to traverse.

As expected, they didn't trigger the Circle Inhabitant effect this time.

As joy surged in Lugano's heart, everything blurred in a topsy-turvy manner, and they found themselves in an almost completely dark world, facing Harrison from Resurrection Island.

Around Harrison were four lit candles and four servings of staple food, including two loaves of bread, Feynapotter noodles and rice, all moldy.

Harrison looked at Lumian with a slight smile. "The Celestial Worthy's Oracle states you carry the key part of this matter. Capturing you will eliminate any surprises."

As Harrison spoke, Voisin Sanson and Higdon appeared in the darkness beside him.

Voisin Sanson also looked at Lumian, smiling. “Didn't you know I escaped from Fourth Epoch Trier through the special mirror world?”

Chapter 872 Courage

Lumian didn't waste time engaging with Harrison, Voisin Sanson, and the others.

This confirmed that the Mirror People were deeply involved in Project Vortex, and this was indeed the special mirror world, though its specific layer was unknown.

Lumian immediately activated the black mark on his right shoulder. He needed to transport Franca and the others away from this area before Voisin Sanson could use his Circle Inhabitant ability.

This time, his destination was Morora, the City of Exiles!

Since they had already entered the special mirror world and the worst-case scenario had occurred, there was no need to hold back. They could attempt to navigate the hidden dangers here and reach Morora.

If they didn't take risks, facing Voisin Sanson and Higdon, two demigods, plus the strange and special abilities of Harrison, Lumian doubted they had any chance of survival. All of them dying was only a matter of time. It was better to take a gamble and see if they could get through the dangers of the special mirror world and reach Morora.

In Morora, Lumian was the proxy of 0-01. He could borrow significant power, enough to counter a Sequence 4 demigod. If necessary, he could even temporarily exert the strength of Sequence 3. With the cooperation of Franca, Jenna, and the others, and the “help” of Morora's archbishop and hundreds of thousands of residents, they might repel or even kill Voisin Sanson and Higdon.

More importantly, 0-01 repelled the approach of demigods above Sequence 5, likely causing terrifying mutations. The first targets would inevitably be those two Saints!

Lumian used his Spirit World Traversal ability obtained from the Abscessed Hand, leveraging his special connection with 0-01. Holding on to Jenna, Anthony, and the others who hadn't let go, he disappeared from the spot, “transporting” to some deep part of the special mirror world.

Suddenly, he felt the world rejecting him, as if an invisible barrier had appeared ahead.

He was forced out of the Spirit World Traversal state, and several figures simultaneously materialized in a gloomy, dark town ruin.

The path to Morora was blocked.

It seemed the higher powers within the Mirror People did this. Their control over the special mirror world was clearly superior to the Black Tear.

Lumian thought for a moment, seeing that Voisin Sanson and the others hadn't caught up yet. He immediately tossed the Black Tear forehead accessory to Franca, speaking calmly, “You lead them through the mirrors, constantly shifting locations. Wait for a change in the outside world. There has already been a distortion of order; there will surely be similar anomalies soon. When that happens, seize the opportunity to use the mirrors to return to the surface, back to Trier.”

“What about you?” Jenna blurted out.

Lumian chuckled. “Of course, I'll stay and play with them.”

“If I go with you, they'll definitely chase us relentlessly, giving you no chance to escape the special mirror world. Wouldn't that mean no one could find reinforcements?”

Jenna's eyes reddened, and she was about to say something when Lumian sternly interrupted, “Have you forgotten your brother?”

Jenna's mouth opened slightly, but no words came out.

Lumian nodded and smiled again.

“You need to find Madam Magician and Madam Judgment for me, and provide accurate coordinates.

“Also, you should be able to distract one demigod.”

He didn't hold back, smiling at Jenna, Franca, and Anthony.

“If I die, remember to avenge me.”

Jenna's vision blurred with tears. She bit her lip, nodded with difficulty, and squeezed out a word from her throat, “Okay...”

She would avenge Lumian just as she avenged her mother!

Lumian turned to Franca, his expression calm. “Everything else is up to you.”

Franca's eyes shimmered, her voice hoarse. “Okay.”

Lumian put on the Devil's Whispers bone ring again and continued speaking to Franca, Jenna, and the others, “You are not the main target, not even secondary. While shifting locations through the mirrors, if Higdon catches up, leave Ludwig somewhere along the way. Let him hide on his own, which should buy you more time.

“Do you have any objections?” he asked Ludwig.

Ludwig shook his head, feeling this was something he had hoped for.

He made one request.

“Can you give me more food?”

With his body burning with blue-purple sulfur flames, Lumian tossed some chocolate and cookies over, then spoke to Anthony, “If Higdon keeps chasing, you can separate from the group.”

Seeing Anthony about to refuse, Lumian smiled.

“Someone has to stay alive to avenge us.

“The one who lives suffers the most. I believe you understand that.”

Anthony cast a Placate spell on himself. “Okay.”

Lumian didn't say more and urged them, “Go quickly.”

Franca threw the Black Tear back to Lumian. “The Ice Talisman is enough if we're just shifting locations through mirrors. The Black Tear can leverage the power of the special mirror world and should help you last longer.”

The Demoness of Affliction's voice choked, feeling the potion digesting rapidly.

Lumian didn't refuse and quickly wrapped the Black Tear around his left wrist.

Franca immediately took out the ice-crystal-like amulet from the Traveler's Bag.

Without hesitation, she gritted her teeth. “Hold on to me.”

Jenna looked at Lumian with watery eyes and grabbed Franca's arm. Lugano eagerly moved to Franca's back.

With a flash of icy light, they disappeared, leaving a falling mirror.

Lumian turned his gaze to the three approaching figures.

The enemies were closing in.

Looking at Voisin Sanson, Higdon, and Harrison, with the Black Tear on his left wrist and the Devil's Whispers on his right hand, Lumian drew the Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag.

The blue-purple sulfur flames on him immediately turned a bright white with a tinge of green. His back slightly arched.

His eyes deepened in color, locking onto the blonde-haired Voisin Sanson, a clear smile on his face.

He uttered from his throat. “Actually, I've been waiting for you for a long time.”

...

Madam Magician, unexpectedly reunited with Madam Judgment and Will Auceptin due to the distortion effect, straightforwardly asked the little boy, “Can you lead us to the medium through which the power of Inevitability is seeping?”

Will Auceptin, chubby-faced and dressed in a child's suit, showed a troubled expression.

“Given the current situation, anyone not involved in Project Vortex will be influenced by the power of Inevitability, leading to inevitable failure. If I use that die, I might still be able to help you find the target, but it will drain all my accumulated luck. When I get home, I might see Ouroboros waiting for me.

“Do you have any special items that can save my luck or replace the die? I think you should.”

Hearing the archangel of Fate say “should,” The Magician, Justice, and Hermit began to examine their possessions-the latter understanding Will's words through Miss Justice's mental communication.

Suddenly, Ma'am Hermit remembered something and produced an iron cigar case from somewhere.

“This was given to me by Queen Mystic. She said she foresaw that this item would provide critical help in the future.”

Madam Magician glanced at it and murmured, "It carries the aura of Mr. Fool."

Hearing this, Miss Justice made many connections.

She sought confirmation, "Did the Celestial Worthy send subordinates to participate in Project Vortex?"

"Yes," Madam Magician vaguely understood what Miss Justice meant.

Receiving confirmation, Miss Justice smiled. "The Celestial Worthy participating in Project Vortex means Mr. Fool is involved too, doesn't it? So..."

She looked at the iron cigar case in Ma'am Hermit's hand, her voice synchronously echoing in the mind of the Major Arcana card holder.

Ma'am Hermit immediately handed the item to Will.

Will smiled broadly. "It will do!"

The boy then addressed Madam Magician and Miss Justice, "I'll lead the way."

Though leading, Will closed His eyes.

Starlight sprinkled down as Madam Magician led everyone present, following Will's intuition to begin wandering.

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Deep within the primitive island, amid the pervasive white mist.

Vortex Weaver Perle occasionally glanced at the slowly approaching Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon-like corruption, sometimes at the loosening seal in the waters near Port Santa under coordinated efforts, and sometimes upward at the towering figure of Roselle Gustav in mid-air.

The four beams of light on the horizon, one after another, drew closer.

Perle anticipated that Roselle would perfectly resurrect and return as the Black Emperor. In that case, the great Uncertain Mist would reclaim one of His possessions and have a Sequence 0 true deity as a puppet.

According to Perle's original plan, the end of the vortex ritual and the completion of the transaction between the Nightstalkers and the Rose School of Thought would allow the great Uncertain Mist to thoroughly corrupt Roselle Gustav. Only then could the deceased Black Emperor be driven to resurrect. At that time, with all transactions concluded and no other forces providing assistance, the resurrection of the Black Emperor would face numerous obstructions, necessitating another vortex.

But now, Roselle Gustav had walked out of the Black Emperor's mausoleum himself, choosing to resurrect before the vortex ritual ended!

In midair, the first beam finally landed on Roselle, who was in the strange and abstract world, followed by the other three.

An indescribable light suddenly burst forth.

Chapter 873 The Predestined Battle

In the special mirror world, seeing that only Lumian was ahead, Higdon immediately looked towards Voisin Sanson.

Voisin Sanson took off a ring that looked like it was made of glass and tossed it to the demigod of the Order of All Extinction.

Harrison, standing to the side, spoke in somewhat awkward Intisian, "This world will guide you."

At this moment, Lumian, engulfed in blazing white-blue flames, charged forward with the Sword of Courage in hand.

After catching the glass-like ring, Higdon immediately activated it.

In this almost completely dark town ruin, as if covered by something from above, various mirror-like objects suddenly lit up. Higdon's figure was then enveloped in a transparent light and thrown into one of the mirrors, chasing after Ludwig and the others.

Lumian had only taken a few steps before he suddenly disappeared from the spot.

Behind Voisin Sanson, a ball of blazing white-blue flame quickly appeared, expanding rapidly and forming into a burning figure wielding a giant flaming sword.

The Circle Inhabitant was not surprised. A semi-transparent figure resembling him but colder and more indifferent emerged from behind him.

This was Voisin Sanson's new contract ability, "Death's Summon!"

The blazing white-blue figure quickly dimmed as the semi-transparent upper body approached, extinguishing the flames one by one.

However, Lumian himself was not within this figure.

At Voisin Sanson's feet, the shadows cast by the flames came to life eerily, transforming into a sticky black liquid that seemed to condense from the darkest desires and emotions of the human heart, surging upwards.

It first wrapped around Voisin Sanson's legs, then quickly spread to his torso.

Desire Incarnation!

Lumian's previous attack from behind was merely a distraction for Voisin Sanson.

The real killing move was the Desire Incarnation from the Devil's Whispers bone ring. This allowed the various chaotic corruptions and seals within him to play a significant role in battle.

So, when he teleported behind Voisin Sanson, he used the flaming figure he had created as a cover, turned into a shadow creature, and slipped into the shadows under the target's feet, activating the Devil's Whispers bone ring from Hisoka.

As for the other enemy present, the courageous Lumian did not pay him any mind.

Before drawing the Sword of Courage, he had already planned his battle strategy: With Ludwig, Franca and the others should be able to divert Higdon.

Lumian only needed to deal with Voisin Sanson and Harrison. Though Harrison was not a demigod and lacked godhood, his abilities were strange and varied, making it just as difficult to kill him quickly as to severely injure Voisin Sanson.

Thus, the primary target had to be the Circle Inhabitant Voisin Sanson. Lumian would rely on the quicker and more frequently usable Spirit World Traversal to constantly flash around, avoiding being caught by Harrison, who might steal his items or crucial abilities.

During this process, the mystical plague from the Black Tear forehead accessory would naturally spread, covering the area. Lumian believed it would be highly effective against Harrison's Paper Figurine Substitutes. Harrison might use the Paper Figurine Substitutes to avoid the occult diseases, but as long as he stayed on the battlefield, he would continue to be infected. The Paper Figurine Substitutes would eventually be exhausted, and over time, the damage rate would increase dramatically.

Just as the sticky black liquid covered Voisin Sanson, his body suddenly became blurry.

Lumian's mind fogged momentarily, and by the time he cleared up, Voisin Sanson had already put several meters between them, showing no signs of the Desire Incarnation's terrifying corruption affecting him.

This was another application of the Circle Inhabitant's ability.

This time, Voisin Sanson hadn't included the entire town ruin in the Circle Inhabitant effect, only treating his own body. Just like Lumian resetting his physical and spiritual state every morning at six o'clock, Voisin Sanson's trigger was Set to near-death or when suffering a fatal attack.

The Desire Incarnation attack had triggered the Circle Inhabitant effect, allowing Voisin Sanson to recover and use the brief moment of Lumian's distraction to create distance. Otherwise, he would have continued to be engulfed by the sticky black liquid.

Next, a ghostly green light condensed in Voisin Sanson's eyes and shot towards the recovering black liquid.

Lumian didn't have time to teleport and could only swiftly animate his shadow, swapping places with it.

As soon as the beam appeared, it hit the shadow, causing it to disintegrate instantly with no room for struggle.

Almost simultaneously, Voisin Sanson extended his right hand.

His eyes were dyed with a silver-black hue, reflecting a silently flowing mercury river.

This was the River of Fate, belonging to Lumian.

Voisin Sanson, the Circle Inhabitant, intended to exchange a segment of Lumian's fate.

After dodging the green beam, Lumian fearlessly teleported to Voisin Sanson's side once more.

Heh, trying Fate Exchange?

No problem!

As long as I knock you into a reset, your attempt will fail!

Lumian raised the iron-black straight sword, blazing with white-blue flames, and slashed heavily at Voisin Sanson.

Cull!

At that moment, Harrison finally found an opportunity. He reached out his right hand and lightly grabbed, stealing this attack.

Blazing white-blue flames appeared on his body, and a giant flaming sword formed in his hand.

Bang!

From over ten meters away, Harrison slashed the flaming giant sword at Lumian, producing a fierce explosion.

Lumian, undaunted, turned to face the roaring flames and swung the Sword of Courage once more.

Another Cull!

Rumble!

The white-blue flames and the terrifying shockwave clashed, the violent windstorm wreaking havoc in the ruins, lifting stones and igniting wood.

Harrison was engulfed by the returning flaming windstorm, his body quickly degenerating into a sinister paper figurine with drawn features.

This paper figurine's surface was marked with red and yellow rust, which quickly burned to ash in the white-blue flames.

As Harrison's figure reappeared at the edge of the storm, Lumian, with his enhanced physique from 0-01 and the Sword of Courage absorbing damage, did not retreat a single step and locked onto Voisin Sanson again.

His eyes turned iron-black, searching for the weak point on Voisin Sanson.

He raised the Sword of Courage once more, conjuring several white-blue Fire Ravens behind him.

At this moment, thanks to Harrison's delay, Voisin Sanson completed all the prerequisites for the Fate Exchange. Soon, he would just wait for the time to pass and welcome the final outcome. If Lumian hadn't possessed a false Angel rank, Voisin Sanson could have started the exchange directly after choosing the desired segment from the River of Destiny without taking extra time.

Bang!

Lumian slashed the Sword of Courage down on Voisin Sanson's head, and the white-blue Fire Ravens circled, covering the surrounding area.

You can use the Circle Inhabitant ability to restore your state, but I can target you with area attacks and delayed assaults right after you recover!

A few more resets, and you will reach your inevitable end!

Boom!

Voisin Sanson's body blurred again, causing Lumian's thoughts to become hazy.

Using the Circle Inhabitant effect, Voisin Sanson recovered from the damage caused by the Sword of Courage. However, the white-blue Fire Ravens continued to follow their predetermined paths, landing in different spots.

Suddenly, Voisin Sanson's figure vanished from the spot.

As the crows exploded one after another, the Circle Inhabitant's figure reappeared about forty meters away.

You may be able to teleport, but I also have teleportation from my contract!

Lumian's figure quickly appeared beside Voisin Sanson, relentlessly pursuing him.

His eyes turned silver-black, reflecting Voisin Sanson's mercurial River of Fate.

He extended his left hand, pushing the illusory River of Destiny towards the tributary where Voisin Sanson couldn't escape the subsequent attacks, while slashing with the Sword of Courage, creating more white-blue fireballs.

Had he found the right choice, Lumian would have used Compelling Fate to directly disrupt Voisin Sanson's Circle Inhabitant effect.

Rumble!

Lumian's spirituality was drained by the continuous attacks, forcing him to urgently release the accumulated spirituality. Voisin Sanson was hit by the Sword of Courage and, after recovering, couldn't teleport away in time, suffering from the barrage of white-blue fireballs.

The Circle Inhabitant effect triggered for the fourth time.

Voisin Sanson recovered and teleported to another location.

However, the Fate Exchange did not stop, as only Voisin Sanson's body and spirituality were included in the Circle Inhabitant effect, not his fate or actions.

This was similar to Lumian's daily reset at six o'clock, which didn't undo previous actions or invalidate their results.

Lumian relentlessly pursued Voisin Sanson, blinking to his side again.

Voisin Sanson no longer chose to resist head-on. He used his contracted teleportation ability to change his position.

On the other side, Harrison had reverted to a thin, sinister paper figurine, sensing an impending infection.

Lumian continued chasing Voisin Sanson and overtook him with the time gap between teleportation and speed, finding two more opportunities to attack.

However, Voisin Sanson either used special abilities to neutralize the attacks or triggered the Circle Inhabitant effect.

Voisin Sanson's Circle Inhabitant seemed far from reaching its predetermined conclusion.

Even with the Sword of Courage, Lumian felt a certain level of despair-knowing that the Fate Exchange would lead to a very bad outcome, having opportunities to attack the enemy, but unable to stop the exchange and change the impending result.

This might be the meaning of inevitability.

Perhaps a Fate Appropriator needed a Circle Inhabitant to unleash its true horror.

Despair was fleeting; courage once again took hold of Lumian.

Chapter 874 Unsealing

After a while, Voisin Sanson stopped passively waiting for the fate exchange to complete and began actively using various strange abilities, suppressing Lumian's attacks.

On the other side, Harrison increasingly relied on his Paper Figurine Substitutes to avoid the mystical plague spreading through the ruins of the town.

He had little time left to interfere with Lumian and kept trying to remove the densely packed mythical pathogens in the air with various methods he could think of, but to little avail.

Lumian felt the fate exchange nearing completion. Although he wasn't afraid, he decided to take a gamble.

Mimicking the Beyonders of a Warrior, he unleashed a Hurricane of Light, holding the Sword of Courage upside down and stabbing it forcefully into the ground.

With him and the Sword of Courage at the center, blazing white-blue fireballs spread layer upon layer, covering the ruins of the town.

Rumble!

Explosions erupted one after another, destroying the already crumbling ancient buildings and igniting every corner of the ruins.

Harrison used his Paper Figurine Substitute again. As he was always on the edge of the town ruins, his figure reappeared in the dark tunnel they had pursued through earlier.

Voisin Sanson, who was closer to Lumian, was inevitably affected. His attempt to teleport was interrupted by the violent shockwave.

His body caught fire again, but the injuries were not fatal. With the resilience of an Ascetic, he only instinctively twisted his face in pain.

Seizing this opportunity, Lumian teleported in front of Voisin Sanson.

Voisin Sanson's eyes immediately filled with ghostly green light.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian, anticipating Voisin Sanson's habit and method of using the terrifying beam, half-turned the Sword of Courage, holding it horizontally in front of his chest.

The ghostly green beam, upon completion, shot towards Lumian at unavoidable speed, striking the Sword of Courage. The blazing white-blue flames on its iron-black blade were instantly extinguished, and its metallic luster dimmed significantly.

Successfully blocking Voisin Sanson's beam, Lumian released his left hand, aiming to deliver a fatal blow.

He sensed that Voisin Sanson's current Circle Inhabitant cycle was nearing its end. Perhaps two or three more triggers would lead to the inevitable conclusion, possibly even death.

At this moment, Lumian's hair stood on end, his mind nearly blank.

The negative effects of the Black Tear forehead accessory manifested.

If not for the Sword of Courage sharing the burden, he would have been utterly overwhelmed by Pleasure, rather than just briefly dazed.

Taking advantage of this moment of distraction, Voisin Sanson teleported away from the emptied ruins but did not extend the distance beyond the Fate Exchange limit.

Lumian quickly regained his senses and prepared to pursue Voisin Sanson.

Suddenly, his thoughts slowed, becoming sluggish as if he had been rapidly frozen.

His body became rigid, and even moving a finger was extremely difficult.

The fate exchange had completed.

Clang! The Sword of Courage fell to the ground, as Lumian no longer had the strength to hold it.

Lumian slowly collapsed to the ground, his eyes vacant, his expression blank, leaning against a pile of rubble.

No longer controlled by Courage, he instinctively tried to activate the Blood Emperor's residual mark on his right palm, hoping the rampant frenzy might help him break free from his current state, but he couldn't manage it.

His ability to think coherently was rapidly slipping away.

This was the outcome Voisin Sanson had wanted from the Fate Exchange.

Voisin Sanson smiled, teleporting back to Lumian, and whispered, "If not for your false Angel rank, the fate exchange would have been completed long ago.

"You probably don't know that the maximum limit for the Circle Inhabitant's cycles is nine. You're still several cycles short of dealing real damage to me.

"You're not truly a demigod. There's a fundamental difference between you and someone with godhood."

As Voisin Sanson spoke, he pulled out an incomplete ritual sheepskin, just large enough to cover a head, intending to turn Lumian into a sheep and completely control him.

In the next second, Lumian felt the stiffness in his body and the sluggishness of his thoughts easing, their effects seemingly distorted.

Opportunity! Lumian immediately tried to activate the black mark on his right shoulder, hoping to teleport out of the special mirror world.

Voisin Sanson's face changed, then he activated a contract mark, shouting in a deep voice, "Lumian Lee!"

As Lumian's figure was still fading away, his mind buzzed, his head spinning, making it difficult to maintain the teleportation effect.

Voisin Sanson then placed the sheepskin over Lumian's head, chanting in Hermes, "Sheep!"

A flash of dark light transformed Lumian into a grayish-white sheep.

Most of his abilities were sealed, and the earlier state of sluggish thoughts and stiff body returned, preventing him from using the Black Tear forehead accessory or the Devil's Whispers bone ring.

Seeing this, Voisin Sanson felt the weakness and spirituality exhaustion in his own body but believed he could endure the mystical plague for a while longer, waiting for the Circle Inhabitant effect to passively activate.

A sinister paper figurine with drawn features entered the still-burning ruins from the tunnel, its surface accumulating rust at a visible rate.

It looked at Lumian and spoke in Harrison's voice, "Your companions don't seem to have escaped either."

As he spoke, the paper figurine made a gesture, and the edges of the dark world illuminated by the flames began to turn transparent, revealing the states of Franca and the others-not through Harrison's magic, but through the Mirror People watching in the shadows.

In the mirror-like scene, Franca led the others, except Ludwia, trying to traverse out of the special mirror world.

Above them, a figure in a black dress and gold crown appeared.

Surrounded by white mist, a light seemed to emanate from in front of her.

She glanced down, causing Franca and the others to fall back into the area they had just left, unable to escape the special mirror world.

Higdon, having split into two and covered in green-yellow slime, blocked Franca and the others' escape route in the scene.

After using it three more times, Franca's Ice Talisman only had one Mirror Traversal left.

She did not attempt to flee again. She pulled out a set of silver-white full-body armor from the Traveler's Bag and placed it in front of herself. Anthony also drew the Winter is Coming revolver.

In another scene, another Higdon was searching for Ludwig.

Seeing this, the increasingly ragged paper figurine of Harrison spoke to Lumian with a laugh, "Your companions will likely all die before you. Their Mirror Substitutes aren't as numerous as my paper figurines. You still have time to mourn them.

"Actually, you've done quite well. If it weren't for me and Higdon, your team might have been able to escape or even win against Voisin Sanson on their own."

With double control over him, Lumian had almost no ability to think deeply, leaving only his emotions to resonate.

His heart was ablaze with anger, indignation, and hatred, filling the sheep's eyes with bloodshot rage.

Voisin Sanson turned to Harrison's paper figurine and asked, "Can I kill him now to bring back Lord Termiboros?"

Harrison's paper figurine shook its head slowly, "The Celestial Worthy's revelation is to imprison."

Voisin Sanson thought for a moment and said, "Indeed, killing this trash might trigger unforeseen changes due to the high-level powers within him, potentially affecting the entire Project Vortex.

"Can I attempt to unseal his chest and bring back Lord Termiboros?"

Harrison's paper figurine paused for two seconds and said, "Yes."

This did not violate the Celestial Worthy's revelation.

Voisin Sanson smiled and said, "I'll need you to use that Celestial Worthy's boon for the final part. Otherwise, I'd have to bring Lumian Lee to the brink of death to unseal him, which is too risky."

The method to unseal Lumian Lee's The Fool seal wasn't devised by Voisin Sanson himself but given through a ritual by the great Circle of Inevitability.

"Okay." Harrison agreed.

Voisin Sanson immediately took out a black metal box and opened it.

Inside were thumb-sized mercury beads, their surfaces tinged with black and inscribed with complex, fear-inducing patterns and symbols.

Voisin Sanson's voice became low and his words eerily ethereal.

The black-tinged mercury beads floated up, spinning rapidly in mid-air, forming a continuous river.

With barely any coherent thoughts, Lumian heard Voisin Sanson and Harrison's conversation and saw the scene unfold but felt no despair or regret.

At this point, despair and regret were meaningless.

Lumian was only filled with anger, indignation, and hatred. The sheep's eyes bulged with fury.

Son of a sow!

Within ten to twenty seconds, Voisin Sanson completed his chant, sending the silver-black river towards Lumian's chest.

In the tunnel, Harrison had lit four candles and placed four pieces of bread in front of each, reciting incantations while taking special footsteps and gestures.

Lumian quickly fell into a dark state, his thoughts gradually clearing.

But before he could form any other thoughts, his chest grew hot, the familiar heat rapidly dissipating, turning cold.

In an instant, silver-black light beams burst from his body, weaving together in front of him to form a figure.

Chapter 875 Response

Madam Magician and the other Major Arcana card holders were again affected by the distortion of order, abruptly emerging from their starry roaming state and floating in midair.

What met their eyes was an unusually bloody altar and countless mutilated corpses.

On the altar, there was also an oil painting depicting a strange cosmos.

Ma'am Hermit, whose hearing was sealed, had a twisted expression and whispered with difficulty, "It's here, it's that painting..."

She felt the terrifying voice influencing her growing louder, originating from that oil painting!

“It really works...” The Magician cast her gaze towards the boy, Will Aceptin, who was holding the iron cigar case. It was unclear whether the praise was for the item imbued with Mr. Fool's aura or the luck she had always envied.

The boy, Will, shrugged and said, “I didn't expect it to be this effective either.”

As he spoke, Ma'am Hermit forced an ancient spear stained with mottled blood into existence, sending it with destructive intent towards the painting.

But the Spear of Longinus, born of Fairytale Magic, disintegrated into points of light before it could reach the altar.

In Madam Magician's eyes, brilliant starlight shone.

Around the altar, faint glows outlined a pair of dreamlike doors, attempting to transfer the painting along with the altar outside the barrier, into the deep, dark cosmos.

However, the starlight doors remained motionless, unable to open.

“Those who are not participants in the vortex ritual cannot affect the painting,” Miss Justice said, eyeing the iron cigar case in Will's hand, eager to take it and use it as a medium to showcase her physical strength and see if she could damage the painting.

Madam Judgment took the lead, receiving the iron cigar case from Will and holding it in her hand, making it part of her fist.

Immediately, the Major Arcana card holder shouted in ancient Hermes, “Execution!”

Accompanied by this command, Judgment swung her right fist, the iron cigar case gripped in her hand.

Bang!

The altar dented slightly, but the painting showed no obvious signs of damage.

“There's some effect, but not much,” Madam Magician accurately assessed.

She took the iron cigar case and tried various abilities herself, but could only cause minor damage to the painting, unable to shake its core effect, as they were not participants in the vortex ritual and could only influence it through the medium—the iron cigar case—which lacked destructive power.

Watching the painting still affecting her and many high-level individuals, Ma'am Hermit could not help but feel anxious.

...

Deep in the primitive island, in the dense white mist before the Black Emperor mausoleum.

As the four beams of light merged into Roselle's body in midair, Perle's face was suddenly stretched wide, presenting a comical yet terrifying appearance. The blood-red figure and the miniature crimson moon in the mist retreated strangely, as if going in the wrong direction.

From the light point where the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess emerged, the white mist, which had been nearly purified by the holy pillar, filled again. Saint Viève in midair and the Purifiers outside the villa, including Angoulême, felt an impending collapse of the current order.

The lightless domain instantly twisted, with some darkness seeping in, forming a shadowed side.

Discovering the presence of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, Mr. Moon was about to turn into crimson moonlight and illuminate the white mist but found himself rushing into the sky. The Worms of Time split by Pallez, just deciding to return, assess the situation, and unite in deception, got lost in life's path.

Mr. Hanged Man, riding the gale, suddenly plummeted, nearly losing his flying ability and falling to the ground.

As distortion phenomena appeared to varying degrees worldwide, at the core of the vortex ritual, Perle struggled to raise her head and look up.

At the edge of the abstract, fantastical world, Roselle's figure, clad in black armor and a luxurious cape, grew larger and clearer, with a crown set with dark gems forming swiftly atop his head.

The surrounding white mist mostly invaded His body, distorting His face, with His eyes a deep blue almost black, a slow-expanding mist.

The Black Emperor had revived in the astral world.

Roselle lowered His head slightly, gazing down, focusing on the white mist before His mausoleum, the torrent connecting Him and the mist, and the face of Perle in the depths of the mist, exuding majesty and depth.

The next moment, the Black Emperor raised His right hand, forming a fist, and gently twisted His wrist.

Distortion!

He forcefully completed a distortion using His authority, the Black Emperor pathway, the special connection with the Uncertain Mist, and the corruption deeply eroding His body and soul, relying on the invisible barrier blocking the Outer Deities.

Perle, deep in the white mist, briefly lost focus, then discovered in shock that the great Uncertain Mist was no longer closely connected with her through the vortex ritual but had shifted to the Black Emperor.

Her object of faith, her ritual foundation, had all been Distorted to Emperor Roselle!

After her initial confusion, Perle quickly felt a surge of fear and despair.

Not only her, but all the Uncertain Mist believers across the continents also saw a thin white mist before their eyes, with a majestic, indistinct figure standing within.

That figure, wearing a crown and black armor, quietly looked down at them.

The Black Emperor's first act upon revival was to temporarily "take over" all faith directed at the Uncertain Mist!

Of course, this also exposed Him more directly to the Outer Deity outside the barrier.

Another wisp of white mist separated from the surface of a planet, reaching the site of an intense divine battle, using the special environment and its symbolism to penetrate the barrier again, falling upon Emperor Roselle at the edge of the astral world, like a fishing line finally controlling its target.

Roselle's expression became increasingly distorted.

He continued to gaze at Perle and the Uncertain Mist believers worldwide, speaking in a majestic voice, "The Broker can unite the Outer Deities and has acted, posing a great threat, a crime beyond pardon!"

As He spoke, the Black Emperor's outstretched right hand opened, as if to grasp something.

After declaring the crime, His right hand clenched abruptly.

Bang! Bang! Bang! On the Northern and Southern Continents, the Uncertain Mist believers exploded into blood mist.

This was not the ability of the Judgment domain but the control granted by the boon system, the control of an evil god over His followers!

Temporarily distorting the Uncertain Mist faith, Black Emperor Roselle used this to purge the evil god's followers, making them feel the wrath of a god, aiming to eliminate them all.

A single Broker might not be dangerous, but their ability to weave all dangers together made them the greatest threat!

"No!" Despite her desperate resistance, Perle exploded uncontrollably within the white mist.

Her face split into different parts like the nose, eyes, mouth, and ears, scattered into the white mist, staining it with a noticeable blood color.

Yet the vortex ritual had not ceased. The Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon continued to approach their target light point, even faster than before.

Silently, the exploded Uncertain Mist believers, in blood mist form, crossed the void, merging into the vortex mist that Perle had become. This accelerated the advance of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon, sustaining the ongoing transaction as if other forces were maintaining the ritual.

A characteristic of the Vortex was that all participants contributed power to maintain the ritual until their part of the transaction was complete.

Thus, once the Vortex was formed, destroying it would become increasingly difficult!

Roselle glanced at the white mist connecting Him and the outside barrier, His expression of pain growing more apparent.

He shouted lowly, "Adam! Where are you?"

"The Uncertain Mist has made a heavy bet. If you don't reveal your cards, we're all doomed!"

Seeing no change around, Roselle paused and continued to roar angrily, "Adam!"

Are you really waiting for a chance to devour the Eternal Blazing Sun and others?"

Just after Roselle's low roar, a distant yet gentle voice echoed in His mind, "I'm here."

...

In the special mirror world,

Voisin Sanson watched expectantly and reverently as silver-black light beams shot from the gray-white sheep that Lumian had become, waiting for Lord Termiboros to be completely freed.

The beams wove together in front of him, quickly forming a figure.

The figure was slightly hunched, wearing a black classical robe and a pointed hat of the same color, with a thin face, slightly curly black hair, a broad forehead, and pitch-black eyes.

Just as Lumian was about to activate the Blood Emperor's residual aura to try and escape the sheep state, he froze upon seeing this figure.

Wh- Voisin Sanson and Harrison's bodies trembled, also becoming stunned.

The figure slowly straightened, not even glancing at Voisin Sanson and Harrison, but turned to look at Lumian.

Without any warning, the sheep's wool covering Lumian's body fell off, shrinking back to its original head-covering size.

Lumian remained in shock and bewilderment.

The figure took out a monocle made of crystal and leisurely placed it over his right eye, revealing a slight smile at Lumian, "You can call me Amon, or..."

The figure's voice grew majestic and layered, the smile on his face more evident.

"Termiboros."

Chapter 876 The Patient

Lumian knew that the figure before him was Amon. Although Amon's appearance differed somewhat from Monette and the other Amons, the monocle over his right eye and his overall demeanor and aura unmistakably confirmed his identity.

But why was Amon here? And why did he call himself Termiboros?

Lumian clearly saw those silver and black beams of light emerging from within himself, from the shattered seal of Mr. Fool. How did they transform into Amon?

This was why Lumian had frozen in place earlier.

Could it be that during their previous encounters, Amon had secretly bypassed Mr. Fool's seal, hidden inside him, and replaced Termiboros?

If so, what had Mr. Fool's seal actually been for?

Despite his shock and confusion, Lumian suppressed these emotions because he had more urgent matters to attend to.

He stood up, ready to pick up the Sword of Courage and use the Mirror Traversal ability of the Black Tear to reach Franca, Jenna, and the others, to help them fight Higdon.

Meanwhile, Voisin Sanson and Harrison stood frozen like statues.

Amon, who claimed to be Termiboros, raised His hand to stop Lumian.

He glanced at the transparent boundary showing the battle between Franca, the others, and Higdon, and smiled, saying, "I've fixed their fate for the next ten minutes so they won't die. You still have some time. As for what happens after ten minutes, that's up to your choices."

Lumian refocused on Amon, removing the Black Tear forehead accessory and tucking it into the separate space within his Traveler's Bag to prevent any further negative effects. In a low voice, he asked, "What choices?"

Without waiting for Amon's response, he couldn't help but ask another question, "When did you become Termiboros?"

As he spoke, Lumian temporarily put away the Devil's Whispers bone ring.

Amon's lips curled slightly. "A long, long time ago. By the time you first learned that name, Termiboros was already me."

At this, the former King of Angels' smile took on a hint of mockery.

"In that dream in Cordu Village, the Warlock symbolized the power of inevitability. The Warlock's death and burial in the tomb symbolized the loss of the true owner of that power-the real Termiboros. The owl guarding the tomb and the Warlock's body symbolized an outsider seeking this power. The other you, accompanying the owl, symbolized the inherent depravity within everyone.

"Pallez couldn't even decipher this, yet he calls himself a Cryptologist? Just because I changed my symbolic form, He couldn't recognize me?"

"Has he already begun aging prematurely at such a young age?"

Lumian didn't know who Pallez was, but he understood the implications of Amon's explanation.

The first time he had heard about depravity was from a Secrets Suppliant. That knowledge came with the potion. The second time was in the honorific name of the True Creator worshiped by the Aurora Order.

And Amon had a very close relationship with that individual.

This meant the True Creator's influence on the Cordu incident was much deeper than Lumian had imagined. It wasn't just a matter of sending a few lizard-like elves to nudge events along!

Rage that even an Ascetic couldn't suppress burned within Lumian. He squeezed out a hoarse voice from his throat, "Was the Cordu disaster the plan formulated by you two?"

Amon pinched His right eye's monocle, not directly answering Lumian's question.

He pulled a piece of paper from the void and read it in the tone of a report, "Patient: Lumian Lee, male, claims to be born on September 26, 1340, a native of Cordu in Riston Province, Intis Republic.

"Diagnosis: Strong self-destructive tendencies, loss of ability to respond to others' emotions.

“Cause Analysis: Experiences as a street urchin made the patient distrustful of his surroundings, developing habits of self-neglect to survive, abandoning certain societal morals. Aurore Lee's care, sympathy, love, supervision, and interdependent life helped the patient initially heal from that phase, reestablishing social connections and gradually becoming a normal person.

“The disaster at Cordu Village and Aurore's death shattered the patient's rebuilt life, bringing more severe pain and despair, making him afraid to desire or respond to others' emotions, fearing loss again, thus fostering strong self-destructive tendencies.

“First Phase Treatment Plan:

“Step 1: Emphasize the possibility of Aurore Lee's resurrection to give the patient motivation to live.

“Step 2: Arrange for the patient to stay at the Auberge du Coq Doré in the Trier market district, where many people at the bottom of society can effectively evoke the patient's empathy.

“Step 3: Force the patient to form connections with Celia Bello and others through events, preparing to rebuild social connections.

“Step 4: Use the undercover mission in the Iron and Blood Cross Order to make the patient meet Franca Roland. Franca Roland's background is similar to Aurore's, and her cheerful personality can effectively lower the psychological walls the patient has built, making her the most important candidate for re-establishing social connections.

“Step 5: Coordinate with the Tarot Club's Justice and Susie for treatment, reasonably allowing certain events to happen to aid in improving psychological conditions:

“Early Stage: Use the patient's sympathy for the unemployed Charlie and the street girls Ethans allow his help to yield positive results, giving him positive feedback.

“Mid Stage: Ensure the patient encounters Celia Bello after setbacks, receiving companionship and comfort, and using the self-indulgent yet unintentional behavior he chooses to relieve accumulated emotions.

“Late Stage: Bring inevitable events forward at the most appropriate time, with some events potentially occurring before mid-stage treatment:

“These include:

“1. Susanna Mattise targeting Charlie again, having the Bliss Society abduct him to Underground Trier. This would allow the patient to vaguely sense the Sufferer's

presence, feel anger, and through these events, strengthen his connections with Franca, Celia, and Charlie, initially rebuilding social ties;

“2. The madman Flameng, whose situation most resembles the patient's, hangs himself after losing all hope and motivation for life despite the patient's help. This strongly resonates with the patient, giving him a huge shock, triggering his rebellious spirit and stubbornness;

“3. Scavenger Ruhr, unfortunately getting affected by the indiscriminate influence of cultists, contracts a severe illness. The patient's efforts to help end in failure, with Ruhr's wife, Michel, losing hope and choosing to indulge once by having a hearty meal and singing loudly before hanging herself at dawn. This similar fate and predestined outcome thoroughly ignite the patient's emotions, making him want to fight against the unfairness of fate, wanting to challenge everything.

“4. The explosion at the chemical plant where Celia Bello's mother worked, acting as the final catalyst.

“First Phase Treatment Result: The patient's self-destructive tendencies significantly reduced, re-established social connections, regained some motivation to live, and can now handle more events.”

As Amon read the “report” in an even tone, Lumian felt his heart sink, growing colder with each word.

It was like being doused with cold water as a street urchin, the chill spreading from his head to his toes, extinguishing all his hope and pride like a candle flame.

His indignation, his rebellion against fate—all of them seemed like a joke, shattered into pieces and ground into the dirt by those in power.

At this moment, Lumian felt completely numb.

Half of him burned with uncontrollable anger and the self-destructive urge to drag the report writer to death with him. The other half once again felt the despair and pain from when Aurore had pushed him away to face death alone.

Amon finally finished reading the first phase treatment report and looked at Lumian with a smile, seemingly waiting for a response.

Lumian's body hunched slightly, and his voice erupted from the depths of his soul, filled with agony, “Why? Why me?”

Amon smiled and said, “The Fool's aura and Aurore's foolish choice made you a good test subject, capable of bearing many things and verifying the initial experimental results.

“That's one reason. The other is if you truly self-destruct, won't my role as Termiboros be exposed? How can I deceive those outside and make Them place heavy bets?

“Only by slowly absorbing and digesting Termiboros' Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics within The Fool's seal and changing pathways will it be most hidden and least likely to be discovered.”

Lumian's mind was in chaos, his emotions exploding, even the Conspirer's abilities were hard to use. He could only ask instinctively, “In that large ceremony with the padre, did not only Termiboros descend but also you? Did you intentionally seal yourself with the injured Termiboros into my body?”

Amon nodded lightly and smiled. “Thanks to your gifts, it helped me open the return path and gave me such a present.”

Lumian fell silent, involuntarily breathing heavily as if the air here was too thin, and he had to force himself to breathe deeply. “Previously, the Sufferer hidden around me, who was it?”

Amon shook His head. “Haven't you guessed it yet? You should have heard His name, the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros.”

The Angel of Fate, Ouroboros... Lumian was stunned, but it seemed to make sense.

This was the King of Angels who had once followed the Ancient Sun God and was currently serving the True Creator as mentioned by Mr. K during his preaching.

Lumian instinctively gritted his teeth, his voice squeezing out through the gaps, “Did you have a chance to save Aurore back then?”

Amon smiled. “Do you want to hear the answer?”

He glanced at the paper in His hand, seemingly preparing to read new content that might contain all the answers.

Chapter 877 Promised Matters

Amon began reading again in a flat tone, “When the anomaly at Cordu Village was discovered, the corruption and personality distortion in Aurore Lee had already become quite severe. If the most skilled Psychologist provided treatment and any true god offered a seal, it might have been possible to save her. But why save her?”

“If the situation at Cordu Village had continued to develop, it would indeed have caused a significant catastrophe. However, if intervened, it could bring substantial benefits and play an important role at a critical moment in the future.

“The lizard-shaped elves entered Cordu Village, quietly maintaining the balance. They wanted the outcome to follow the heretics' original plan but not actually succeed. At the same time, they ensured that Aurore Lee retained a slight chance of resurrection.

“In the end, their goal was achieved. Before the Sinners' organization sent someone, Guillaume Bénet conducted the grand sacrifice himself, opening a temporary passage above the barrier, allowing Termiboros to descend.

“Amon had already been waiting nearby, deceiving the ritual, utilizing the barrier, and secretly following Termiboros back into this world.

“Aurore Lee pushing Lumian Lee away in the end brought a bit of an unexpected twist, but it did not change the overall outcome. The Fool's aura on Lumian Lee, stimulated by the surrounding environment and his intense emotional fluctuations, successfully attracted The Fool's attention...”

Hearing this, Lumian's hands unconsciously clenched into fists, his heart burning with rage, overpowering the numbness and despair.

Amon, as if not noticing his emotional change, continued to read, “As a result, Termiboros was severely wounded, and together with the soul fragments of Aurore Lee and the villagers of Cordu, was sealed into Lumian Lee's body. During this process, Amon voluntarily joined them, stealing Termiboros' fate and identity before He could recover, killing Him and reducing Him to a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Inevitability pathway.

“Before Lumian Lee became an Ascetic, Amon had already absorbed the Beyonder characteristic, completing the pathway switch, fully replacing Termiboros, only lacking the final ritual.

“This is very important. Whether it's the vortex ritual now or another plan, it doesn't change. Lumian Lee will understand why soon.”

At this point, Amon looked up at the dark sky covered with a thick glass-like layer, smiled, and said, “Next, I will only read the key parts, otherwise, I'm afraid Roselle won't last that long.”

Lumian didn't respond to Him, using all his strength to suppress his emotions.

He wanted to uncover the truth behind many previous events!

Amon lowered His head again, looking at the paper in His hand. “After the first phase of psychological treatment ended, the hidden dangers of the Tree of Shadow were prematurely triggered, forcing Lumian Lee to face Susanna Mattise's sacrifice.

“The Amon sealed within him indeed couldn't bear the weight and complexity of the Tree of Shadow's fate torrent, nor could He rapidly evolve the fate fragments of encountering the Montsouris ghost into an attack by the Montsouris ghost. However, the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, had always been watching from nearby. This was His specialty, and in this regard, He was far superior to the Sufferer of the Inevitability pathway.

“With Ouroboros's covert assistance, Lumian Lee successfully swapped the fate of being attacked by the Montsouris ghost with the fate of the Tree of Shadow having its roots burned by the Fourth Epoch Trier's invisible flames. This would play a crucial role in Lumian Lee and Susanna Mattise's upcoming battle.

“Between the two battles, Amon didn't miss the opportunity, deliberately describing Lumian as the unfortunate one to strike at him. This was a deception; if it were the real Termiboros, He would have said similar words in such a situation.

“At the end of the Tree of Shadow incident, the lizard-like elf deliberately let Lumian Lee see it, giving him a strong desire and motivation to continue exploring the truth behind the Cordu disaster.”

Hearing this, Lumian was stunned again.

My desire, my anger, is that what that individual wanted too?

Amon seemed to skip parts and started reading the next key point,

“The madman Flameng, driven insane by encountering the Montsouris ghost, coincidentally stayed at the Auberge du Coq Doré. His experiences and ending resonated with Lumian Lee. The Earth Blood stone he left behind gave Lumian Lee the chance to obtain the residual aura of the Blood Emperor.

“At this time, due to the convergence of Amon's main body, more and more Amons noticed Lumian Lee's existence and obtained corresponding information.

“To bring out the hidden value of the Earth Blood stone, one of the Amons chose to steal it. Coincidentally, a lady from the Church of Evernight asked Lumian Lee for help to obtain water from the Samaritan Women's Spring leading them into the underground catacombs.

“With the enthusiastic help of the Amons, Lumian Lee ultimately used the Earth Blood stone to gain the residual aura of the Blood Emperor. This was the first step in his mystical similarity to 0-01 which could provide him help in critical moments.

“The Hostel plan was initiated as expected. Some participants were killed, some achieved their goals, and those outside who could not observe Fourth Epoch Trier received guidance, while Lumian Lee and others obtained a fragment of the special mirror world for the first time.

“After leaving Trier, Lumian Lee inevitably converged to Port Santa, where the seal was reinforced early. Though it left hidden dangers, it could at least last longer...

“On the subsequent journey, Lumian Lee encountered Father Montserrat and obtained Omebella's burned umbilical cord. He also got involved in matters related to Naboredisley, laying the foundation for meeting Farbauti's avatar in the tomb at the end of the Dream Festival...

“During the Dream Festival, Lumian Lee successfully obtained the seal of the Underworld Daoist, truly gaining mystical similarity to 0-01...

“During the journey, Lumian Lee also met several people with experiences similar to his but with different choices and outcomes, which touched him, firming his ideas, and further improving his psychological state. The second phase of psychological treatment was successfully completed.

“After asking Mr. K for help to solve Perle's painting person, Lumian Lee went to the first cathedral built by the Aurora Order for the True Creator. There, he coincidentally saw the lizard-like elves crawling in and out of the god.

“This dealt him a huge blow, worsening his psychological state, but also made his desire and determination for revenge stronger and firmer.

“After returning to Trier from Morora, Lumian Lee began preparing for his advancement to Iron-blooded Knight. What he didn't realize was that his psychological state and emotional condition had not met the requirements to become a demigod. Even with the sealed angel as a teammate, there was a significant probability that he would lose control after consuming the Iron-blooded Knight potion.

“Fortunately, the presence of the Black Tear and Celia Bello becoming a Demoness of Pleasure prematurely triggered the emotional issues within Lumian's team. After much entanglement and pain, Lumian chose to face his thoughts and tried to respond to others' attention to him. Although his response was twisted, he at least took the first step, no longer passively accepting but placing himself in a position of importance. This mindset change was crucial for his subsequent advancement ritual.

“As a result, Lumian Lee's emotions and desires were vented, and his importance was no longer suppressed by his fear of loss. His connections with Franca Roland and Celia Bello became stronger and closer, providing him with two strong anchors during his advancement to demigod, helping him stabilize his consciousness.

“The third and final phase of psychological treatment ended, and Lumian Lee could now withstand new blows.

“During the vortex ritual, Lumian's team fell into a desperate situation. All his teammates, except him, were about to be killed or taken away by Higdon of the Order of All Extinction in a few minutes.

“Lumian Lee wanted to ask Amon for help, but Amon chose to refuse because He wasn't Lumian Lee's godfather and had no obligation, even though Lumian Lee had indeed become more like Amon, using loopholes more skillfully after repeatedly receiving boons from Amon.

“Relying solely on himself and those few Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, Lumian Lee couldn't save his teammates because Voisin Sanson and others would also assist Higdon shortly.

“Lumian Lee now has only one choice, to ascend to demigod on the spot. But Amon is unwilling to help him shatter the Sword of Courage, returning the Sword of Courage to a Beyonder characteristic, and his Iron-blooded Knight ritual is still incomplete.

“Amon tells him that the only help He would provide is to shatter the Black Tear, give him the supplementary ingredients missing for the Despair potion, and send him to Morora to complete the ritual using the exiles there, ascending to Demoness of Despair.

“Becoming a Demoness of Despair, Lumian Lee, wielding the Sword of Courage, successfully saves his teammates. Then, he would switch between the Demoness and Hunter pathways, spiraling upwards. This doesn't need to be symmetrical, depending on the situation, aiming to fulfill the phrase 'pure yin does not last, pure yang does not grow, yin contains yang, yang contains yin, the union of yin and yang gives rise to everything.'

“This is the only correct way to approach the peak power of the two calamity pathways. Alista Tudor and Cheek's attempts failed; not only did They fail to succeed, but They also created a big trouble.

“In this process, Aurore Lee's soul fragments will gradually revive when Lumian Lee is in the Demoness state.

“If Lumian Lee can ultimately defeat Red Angel Medici and Primordial Demoness Cheek, mastering the peak power of the two calamity pathways, Aurore Lee's personality and soul fragments can rely on Lumian's own spirit and flesh to resurrect. Then, they can merge with his consciousness, suppressing the corruption of inevitability, and become his female form, controlling the feminine side of calamity. This is the true union of yin and yang, similar to the Medici evil spirit's current state but closer to the peak.

“This is also the only way to truly revive Aurore Lee.”

Amon paused, looking at Lumian, who seemed to have turned into a statue, raised His chin slightly, revealed a faint smile, and recited the final sentence, “Can you accept such an outcome?”

Chapter 878 “Sinner”

Hearing Amon's question, Lumian seemed to break free from a long nightmare, only to find reality was an even more despairing abyss.

His body trembled slightly as he used all his strength to squeeze out a sound from his throat.

“Isn't He afraid? Afraid that after I truly master the peak power of calamity, I'll seek revenge against Him?”

Amon laughed. “By making such a choice, He shows He's willing to face all possible futures and accept the worst outcome.

“It makes no difference to Him whether it's you or Medici, whether you submit, give up, be angry, or hate. If either of you manages to master the peak power of calamity, seek revenge against Him, disrupt His plans, or even pull Him down from His divine throne, He would still not regret it and would acknowledge the result.”

At this point, Amon paused before continuing, “Because He was born to bear all sins.”

Lumian fell silent, his fists clenched tightly, with thin streams of bright red blood seeping through the gaps.

Amon glanced at the transparent but dark sky. “Time is running out. You must make your choice.”

Lumian's lips moved a few times before he suddenly laughed, a mixture of anger and self-mockery.

His voice was hoarse and low as he said, “I'm willing to go—to Morora. I will try all possible ways to revive Aurore, including the only method He mentioned, but I will not accept the outcome He predetermined!”

Amon chuckled, adjusting His monocle on His right eye.

“You don't need to tell me the second half of your sentence. My task is only to send you to Morora and make you a Demoness of Despair. Whether you accept that ending, you'll have to face Him and tell Him yourself.”

With that, Amon raised His right hand and gently grasped, making the Black Tear forehead accessory magically detach from the Traveler's Bag and appear in His palm.

The black, tear-shaped Sealed Artifact silently shattered, transforming into specks of faint light. These lights quickly converged into a shrunken, withered, blackened, translucent heart.

Amon then reached towards Voisin Sanson, grabbing two items.

One was a small glass vial containing dark green liquid, and the other, three silver fragments.

After making his decision, Lumian's emotions finally settled a bit. He no longer felt as out of control as before—his body had been trembling uncontrollably, and his thoughts had been fixated on destruction.

Seeing the two items in Amon's hand, Lumian suddenly paused.

Voisin Sanson had the supplementary ingredients for the Demoness of Despair?

He was also the one who suggested lifting the seal earlier...

Amon mentioned that some participants in the Hostel plan received hidden guidance in Fourth Epoch Trier's unique environment without being noticed by the evil gods... Was Voisin Sanson one of them?

Voisin Sanson himself probably didn't remember being guided, thinking he escaped Fourth Epoch Trier purely with the help of the Mirror People, and later unknowingly did some seemingly unimportant abnormal things?

Amon couldn't break out of Mr. Fool's seal on His own, so there had to be a role to accomplish the unsealing task without killing me—the test subject... Voisin Sanson's stated goal allowed him to do this without suspicion...

That individual tacitly allowed the Hostel plan to happen, without much interference or obstruction, and didn't ruin Red Angel's plan, all to prepare for now?

Realizing this, Lumian instinctively scoffed to ease his emotions. “So He can't accept just any outcome after all.”

He did so much to ensure the expected result!

Amon smiled. “Willing to accept the worst outcome doesn't mean not striving for the best. And now, would you refuse to go to Morora and become a Demoness of Despair?”

Lumian fell silent again.

Amon let the Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristic and the two supplementary materials fly towards Lumian, casually remarking, “This Beyonder characteristic will continuously spread plagues, both mundane and mystical, and you'll also be infected.”

After Lumian caught them, Amon smiled again. “Do you know what the Sequence 2 of the Inevitability pathway is?”

“Sinner,” Lumian replied, determined to go to Morora and complete his task no matter how painful or reluctant he felt.

“And Sequence 1?” Amon continued to quiz him unhurriedly.

Lumian shook his head.

He really didn't know.

Amon explained with a smile, “Sequence 1 is Angel of Redemption, but to me, it's not as useful as Sinner.

“The past Sinner, the present Sufferer, and the future Angel of Redemption form the trinity of the Inevitability pathway.”

Amon adjusted His monocle, smiling more prominently.

“And a Sinner has the ability to revert their state to any past moment, with the duration depending on specific circumstances.”

Revert to any past moment... Lumian suddenly remembered that Madam Magician mentioned Amon, the King of Angels from ancient times, once briefly became a god!

Amon turned, smiling. “Of course, involving the uniqueness and power of a true god requires the current holder's consent. That Celestial Worthy has already diverted most of His attention to

influence Project Vortex, so He certainly can't interfere with The Fool on this matter, and The Fool you believe in shouldn't object.”

As He spoke, Amon spread His arms as if embracing returning power.

The monocle on His right eye shone brilliantly.

Before Lumian could react, he saw the obstacles and barriers blocking access to Morora in the special mirror world disappear, allowing him to enter the City of Exiles smoothly and without hindrance.

High above in the special mirror world, the figure wearing a golden crown and black dress nodded at Amon, not attempting to interfere with Lumian.

She was mirror Roselle. In this matter, She had placed bets on both sides, ensuring that the real Roselle wouldn't completely perish. Whether the real Roselle became a puppet of the Uncertain Mist or died to await another resurrection opportunity, it wouldn't affect Her existence and would even gradually make Her the main body.

In the next second, Amon's figure vanished from Lumian's sight.

The paper He had been reading silently floated down, completely blank—a sheet of white paper.

Before the bloody altar in the ancient castle.

Ma'am Hermit suddenly spoke, “The voice from that painting has weakened.”

Madam Magician looked up, slightly puzzled and apprehensive. “The sealing power of the barrier has strengthened. The true god of the Door pathway has returned... No, it's not Mr. Fool, it's more like... more like Amon!”

Using her angelic intuition about the true god of her pathway, Madam Magician quickly made a judgment.

“How could Amon become the true god of the Door pathway again?” Miss Justice's heart stirred. “Did Mr. Fool or that Celestial Worthy lend Him power?”

If it was the former, it would be great news for disrupting the vortex ritual. If it was the latter, it would be serious.

“Based on current developments, it should be Mr. Fool,” Madam Magician said thoughtfully.

At this moment, the Ma'am Hermit, receiving Miss Justice's report, moved her eyes slightly.

“Since the influence of the mysterious voice has weakened, the power of fate must have lessened too. Now, there should be a chance to destroy this painting!”

As she spoke, the holder of the Major Arcana card holder reached out to Madam Magician, asking for the iron cigar case.

In the sea near Port Santa, the seal, previously weakened by internal gray fog and external gnawing, instantly became as strong as before.

The School of Deliciousness's previous efforts were all in vain.

Deep in the primitive island, before the Black Emperor mausoleum.

The thick, pervasive white mist abruptly contracted towards the core as if squeezed by an invisible force.

The mark left by The Fool inside Roselle strengthened, alleviating some of the corruption caused by the Uncertain Mist.

Roselle's twisted, painful expression improved somewhat.

The eyes of Perle, scattered in different parts of the mist, saw a figure suddenly appear in midair. The figure wore a black robe, a matching pointed hat, and a monocle on His right eye.

He is... Isn't it said that external forces can't interfere with the vortex's operation? Perle, still barely alive, had this question when she saw the figure in mid-air look down at her, smiling happily as He introduced Himself, "Is this our first meeting? I am Termiboros."

"..." Perle suddenly felt as if her intelligence had been stolen.

How could it be Termiboros?

However, my spiritual intuition tells me that He is indeed Termiboros...

In the special mirror world,

Seeing Amon's figure soar upwards and vanish from sight, Lumian finally understood why He had said that whether it was the vortex ritual or another plan, it didn't matter compared to consuming Termiboros and becoming an Angel of the Inevitability pathway.

This meant there would always be a high-ranking being capable of temporarily exerting a true god's power, lurking in the shadows, waiting to strike at a crucial moment!

Lumian glanced at the white paper on the ground, then looked at Franca, Jenna, and the others struggling against Higdon with the help of the Pride Armor and the Demoness's black flames. He quickly put away the Sword of Courage, gripping the Beyonder characteristic and supplementary ingredients of the Demoness of Despair, and activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

He traversed the special mirror world and returned to Morora, the City of Exiles.

Immediately, he reconnected with 0-01, using the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to help bear the damage and influence of the Demoness' plague.

Then, Lumian stood on the steps before the Knowledge Cathedral, gazing at the wide, deserted square. He began summoning the exiles most affected by 0-01 to gather quickly, aiming to save time.

Chapter 879 Demoness of Despair

In the next two to three minutes, a large number of exiles poured into the square in front of the Knowledge Cathedral. Some, accidentally bumped into, chose to duel on the spot. Others quietly straightened their necks so they wouldn't be too crooked. Some sang loudly out of boredom, while others played a game of slapping each other...

Lumian stood on the steps, holding the Beyonder characteristic of the Demoness of Despair, expressionless as he watched these exiled felons.

Time is running out... Lumian silently whispered to himself, turning to look at the Knowledge Cathedral once more, but still did not see Archbishop Heraberg of Morora.

Finally resigned, he turned his gaze back to the exiles, who almost filled the square.

There were definitely more than thirty thousand.

Lumian suddenly started laughing, his body trembling with mirth.

Though he seemed to have many choices, considering environmental factors, time constraints, the current situation, and his own obsessions, only one path remained.

The only road before him.

After laughing for over ten seconds, Lumian, dressed in a white shirt, black vest, dark trousers, and laced shoes, stepped down from the steps and walked into the crowd.

The exiles near the Knowledge Cathedral began to feel something was wrong. Their bodies weakened, and when they tried to slap their opponents, it felt more like caressing their faces.

Some instinctively wanted to flee but found their legs powerless, their bodies heavy, moving only slowly.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. White-blue fireballs shot out from around Lumian, flying over the exiles infected with mystical diseases and landing at the edges of the square, which the exiles strangely ignored.

Rumble!

The fireballs exploded simultaneously, surrounding the square in a hell of white flames. The temperature soared, and thick smoke billowed.

Thud, thud, thud. Countless exiles, whose conditions had worsened, fell to the ground, watching as other felons with some strength left trampled over them. They stared at the white flames lighting up the sky, inching closer to them.

Pain and despair quickly filled their hearts, consuming their sanity.

Some wanted to call for help but could only make weak sounds.

Rumble!

Amid continuous explosions, Lumian walked out of the square, into the spreading sea of flames, and into the nearest street.

Rumble!

The houses on both sides of the street either collapsed under the white-blue fireballs or were directly ignited, rising into fierce flames like torches.

The felons in the square fell one by one, feeling helpless against the disease, experiencing pain and despair, waiting for death.

Lumian took out a glass bottle, placing the Beyonder characteristic of the Demoness of Despair, Plague Mother Serpent's bile, fragments of a Silver Hunter, blood of various plague victims, and fresh mistletoe into it one by one.

Bubbles gurgled up, and the dark purple potion shimmered with a rosy light.

Lumian gazed at the potion, laughing hoarsely. "Don't worry, I already know my insignificance. I will embrace despair and the path of the Demoness.

"But this is to avoid being manipulated in the future, to choose my own ending!"

With that, he walked forward, raising the bottle to his lips and tilting his head back to drink.

The exiles still standing in the square suddenly felt their pain and despair condense into something tangible, turning into invisible threads extending toward the burning street, toward the figure with his back to them.

They finally "awoke," but were too sick to fight the perpetrator. Some were even already engulfed by flames, burning their bodies.

They saw the figure walking step by step among the burning buildings, walking through the hellish streets, under the bright red sky. His hair floated up, growing longer, blacker, and thicker.

In the air, two stars seemed to light up, and the white-blue flames in the area suddenly turned pitch black.

This blackness spread like a flood, quickly drowning all light, making the fiery hell quiet, deep, and dark.

In the special mirror world, in the dark scene of the abandoned park where Franca and others fought against Higdon of the Order of All Extinction.

Covered in greenish-yellow mucus, Higdon had split into four, each seeking different targets, while black flames of the Demoness burned quietly around Franca and Jenna.

The black flames burned the spirituality of the disease but were dimmed by the decaying power, eventually extinguishing.

If it weren't for discovering that Higdon's disease, having some spirituality, could be ignited by the Demoness's black flames to slow its spread and intensity, Franca believed she and Jenna would have already exhausted their Mirror Substitutes and awaited death.

Meanwhile, the Pride Armor played a crucial role, almost unaffected by Higdon's diseases, and not corroded by the decaying power. It remained energetic, chasing down Higdon whenever he dared to attack from behind, occasionally unleashing a Hurricane of Light.

During the battle, Franca and Jenna noticed another problem.

They couldn't tell if it was because Higdon had no brain or if the demigod was just unlucky, but his Certain Death attacks often missed.

Combined, the two Demonesses and Anthony, who used his Psychological Invisibility to stay out of the decaying range, barely managed to hold on for nearly nine minutes before Higdon—a demigod. Occasionally, they even felt that Higdon lacked the oppressive presence of a true demigod, seeming like a poor-quality product.

But even so, they couldn't find an opportunity to escape and discovered that their enemies were multiplying—from two at the start to four now, with one splitting off to find Ludwig.

Moreover, although individual Higdon fragments seemed weaker than a true demigod, each fragment retained the same level of power, making them collectively terrifying. Franca guessed the number of splits should have a limit, but not too many.

I have two Mirror Substitutes left. Jenna probably has one... Anthony, although attacked less and outside the range, only had two to begin with and has used one... Franca analyzed the situation quickly while constantly repositioning to avoid Higdon's sudden Sure Hit attacks.

As for Lugano, when Higdon blocked him at the start, Franca signaled him to run as far as he could and hide.

It proved to be the right call. Higdon's targets were Ludwig and the two Demonesses, making no effort to stop Lugano from fleeing and not splitting more Higdons to chase him.

Continuous use of black flames is also draining our spirituality. Jenna and I can't hold on much longer... Franca considered whether to use the last Mirror Traversal of the Ice Amulet now to delay for a while and see if there would be a turning point.

It could also give Anthony a chance to survive.

The Hypnotist was also not Higdon's target and had Psychological Invisibility.

Just as Franca was about to signal Jenna to approach, she suddenly saw greenish-yellow drops forming behind Jenna, quickly condensing into Higdon.

Almost simultaneously, Franca noticed from Jenna's worried expression that something was happening behind her too.

Without hesitation, both Demonesses activated Mirror Substitution.

The next second, two Higdons spread out like dirty, slimy "blankets," wrapping Franca and Jenna in a Sure Hit.

A cracking sound followed.

Meanwhile, Anthony, quietly lurking at the edge of the park, leaning against a half-wall, suddenly saw a greenish-yellow mucus-covered Higdon appear beside him.

He had been discovered after all.

Higdon pushed with both hands, sending a greenish-black light ball towards Anthony.

Crack!

Anthony used his last Mirror Substitution, his figure appearing behind this Higdon.

Seeing this, Anthony had an epiphany.

An opportunity!

He didn't flee but raised his Winter is Coming revolver, aimed at Higdon, and pulled the trigger.

Certain Death!

A yellowish bullet, tinged with dim green, crossed the short distance, hitting Higdon.

Covered in greenish-yellow mucus, Higdon froze, his body quickly disintegrating into small drops, falling to the ground without any spirituality.

This Higdon was dead.

But the other three Higdons remained unaffected.

After confirming this, Franca and Jenna felt utter despair.

Their previous plan involved the two Demonesses as bait, giving Anthony a chance to shoot one Higdon with the Certain Death bullet, hoping to kill all Higdons.

Unexpectedly, the Certain Death effect only worked on the one hit.

Moments later, they saw the Pride Armor hit by a Certain Death attack, metal fragments falling from its chest, standing still.

Jenna gritted her teeth, ready to forgo the ritual and gamble on forcibly advancing by consuming the ingredients of the Demoness of Affliction.

At least it would restore her spirituality.

Even if she failed, she could turn into a monster, giving Franca a chance to escape.

Before Jenna could reach into her Traveler's Bag, another figure appeared at the edge of the area.

It was Voisin Sanson, with his blond hair turning white, who had chased them here!

Jenna and Franca's hearts sank rapidly. Jenna no longer hesitated.

At this moment, above one of the Higdons, a black iron sword, burning with white-blue flames, suddenly fell from the sky, accurately piercing the top of this Higdon's head.

Boom!

This Higdon exploded into fragments, the spreading white-blue flames turning into silent blackness, engulfing each piece.

The fragments never reappeared, and a figure quickly appeared in the eyes of Franca, Jenna, and Anthony.

Chapter 880 Walking Destruction

In an instant, the figure became clear.

Everyone present, including Higdon and Voisin Sanson, was stunned.

The person had a slim face, light blue eyes resembling clear and dreamy lakes up in the highlands, a perfectly shaped nose, and lips neither too thick nor too thin. Her features were striking and graceful, with a peculiar sharpness that seemed to pierce through any defense of body and mind, straight to the soul, hitting its weakest spot.

At the same time, she had a cold demeanor, her face void of any smile, as if she had just killed thousands of people. Her long, straight black hair gently floated in the aftermath of the explosion.

At this moment, Franca recalled a description she had read before her transmigration: “Her beauty is aggressive...”

As she pondered, Franca felt a strong sense of familiarity.

Why does she look a bit like Lumian?

No, not a bit, a lot—like Lumian feminized and beautified, with some Photoshopped editing...

Right, she's holding the Sword of Courage!

My spiritual intuition tells me she is Lumian!

Demoness of Despair! Lumian escaped Voisin Sanson's pursuit, entered Morora, and without enough teammates to perform the Iron-blooded Knight ritual, chose to use the exiles there to advance to Demoness of Despair?

That's ruthless... something Lumian would do...

No, did he choose all the options I gave him?

I must admit—more beautiful than I imagined...

Uh, who helped him shatter the Black Tear?

As Franca's thoughts raced, Jenna shouted in pleasant surprise, “Lumian!”

The enchanted Higdon and Voisin Sanson snapped back to reality.

Lumian's figure disappeared again, reappearing behind another Higdon.

The Higdon covered in greenish-yellow mucus was prepared, instantly disintegrating into countless droplets.

However, around him, an almost impermeable invisible web suddenly appeared.

The web covered an area of about thirty meters, decaying rapidly while trapping and binding Higdon's greenish-yellow droplets.

Silent, destructive black flames surged from the Demoness-form Lumian, igniting the nearly decayed web and engulfing every greenish-yellow fragment, stripping them of all spirituality.

“Idiot!” Lumian cursed expressionlessly, his figure disappearing once more.

I didn't continue attacking but used Charm to buy time to weave this web, anticipating your escape!

Though Lumian used teleportation and invisibility, the black flames from his body did not extinguish.

After burning the web and the trapped Higdon fragments, the flames quickly spread across most of the park-like ruins, igniting the pervasive disease in the air.

Feeling the power of the disease and decay significantly diminishing, Franca didn't search for Lumian. Instead, she tacitly charged at Voisin Sanson.

She sensed Lumian wanted to eliminate Higdon first, so they needed to hold off Voisin Sanson, the Circle Inhabitant, to prevent him from interfering in Lumian and Higdon's battle.

Every moment counted!

Jenna had a similar feeling, quickly hiding and circling around Voisin Sanson, ready to support Franca and Anthony.

Among them, Anthony could inflict the most damage on a demigod!

Anthony used Psychological Invisibility again, cautiously approaching Voisin Sanson.

Voisin Sanson was still confused and fearful—he couldn't figure out where he went wrong trying to unseal and release Lord Termiboros, which allowed Lumian Lee to escape.

For a devout follower of Inevitability, this was a mistake redeemable only by death.

As soon as he regained control, Voisin Sanson hurried to the battlefield of Higdon and Lumian's companions, hoping to capture Lumian's teammates and force him back to save them, thus regaining control over him.

Unexpectedly, Lumian had indeed returned, but as a Demoness, a demigod-level Demoness!

If not for the fact that his lust-enhancing contract wasn't with a demigod creature and he had become a demigod-level Ascetic, he would have already lost control under that soul-piercing Charm.

Quickly, Voisin Sanson spotted Lumian's figure, emerging behind the last Higdon.

Voisin Sanson was about to teleport over and hunt him down when Franca's figure appeared behind him.

Franca raised her left hand, adorned with a black iron spiked ring, her eyes glowing with two streaks of lightning.

Psychic Piercing!

Voisin Sanson's body shook slightly, his soul feeling a brief pain.

Immediately, a transparent figure resembling him grew from his back, coldly gazing at Franca.

Crack!

Franca used her last Mirror Substitution, the fragments falling lifelessly to the ground.

Simultaneously, Jenna appeared several meters to the side.

She held a brown leather scroll, chanting a word in Hermes, “Sun!”

The scroll burst into radiant sunlight, enveloping Voisin Sanson in its holy and fiery light.

Though the power of Inevitability was not evil, corrupt, or dark, it contained a will that, for Sanson, was foreign and had to be expelled.

Of course, after reaching the demigod level, Voisin Sanson's consciousness had been corrupted and influenced by that will, aligning more closely with its master, so the purification effect wouldn't be too significant. However, his contracted creatures included dark, evil, and corrupt types, some of which feared purification. So, under the sunlight, Voisin Sanson couldn't help but close his eyes, raise his right hand to shield his face, and black smoke sizzled from his body.

As a demigod, Voisin Sanson wouldn't suffer severe damage from such Purification and would soon recover, but this gave Anthony a chance.

Anthony stopped, raised his Winter is Coming revolver, and pulled the trigger after a simple aim.

Bang!

A dark yellow bullet flew toward Voisin Sanson.

Sure Hit!

Anthony wasn't sure if Voisin Sanson had a substitute ability, so he chose Sure Hit instead of Certain Death.

Clang!

The bullet hit Voisin Sanson, producing a metallic sound, tearing his clothes, and causing his skin and flesh to rupture.

In the instant he was enveloped by sunlight, unsure of what he might encounter if he teleported away, Voisin Sanson activated a contract ability to metallize himself, enhancing his defense without amplifying the effect of the sunlight.

If the next attack couldn't be stopped even with metallization, Voisin Sanson could trigger the Circle Inhabitant effect, resetting his body state.

During the desperate blockade by Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, the last Higdon, seemingly foreseeing this, suddenly grew two greenish-yellow mucus-covered arms from his back, pushing out a dim green light at the Demoness of Despair, Lumian.

Certain Death!

The light hit Lumian's tall, perfect body but passed through.

The figure wavered like ripples, quickly shattering—just an illusion.

At this moment, multiple Lumian figures with black hair lightly floating appeared around Higdon, all wielding the Sword of Courage, slashing at the Sequence 4 demigod of the Order of All Extinction.

This was the demigod-level Demoness's utilization of the special mirror world, with each figure possibly being a mirror illusion or the real Lumian hidden among them!

Higdon's body suddenly disintegrated into dim greenish light, indiscriminately using the Certain Death effect.

This was both an area attack and an escape!

At this moment, another Lumian appeared in midair.

He held the Sword of Courage with both hands, descending heavily and stabbing the ground.

Rumble!

White-blue flames followed the violent explosion, quickly engulfing the area, consuming the dim greenish light striking the various Lumian figures, not giving them a chance to split into more Higdots.

Immediately, the white-blue flames turned into silent black, igniting and devouring all spirituality in the area with a destructive presence.

Smack!

As the black flames receded, a fist-sized lump of greenish-yellow mucus fell to the ground.

This was deliberately left by Lumian.

He grabbed the mucus without fearing infection, holding it in his hand and smearing it on a mirror.

His hand, covered in black flames, pressed onto it.

The greenish-yellow mucus let out a shrill scream.

In another dark ruin, another Higdon had just found Ludwig and was about to reach for the little boy with a ravenous expression when silent black flames bizarrely erupted from within him.

He was quickly engulfed by the black flames, turning into lifeless liquid, dripping to the ground.

After dealing with Higdon, Lumian teleported directly in front of Voisin Sanson, signaling Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, who had no Mirror Substitutes left, to retreat.

In Voisin Sanson's eyes, just recovering from the fierce sunlight, the coldly beautiful Demoness curled her lips into a soul-capturing smile.

Voisin Sanson froze for a moment, hearing a slightly magnetic, pleasant voice in his ear: "Hope your Circle Inhabitant effect still works; I don't want to kill you just once."