

Inevitability 881

Chapter 881 Three Times

Voisin Sanson felt there was no warmth in the voice's laughter, and he suddenly shuddered, snapping back to reality.

His first reaction was to quickly teleport out of this area, because Lumian had become a potion pathway demigod, and still had three companions assisting him. Meanwhile, Sanson's ally, the other demigod Higdon, had been completely killed by Lumian in a very short time.

No matter how devoutly he believed in the great Circle of Inevitability, no matter how urgently he longed to rescue Lord Termiboros, the Angel of Inevitability, today, Voisin Sanson was not so blind as to misread the current situation.

He knew he only had two choices: stay and fight to the death, or flee quickly and wait for another opportunity.

At this moment, it was not difficult to decide which to choose.

As the black mark on his body activated, Voisin Sanson's figure disappeared from where he stood.

The next second, he appeared dozens of meters away, facing a dark, transparent, almost glass-like barrier ahead.

The barrier flickered in and out of visibility, sealing off an area the size of a plaza.

Lumian, his body now slightly slimmer, held the huge iron-black straight sword and did not stop Voisin Sanson's attempt. He only said in a slightly mocking tone, "This is the special mirror world, and a demigod-level Demoness can utilize the power of this world to some extent.

"If you want to break the mirror barrier and 'teleport' out, there's only one way—defeat me, kill me."

Voisin Sanson struggled for a moment but failed to succeed. He had no choice but to turn around and face Lumian.

Then he saw the other reveal a beautiful but dangerous smile.

Lumian did not act immediately, because he was listening to the beating of his own heart.

The seal of Mr. Fool on him had lost its effect, but Amon had left some power in the original position, preventing the soul fragments of Aurore and others from leaking out and perishing completely.

Of course, this was only a temporary restriction. In two or three days at most, the seal would completely dissipate.

And because of the vast difference in strength between the two seals, Lumian felt that the distance between himself and his sister had shortened considerably, as if he could hear her voice and receive her thoughts.

Thump, thump, thump.

That heartbeat was familiar and warm.

“Do you see? Voisin Sanson is right in front of us, that heretic who always made you have nightmares, who scared you into fleeing Trier.

“Do you see? He's afraid.”

Lumian whispered these two sentences with a gentle expression, then raised his head and cast his gaze toward Voisin Sanson.

During this process, he teleported several times in succession, changing his position to prevent Voisin Sanson's attacks from affecting him.

Lumian slightly arched his back and gripped the Sword of Courage with both hands.

The next second, his figure suddenly faded, blinking to the front of Voisin Sanson, seemingly intending to ignore the other's counterattack and forcibly cleave the target in two.

Voisin Sanson did not hesitate because of how beautiful this image was or how alluring this figure was. Relying on the endurance ability of an Ascetic, he concentrated dark green light in his eyes.

As the beam surged forth, Lumian had already become transparent, turning into a mirror.

Smack!

Just as the mirror shattered, Lumian's figure appeared behind Voisin Sanson, maintaining the downward slashing motion with the iron-black straight sword.

Voisin Sanson quickly let the semi-transparent figure resembling himself emerge, staring at Lumian.

But Lumian's figure suddenly became illusory, as if reflected in a mirror.

At the same time, Lumian materialized above Voisin Sanson's head, holding the iron-black straight sword burning with white-blue flames; he completed the last motion of this attack with a jumping slash.

Clang!

The Sword of Courage struck the junction between Voisin Sanson's neck and shoulder, directly cleaving open the skin and flesh gleaming with metallic luster, staining it with bright red blood.

Immediately after, a violent explosion occurred, and Voisin Sanson's body was about to be torn apart.

At this moment, Lumian was slightly dazed, while Voisin Sanson instantly returned to his original state, teleporting to the other side of the sealed area.

Lumian did not pursue closely, but turned his body to face the white-haired fatalist and said with a smile, “First time.”

Voisin Sanson immediately felt his scalp tingle, understanding that the other meant he had already killed him once, with many more times to come.

He immediately activated a contract ability called “Phantom”.

He suddenly split into dozens of copies of himself, and each Voisin Sanson seemed capable of teleporting, appearing in different positions and corners of the sealed area.

They simultaneously raised their right hands, their eyes reflecting the corresponding mercury-colored illusory river of Lumian.

This could be either Magnified Fate or Fate Exchange!

And Lumian seemed unable to distinguish which Voisin Sanson was real, unable to effectively prevent it.

Lumian's light blue eyes smiled without mirth.

He glanced at the Sword of Courage and found that Voisin Sanson's blood, which should have stained it, had disappeared, as if returning to the body of that Circle Inhabitant.

Lumian was not surprised. He suddenly threw the Sword of Courage, hurling it towards the center of the sealed area.

The huge iron-black straight sword fell to the ground like a cannonball.

Rumble!

A massive explosion suddenly occurred, shaking even the special mirror world, and white-blue flames quickly covered every inch of ground and every bit of air in the sealed area.

This was why Lumian had limited the battlefield to the size of a plaza.

The phantoms created by Voisin Sanson were quickly destroyed. After struggling to resist for two seconds, his true body shattered, triggering the Circle Inhabitant effect.

Lumian himself was also engulfed by the explosion, the flames scorching his skin, the shockwave tearing at his body.

Then, he turned into a mirror.

The mirror immediately shattered.

As the explosion quickly subsided, Lumian looked at Voisin Sanson, who was far away from him, and smiled more obviously.

“Second time.”

His clear light blue eyes, like highland lakes, still held no mirth.

As he spoke, invisible spider silk extended from Lumian's body, binding the hilt of the Sword of Courage and dragging it back.

Realizing that the areof-effect attack of the iron-black straight sword could completely cover this area, and that none of his contract abilities were sufficient to withstand such an explosion, Voisin Sanson was overcome with a feeling called despair.

Although before chasing here, he had already canceled the previous Circle Inhabitant effect and waited for the restriction to end, resetting the same Circle Inhabitant with nine more chances to trigger, now with seven left, if Lumian were to throw that iron-black straight sword again and again, repeating the areof-effect explosion from earlier, he didn't think seven Circle Inhabitant effects would have much significance.

Unless that iron-black straight sword needed some time between such attacks.

Voisin Sanson dared not gamble. He chose to end the Circle Inhabitant effect on himself.

His right hand pressed towards Lumian's approaching figure from a distance, and silver-white lines with black edges appeared in his eyes.

These lines twisted like snakes, framing Lumian's figure in the middle, then quickly connected head to tail.

Voisin Sanson wanted to make Lumian a Circle Inhabitant!

Different types of Circle Inhabitant effects didn't need to wait for restrictions to end.

And in the same time period, Voisin Sanson, at only Sequence 4, could maintain only one "Circle".

His preset condition now was that if Lumian made any move to attack him, it would trigger the Circle Inhabitant effect, resetting the state of this Demoness of Despair—such harsh conditions couldn't be placed on an areof-effect Circle Inhabitant, and would be suppressed by the target's level, not achieving the best effect, unlike the areof-effect Circle Inhabitant which could affect even Angel-level Beyonders.

The Inevitability power Voisin Sanson attached to this Circle Inhabitant could only maintain three cycles. Once it exceeded three times and started the fourth, the destined fate would arrive.

Of course, what exactly this destined fate would be needed to be chosen by Voisin Sanson himself.

Because he had to complete this "Circle" quickly, otherwise Lumian could launch an attack first, Voisin Sanson had no time to discern carefully. He just glanced and chose a tributary from Lumian's illusory mercury-colored long river, placing it into the circle.

It was the tributary of the Mirror People being hostile to this Demoness of Despair, which could help Voisin Sanson destroy the surrounding mirror barriers, giving him a chance to teleport and escape.

The worse the destined fate, the worse the final result, the more Inevitability power Voisin Sanson had to invest, and the longer it would take to complete the Circle Inhabitant, which was not suitable for the current situation.

As soon as this "circle" was completed, Lumian immediately had a spiritual intuition and put down the Sword of Courage in his hand, no longer advancing.

Seeing this, Voisin Sanson instinctively concentrated dark green light in his eyes.

Those two beams shot out like light, instantly falling on Lumian, who once again turned into a mirror, his body materializing not far from his original position.

Seeing this, Voisin Sanson suddenly froze.

Why didn't Harrison and I think of using this method to trap Lumian when facing his attacks?

That way we could have resolved the battle faster, without needing to be killed several times...

And now, he still had who knows how many Mirror Substitutions.

Voisin Sanson quickly decided to provoke Lumian to attack. His eyes once again lit up with a dark green hue.

Just then, even with the endurance of an Ascetic, Voisin Sanson couldn't help but cough once, causing the dark green beam in his eyes to deviate from its target and fall on the distant mirror barrier.

The barrier was slightly damaged but instantly repaired itself.

Voisin Sanson began to feel his body weakening, each breath feeling like his airways were being scorched by flames.

His spirituality was also rapidly depleting.

Disease... I've been infected by the Demoness's disease! Voisin Sanson suddenly raised his head, just in time to see Lumian reveal a mocking but beautiful smile.

“Why did you think the explosion and incineration from earlier could directly kill my mystical pathogens?”

“They can persist for quite a while longer.”

Voisin Sanson's heart tightened, and he frantically attacked Lumian, but only managed to shatter three or four mirrors.

And with each ineffective attack, Voisin Sanson grew more desperate. He seemed to already see the worst outcome approaching, yet was powerless to reverse it, only able to watch helplessly as the bell of death tolled.

He even tried to metallize his body, but the disease could still infect him, eating into him.

Cough, cough, cough!

After many more attempts, Voisin Sanson finally lost the strength to stand. He collapsed to the ground, coughing violently as he fell.

He no longer had the power to maintain the Circle Inhabitant effect on Lumian.

Lumian walked step by step to the front of this Circle Inhabitant, looking down at him from above, and said with a mocking smile, “Only three times?”

Voisin Sanson raised his head with difficulty, looking at that beautiful and cold face, feeling as if he was rapidly falling into a bottomless abyss.

That feeling was the epitome of despair.

Lumian bound Voisin Sanson with a spider web, suspending him in the air, then formed a sharp, thick ice pillar beneath him.

“Goodbye, give my regards to your master,” Lumian said softly, retracting all the spider silk.

Pfft!

Voisin Sanson fell heavily, impaled by the ice pillar.

His eyes bulged, and blood flowed beneath him.

Chapter 882 The True Purpose

Seeing Voisin Sanson's eyes bulge, his breath gradually fading, his face twisted in pain and palpable despair, Lumian reached behind into the Traveler's Bag and took out the silver Lie earring, putting it on his left ear.

The dying Voisin Sanson suddenly saw a familiar figure.

That figure had light blue eyes, beautiful features, and long, thick golden hair.

It was Aurore.

But this time, there was no longer fear or terror on Aurore's face, only a faint smile.

“Gasp...” Voisin Sanson uttered his final sound.

He died like that, with his eyes bulging.

Lumian returned to his original appearance, casually saying as he removed the Lie earring, “You died so quickly? I wanted to thank you for helping me digest the Despair potion.”

When he had just advanced, the Despair potion was already mostly digested, and now it had progressed even further.

Lumian wasn't surprised by this. According to the mystical knowledge he had learned from Madam Magician, the essence of the acting method was actually to gradually align one's mental and spiritual state with the core symbolism of the potion through acting, thereby bypassing restrictions and completing digestion step by step. His state before and after taking the Despair potion could be said to be very close to the name “Despair”.

Lumian wasn't despairing about having to become a Demoness. For faster advancement, better handling of possible apocalyptic scenarios, and earlier resurrection of his sister, he had considered similar things more than once. After all, he would have the chance to switch to the Hunter pathway and become a man again later.

He despaired that he was forced to do this and had no way to refuse. He despaired that his previous efforts, struggles, and anger were all under someone else's arrangements, and that he would have to follow someone else's arrangements to walk the path of the Demoness afterwards.

Of course, when despair reached its peak, the desire and belief in his heart to become strong and change all this also intensified to the extreme.

“Is this what you wanted too?” Lumian whispered self-mockingly as he unsealed the area and let the remaining mystical pathogens dissipate completely.

Franca, Jenna, and Anthony had already hurried over after Voisin Sanson was impaled on the ice pillar.

Lumian suddenly sensed something and turned his gaze to a certain spot in this dark ruin.

It was where the Order of All Extinction demigod Higdon had finally died.

There, points of green light with yellow tinges appeared out of thin air, rising upwards, only to be blocked by the barrier of the special mirror world.

This place preliminarily cuts off connections, preventing some bestowed power from returning? Lumian, with his experience, immediately made the corresponding judgment.

By this time, Franca and the others had run up to him.

Looking at that familiar yet beautiful and cold face, Franca opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but swallowed it back.

Jenna examined Lumian's current appearance, with only one thought in mind: It's good that he's still alive; it's best that everyone is still alive!

As for the rest, there was nothing to worry about.

Lumian pointed to those green lights with yellow tinges that were being blocked, his voice slightly magnetic and distinctly feminine as he said, "You can take a weapon over there and place it there."

This was actively creating a Beyonder weapon.

After Franca exchanged glances with Jenna and Anthony, she very proactively said without any modesty, "I'll go; I'm just in need of a weapon that can harm demigods."

She was the second highest Sequence Beyonder in the team—not counting Ludwig.

If she had had a similar weapon earlier, she might not have been so desperate when facing Higdon.

"Alright," Jenna expressed her attitude.

Anthony also nodded.

This didn't mean that if he put the Winter is Coming revolver under those light spots, this Beyonder weapon would reset its usage count. Given its own material composition, doing so would likely cause the corruption to exceed the limit, making it disintegrate directly.

Franca took out her Cannon Gun and ran towards the area permeated with green light spots with yellow tinges.

Lumian withdrew his gaze, looked at Jenna, and said with a slight smile, "Do you have any ring-shaped items?"

Jenna, looking at that smile that seemed to radiate its own light, was a bit surprised, but felt that now was not the time to ask.

She found a cheap silver bracelet and handed it to Lumian.

After taking it, Lumian placed the bracelet on top of Voisin Sanson's corpse, waiting for the Inevitability power to be intercepted.

He then looked towards the distant transparent boundary that was like a mirror, seeing his own figure and face.

He made an effort to bring a smile to the corners of his mouth.

Because Aurore was just such a person who excelled at finding joy in suffering.

In front of the bloody altar, Ma'am Hermit was trying to find a way to combine the iron cigar case bearing Mr. Fool's aura with the Spear of Longinus to directly attack that oil painting depicting endless starry skies. Madam Magician, based on her rich knowledge of seals and powerful sealing

abilities, carefully said, “The power of Inevitability is to make the interference of non-vortex ritual participants fail, while that terrifying voice affects all Beyonders similar to Listeners and Mystery Pryers. We may be able to solve them separately.

“The power of Inevitability is most likely dissipating from that circular ring on the oil painting. If we can plug it, shield it, we should be able to break free from the fate of interference being destined to fail, directly destroy the painting, and interrupt that terrifying voice.”

“Plug it...” Ma'am Hermit immediately had an idea upon hearing Miss Justice's relay.

Taking advantage of the opportunity when the barrier seal was strengthened and the power of inevitability was significantly weakened, she cast a Warlock's spell, throwing that iron cigar case towards the oil painting on the altar, making it land accurately on the area painted with the silver-white ring with black edges.

The iron cigar case directly pressed down on that ring, shielding it, without leaving any trace exposed.

The little boy, Will, immediately said, “The power of Inevitability has decreased a lot more!”

Hearing this, Madam Magician quickly raised both arms, making the void around that oil painting bend, becoming dark and deep.

That space subsequently collapsed, shattering inch by inch, along with obvious cracks appearing on the oil painting and altar.

Miss Justice's face then protruded with patches of grayish-white scales, her body seeming to swell.

Similarly, Madam Judgment once again made a judgment.

Seeing her companions all launching attacks, Ma'am Hermit once again condensed that ancient spear stained with strange blood, throwing it towards the oil painting.

The oil painting, already in tatters under continuous attacks, was completely pierced by this Spear of Longinus, nailed to the altar.

Immediately after, flames that seemed to encompass all colors erupted from the spear tip, completely igniting the oil painting that still had terrifying sounds leaking out, gradually burning it to ashes.

Above Trier, one Worm of Time after another crawled back into Mr. Star's body.

This Major Arcana card holder wearing red gloves said to Mr. Hanged Man in his original magnetic voice, “Amon has returned, and briefly regained the true god powers of the Error and Door pathways. I must return to the Cathedral of Serenity immediately.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Mr. Star instantly disappeared.

Mr. Hanged Man cast his gaze downward, seeing the “Moon” transformed into crimson moonlight fall into the extremely compressed villa mist, while Saint Viève of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church shone into it in the form of sunlight.

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

Amon, at the edge of the astral world, looked down at Perle, at the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon still struggling to approach the corresponding light spots in the white mist, without any action.

“What are you still waiting for?” Roselle, his face gradually deepening in pain, asked.

“The same as what you're thinking now, the most arrogant thought you've ever had.” Amon pinched the monocle on his right eye and smiled in response. “If it was just to eliminate the believers of Uncertain Mist, there would be no need for such trouble, nor would it be worth us revealing our trump cards.”

Roselle glanced at the transaction still ongoing below and said, “That could bring great hidden dangers.”

“When you make a decision, you have to accept the corresponding consequences. How can you accomplish something big without taking any risks or bearing any losses?” Amon said with a smile, then added, “This wasn't said by me, nor by you.”

Before Roselle, who was being eroded more and more deeply and painfully by the white mist, could respond, Amon looked into the distance and said, “Those few from the Tarot Club are not bad, they don't need me to personally descend to destroy that oil painting.”

Saying this, Amon, wearing a monocle, showed an eager expression. “Now, it's time.”

He cast his gaze towards the Black Emperor mausoleum, towards Bernadette who was being restricted by Roselle and unable to come out.

That Queen Mystic suddenly recalled something, feeling as if a certain memory had parted the mist and revealed itself.

She immediately stretched out her right hand, quickly sketching out one word after another bearing starlight in front of her.

These words, seemingly the source of all languages in the Northern and Southern Continents, quickly intertwined into strange symbols, opening a secret door that seemed to lead to the depths of the spirit world.

That secret door opened silently, and a gust of wind blew out, transforming into a man with a human upper body and an airflow lower body, wrapped in white cloth.

“The Magic Wishing Lamp and that item,” Bernadette commanded in an authoritative voice.

That man with an airflow lower body respectfully responded, then took out two items from the white cloth wrapped around his body.

One looked like a miniature kettle, golden in color, covered with mysterious and complex symbols, with something like a wick protruding from the spout. This was 0-05—the Magic Wishing Lamp that the believers of Uncertain Mist wanted to obtain.

The other was a gray stone tablet, also engraved with those words that seemed to be the source of all languages in the Northern and Southern Continents, with numerous traces on its surface, mottled and ancient.

Chapter 883 The Poor Genie

After receiving those two items, Bernadette had fully remembered what she and the former Angel of Imagination, now the True Creator—Adam—were cooperating on.

Now, it was the final step of this transaction. The gray stone tablet she held in her hand was the second Blasphemy Slate transformed from the remains of the Ancient Sun God, the predecessor of the True Creator, recording the names, potion formulas, and related rituals for each Sequence of the twenty-two paths of the divine!

Bernadette originally didn't want to push the transaction to this step, hoping to resolve the corruption issue on her father's body before this, thereby ending the vortex ritual, but ultimately, she had to face the current situation.

Many of her efforts had failed, and several of her backup plans either didn't have time to take effect, or lost their effect because she was restricted by her father in the mausoleum and unable to leave. She could only hope that the proclaimed inevitable outcome would come to pass.

Bernadette raised both hands, pushing the Magic Wishing Lamp and the second Blasphemy Slate towards midair.

The moment He saw these two items, Emperor Roselle fully understood all of True Creator Adam's arrangements and ultimate purpose.

He reached out His hand, distorting the distance between the Magic Wishing Lamp and Himself, making it fall directly into His palm.

The Blasphemy Slate first disappeared, then appeared in the hands of Amon, who was wearing a black pointed soft hat.

Holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, Roselle smiled calmly at Amon and said, "Now that I am the true Black Emperor, and deeply corrupted by the Uncertain Mist, I indeed might be able to do something with this Magic Wishing Lamp and the Genie inside it as a medium."

"It's not 'might', it's 'certainly'," Amon adjusted the monocle on His right eye, smiling as He corrected.

Roselle didn't say more. Holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, He half-closed His eyes, extending His consciousness to this golden object.

This brought along some of the white mist that had begun to erode His consciousness.

Vaguely, Roselle seemed to see another barrier standing between heaven and earth.

That barrier was wrapped in thin grayish-white fog, its specific appearance indiscernible.

Soon, Roselle sensed a gap in the grayish-white fog, on that invisible barrier, but couldn't lock onto it.

At this moment, Amon pressed His right hand against the crystal monocle wedged in His eye socket.

That monocle suddenly lit up with a brilliance that seemed to illuminate the entire world.

Roselle's consciousness, preliminarily combined with the Uncertain Mist's corruption, instantly floated into the corresponding gap.

A haze immediately appeared before His "eyes".

Deep within that swirling smoke seemed to be hidden thirty-three layers of sky, each layer with numerous buildings faintly visible.

Roselle's consciousness quickly ascended, arriving at the highest layer of sky, coming to a majestic and grand palace.

He "saw" an incredibly enormous imperial figure, "saw" that the figure's face was masked by strings of jade, and beneath the jade strings seemed to be nothing, a void.

Roselle inexplicably felt that this enormous imperial figure was very similar to Himself, born from the same source, yet encompassing Him. A close connection was quickly established between the two.

This connection swiftly eroded Roselle's consciousness, yet was blocked by the corruption of the Uncertain Mist. They both merged and opposed each other.

Roselle momentarily regained some clarity.

A flash of inspiration struck Him, and using that close connection, He lowered His stance and said in His true mother tongue, "Imperial brother, please lend me your strength!"

That emperor with a face shielded by jade strings attached to a tall oriental crown suddenly stood up.

Behind Him, several similar imperial figures appeared, these figures each with different external appearances, but similarly with faces covered in jade strings, lacking faces, a complete void.

At the same time, all thirty-three layers of the sky deep within the haze lit up, revealing magnificent buildings and sacred figures.

Roselle's vision was instantly filled with azure light.

His consciousness suddenly returned to the Black Emperor divine body, seeing bursts of azure light erupting from within, dispersing and dissolving the white mist that had deeply eroded Him. Yet as time passed, the azure light and white mist began to show signs of merging in some places.

During this process, the Uncertain Mist did not withdraw its white mist. On the one hand, this was due to the barrier's obstruction and the influence of the True Creator and Amon; on the other hand, the Uncertain Mist was following its own chaotic madness, following its instinctive desires and cravings, wanting to truly merge with the azure light.

Roselle increasingly felt as if He was another facet of the Uncertain Mist, the connection established between Them through the white mist quickly becoming unusually solid.

At this point, even if the Uncertain Mist wanted to recall that white mist, it couldn't be done instantly, requiring some time, unless Roselle agreed.

The ball of white mist from the vortex ritual involuntarily rose, flying towards Roselle's body. This terrified Perle, who was currently only able to survive with the help of this mist, while the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon in the mist both stopped advancing, standing still.

Roselle once again cast His gaze towards Amon, who was holding the Blasphemy Slate, and said with some emotion, "As expected of a Visionary..."

To dare to imagine this, to dare to arrange this!

Amon's previous answer had confirmed Roselle's initial and boldest guess was correct.

The true purpose of the True Creator using the vortex ritual was to deal with the Uncertain Mist, that great existence peering at the current world!

Normally, even if that True Creator and the six true gods in the astral world put aside Their grudges and fully cooperated, They couldn't accomplish such a thing, at most forcing the Uncertain Mist to retreat. But now, He had used the vortex ritual, used the Uncertain Mist's craving for the Black Emperor true god, allowing the Uncertain Mist to establish a firm and close connection with Himself, making Himself increasingly similar to the Uncertain Mist, thus creating a certain opportunity.

Of course, the so-called opportunity certainly wasn't to use this connection to transfer power over and directly attack the Uncertain Mist; that wouldn't lead to a very good effect. But in the mystical world, there were some underlying rules that could be exploited, many ways to defeat powerful existences by harming the weak, which was the basis of many curses.

As this thought flashed, Roselle began to rub His fingers over the golden surface of the Magic Wishing Lamp, covered in mysterious and complex symbols, muttering, "Genie!"

The wick at the spout suddenly ignited, emitting light that looked like viscous water, spurting upwards to form a blurred and distorted pale golden figure.

As soon as that pale golden figure appeared, He turned His head, about to dive back into the Magic Wishing Lamp, but the white mist and azure light eroding Roselle's Black Emperor divine body suddenly split off a large portion, like a bear smelling honey or a vampire placed next to a pool of fresh, healthy blood, violently surging around this pale golden figure, binding it layer upon layer, as if submerging it.

Genie twisted and struggled desperately, trying to escape this predicament and shrink back into the Magic Wishing Lamp, but couldn't succeed no matter what. His pale golden figure gradually showed signs of merging with the white mist and azure light.

Genie's mouth kept opening and closing, as if frantically cursing Amon and Roselle, but restrained by the white mist and azure light, He couldn't even make a sound.

Roselle raised the Magic Wishing Lamp and Genie to His chest level, distorting the relationship between the main body and external items, briefly making Himself an appendage of Genie.

In an instant, Genie, originally one with the Uncertain Mist and completely of the same source, seemed to become another facet of the Uncertain Mist again, yet was subjected to sealing, unable to exert His power, appearing quite weak!

Roselle looked at Amon again.

Now, before your authority over loopholes as a true god of the Error pathway, under this firm and close connection, from a mystical perspective, the weak Genie can completely equal the powerful Uncertain Mist. Severely injuring Genie would be equivalent to severely injuring the Uncertain Mist and making Genie fall asleep would be equivalent to making the Uncertain Mist fall asleep!

What happens next is up to the two of you!

Amon smiled and raised the Blasphemy Slate in His hand.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, atop the majestic and stretching mountain range, before a huge blood-stained cross.

The True Creator—Adam—who had shaken off the influence of the Outer God's ravings, was already waiting here.

He wore a simple white robe, had a thick golden beard, eyes as clear as a child's, and beneath His feet was a dense shadow, different from Him, with five heads. It seemed to be His, yet not His.

Adam opened His mouth and said solemnly and sacredly, "I am One, and also Infinity, the Beginning and the End."

As soon as He finished speaking, True Creator Adam's clear eyes instantly became illusory, and around His body appeared a strange sea that seemed to encompass all colors and all possibilities.

Immediately after, Adam grasped the silver cross pendant hanging on His chest.

Above His head, a blazing yet illusory sun leaped out. To His left, lightning, gale winds, and sea waves interwove to form an overlooking phantom. To His right, a white tower with numerous brass eyes rose from the ground.

These illusory, seemingly imagined authorities and symbols, along with Adam's own shadow, driven by the chaotic sea, merged into Adam's body one after another.

With a thunderous sound, that strange sea encompassing all colors and all possibilities surged up, submerging the entire mountain range, while Adam expanded into a huge figure of light that seemed capable of supporting heaven and earth.

This True Creator briefly returned to His peak state, and that human savior who had battled ancient gods appeared in the world once again!

He walked slowly on the chaotic and pitch-black "water surface", pointing His finger towards the sea that was both real and illusory.

With this pointing, the surface of the second Blasphemy Slate in Amon's hand quickly surged with chaotic seawater encompassing all colors and all possibilities.

Amon no longer held it directly, letting this mottled and ancient stone tablet float in front of His body.

He then looked towards the pale golden Genie that was frantically twisting while seemingly cursing Him, revealing a smile that made the other even more furious.

Then, He let that Blasphemy Slate rise up.

Chapter 884 The Future He Proclaimed

As the Blasphemy Slate in front of Amon rose up, the white mist corroding Roselle and Genie suddenly reacted, trying to break free and retreat back to the endless cosmos. But Roselle forcibly “held” it down, only allowing it to withdraw bit by bit.

Similarly, the pale golden Genie struggled desperately, trying to dive back into the Magic Wishing Lamp through the spout, but Roselle gave Him no such opportunity, firmly binding Him in front using the white mist and azure light.

Roselle turned His head to look down at the Black Emperor mausoleum, Distorting the distinction between inside and outside, and gave His eldest daughter Bernadette a smile that was both pained and satisfied.

He called out loudly, “Enjoy this world for me for a while!”

“Dad!” Queen Mystic Bernadette cried out, her cheeks glistening with tears.

Roselle said no more, turning His gaze back and standing upright.

He continued to resist the retraction of the white mist, tightly gripping Genie, then raised His chin and said to Amon in an authoritative and firm voice, “Do it.”

Amon's monocle on His right eye instantly lit up with a strange radiance. He pressed down with both hands, causing the floating Blasphemy Slate before Him to heavily smash towards the pale golden Genie and Roselle who was “embracing” Genie.

The chaotic seawater encompassing all colors and possibilities transformed into a torrent, surging over mightily.

Drawn by this, the ball of white mist representing the vortex ritual, along with Perle, the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, and the miniature crimson moon inside it, also rushed rapidly towards Genie and Roselle.

At this moment, within the vortex's white mist, a previously unexpanded point of light rapidly enlarged, revealing a dim and dark scene that seemed to correspond to both Fourth Epoch Trier and some unknown place.

From this scene, a delicate, slender, and beautiful white hand suddenly reached out, grabbing the distorted arm of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, and swiftly dragged this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact into its own light point. Both disappeared into the deep, blackish gloom.

Affected by the completion of this transaction, the miniature crimson moon formed by the Great Mother's corruption instantly arrived before the light point where a blurred figure was suspended, about to permeate into it.

Amon was fully utilizing loopholes while also having to control that Blasphemy Slate and maintain its stability, so He could only barely spare a bit of attention to interfere.

He couldn't prevent the disappearance of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, only causing the miniature crimson moon to autonomously crumble and dissipate by nearly half.

The remaining miniature crimson moon drilled into the corresponding light point, entering the blurred human figure suspended in midair.

That figure wrapped in bandages, thorns, and roses suddenly had its belly swell up enormously, with obvious cracks appearing. From these crevices, arms covered in black tar-like liquid and protruding with scarlet eyeballs, skull heads, and mouths with teeth and tongues suddenly stretched out, tearing at the blurred figure's abdomen.

The next second, the white mist representing the vortex ritual covered the pale golden Genie, with all the light points within simultaneously extinguishing.

Genie cursed frantically and silently, but could only watch helplessly as the chaotic torrent encompassing all colors and possibilities surged towards Him along with the mottled, ancient, and gray stone tablet.

He was instantly submerged.

His body composed of pale golden viscous lamplight quickly disintegrated, reverting to tiny golden fragments.

These fine, pure gold light points were rapidly washed away and eliminated by the chaotic torrent, leaving not a trace behind.

In the blink of an eye, only an extremely dim blue-tinged white light remained of Genie.

This light, not completely decomposed by the chaotic torrent, pathetically shrank back into the golden Magic Wishing Lamp.

At this point, Roselle no longer needed to restrain Genie, nor did He need to arduously maintain the close connection between Himself and the Uncertain Mist.

He looked at the chaotic torrent surging before Him, raised His chin again, and opened His arms, as if an emperor embracing His own world.

In an instant, the chaotic torrent encompassing all colors and possibilities submerged Roselle's figure as well.

This resurrected Black Emperor's body quickly disintegrated, rapidly becoming ethereal.

"Dad..." Bernadette in the mausoleum below called out once more, but this time her voice was very low, like sleep-talking.

Almost simultaneously, outside the barrier, the white mist covering a certain planet suddenly contracted to its core, as if directly struck by the second Blasphemy Slate along with the chaotic torrent, revealing the weathered earth and dried-up seabed once again.

Immediately after, uncertain, dense white mist spread out again, with indescribable sounds echoing throughout the cosmos.

This caused even the extremely bright astral world to be covered by thin mist, making the entire world dim and dark.

The next second, the white mist, whose size and state were indescribable, detached from the previous planet.

That planet shattered silently, with various rocks and gasses ejecting outwards in waves.

Then, a chaotic sense encompassing all colors appeared on the surface of the dense, uncertain, and unviewable white mist.

It suddenly shrank, rapidly disappearing into the depths of the endless, dead, and dark cosmos.

On the streets of Trier, citizens saw the mist in the sky gradually dissipate, and the sun returned to normal—neither bright enough to blind human eyes nor dim as if at dusk.

The series of strange events that had just occurred were not forgotten by them, and the voice proclaiming “Emperor has returned” still lingered in their hearts.

“What exactly is happening to this world?” Many citizens had similar questions.

With these doubts and lingering fear, they turned their gaze to newsstands and nearby cathedrals.

On this day, mystical magazines like *Psychic*, *Arcane*, and *Lotus* sold out in Trier. Whether it was the *Eternal Blazing Sun's* cathedrals, *God of Steam and Machinery's* cathedrals, or *The Fool's* cathedral, all were packed with people.

Similarly, in cities large and small across the Northern and Southern Continents, like *Backlund* and *Port Pylos*, corresponding magazines were in short supply, and every cathedral was filled with believers.

Above the primitive island, Amon descended to a height level with the top of the *Black Emperor* mausoleum.

He looked at *Queen Mystic Bernadette*, who had just walked out of the mausoleum, and said in a deliberately indifferent tone, “For sixty years, the *Uncertain Mist* will not be able to come again. There will be one less danger to face at the time of the apocalypse.

“And as long as no new *Black Emperor* is born, as long as the order of human society has not completely collapsed, or this mausoleum has not been completely destroyed, *Roselle* will be able to resurrect from nothingness after a hundred years. At that time, with three types of corruption on Him, He will achieve a basic balance and be able to maintain basic humanity and clarity.”

At this point, Amon laughed and changed His tone. “This is the future He claims, and also His promise to you.”

Without waiting for *Bernadette* to respond, Amon grabbed at the air and tossed a crown inlaid with many dark gems that had just appeared, along with the *Magic Wishing Lamp*, to *Queen Mystic*.

“As a guarantee of the promise, the *Black Emperor's Uniqueness* shall be given to you.

“As long as you don't die, no new *Black Emperor* will appear.”

Bernadette caught the dimly glowing crown and said in a low voice, “I hope the future He claims will inevitably unfold.”

Amon pinched the monocle on His right eye and chuckled softly.

“This is not something I can answer on His behalf. Anyway, I've received my payment, and the ritual was completed just now.”

As soon as He finished speaking, Amon, who no longer had the status of a true god, languidly took back the Blasphemy Slate and three other rays of light, disappearing into midair.

In front of the destroyed bloody altar.

After the world's darkness and mist at high altitudes retreated, Madam Magician cast her gaze towards the western sky.

As an Angel closely connected to the spirit world, she had already learned from the spirit world about what had just happened and the fate of her Minor Arcana cards.

“What's wrong?” Miss Justice asked.

Madam Magician's expression was very complex, and her tone carried a slight sigh.

“That evil god who preached in the name of Truth has suffered a heavy blow and must sleep for decades.

“This is good news. There's one less major danger for humanity to face during the apocalypse, and there won't be any Brokers running around making connections before the apocalypse.

“But Emperor Roselle has perished because of this. He may only have a chance to resurrect and return after a hundred years, and also...”

Madam Magician didn't continue.

Ma'am Hermit, who had lifted her hearing seal, and other Major Arcana card holders like Miss Justice and Madam Judgment also had rather complex expressions.

In a room five or six meters high in the New City of Silver.

Lumian had already brought Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and the subsequently recovered Ludwig, Lugano, and others to this place that could guarantee their safety.

Looking at Lumian with his black hair scattered and delicate features, Franca wanted to tease him a bit, but felt that his mood wasn't quite right.

She had always known that Lumian had considered switching to the Demoness pathway. For faster advancement, as long as he maintained his sense of self, he could completely switch back to the Hunter pathway later and become a man again. So Franca originally thought Lumian had made the decision to switch to Demoness this time to deal with the dangerous situation, but after careful observation, she felt it wasn't like that.

If it had been his own choice, Lumian wouldn't have hidden suppression and pain under his calmness!

Thinking of this, Franca glanced at the sky outside that had returned to azure, and deliberately said, “The vortex event seems to have ended. Very good, very good. The apocalypse didn't come, this world wasn't destroyed, and we're all still alive!”

As long as we're still alive, there's still hope!

Jenna also pondered for a moment before asking Lumian, "Do you want a change of clothes?"

Lumian looked at the two Demonesses and Anthony, then at Ludwig who was eating frantically without caring that his godfather had become a woman, and Lugano who occasionally stole glances at him. He said in a slightly low voice, "I'll explain the specifics later. I'm going somewhere now."

"By yourself?" Jenna asked.

Lumian nodded gently.

Franca didn't try to persuade him. She took out a black cloak she had bought when disguising as a Witch from the Traveler's Bag and threw it to Lumian.

Lumian put on the cloak and activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

He teleported to a deep valley where an ancient church stood, its surface water-black and carved with human skulls.

This was the first cathedral built by the Aurora Order for that True Creator.

Lumian entered this deep black church, walking step by step to the huge black cross inside. Along the way, there were no human presences, nor any unknown things blocking him.

After stopping, Lumian, wearing the black cloak, looked at the male deity statue hanging upside down on the cross. His gaze moved from the rusty iron nails piercing the deity's body and the fresh red blood rendered around them, all the way down to the face where all features were blurred except for the eyes, which were very clear, tightly closed, as if bearing all pain and guilt.

After staring for a few seconds, Lumian said in a low voice with a hint of magnetism, "One day, I will truly walk before you and tell you my answer."

After saying this, Lumian in his black cloak turned around and walked towards the outside of the cathedral.

At the same time, incandescent fireballs shot out from around him, flying towards different parts of this cathedral, flying towards the male deity statue hanging upside down on the black cross.

Rumble!

Pillars collapsed inside the cathedral, windows shattered, and corners were set ablaze.

Rumble!

The huge black cross was blasted to pieces, and the inverted statue crashed down, smashing into many fragments on the ground.

The statue's head separated from its neck, rolling a few times and becoming covered in dust.

Its face happened to face towards the silhouette of Lumian walking through the collapsing cathedral and raging flames, his black hair and cloak fluttering. The eyes remained tightly closed, as if bearing all pain and guilt.

God loves the world.

Chapter 885 The Corrupted Cannon Gun
Dreams are reality, despair is hope

The sunset light shone through the window, casting a dim golden-red glow in the room.

Except for Lugano who had taken Ludwig to explore local cuisine in the New City of Silver, Franca, Jenna and Anthony remained in the living room, listening to Lumian recount what had happened to him after they parted ways.

Lumian recounted the key points of Termiboros becoming Amon, the psychological treatment report Amon had read out, and the subsequent “story” script, all in a detached manner as if he were an outside observer, without concealing anything.

That low and indifferent voice entered Franca and Jenna's ears, gradually making them feel a suffocating pain and despair, as if they had experienced it themselves.

This was not physical pain, nor the kind of despair when facing death. It came from one's own insignificance, one's own powerlessness, from the realization that one's beliefs, emotions, and decisions were actually products arranged by someone else.

Franca couldn't help but think of the lab mice she used to work with frequently.

She finally understood why Lumian, despite not being averse to switching to the Demoness pathway, was still in pain over advancing to demigod status, his emotions constantly suppressed.

Looking at that familiar yet strange face, that expressionless beautiful visage, Franca felt an inexplicable heartache and pity.

After Lumian finished recounting his final choice, the room fell into silence.

After a moment, Franca took the initiative to change the subject, sighing. “I never imagined that Black Tear was also arranged by that individual. Wasn't that something from the Demoness Sect?”

“If not Black Tear, there would be White Tear or Gray Tear. If they can't arrange the vessel for the Primordial Demoness's divine descent, can't they arrange for other Demonesses?” Lumian responded calmly.

Seeing him in this state, Jenna felt a wave of sadness and heartache. With her experience, she would rather Lumian be in a state of rage, or directly show the pain hidden deep in his heart, instead of being like a dried-up well now, with all emotions pressed down to the bottom.

Franca had a similar feeling. She almost instinctively made a self-deprecating remark, “I never thought Jenna and I would have a place in the script, even if our role was just to stabilize your mental state, providing a stable anchor point when you advance to become the Demoness of Despair.”

The word “anchor” was something she had encountered a few times with Madam Judgment, suspecting it was related to how High-Sequence Beyonders stabilized their own state—the higher the Sequence, the easier it was to go mad, and anchors seemed to be external help to strengthen self-awareness and resist the tendency to lose control.

“It's not just that,” Lumian, still wearing the black cloak, said in a matter-of-fact tone. “It's also a means to prevent me from becoming addicted to the feeling of Aurore's soul fragments gradually reviving, unwilling to switch back to the Hunter pathway, and gradually abandoning my self-identification as a male.”

Jenna and Franca fell silent, both feeling an indescribable pain in their hearts.

The latter stood up from the large, high-backed chair that she could curl up in, looked at Lumian, and said straightforwardly, “I don't like the way you put it, as if Jenna and I have really become tools.

“Black Tear only made the problem erupt earlier; it doesn't mean the problem didn't exist, it doesn't mean that the emotions and thoughts in our hearts were created out of thin air, that they appeared because of that individual's arrangements!

“I-I only speak for myself, my attitude is that I won't persuade you to definitely switch back to the Hunter pathway, nor will I care whether you're a Demoness or a Hunter. I'm also very glad that Aurore still has hope of resurrection, and I'm looking forward to seeing her come back to life, but what I value more is you, Lumian Lee, the one who has gone through so many things with us and shared so many beautiful memories...”

At this point, Franca was at a loss for words, not knowing how to express the thoughts she hadn't yet spoken.

Jenna also stood up, pursing her lips before saying, “I would be happy to see Aurore resurrect through you, but I don't want to see you give up on yourself because of it.

“In this world, there are people who care about Lumian Lee, who like him, who value him!”

“Yes!” Franca echoed Jenna's words.

Lumian's blue eyes, now a lighter shade, looked at the two Demonesses, with a faint light flickering in their depths.

He didn't respond to Franca and Jenna's words, but he didn't object to or mock their statements either.

Just as Franca and Jenna were about to say something more, they suddenly saw Anthony give them a look, indicating that this was just right, and that Lumian should be left alone to calm down and think for a while. Too much comfort, encouragement, and confession would only bring about the opposite effect.

Uh... Franca closed her mouth.

She then realized a fact:

Anthony was here... Doesn't that mean he heard everything I said earlier?

Embarrassing!

EMBARRASSING!

Jenna sat back in her original position, trusting the Psychiatrist's judgment in this matter.

As for her own emotional outburst just now, she didn't feel shy about it. She knew Anthony had seen through it long ago.

Anthony sighed inwardly. As a normal, almost middle-aged man, he was very grateful to be a Psychiatrist, a Hypnotist. Otherwise, facing two Demonesses each with their own unique charm every day, and later adding a captain whose beauty was breathtaking, he would definitely be naturally enchanted and unknowingly lose his heart.

He felt that with this kind of training, even if he hadn't become a demigod yet, he could resist the Charm of an enemy Demoness of Despair for a longer time.

The embarrassed Franca instinctively searched for a topic. She let out an "Ah" and said, "That individual's arrangements are truly terrifying. It's not something we can escape or choose not to accept."

Jenna nodded in deep agreement.

Both Demonesses had been in significant situations before. They had personally experienced the celestial changes that Red Angel Medici had created in Fourth Epoch Trier. But the True Creator's arrangements, which came without warning and left no trace, completely surpassed their imagination. Just thinking about it a little would cause nightmares or sleepless nights.

Lumian responded in a low voice, "That being is a true god. I even suspect He's more than just a true god. At least Madam Magician's attitude towards Him is more respectful and fearful than towards true gods like the Eternal Blazing Sun.

"The Tarot Club, the Church of The Fool, and other related forces combined might not be able to prevent His arrangements. At most, they could detect anomalies a bit earlier and give warnings."

"Yeah, although there are many Angels around Mr. Fool's divine throne, they're still not enough to face a true god. Damn, why would a true god focus on someone who wasn't even a demigod before?" Franca sighed and cursed.

She originally wanted to add, "With such a large gap in status, resistance is mostly futile. We can only make do for now, not letting this matter weigh on our minds, and try to use His arrangements to strengthen ourselves as much as possible." But after considering Lumian's current state, she swallowed these thoughts that arose from her own personality.

"Perhaps we'll only stop worrying about being arranged by that individual when Mr. Fool wakes up," Jenna said carefully.

"Yeah, when will Mr. Fool wake up?" Franca echoed with a sigh.

Suddenly, with her rich gaming experience, she had an idea.

She sat up straight and looked at Lumian, saying, “The lucky coins in my, Jenna's, and Ludwig's possession all seem to come from Mr. Fool's past bestowal, carrying his aura. Could it be... could it be that gathering all the lucky coins might awaken Mr. Fool?”

“If it were that simple, the Major Arcana card holders would have already collected the lucky coins and awakened Mr. Fool,” Lumian pondered for a few seconds before saying, “Perhaps gathering the lucky coins is just a prerequisite, and there are still some things to be done afterward.”

At this point, Anthony interjected, “I'm about to get a lucky coin too. The Knight of Swords promised to use it as payment.”

“Four coins now...” Franca couldn't help but glance at Lumian.

In the past, she would definitely have teased him, but now, facing Lumian in this state, how could she bear to?

Lumian didn't show any disappointment. He looked out the window and said, “Madam Magician should be coming to me soon. I'll ask her about the true significance of the lucky coins.”

“Mm.” Franca touched her Traveler's Bag. “By the way, I want to ask Madam Magician to create an independent space in my Traveler's Bag to store that revolver. I can feel that it, like Black Tears, is continuously creating diseases and constantly spreading outward.”

Her Cannon Gun had already combined with part of the boon power from Higdon that was intercepted in the special mirror world, and had not yet been renamed.

After saying this, Franca asked Lumian to place the entire room into the Bottle of Fiction, while she took out the corrupted Cannon Gun and used Magic Mirror Divination method to grasp its corresponding effects and negative impacts.

15:50

Before long, Franca obtained a relatively detailed answer:

“The corrupted Cannon Gun will continuously spread disease and decay within a three-kilometer radius, with random types of diseases;

“The corrupted Cannon Gun can add either the Certain Death or Sure Hit effect to fired bullets, for a total of thirteen times, which can be stacked with the original Heavy Strike effect;

“If either the Certain Death or Sure Hit effect is triggered, the user will inevitably fall seriously ill for a period of time afterward. If a suitable healer isn't found, they might even die from it. If found, the severe illness state would last from a few hours to a day.

“After all the Certain Death and Sure Hit uses are exhausted, the negative effect of continuously spreading disease and decay will still exist, lasting for about a year.”

As soon as she got the answer, Franca immediately stuffed the corrupted Cannon Gun back into the Traveler's Bag. Then, deliberately trying to liven up the atmosphere, she smiled and said, "If I were to use Impregnating Bullets with the Sure Hit effect, how would the enemy deal with that?"

Chapter 886 Conditions Met

Regarding Franca's question, Jenna and Anthony were amused but didn't know how to respond.

Lumian, however, seriously discussed the possible consequences. "Is pregnancy a big problem for Beyonders? It's not something they want, they can lose it immediately through intense combat."

Seeing that Lumian was willing to discuss the issue, Franca chuckled and said, "It's not that simple. After getting the Impregnating Bullet, I seriously researched related issues and consulted Madam Judgment.

"It's been confirmed that these Impregnating Bullets originate from the Great Mother's boon. Even demigods can't escape it. Once pregnant, it's very difficult to terminate without special abilities. And we all know that one way for Beyonders to eliminate excess Beyonder characteristics is to have others or themselves become pregnant, using the child's birth to take away corresponding Beyonder characteristics, though the result is uncontrollable.

"In other words, the target hit by this Impregnating Bullet, regardless of whether they're male or female, human or dog, will immediately become pregnant. The fetus will grow rapidly, tearing away part of the Beyonder characteristics or boon powers, thus causing instability in the target's state and a decline in strength."

"This, combined with the Sure Hit effect, is a bit terrifying..." Jenna spoke her mind. "One can only stay vigilant and preemptively replace oneself with a substitute."

Franca originally wanted to take the opportunity to tell Lumian, "If you don't want to be a Demoness, we can ask Mr. Sun for help through the Tarot Club, or I can give you a shot with an Impregnating Bullet to see if there's a way for you to give birth to a Demoness of Despair, hehehe." But considering her companion's emotional state, she gave up on this joke.

Moreover, she felt that Lumian would likely insist on being a Demoness for a while to see if there were truly signs of Aurore's soul fragments reviving.

"I've decided, the Cannon Gun will now be renamed the Inevitable Gun," Franca said after careful consideration, abandoning the name "Execution Gun" which she liked more and found more fun. She then asked Lumian, "What abilities does your bracelet have? By the way, I'll tell you about some Magic Mirror Divination targets that have been verified as safe."

"Including the one you mentioned that would cause social death but gives the most accurate divination results?" Jenna asked curiously.

Franca nodded solemnly. “Yes, but you'd better not pray to that one, otherwise... otherwise... Ah, I am the experience and lesson itself.”

As she spoke, Franca couldn't help but glance at Anthony, finding that this Hypnotist showed no change in expression, as if he had already forgotten about the incident from back then.

With Franca's guidance, Lumian successfully completed his first Magic Mirror Divination, obtaining key information about the cheap silver bracelet:

“...Can use the Circle Inhabitant effect nine times, each Circle Inhabitant lasting no fewer than three times and no more than nine times.

“Circle Inhabitant can be used within a one-kilometer range, or targeted at a single individual, or applied to oneself. The range-type Circle Inhabitant trigger conditions cannot be harsh and can affect Angels in the corresponding area. The individual-type Circle Inhabitant can set some relatively harsh trigger conditions, but if the target's status is higher than one's own, the effect will be significantly reduced, even to the point of ineffectiveness.

“There are no restrictions on using Circle Inhabitant on oneself, and it can be restarted even if killed by an Angel.

“Only one ‘Circle’ can be maintained at the same time, and the same type of ‘Circle’ needs to cool down for three minutes before it can be created again.

“The Circle Inhabitant effect can last for a long time, unless the number of times is reached or the user actively removes it. For example, if a ‘Circle’ attached to oneself is set to restart near death, and there's no chance to trigger it afterward, it can last up to a year at most.

“Whether or not the Circle Inhabitant uses are exhausted, this bracelet contaminated by Inevitability powers will enhance the abilities of Fate Appropriation, Fate Exchange, Magnified Fate, and Compelling Fate to the Circle Inhabitant level. After about a year, the corresponding boon power will completely dissipate, turning this silver bracelet back into an ordinary accessory with curse remnants.

“Even just carrying this silver bracelet will unknowingly attract Inevitability boon recipients and be viewed with hostility by them.

“Each use of Circle Inhabitant will result in a period of bad luck, the specifics varying depending on the user's status.”

Lumian held the cheap silver bracelet, repeatedly admiring it, as if waiting for the arrival of Inevitability boon recipients.

His pleasant voice, with a hint of magnetism, echoed, “If it's me, the bad luck would probably last about three hours. For you all, it might be close to two days. For Anthony, it should be three days.”

“Indeed, it suits you best,” Franca said. “Along with the Sword of Courage, you're equivalent to a demigod of the Hunter, Demoness, and Inevitability pathways, and your abilities have even become mixed without much conflict.”

At Sequence 4, this could definitely be considered outstanding!

“What should we name it?” Lumian looked down at the cheap silver-black bracelet.

“Circle of Fate?” Franca eagerly offered her opinion.

“Circle of Binding?” Jenna suggested, her eyes flickering slightly.

“Then let's call it the 'Circle of Binding'. It's more fitting for my current psychological and emotional state,” Lumian said with a self-mocking tone.

Before Franca could express her disappointment, he put away the Circle of Binding and said carefully, “The topic of Impregnating Bullets reminded me of something.”

“What is it?” Franca asked curiously.

Lumian's light blue and clear eyes lit up.

“When I first learned that the name of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God was Omebella, the Termiboros inside me seemed a bit surprised.

“I originally thought it was because this evil god Angel had heard of this name in the endless cosmos and didn't expect Omebella to enter our world and become an Invisible Child of God. But now, the situation is that the Termiboros inside me was equivalent to Amon's true form.

“In other words, this had nothing to do with any knowledge or legends from the endless cosmos.

“Currently, there are only two possibilities. One is that Amon is deceiving me, preparing for when I investigate this matter in the future. The second is that He truly didn't expect it, and what He didn't expect was that the name of Omebella, the giant queen and Goddess of Harvest from the Second Epoch, would appear on the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God.”

“Does Amon not expecting it mean that that individual also didn't expect it?” Jenna understood what Lumian was really trying to express.

Lumian's beautifully curved chin nodded slowly.

“My encounter with Father Montserrat was definitely His arrangement, to grasp the situation of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God. But the name of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God might not have been part of the arrangement. It was an accident, something He might not have expected either.”

“You want to start from this incident to find a path with fewer arrangements?”

Anthony roughly understood Lumian's idea.

Lumian curled his lips into a smile, laughing once, causing Franca and others to feel a bit dazzled.

“His former identity was the Ancient Sun God who ended the era of ancient gods' rule. There are very few ancient secrets not grasped by Him, and this might be one of them.”

Hearing this, Franca suddenly remembered that the True Creator worshiped by the Aurora Order was formerly the Ancient Sun God, the savior of humanity.

And according to intelligence gathered by the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, the Ancient Sun God was very likely also a transmigrator!

Dammit, how could a transmigrator do such a thing as arranging an innocent person's life! After cursing inwardly, Franca said to Lumian, “Do you now meet all the conditions to come into contact with Omebella's remains and use them briefly?”

After Lumian consumed Omebella's umbilical cord remnants and achieved a slight fusion with it, he only needed to meet two more conditions—“having experienced betrayal by a direct relative” and “being female”—to be able to touch and briefly use the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact formed from Omebella's remains.

Lumian, abandoned by his playboy father, had long met the first condition, and now, he was truly female.

Lumian offered a curt acknowledgment.

“Moreover, Omebella's remains are in the New City of Silver, in this very city.

“I wonder what useful secrets I can discover from New Silver City's records and direct contact with the remains...”

Before Jenna and the others could respond, points of starlight appeared, and Madam Magician's figure was instantly outlined in the room.

This Major Arcana card holder seemed to have already foreseen the difficulty Franca was currently facing and directly extended her hand, saying, “Give me your Traveler's Bag.”

It was early spring, and in the fields outside the New City of Silver, patches of wheat seedlings were still lush green in the twilight.

Madam Magician walked with Lumian on the path between the fields, breathing in the scent of soil and plants, feeling the cool breeze.

Having already obtained most of the information from the spirit world, she still patiently waited for Lumian to finish recounting his experiences before sighing.

“We've always said to be careful of that individual's arrangements, to pay attention to coincidences around us, but what we didn't expect was that the arrangement happened from the very beginning, and gave many seemingly reasonable

explanations, to the extent that we could only see traces of arrangements in specific events, completely overlooking the overall problem.”

Lumian was still wearing the black cloak given by Franca, with his hair hidden in the attached hood.

He didn't blame the Major Arcana card holders for their thoughts, after all, that being was a true god.

Looking at the patches of green wheat seedlings tinged with golden red, he said in a low voice, “Is it only when Mr. Fool awakens that we won't have to worry about every detail of our lives being arranged?”

“Yes, or quickly become an Angel. Although that won't exempt you from arrangements, you'll be able to detect many arrangements that rely too much on coincidence in a timely manner,” Madam Magician tried hard not to let her eyes reveal emotions of pity.

Lumian fell silent for a moment before responding, “Are those lucky coins devices to awaken Mr. Fool?”

“Yes,” Madam Magician didn't deny it. “You should have one too.”

Lumian turned his head, using his eyes to express his question.

Madam Magician smiled and said, “That's the reward for the water from the Samaritan Women's Spring and the soil from in front of the ancient tomb of the Dream Festival.

“However, this needs to wait a few more days. There are time intervals for using these items.”

Chapter 887 The Function of the Lucky Coins

Lumian roughly understood the meaning of Madam Magician's words.

The water he had previously taken from the Samaritan Woman's Spring and the soil from the area of the Dream Festival ancient tomb did have a reward, which was another lucky coin. However, the one giving the reward needed to wait until all of that water and soil had been used up and the effects confirmed before actually paying. Using these items needed to be done in batches, with time intervals between uses, rather than consuming them all at once—which might actually lead to unfavorable results.

“We still need to wait a few more days?” Lumian cast his gaze towards the golden-red tinted horizon and nodded gently, “I understand.”

He wasn't impatient. Having been arranged for so long already, a few more days didn't matter.

Lumian probed further, “How many lucky coins need to be gathered in total to awaken Mr. Fool?”

“The lucky coins are tools, mediums, not the awakening itself. There are only five such coins in total,” Madam Magician answered clearly, no longer speaking in riddles. “Once you get the last lucky coin, the five of you will be able to use your respective coins to enter Mr. Fool's dream and attempt to awaken him. Understand? The lucky coins are mediums to help you participate in Mr. Fool's dream.

“Of course, given your Sequences, even with the lucky coins, you can't decide when you can enter that dream or what you can do once inside. We'll need to assist you to ensure you can all go at the same time and maintain sufficient clarity and rationality.”

Lumian listened quietly, his eyes slightly turning as he pursed his lips lightly.

“Mr. Fool's dream? We're responsible for awakening Mr. Fool?”

“Yes,” Madam Magician answered with just one word.

She surveyed Lumian's profile, which took on a dreamlike beauty in the twilight glow, and inwardly sighed.

Lumian furrowed his brow slightly. “What do we need to do to awaken Mr. Fool? Haven't the previous holders of the lucky coins entered Mr. Fool's dream before? Haven't they made any attempts?”

Why does it have to be us?

“I don't know exactly what needs to be done to awaken Mr. Fool,” Madam Magician said very frankly. “That's for you to figure out. We'll give you some suggestions based on your feedback.”

She paused, then said in a teasing tone, “The previous holders of the lucky coins did indeed enter Mr. Fool's dream and made quite a few attempts, but they were successively discovered by that Celestial Worthy's spirit, either kicked out of the dream or had their actions restricted, unable to do much. One of them, after being kicked out of the dream the first time, would be kicked out again within a minute of re-entering the dream, regardless of whether they disguised themselves or behaved.

“You need to be careful too. The early stages are fine, but if you're later discovered and locked onto by that Celestial Worthy's spirit, you'll also be kicked out of the dream, or become mute, blind, or foolish.”

After pondering for a moment, Lumian asked, “Are we the destined ones to awaken Mr. Fool?”

“Perhaps, perhaps not. We can't be sure yet,” Madam Magician explained simply. “We can only say that the previous holders of the lucky coins would suddenly feel at some moment or in some scenario that they should trade away the lucky coin to someone else. This might be a hint from fate.”

Lumian didn't ask any more questions. Instead, he mentioned that he now met all the conditions to come into contact with Omebella's remains, and finally asked, "Can I apply to the New City of Silver now?"

"I'll help you inform Mr. Sun. You just need to be prepared," Madam Magician said with a laugh. "Of course, you won't be able to actually take away Omebella's remains. That belongs to the New City of Silver. Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are extremely precious anywhere. No one will gift it to you without appropriate compensation.

"What you'll be allowed to do is to review the relevant records of the City of Silver, come into contact with and study the item that the remains have become within the New City of Silver. If you encounter difficulties, with the approval of the New City of Silver's six-member council, you may be able to borrow that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact for a short time, to be returned within a certain period."

"That's already very good," Lumian said sincerely.

According to 007, an official Beyond, even to use a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, he had to submit a report in advance, obtain approval, and meet the corresponding conditions. As for Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, that was something he couldn't even dream of.

And now, the New City of Silver might actually allow him to borrow Omebella's remains for a period of time!

Lumian "habitually" smoothed his hair and told Madam Magician about Termiboros's, that is, Amon's true form's reaction when he first learned that the name of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God was Omebella, along with his own speculations.

"This might indeed hide a very big and important secret, with some connection to that bird egg deep in the Underworld and the missing Madame Night Pualis," Madam Magician said, slightly raising both hands as if feeling the freshness and vigor of the early spring wheat seedlings.

Lumian stopped in front of a pond used for water storage and after a few seconds of silence, asked, "Madam, what is the true purpose and final result of Project Vortex?"

Madam Magician recounted in detail all the transactions and developments she understood, but because Lumian no longer had a false Angel status and had lost Mr. Fool's seal, unable to bear certain knowledge, she uniformly used descriptions like the evil gods outside the barrier, the one worshiped by the Brokers, and the Great Mother to refer to those great existences.

Upon hearing that Emperor Roselle had been resurrected as the Black Emperor, and then chose to die again to severely damage the great existence preaching in the name of "Truth", Lumian's expression changed several times, but in the end, he didn't say a word.

"I understand how you feel," Madam Magician comforted her feminized Minor Arcana card in a self-mocking tone. "I don't like that individual, and I really dislike His methods, but I have to admit, He is indeed preparing for our world to face the

apocalypse, not just doing things that only benefit Him under the guise of a banner. So my feelings are very torn.”

Lumian's expression remained cold, maintaining his silence.

Madam Magician didn't continue discussing this matter. She raised her right hand, letting points of starlight appear and fall towards Lumian's left chest, forming an illusory symbol composed of layers upon layers of doors.

This Major Arcana card holder said simply, “Since there's no need to seal an Angel, my power alone is enough to simply protect Aurore and the others' soul fragments. We don't need to trouble Mr. Fool, and besides, if Mr. Fool were to seal it, it might actually affect the gradual revival of Aurore's soul fragments through your female state.

“Well, if you're unwilling to take the lucky coin into Mr. Fool's dream, we won't force you. I'll still help reinforce the seal periodically.”

Lumian smiled bitterly. “That individual has already made the choice for me.”

He remained silent for a while, his slightly paler lips moving a few times.

“Can being in the Demoness state really allow Aurore's soul fragments to gradually revive? Is this truly the only way to resurrect Aurore?”

“It may not be the only way. At least, I can't give you an accurate judgment. Only Mr. Fool could provide the corresponding answer,” Madam Magician neither denied nor confirmed that individual's statement.

Her current knowledge and abilities were not sufficient to support her refutation.

The only thing she could be certain of was: “This is indeed a way to resurrect Aurore, just that the final resurrection won't be completely whole.”

“Why must it be Aurore's soul fragments gradually reviving, and not the soul fragments of other villagers? There are many soul fragments sealed within me, why is Aurore the most special one?” This was now Lumian's greatest concern.

Madam Magician said, “Aurore's soul fragments simultaneously meet three conditions. First, she was a Beyonder, having undergone the transformation of Beyonder characteristics on her spirit. Second, she was corrupted by Inevitability powers. Third, at the end of the ritual, her soul fragments received protection from that individual or several ones, so they're in relatively better condition, the kind that can gradually revive.

“Therefore, her soul fragments are indeed the most special among all the soul fragments within you. The remaining soul fragments might only be able to exist in the form of half-human, half-object puppet soldiers when you become an Angel of the Hunter pathway in the future.”

Lumian thought for a while and said, "If I were now a Beyonder of those three pathways of the Great Mother, I wouldn't doubt that Aurore's soul fragments could gradually revive within me, but a Demoness doesn't have the symbol of new life..."

"But the Demoness has the authority of resurrection. Have you forgotten that one of the descriptions of the Demoness of Unaging is that she's bizarrely hard to kill, skilled in resurrection and rebirth?" Madam Magician reminded him.

Lumian quietly exhaled and said, "If I continue to advance to become a Demoness of Unaging, would the revival effect of Aurore's soul fragments be better?"

Madam Magician smiled and said, "There's no need to deliberately pursue that. When you later jump to Sequence 2 of the Demoness pathway, you'll similarly gain all the abilities and characteristics of the Demoness of Unaging, unless you find a way to separate out the corresponding Unaging Beyonder characteristic yourself."

Seeing Lumian nod slightly, Madam Magician smiled and asked, "As a demigod who has switched pathways, you should have some special, mixed abilities now, right?"

Lumian offered a curt acknowledgment and said, "The most special ability is the application of fire.

"On the one hand, I can use a Hunter's blazing-white flames and the Demoness's inherent black flames separately. On the other hand, I can fuse them together for an explosive effect. This can both physically destroy human bodies and objects, and ignite spirituality, burning spiritual bodies, comprehensively damaging and destroying a target.

"Yes, after the fusion of the Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristic and the Hunter pathway Beyonder characteristic, new mystical knowledge appeared, calling this black flame that suppresses irritability and madness the 'Fire of Destruction!'"

Chapter 888 Changes in Abilities from Pathway Switching

After describing the Fire of Destruction, Lumian frowned and said, "I've heard that members of the Demoness sect have a tradition of turning their lovers into females. Are there no Beyonders of the Hunter pathway among their lovers?"

This question was essentially still asking "Why me?"

Couldn't they just find any Sequence 5 of the Hunter pathway, seduce them to jump to Demoness of Despair, and satisfy the requirement of "yin contains yang, yang contains yin"? Why did I have to be arranged?

"Perhaps only you could very easily enter the area around the Samaritan Woman's Spring and obtain the remnant aura of the Blood Emperor, thus having mystical similarity with 0-01." Madam Magician fully understood what Lumian was concerned about.

Lumian continued asking, as if talking to himself, “The Red Angel has ways to control 0-01 without relying on mystical similarity. Since that individual has no selfish motives and isn't afraid of the Red Angel's revenge, why not directly reinvest in Him, instead of grooming a ‘weakling’ like me?”

Isn't this a waste of time?

Madam Magician glanced at the field ridge under her feet.

“I can answer this for you. First, the Red Angel can't get as close to the top powers of the two Calamity pathways as you can, unless His next step isn't to reclaim 0-01 and become the Red Priest, but to find a way to replace the Primordial Demoness. Second, the birth of a Red Priest is inevitably accompanied by competition, chaos, and disaster. Only through multi-party competition can a Red Priest emerge in the shortest time in the best way. If only the Red Angel were to walk this path, it wouldn't go smoothly.”

“Am I competing with Him?” Lumian curled his lips in a self-mocking smile. “Then I should thank that individual for giving me this qualification.”

As for ability, that was still far off.

Madam Magician continued, “Many members of the Demoness sect indeed have lovers from the Hunter pathway, but they rarely let these male lovers switch pathways and become female at Sequence 5. On the one hand, there are very few members of the Demoness sect who can get their hands on two Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristics. On the other hand, they seem to be avoiding similar things. As far as I know, among the demigod-level Demonesses, only one was formerly a Hunter.”

“Who?” Lumian immediately became alert like a Hunter.

Madam Magician smiled and said, “The Demoness of Cyan, Yalenna.

“She is a Sequence 3 Demoness of Unaging. Her mother is the leader of the Demoness sect, the Demoness of Gray Judith. Her father was a Hunter, who later went missing, suspected to have been killed by the Demoness of Gray.”

Lumian pondered for a moment and said, “Could the Demoness of Gray have also been a Hunter before?”

“Her twin sister Krismona was born female, born a Demoness. As a contrast, is it possible that She was born male, born a Hunter, until She transformed into a Demoness at Sequence 4?”

“The Demoness of Black only mentioned that the Demoness of Black was Sequence 9 at birth, but never said that her Sequence 9 equaled Assassin.”

“It's possible, but currently unverifiable. The Demoness of Gray is older than all of our Tarot Club's Major Arcana card holders combined. We don't know much about Her,”

Madam Magician said, a hint of a smile appearing on her face as if she had thought of something.

Is that so? I thought you were an Angel from the early Fifth Epoch, given that your teacher was Mr. Door, the strongest King of Angels of the Fourth Epoch... Lumian didn't voice these words about a woman's age.

He began to walk slowly again, pondering as he spoke, "Is the Demoness sect, or rather the Primordial Demoness's hatred for pure female Demonesses really due to inner distortion? Is there no other mystical reason?"

Pure female Demonesses apparently wouldn't have the chance to touch the power at the top of the two Calamity pathways, so they should pose the least threat to the Primordial Demoness.

"Inner distortion is one reason, but my intuition tells me it's not the whole reason," Madam Magician said, turning her head to look at the New City of Silver where lights were gradually coming on. "The Seven of Cups is about to advance to Demoness of Affliction. You can try to get some intelligence on this from Krismona's remnant projection."

Lumian didn't continue this topic, instead returning to discuss the changes in his abilities after becoming a Demoness of Despair.

This was also something he had to do after his condition initially stabilized.

"At the Demoness of Despair stage, Disease has evolved into Plague that can cover a range of three kilometers. I currently have mastered three types of plagues. One is derived from the original Disease, targeting the flesh of relatively common creatures, mainly infecting organs such as the heart, brain, and lungs. From the incubation period to the outbreak of symptoms to becoming severe, it only takes about ten seconds, and then within another minute, it can cause the target to deteriorate to near death. The specific time varies depending on the enemy's status and constitution.

"The second type of plague is Weakening, originating from the mystical pathogen inherent in Black Tear. It can gradually strip away the target's strength until even their heart is too weak to beat. At the same time, it causes a gradual loss of spirituality. In other words, it can not only target relatively common creatures but also affect special creatures and even the dead. Any target with spirituality or relying on spirituality will gradually weaken because of it.

"The third type of plague is Rigidity. Over time, it causes even zombies to become rigid and stiff, becoming inflexible. This is a more mystically oriented plague.

"The fusion of Hunter traits with the plagues has given these mystical pathogens a certain resistance to fire. They won't quickly wither away under fire burning

conditions and can persist for a longer time. Among them, the Weakening plague can inherently survive in high temperatures for a period, and its current fire resistance is the strongest among the three plagues.

“For dealing with these plagues, the burning of Demoness black flames and freezing over a certain range are better methods.

“I can also create my own unique plague varieties by combining my own traits, corresponding mystical knowledge, specific ideas and experiments, and possibly required special materials. This takes a long time and can't yield results quickly. But regardless, a Demoness's Plague can only target things with spirituality and cannot cause rocks or metals to weather, rust, or decay like the demigods of the Order of All Extinction.

“In using Precision, a Hunter's Precision can help me maintain two types of plagues simultaneously, but it requires three to four times the spirituality consumption of maintaining a single plague.”

Madam Magician nodded lightly, not interrupting Lumian's self-analysis.

“The Demoness of Despair's mastery of the mirror world and mirror magic has reached a considerably deep stage. I can locate mirrors within a five-kilometer range and mirrors I've visited before. I can traverse freely in the mirror world and transmit information through the mirror world to those located mirrors, displaying it. This is much more convenient than messengers, but there's a possibility of the information being intercepted by mirror world creatures. Some curses need to be attached to the information to avoid most troubles.

“I can also use located mirrors to project myself there, looking just like the real thing. Currently, this projection has distance limitations and cannot exceed a city.

“A Hunter's Precision has also fused with this Mirror Projection ability, allowing me to complete three to five projections simultaneously, with each projection having some power and able to accomplish some things, though they cannot leave the range reflected by the corresponding mirror.”

When fighting against the Order of All Extinction demigod, Higdon, Lumian had used the power of the special mirror world to create many Mirror Projections. If Higdon had ignored them at that time, these illusions and projections could have caused a certain degree of damage!

“Other mirror magic, such as Mirror Maze, Mirror Substitution, and Magic Mirror Divination, have also reached the level of Sequence 4. Among them, curses completed through mirrors include normal types, those fused with Cull that can erupt fiercely in an extremely short time, and those mixed with the power of Inevitability that can complete fate-related curses,” Lumian pondered as he spoke.

“Fate-related curses can put the target in a state of misfortune for a period of time. This is not easily noticed by them and is used against enemies who inherently have strong curse prevention abilities.”

Lumian paused, then continued, “Like other Demonesses of Despair, if enemies can't replace themselves with a substitution before I lock onto them and complete the curse, they won't be able to transfer or share the damage even if they have a Mirror Substitution or Paper Figurine Substitute.

“The Demoness's spider silk has also changed, becoming more solid, more tough, able to complete more tasks, including restraining, binding, interfering, transmitting pleasure, black flames, and curses. At the same time, the fusion of Hunter traits has made these spider silks sharper, able to directly cause a certain degree of damage.

“My hair is the source of spider silk. If an enemy's body is touched by my hair, the corresponding part will experience some petrification symptoms.

“Weakness Investigation is no longer limited to discovering weaknesses and vulnerabilities in the flesh, soul, and defenses, as well as fate streams that can lead to death, but also includes the target's emotional and desire weaknesses and trigger points.

“Cull has fused with the Demoness pathway's Mighty Blow, capable of bringing more terrifying damage. I can take out some physically fragile demigods in one strike.”

“Physically fragile demigods often have many mystically oriented life-saving abilities, or make it impossible for you to find their true form,” Madam Magician reminded at this point.

Lumian nodded, indicating he would remember.

“Other abilities include black magic like Invisibility, the ability to manipulate frost, Wand Substitution, basic divination abilities, which are all the same as a normal Demoness of Despair.

“Instigation and Provocation have fused together, granting me the ability to use language and attached mystical power to stir up the target's emotions and desires, making them do what I anticipate.

“Pleasure can be combined with Cull and Precision...

“...

“That's about it.”

Madam Magician nodded thoughtfully and remarked, “Jumping to a neighboring pathway indeed brings many strange changes and mixed abilities. This is not something that can be achieved by using the neighboring pathways' Sealed Artifacts.”

Lumian gave an affirmative sound, then asked, "Should we still have Franca continue undercover in the Demoness sect?"

Chapter 889 Intelligence on the Demoness Sect

Faced with Lumian's question, Madam Magician pondered for a few seconds before saying, "Whether it's investigating the state of the Primordial Demoness, exploring the secrets of the deepest layer of the special mirror world, uncovering the essence of the mirror self, or mastering the secret of resurrection and rebirth of the Demoness of Unaging, it's impossible to bypass the Demoness Sect.

"These are equally important for you now.

"So, my opinion is to let the Two of Cups continue to contact the Demoness of Black, while you lurk in the shadows to prevent accidents.

"The Demoness Sect has probably already suspected the Two of Cups' background and intentions, but I'm not sure what countermeasures they will take. If they want to use the Two of Cups to do some things and achieve certain goals, we can take advantage of such arrangements to peek into the secrets of the Demoness Sect and the special mirror world, and incidentally obtain subsequent resources for the Demoness pathway. If they prepare to eliminate hidden dangers and wipe out the Two of Cups, you, lurking in the shadows, must immediately act and quickly rescue the Two of Cups. The mission with the Demoness Sect shall then end there.

"This is indeed already a fairly high-risk matter. Both the Two of Cups and you have the right to refuse."

Lumian listened attentively and then smiled and said, "I think the Demoness Sect won't do anything to Franca for the time being. It's more likely they'll use her. Otherwise, in the underground mausoleum of Morora, Julie in her divine descent state wouldn't have thrown me out of the special mirror world. And after I achieved my goal, obtained the Black Tear, and returned from Morora, the Demoness of Black wouldn't have been so easily patronized by Franca."

Madam Magician nodded almost imperceptibly.

"If this isn't that individual's arrangement, it means the Primordial Demoness also hopes for a Beyonder who harbors hope for Tudor's resurrection and is closer to the top powers of the two Calamity pathways than Her to grow up according to the method currently considered closest to the correct answer, in order to achieve a goal that is very important and crucial to Her."

Lumian twisted his mouth and said in a self-mocking tone, "One of the ways to counter a true god's arrangement is to place oneself in the plans of another or several true gods, whether those plans are good or bad."

“The principle is the same as balancing the corruption on oneself.” Madam Magician shook her head and smiled. “But you should remember that before Mr. Fool awakens, no true god can compete with that individual in arranging this matter, even if several Sequence 0 true gods unite. Of course, this can indeed interfere with and influence that individual's arrangements, giving you a chance to detect anomalies in a timely manner or in advance.”

Lumian nodded solemnly. “Whether Franca continues the Demoness Sect mission or not, I will follow up on these matters. Madam, can you give me more intelligence about the Demoness Sect? The Demoness of Black only reveals very little to Franca each time.”

Madam Magician said in an appreciative tone, “You now indeed have the ability and mindset to independently handle one aspect of affairs. If Mr. Fool wakes up, you are completely qualified to draw a Major Arcana card.

“From now on, matters concerning the Demoness Sect will be consolidated under you. If you need assistance or want to mobilize resources from other Major Arcana card holders, you can find me or Judgment at any time.

“Well, because the Demoness of Unaging can be resurrected, can be reborn, is difficult to kill completely, and stays forever young without aging, she can live for many, many years, even longer than the lifespan of Angels from many pathways. So, if we don't count Sequence 4 Demonesses of Despair, and only consider the accumulated number of currently living Sequence 3 and Sequence 2 Beyonders, the Demoness Sect has more than any orthodox god church.

“In this regard, only Sanguine, whose lives are equally long, can compare with them, but still fall short.

“Of course, a large part of the high-level power of orthodox god churches is in Grade 0 and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts and Holy Artifacts. If encountering major disasters, those Sealed Artifacts and Holy Artifacts can also play the role of corresponding high-level beings to some extent, and a large part of them can be relatively smoothly converted into Beyonder characteristics that rapidly strengthen reserve forces.”

Lumian recalled and said, “According to the Demoness of Black, at Sequence 3, one can name oneself with a color. There are thirteen such ‘Color Demonesses’ in total.”

“Among them, four are Angels, Sequence 2 Angels. In this respect, the Demoness Sect is inferior to orthodox god churches, because their high-level members must be Demonesses, and there are no angels from other pathways. Orthodox god churches, on the other hand, can potentially use Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts or Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of other pathways they possess to create Sequence 1 Archangels.” Madam Magician gave a detailed introduction.

“Why can't there be Sequence 1 Demonesses?” Lumian expressed his confusion.

Madam Magician chuckled. “What I'm about to say is one of the highest-level mystical knowledge of the paths of the divine.

“Each pathway has its own distinct Uniqueness. Occupying and accommodating the Uniqueness is the key to becoming a true god, but it's not the only condition. A true Sequence 0 also needs all the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of its pathway to support the Uniqueness, which is three in total. So, with the Sequence 0 Primordial Demoness, there can't be Sequence 1 Demonesses of Apocalypse, only Sequence 2 Demonesses of Catastrophe.

“Similarly, orthodox god churches can't have Sequence 1 Archangels corresponding to their own deities. Well, except for some pathways with special abilities.”

As Lumian suddenly came to a realization, he very keenly asked,

“I can't advance to Sequence 1 of the Demoness pathway and become a Demoness of Apocalypse unless the Primordial Demoness falls before that?”

“Correct.” Madam Magician specifically reminded, “There's only one Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic left for the Hunter pathway. The Red Angel has already occupied two, which is why He can become a King of Angels again.”

“Is the definition of a King of Angels occupying multiple Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics or accommodating the Uniqueness?” Lumian had some understanding of the concept of King of Angels before, but today was the first time he clearly recognized what this title represented.

Magician nodded. “Yes, whether it's occupying two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, or three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, or accommodating the Uniqueness, as well as the Uniqueness plus one Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, the Uniqueness plus two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, they are all Kings of Angels.

“The only King of Angels composed of the Uniqueness plus three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics was my mentor, Mr. Door, but He used His own sealing authority to resist the tendency to converge. If not for this, after three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness are placed in the same Beyonder's body, they would inevitably converge rapidly, and the possessor would either immediately become a god, lose control on the spot, or die directly.”

No wonder Mr. Door was the highest-ranking nobleman in the Tudor Empire... Lumian asked with undisguised concern, “Where is the last Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Hunter pathway?”

Is Red Angel Medici about to get it?

“It's rumored to be with the Primordial Demoness.” Madam Magician didn't conceal this intelligence, “And the one who reportedly brought that Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic to the Primordial Demoness was the Demoness of Black, Clarice.”

Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

Madam Magician continued to introduce the situation of the Demoness Sect, “Besides the Demoness of Gray Judith, the Demoness Sect has three other Sequence 2 Demonesses of Catastrophe, namely the Demoness of Yellow, the Demoness of Blue, and the Demoness of Purple.

“There are currently nine Sequence 3 Demonesses of Unaging. Besides the Demoness of Black and the Demoness of Cyan that you know, there are also White, Scarlet, Silver, Green, Gold, Brown, Orange...”

After hearing this, Lumian keenly noticed a problem. “Trier with its special mirror world should be one of the most important areas in the eyes of the Demoness Sect, yet they didn't send a Demoness of Catastrophe to be in charge, leaving all affairs to the Demoness of Black...”

This doesn't seem normal.

Or, is one of the Yellow, Blue, or Purple Demonesses of Catastrophe hiding in Trier?

“Moreover, the one responsible for keeping the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Hunter pathway and using methods like sacrifice to give it to the Primordial Demoness was also only the Sequence 3 Demoness of Black, not any Demoness of Catastrophe. Wasn't the Demoness Sect worried at the time that the Demoness of Black's status wasn't high enough, her strength wasn't enough, and something might go wrong?” Madam Magician reminded Lumian that there was another detail that was problematic.

After exchanging intelligence about the Demoness Sect for a while longer, Madam Magician looked at the sky that had completely darkened and said, “Tomorrow, Mr. Sun will send someone to take you to the Twin Towers to read the records the City of Silver has on Omebella's remains and to make contact with that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

“After that, you decide for yourselves when to return to Trier.”

“Yes, Madam Magician.” Lumian replied, watching as this holder of a Major Arcana card turned into points of starlight and disappeared before his eyes.

As the night settled in, Franca paced in the living room, muttering to herself, “Why hasn't Lumian come back yet?”

Wasn't he just reporting his encounter to Madam Magician and exchanging intelligence?

It's been so long!

Jenna was also a bit worried. She walked to the window and looked out at the street.

Suddenly, her gaze froze.

“There.” She pointed to the top of the bell tower attached to The Fool's cathedral.

Franca took a few steps over and saw at the top of the bell tower, in a place without any railings, sat a woman wearing a black cloak, with some black hair falling down, delicate and fine features, and a grand and radiant face.

It was Lumian.

At this moment, Lumian was sitting there, legs dangling outside, gaze quietly looking down.

Franca and Jenna exchanged a glance and quickly rushed to The Fool's cathedral, climbing up the bell tower.

Seeing Lumian's back, they didn't immediately inquire about the situation, but remained quiet, each walking to one side, following Lumian's line of sight to gaze at what he was intently watching.

It was the giant buildings that had lit up with yellowish lights in the dark night, the various mushrooms that were faintly visible in the streetlight glow, the silhouettes of giants and half-giants behind glass windows, raised wine glasses, wisps of cooking smoke, songs from nearby squares, the noise spilling out from bars, and the faint sounds of joy and laughter from different houses.

Chapter 890 Murder

The next morning.

Lumian and the others had just finished breakfast in their room and were waiting for Ludwig to clean up the rest when they heard the doorbell ring.

Outside the door was a half-giant youth about two meters tall, with slightly longer arms and legs, short curly brown hair that looked fluffy.

He had thick eyebrows and big eyes, with a square face. After his gaze swept over Lumian, Franca and Jenna, it involuntarily lowered to look at his own toes as he said, “I'm here to find Lumian Lee, uh, possibly Ms. Lumina Lee.”

He spoke in ancient Feysac.

“That's me,” Lumian understood this was probably the messenger sent by Mr. Sun to take him to the Twin Towers of the New City of Silver.

That Major Arcana card holder seemed to have deliberately found a youth, to ensure the height difference wouldn't be too dramatic.

The youth let out a sigh of relief and said awkwardly, “I've been ordered by the six-member council to take you to see Elder Derrick Berg at the Twin Towers.”

“Alright,” Lumian nodded to Jenna and Franca, then followed the youth out of the hotel towards the Twin Towers located in a corner of the New City of Silver.

Along the way, the half-giant youth walked slightly ahead to the side, his back somewhat stiff, occasionally showing a tendency to swing the same arm and leg together, as if he had almost forgotten how to walk normally.

He would turn his head to glance at Lumian from time to time, but not knowing what to say, he could only quickly turn his head back.

Halfway through the journey, he finally thought of a suitable topic. Half turning his body, he asked Lumian, "Aren't, aren't you worried that I might be a bad person? Maybe what I said about the six-member council's order and going to see Elder Derrick Berg at the Twin Towers is all a lie to trick you?"

I could kill thirty of your kind in one breath... Lumian only thought to himself, without saying it out loud.

On the one hand, they were both followers of Mr. Fool and not too familiar, so there was no need to mock. On the other hand, Lumian felt that if his sister Aurore was here, she definitely wouldn't answer in a similar way.

He smiled lightly and said, "I'm not worried, because this is the New City of Silver."

The half-giant youth suddenly became very happy and said in a tone of heartfelt pride,

"Yes, the Lord has always taught us to be kind and restrained. Our New City of Silver strictly cracks down on all kinds of crimes, especially guarding against theft, fraud and other such behaviors..."

12:12

"Yes, the Lord has always taught us to be kind and restrained. Our New City of Silver strictly cracks down on all kinds of crimes, especially guarding against theft, fraud and other such behaviors..."

The half-giant youth opened up and began to talk endlessly about how Mr. Fool originally sent an Angel to save the City of Silver, how he gave the City of Silver this promised land, and how they, the people of the City of Silver, built the New City of Silver.

Lumian had heard these stories repeatedly when drinking in the New City of Silver before, but he wasn't impatient now, letting the half-giant youth continue his smooth narration.

He heard happiness of peace and tranquility in the other's description.

In this exchange, the two arrived at the Twin Towers, the core buildings of the New City of Silver. The left tower had a pointed top and housed public facilities such as the library, while the right tower had a round top and was where the six-member council that governed the New City of Silver worked.

Lumian instinctively turned his gaze towards the round tower and noticed that in the cracks between the bricks near the ground, tufts of black hair-like plants had grown out, sometimes drooping, sometimes swaying lightly as if blown by a gentle breeze.

When he came last time, Lumian had also noticed these black plants but didn't pay much attention. This time, however, he felt a kind of blood connection.

We are all parts or rather continuations of the life of the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella!

Even when sealed, does a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact still have some influence on the outside world? Lumian withdrew his gaze and followed the half-giant youth into the pointed tower.

They walked on large black stone slabs, passing huge pillars, and came to the library on the third floor.

In front of the intimidating bookshelves stood a tall man wearing a simple white robe.

The man was over two meters tall, with neatly combed brownish-yellow hair. He looked only about 22 or 23 years old, but had a very calm demeanor and an overwhelming aura. He was clearly Mr. Sun, whom Lumian had met last time, one of the top figures of the Church of The Fool.

“Elder Berg, Ms. Lumina is here,” the half-giant youth said respectfully.

Mr. Sun, whose name was Derrick Berg, looked at Lumian and nodded, saying, “Follow me.”

Lumian politely replied, “Thank you.”

The half-giant youth then waved and walked towards the door. After a few steps, he turned around and called out to Lumian's back, “My name is Rugest!”

After saying this, Rugest quickly turned and ran down the stairs.

Lumian followed Mr. Sun deep into the New City of Silver library, entering the innermost secret room where a stack of documents made up of scattered records was placed.

“These are all the records regarding the ‘Gift of the Land’. I have already translated them into ancient Feysac for you,” Mr. Sun said simply, sitting down in a position against the wall and falling silent, as if he had turned into a statue.

Lumian understood this was to guard against any accidents that might occur while he was reading the materials, so he nodded lightly, sat down at the table, and picked up the stack of new papers.

He read very slowly, taking nearly half an hour to roughly understand the relationship between the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella, and the City of Silver.

In the Second Epoch, in the era when the ancient gods ruled the earth and sky, the City of Silver belonged to the Giant King's Court, and all its people were slaves to the giants.

But unlike other human vassal powers of the Giant King's Court, the City of Silver's situation was considerably better, because they believed in and followed the subsidiary god of the Giant King, the ancient god, the Giant Queen, the Goddess of Harvest—Omebella.

According to the City of Silver's records, the Giant Queen Omebella had descended to their city multiple times, displaying two images.

One image corresponded to light and goodness, with “the harvest's grace, life's precious embrace” as the core of faith, viewing the people of the City of Silver as Her own children, always ensuring bountiful harvests, abundant reproduction of livestock and poultry, and rapid population growth. This was the main reason why the people of City of Silver rarely suffered innocent slaughter and did not lack food.

The other would bring desolation and death. At that time, all the people of Certain Death knew phrases like “extreme harvest is inevitably accompanied by extreme desolation”, “only life can

quell the land's wrath", "death, like new life, is a common and beautiful thing, not to be feared", "we have accepted the land's gifts, so we must pay the corresponding price".

If Omebella descended in this form, She would inevitably demand bloody sacrifices, with large numbers of humans as offerings. Even if the people of the City of Silver did these things, sacrificing their own relatives, they would sometimes still suffer famines lasting up to a year—if they didn't do so, the famine might last three to five years.

Is this what the era ruled by ancient gods was like? Even the City of Silver, which was relatively well off, was like this... Lumian turned to the next page.

This page recorded the Giant King's Court's words of praise for the Giant Queen Omebella. What caught Lumian's attention most was one sentence: "The noble Queen used Her maternal nature to help the great King calm His emotions..."

What does this mean? Maternal nature... helping the Giant King—this ancient god—expel excess Beyond characteristics and regain some sanity by giving birth to children? Lumian pondered as he continued reading.

After another fifteen minutes, he turned to the stage of the Giant King's Court's rapid decline.

The City of Silver, which had obtained another divine-level Sealed Artifact, had learned of the fall of the ancient god, the Giant King and feared falling into the hands of the more brutal Devil Monarch.

In such anxiety and unease, on a night without the crimson moon, the Giant Queen Omebella appeared outside the City of Silver.

This time, She did not descend directly, but walked over step by step.

She was in poor condition. She asked the believers of the City of Silver to perform a ritual, sacrificing half of their people to help Her replenish Her life force.

The record of the subsequent situation was vague, but the result was clear: "That night, man slew god, subject slew ruler, child slew mother."

In other words, the bizarrely resurrected Omebella finally died at the hands of the betraying believers of the City of Silver? Lumian wasn't too surprised.

After that day, the City of Silver discovered that Omebella's remains didn't have Beyond characteristics in the true sense, but still possessed powerful force and terrifying authority. They completely buried this history, hid this secret, and even after converting to belief in the Ancient Sun God, they didn't tell that Lord the true origin of the divine-level Sealed Artifact, Gift of the Land, until Mr. Fool's Angel of Redemption came to save them.

At this point, all records of Omebella—the Goddess of Harvest—ended. Next came information about the Sealed Artifact—Gift of the Land.

"Gift of the Land can naturally create an edible plant in any environment and promote its growth, reproduction, and abundant harvest within a fifty-kilometer range.

“Gift of the Land will turn all dead humans within a fifty-kilometer range into terrible evil spirits, unless that human died by being murdered by a direct relative. Those who have eaten the food it creates and have a strong connection with it will turn into evil spirits within three hundred kilometers...”

Seeing this record different from the official Sealed Artifact description, Lumian suddenly raised his head and looked at Mr. Sun sitting by the wall.

He asked in confusion, “Every dead human will turn into an evil spirit?”

“Even those who were below Sequence 5 in life?”

As far as Lumian knew, evil spirits were the strongest among soul creatures. Even the weakest should be at the level of Sequence 5, while the strong ones could be equivalent to demigods.

“Yes.” Mr. Sun nodded steadily.

Wh— the ability of the Gift of the Land is terrifying. This is equivalent to being able to mass-produce Sequence 5 Beyonders, some of whom should even be demigods... Is this what a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is? Lumian subconsciously began to evaluate from a combat power perspective.

He probed, “What's the maximum number of dead humans that can turn into evil spirits at one time?”

“We've never tried,” Mr. Sun replied with a solemn expression.

Lumian suddenly realized and quickly apologized, “I apologize for my rudeness.”

He continued reading the materials about the divine-level Sealed Artifact; in the New City of Silver, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts were called divine-level Sealed Artifacts.