

Inevitability 891

Chapter 891 Gift of the Land

“The Gift of the Land can make the soil fertile within a 300-kilometer range, make water flow abundant, increase the tendency for life to reproduce, and prevent even the most unfavorable environmental conditions from stopping life from bearing offspring, only reducing the quantity and frequency...

“The Gift of the Land will randomly cause the land within a 300-kilometer range to become desolate, crops to fail completely, and plants to wither. Unless the desolation effect ends, this land will not become fertile again. This can be suppressed by Angel-level abilities similar to purification, limiting the desolation to a very small area, unable to spread...

“If actively used, the Gift of the Land can cause all life within a 30-kilometer range to rapidly drain away until death. Similar abilities outside this domain will also gradually wither and be weakened because of this. Lifeless dead who enter this domain will quickly return to the earth...

“The Gift of the Land can also fill a 50-kilometer range with various toxins, grow various Beyonder plants beneficial to itself. Similarly, it can tame all animals without higher intelligence in this area, and strengthen the tendency for every Beyonder to lose control...

“Through contact, the Gift of the Land can create dolls from soil, plants, lava, ores, and metals, and give them some life and power. The strongest dolls do not exceed Sequence 3, with a maximum of nine demigod-level dolls...

“The Gift of the Land can transform the environment, making even the Abyss suitable for human survival...

“The wielder of the Gift of the Land will truly become one with the land, forests, water flows, mountains, ores, etc. within range, and can use them to traverse, with varying speeds...

“Every time one is hit by the Gift of the Land, they will face a test of losing control, as well as a test of death. If unable to pass, they will either lose control on the spot or die directly...

“The Gift of the Land can temporarily turn the wielder into a mythical creature, but requires the wielder to be able to withstand the impact of mystical knowledge and mad thoughts brought by the corresponding Mythical Creature form...

“The Gift of the Land can give the wielder all female characteristics...

“Life that comes into contact with the Gift of the Land will either be cured of all injuries and diseases, or die instantly. Which outcome occurs cannot be divined beforehand. According to prophecy, females with Omebella's bloodline who have suffered betrayal by direct relatives will not experience the instant death outcome...

“Those who do not meet the above conditions, even if lucky enough to receive the healing effect, cannot use the Gift of the Land for more than one minute afterwards, otherwise they will lose control or die...

“Those who meet the conditions will still suffer other negative effects...

“Those who understand the above information, if they do not possess godhood, are likely to become pregnant in the coming period, conceiving an unknown creature...

“Note: Except for the prophecy part, all descriptions are based on the City of Silver's experience, lessons, and understanding.”

After reading the information about the Gift of the Land, Lumian finally understood why only females with Omebella's bloodline who had suffered betrayal by direct relatives could touch, pick up, and briefly use this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. For others, it was purely gambling with their lives, unless they had no other way to heal their injuries and diseases, or faced a crisis they couldn't normally overcome. Otherwise, no one would try.

But it's truly very powerful, worthy of being a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. And if used briefly, the negative effects are not completely unacceptable. It's just necessary to suppress the desolation effect and guard against enemies turning into even more terrifying evil spirits after death... Lumian silently mused to himself, focusing his attention on the most crucial content.

That was the part about Omebella, in poor condition, walking to the City of Silver seeking sacrifice.

According to Madam Magician, at this time Omebella had already had Her identity and destiny stolen. The people of the City of Silver shouldn't have been able to know that the female giant before them was the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella.

But in the records, the residents of the City of Silver undoubtedly knew it was Omebella, without even a hint of doubt or raising any objections.

They considered it a fact that needed no verification, reflected in the record as just two short sentences, with the purpose of describing that Omebella arrived at the City of Silver by walking.

Lumian raised his head, looking at Mr. Sun seated against the wall, and asked thoughtfully, “Which image did the Goddess of Harvest Omebella have when she walked to the City of Silver?”

He remembered the previous records mentioning that Omebella had descended to the City of Silver multiple times, mainly presenting two images, one representing harvest and reproduction, the other symbolizing desolation and death.

This made Lumian suspect whether Omebella had two identities, with “harvest and reproduction” having its destiny stolen, while “desolation and death” walked to the City of Silver seeking sacrifice.

Mr. Sun shook his head. “There was no record at the time.”

Lumian supported his cheek with his hand, pondering silently.

Judging from the demand for the City of Silver to sacrifice half of its people, it does seem closer to the ‘desolation and death’ image...

But if the ‘harvest and reproduction’ image was severely damaged, it's also possible to demand life to help oneself recover...

Moreover, two images can be understood, but how can two identities be concentrated in one person... Surely the Goddess of Harvest Omebella didn't steal the identity and destiny of another Omebella before? She's not from the Marauder pathway, and there's no legend indicating She possessed similar items...

Lumian deliberated for a moment, then stood up and said, “I want to touch the Gift of the Land.”

To see what resonance Omebella's bloodline could bring, what information could be obtained.

Mr. Sun, Derrick Berg, also stood up. “Okay.”

Wearing a simple white robe, he walked steadily in front, entering the round tower from the second-floor connection, then descended all the way, passing through the deep dark dungeon, arriving at a pair of heavy stone doors.

Behind the stone doors was a mottled staircase extending downwards, with points of light like dawn seeping from the depths, bringing some visibility.

Lumian found that the walls on both sides of the staircase were damp, seemingly oozing many water droplets, and tufts of hair-like black plants had grown out of the cracks, hanging there.

The further down the staircase they went, the brighter the dawn-like light became, and between the damp walls and the hair-like black plants grew mushrooms of various colors, golden wheat ears, the unique Black-Faced Grass, and other things. The spirituality in the air also became increasingly lively and vigorous.

Lumian's heart gradually palpitated, as if returning to a mother's embrace, or finding his past self.

He heard the sound of blood flowing, seemingly from within his body, yet also originating from the bottom of the staircase.

“It really is Omebella... The Invisible Child of God is indeed Omebella...” Lumian sighed a couple of times, calming his own state.

His hair was growing inch by inch inside his cloak, his skin becoming more delicate and elastic.

After descending for a while longer, Lumian saw sunlight, coming from Mr. Sun.

Pure, warm, sacred golden light quickly filled this area, causing the forces of desolation and the aura of death to retreat to the edges.

Seeing this scene, Lumian instinctively associated it with a Demoness's Disease and Plague.

In such a domain of sunlight, the vast majority of mystical pathogens would quickly perish, while a few ordinary pathogens might survive...

Finally, The Sun Derrick Berg and Lumian arrived at a large room filled with points of dawn-like light.

The room was permeated with the smell of soil, the scent of grass, and the fragrance of flowers. The ceiling, floor, and surrounding walls were covered with those hair-like black things, growing all kinds of plants and mushrooms.

In the center of this room, brown soil was piled up, with a withered, giant tree trunk inserted at the top.

The tree trunk was just short of touching the ceiling, about seven or eight meters high, requiring three or four people's arm span to encircle it. Most of the bark on its surface had fallen off, with the remaining parts a grayish-brown color.

Its core had become hollow, and the exposed wood parts facing Lumian and Mr. Sun were partly protruding and partly sunken, outlining a legless, human-like pattern.

That silhouette used the branches on the trunk as hands, its face extremely distorted, with two huge crimson flowers serving as eyes.

Within the wood grain texture of its "body surface", traces of blood color were faintly visible.

"This is the Gift of the Land." The patches of sacred sunlight created by Mr. Sun merged with the points of dawn-like light in the room.

Lumian already felt his blood stirring, feeling an unusually close, blood-based connection with that withered tree trunk.

The two were originally one.

Lumian seemed to receive a call, subconsciously walking forward, his elegant and clean face seeming to emit its own radiance in the dawn-like light mixed with sunlight.

One step, two steps, three steps... He came to the top of the pile of brown soil, stopping in front of the withered giant tree.

The Sun Derrick Berg did not stop her.

Lumian took a breath, adjusted his state, prepared to use Mirror Substitution, and then extended his right palm with evenly proportioned bones and flesh and long fingers, touching towards the withered tree trunk with streaks of blood seeping out.

As soon as his fingers touched the dull-colored wood, a scene suddenly flashed in his mind:

The sky was hazy, seemingly shrouded in dark mist, a huge light shadow that seemed able to support heaven and earth appeared in front, while behind were strange silhouettes outlined by blurred lines...

This scene flashed by, followed immediately by darkness without a hint of light, an utterly quiet stillness.

After an unknown time, in the darkness and stillness, a shrill cry faintly came:

“My child, Omebella...”

“My child, Omebella...”

Lumian suddenly broke free from the illusion, as if forcibly pushed away from the Gift of the Land by an invisible force.

He immediately felt a stinging pain in his right shoulder, with a bit of coolness like moonlight shining.

That was the contract mark from the Abscessed Hand being activated, but without producing any effect, bringing teleportation and Blink.

Chapter 892 That Name

Lumian turned his gaze to his right shoulder.

Before this, he had anticipated many scenarios, but he hadn't expected that the contract mark corresponding to the Abscessed Hand would have an abnormal reaction when he touched the Gift of the Land, bringing a stinging pain and coolness.

Is this because the complete Abscessed Hand has corruption from the Great Mother, or does Hand Bro himself have some connection to the Goddess of Harvest Omebella? When He became 0-01's puppet and encountered me, He called out Omebella... Lumian frowned imperceptibly, forming a rough guess.

It was very strange that despite the Abscessed Hand being an Angel, no high-level being remembered His original form!

Combining this with some thoughts from reading the records about Omebella earlier, Lumian suspected whether Hand Bro might also be an Angel whose identity and destiny were stolen by enemies, and who was even brutally dismembered and sealed in various places to prevent His resurrection.

However, this suspicion couldn't explain one issue—judging from how the Abscessed Hand evolved towards femininity when all parts of its body were assembled, showing characteristics related to Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess of the Moon pathway, He must have either been deeply contaminated by the Great Mother or received corresponding boons. Who would dare to bear such a destiny?

Perhaps Hand Bro both satisfies the conditions of lacking necessary wisdom and receiving high-level boons from the Great Mother, naturally reacting to matters of the Child of God, and also has intricate connections with Omebella... He should be an Angel of the Moon pathway, which is adjacent to the Goddess of Harvest Omebella's pathway...

I wonder how many high-level beings from the Second Epoch have survived... But they may not know about these matters, just like the Round Moon Duke of the Sanguine... Lumian suppressed the doubts in his heart and looked again at the Gift of the Land existing in the form of a withered tree trunk.

After the first contact, he had confirmed that he wouldn't die on the spot because of this, so he tried to press his right palm again on the grayish-brown tree trunk with both protrusions and depressions.

The fragrance of flowers and the fishy smell of blood pierced his nostrils. Before his eyes again appeared the hazy sky shrouded in dark mist, the huge light shadow that could support heaven and earth, and the strange silhouettes outlined by blurred lines.

This time, Lumian felt pain, felt terror, and also felt the madness of wanting all things to return to the earth.

He fell into familiar darkness, without a hint of light, quiet to the point of deathly stillness.

As time passed second by second, a shrill cry gradually sounded in his ears, calling for her child Omebella.

This made Lumian slowly come to his senses, and then he felt the stinging pain and coolness in his right shoulder.

He endured this feeling, not being pushed out of the illusion.

The darkness quickly shattered, and Lumian saw the light of dawn, saw faces full of determination, and felt anger, pain, and hatred in his heart.

At this moment, he heard a voice, gentle yet painful, a woman's voice: "Zedus..."

Lumian "woke up", and what entered his eyes was the distorted face outlined by protrusions and depressions on the withered tree trunk, and the two huge crimson flowers serving as the face's eyes.

His palm was still pressed against the tree trunk.

What I just saw and heard, were they Omebella's last obsessions, the scenes that left the deepest impression on Her? Combining the corresponding emotions, does the world shrouded in dark mist correspond to Her first death? Are the huge light shadow and one of the blurred figures the high-level being who stole Her identity and destiny?

What do that deathly silent darkness and the shrill cry represent? I've heard similar cries in the depths of the Underworld, when I shared the senses of the creature inside the bird egg... The bird egg represents gestation... Does that deathly silent darkness correspond to Omebella's state before birth, or the state before regaining new life? Did that voice crying out for her child pull Omebella back from the depths of death, giving Her new life?

Would this new life also reset identity and destiny, making the theft ineffective?

The protagonists of the third scene are the dawn and human faces, with emotions of anger and hatred. Does this correspond to Omebella being killed by the City of Silver?

Yes, these can all be called obsessions, having a crucial impact on Omebella's fate...

Who was that 'Zedus' at the end?

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Lumian turned his head to look at the tall and steady Mr. Sun beside him. "May I know if you have heard of the name Zedus?"

"You can just speak casually. In the church, no one is nobler than another." The Sun Derrick Berg first corrected, then shook his head and said, "I haven't heard this name."

“Was there no one called Zedus among the brass of the City of Silver when the Goddess of Harvest Omebella last came to the City of Silver?” Lumian pursued.

Mr. Sun answered in a very certain tone, “No.”

Zedus wasn't the person who killed Omebella... Who could it be? Thinking of this, Lumian suddenly had a flash of insight.

Could this be Hand Bro's name?

Since Hand Bro could call out Omebella to me, causing the contract to mutate when I touched the Gift of the Land, theoretically, Omebella's remnant consciousness in the Gift of the Land should also be able to detect the Abscessed Hand's contract mark on me and call out His name!

Lumian withdrew his right hand, waited for several tens of seconds, and pressed his palm to the withered tree trunk for the third time.

The previous illusions and auditory hallucinations reappeared, but there was no additional content.

Lumian sighed inwardly, crouched down slightly, adjusted his cloak, and pressed his other hand to the surface of the Gift of the Land, grasping the most solid and obvious protrusion.

Then, he gritted his teeth, the blood vessels on his neck bulged, and his temples throbbed with a blue tint.

This made Mr. Sun's eyelids twitch, as if he hadn't expected a beautiful lady with a cold expression to show such a side.

Soon, the brown soil began to loosen, and Lumian forcefully pulled up that withered, giant tree trunk.

The entire New City of Silver inexplicably trembled—a gentle shake.

Lumian half-lifted the seven or eight-meter-high withered tree trunk, trying to swing it.

It can barely be used to smash people, but it would reduce agility to the lowest level, and speed would also significantly decrease... Lumian made a judgment on whether he could use the Gift of the Land to fight in the future, then inserted the huge withered tree trunk back into the pile of brown soil.

Almost simultaneously, he felt a certain power in his bloodline surge towards his abdomen, causing a slight stinging pain there, as if something was gestating.

Lumian raised his right hand, pressing it towards the corresponding position on his stomach with quiet and eerie black flames.

For a moment, he experienced maternal emotions of reluctance and pity, but this couldn't stop him from infusing the Demoness's black flames into his abdomen in the manner of Fire Infusion.

Indescribable pain, loss, and sadness surged into his heart simultaneously, his face suddenly turned pale, and his light-colored lips involuntarily trembled slightly.

This made The Sun Derrick Berg can't help but ask, “Do you need my help to dispel the negative effects, or find a Beyonder to provide treatment?”

Lumian shook his head, curled his lips, and said in a low voice, “A small matter.”

He turned to remind Mr. Sun, “Even Beyonders with godhood might conceive after touching the Gift of the Land, and those with Omebella's bloodline are more likely to encounter this.”

“We don't have any records of this. Historically, the City of Silver has needed to actively use this Sealed Artifact very rarely, and each time, the user quickly died.” Mr. Sun nodded slightly.

Lumian didn't say anything more, turned around, and walked step by step towards the outside of this huge room, towards the mottled stairs leading to the upper part of the round tower, with Mr. Sun quietly trailing behind.

In the hotel room.

Lumian wrote down the gains and questions from reading the records related to Omebella and touching the Gift of the Land in a letter.

He then summoned the “doll” messenger and handed over this letter and a mirror—with this marked mirror, he could later directly transmit information to Madam Magician through the mirror world.

The “doll” messenger took the letter and mirror but didn't leave immediately. Wearing a light golden dress, it leaned against the window frame, carefully and attentively examining Lumian.

Lumian arched an eyebrow. “What are you looking at?”

The “doll” messenger suddenly jumped up, floating in mid-air, and said with an indignant look, “Don't you know how beautiful you look right now?”

“Beautiful enough for me to ignore that you're still wearing men's clothes, beautiful enough for me to forgive why you haven't made yourself tidier!”

Lumian was momentarily at a loss for words.

The “doll” messenger waved its hand and said reluctantly, “See you next time!”

“See you next time,” Lumian politely replied.

After about fifteen minutes, the “doll” messenger emerged from the void, holding a bulging envelope, and said joyfully, “We meet again!”

“Indeed.” Lumian was a bit helpless.

He took the envelope, opened it, and found that the letter itself was very thin, mainly containing an additional green gemstone.

The gemstone was deep and alluring, with a dreamy crystalline green color.

Lumian only looked at it for a moment, but felt as if his vision and soul were sinking into it.

He quickly forced himself to look away, unfolded the letter paper with confusion, and began to read:

“The theft of Omebella's identity and destiny had not become ineffective before the Fifth Epoch...”

“We will inquire about the name ‘Zedus’ from the ancient beings who survived from the Second Epoch, including seeking revelation from even higher beings.

“The origin of this name might solve the mysteries surrounding Omebella...

“That green gemstone was made at my request by Miss Justice, with the purpose of helping you seal part of the knowledge related to the great existences. Although you still have a lot of corruption and seals, as long as you don't recall that knowledge, there shouldn't be any problems. But we can't guarantee that you won't encounter situations where you need to recall it. Before you possess a true or false Angel rank, this hypnotic effect won't be lifted.”

Lumian understood the reason and looked at the green gemstone again, allowing his mind to sink into it.

When he came to his senses, the green gemstone had become ordinary, and he had forgotten part of his knowledge.

But it's still worth quite a bit of money. Lumian put away the green gemstone and said to the “doll” messenger still lingering over the desk, “See you next time.”

The “doll” messenger waved in response.”See you next time!”

Leaving the room, Lumian said to Franca, Jenna, Ludwig, and others, “We're going back to Trier now.”

Chapter 893 A Terrifying Matter

Inside the newly rented apartment of Lumian and others on Rue de la Gauche in Quartier de l'Observatoire.

“We're going to the catacombs now,” Lumian said to Jenna and Franca in the living room, after glancing out the window at the passing carriages, bicycles, and various mechanical creations.

Before Franca contacted the Demoness of Black again, he wanted to get more intelligence from Krismona's shadow to guard against possible accidents. This required Jenna to advance to Demoness of Affliction at the sacrificial square on the third level of the catacombs.

Jenna looked at the black cloak Lumian was wearing and asked carefully, “Do you need to change your clothes underneath? At least that would make you more comfortable.”

Lumian fell silent for a few seconds before stating, “Okay.”

Now it was Jenna's turn to be surprised. She had thought Lumian would be more resistant and would need to be persuaded with sufficient reasons.

Franca was equally astonished. When she had drunk the Witch potion, she hadn't accepted such things so quickly.

Her lake-blue eyes flickered slightly, and she quickly made some guesses, her emotions becoming rather complex.

Except for height, Lumian's figure was now similar to Jenna's. After receiving a few pieces of clothing from her, he walked into the bedroom, not completely letting go despite the more intimate relationship between the three of them.

Seeing this, Jenna vaguely understood and turned her head to look at Franca.

“Sigh...” Franca sighed.

Jenna followed by pursing her lips.

Soon after, Lumian came out, wearing the linen men's shirt and dark trousers with a spirited and dashing air.

Franca looked him over and said, “You're too tall. You'll need to find a tailor to make custom-fitted women's clothes.”

Lumian tersely acknowledged and walked to the full-length mirror in the living room, looking at himself with his black hair simply tied back.

The stunningly beautiful yet cold-expressionless woman in the reflection made him feel a moment of disorientation. He unconsciously reached into the Traveler's Bag and took out the Lie earring.

His right hand hovered in midair, not immediately putting on the earring.

Franca quickly stepped forward, trying to make her tone sound natural. “I don't think you should force it now. The premise for Aurore's true resurrection is that you always maintain your sense of self and reach the top of the two Calamity pathways. During this process, the fragments of her soul should gradually revive according to your progress. You don't need to deliberately act or imitate her.”

“Moreover, Madam Magician guesses that the key part of Aurore's resurrection lies with the Demoness of Unaging. It may not be a good thing for you to let her manifest in you now, just like switching to an adjacent pathway before the Sequence 4 node,” Jenna also said in a soft voice.

“Yes, I don't know if your sister ever taught you this phrase: ‘Too much of a good thing’. It means that even good things can become bad if taken to excess,” Franca added.

Lumian was silent for a moment, then put the Lie earring back into the Traveler's Bag.

Franca quietly let out a sigh of relief and said with a smile, “Do you need a hat with a veil or will you continue to wear the cloak? Looking like this, you'll quickly become the center of attention for everyone on the street.”

As fellow Demonesses, she and Jenna both had deep experience with similar situations, and Lumian was now a Demoness with godhood.

Lumian picked up the cloak draped over the back of a nearby chair and put it on again.

As the hood gradually covered his delicate and fine features and simply tied black hair, Lumian turned around and walked towards the door.

Jenna put on a round ladies' hat with a black veil hanging down, while Franca prepared a baseball cap for herself, lowering the brim.

On the third level of the catacombs, inside the sacrificial square.

Lumian threw out several mirrors, setting up a Mirror Maze. This way, even if other people came to this level to explore and adventure, they wouldn't be able to see the three Demonesses and their companions, and would pass through normally.

As Jenna adjusted her state and prepared the potion, Franca looked towards the boundary of the maze, which showed no sign of abnormality, and exclaimed in admiration,

“As expected of a demigod. Even though I know the real surrounding area has been hidden by a Mirror Maze, I can't see any problems at all.”

In comparison, her own Mirror Maze couldn't achieve this level.

Before Lumian could respond, she asked curiously, “When do you plan to give Voisin Sanson's corpse to Ludwig?”

After Voisin Sanson's death, because he had already been deeply corrupted by the power of Inevitability, and continuing to stay in the special mirror world was quite dangerous, Lumian and the others didn't channel his spirit, but only took away his corpse.

Lumian thought for a moment, then smiled slightly and said, “There's no rush. By stringing him along bit by bit, perhaps the ritual to advance to Sequence 3 of the Hunter pathway will also require team cooperation. Having an Angel team member like this could greatly reduce the number requirement.

“Besides, whether it's you digesting the remaining Affliction potion or Jenna digesting the Affliction potion, we can make use of Ludwig. If we give him all the benefits at once now, how can we make him reluctant to leave?”

Seeing Lumian seriously considering returning to Sequence 3 of the Hunter pathway, Franca felt a wave of joy and was quite gratified, her arms involuntarily swaying twice.

“Anthony is also about to become Sequence 5, just waiting for the final ritual preparation,” Lumian suddenly said.

“Uh...” Franca was stunned for a moment. “When did this happen?”

“He told me yesterday. While you were advancing matters related to the Demoness Sect, he was also completing Madam Justice's tasks. He's already established initial contact with the Psychology Alchemists and naturally received corresponding rewards. He's been applying his Hypnosis ability all along, including helping me, and completed the digestion some time ago,” Lumian briefly explained. “What he currently needs is to go to the spirit world to contract a certain creature, gaining the

characteristic of maintaining clarity in dreams. This can also be substituted by other methods, and Ludwig's dishes might be able to help.”

Franca smacked her lips. “We haven't been caring enough about Anthony...”

“For a Spectator, he might not want you to care too much about him or pay attention to him,” Lumian glanced at a corner of the Mirror Maze. “Just like he's here now too, ready to Placate Jenna immediately if the situation goes wrong.”

He's here too? Franca felt as if she had heard a ghost story.

At this time, Jenna, who had already eaten the Ice Lemon Fish fillet, had prepared the Affliction potion, which was black-based with green foam on top.

Lumian immediately raised both arms.

Behind Jenna, a crystal-clear ice pillar with multiple protrusions rose from the ground, ready to serve as a stake.

Then, Jenna handed the Affliction potion to Lumian and climbed to the top of the ice pillar on her own, allowing Franca to tightly bind her body, restricting her movement.

Bright white Fire Ravens lit up around Lumian. They circled and flew out, landing on Jenna's body surface.

Jenna was quickly set on fire, her expression uncontrollably twisting.

Lumian stepped on layers of frost-condensed stairs, coming to Jenna's front, and poured that bottle of potion into his companion's mouth.

Jenna's mind began to blur, the pain in her body pulling at her, keeping her last bit of clarity.

Lumian then floated lightly from the top of the frost stairs to the ground, focusing on sensing the surroundings.

He was waiting for Krismona's shadow to arrive. Having lost Mr. Fool's seal, he currently couldn't enter the area around the Samaritan Women's Spring.

Franca kept watching Jenna, seeing her skin quickly blacken, her face twist to deformation, contorted in pain, her teeth no longer able to bite, emitting painful sounds.

This made Franca extremely distressed, seemingly more tormented than when she herself had performed this ritual.

Suddenly, Lumian's light blue eyes first took on an iron-black color, then became silver-white with black.

He felt that Krismona's shadow, or rather her residual consciousness, had descended within the Mirror Maze, yet he couldn't see her at all.

Jenna's thoughts continued to drift, her sense of self gradually losing itself. She recalled the pain and joy of her time with Lumian, and also remembered the experience of helping Franca find pleasure and her inner emotions during that period—addicted because of enjoyment, awakened because of pain.

In this state, Jenna had no way of knowing whether she had been noticed by the Primordial Demoness. By the time she regained some of her thoughts, a sacred figure wearing a plain white robe, blurry and hard to see clearly, had appeared before her eyes.

“Lady Krismona,” Jenna called out the other's name, and learning from last time's lesson, she quickly and directly asked, “Why does the Primordial One hate pure females who walk the Demoness pathway?”

Krismona answered in an ethereal voice, “My mother hates those Demonesses who don't experience the pain of gender change, and She's also guarding against them.”

“Why guard against them?” Jenna further inquired.

Krismona spoke in an extremely hollow tone, “Pure female Demonesses, after becoming Angels, or perhaps after becoming Demonesses of Unaging, might encounter a very terrifying matter. They might overcome it, or they might not. If they can't, it's a very big problem for my mother. She can't let it happen.”

Jenna was stunned for a moment, then blurted out, “What about you?”

Strands of blood color suddenly appeared on the surface of Krismona's blurry face. Her previously hollow voice suddenly carried a hint of suppression and pain. “So, I died...”

Before the words faded, this former Demoness of Catastrophe, a true Child of God, rapidly faded away.

“What exactly is that terrifying matter?” Jenna rushed to ask.

Krismona's shadow quickly dissipated, leaving only half a sentence: “That mirror world...”

Jenna suddenly came to her senses, seeing the charred skin on her body surface falling off in pieces, while the ropes had been burned through at some unknown time.

She immediately concealed her form and sought a corner to change her clothes.

Phew... Seeing this, Franca instinctively let out the worry and torment pent up in her heart.

At the same time, she seemed to hear Lumian also quietly let out a sigh of relief.

Chapter 894 Value

After Jenna changed into her dress, she recounted in full her current state and the information she had just obtained from Krismona.

She said with regret, “The time was still not enough. I could only see Lady Krismona for that very short period between fully enduring the potion and regaining complete consciousness.

“However, next time I'll be able to clearly ask what that terrifying matter is.”

Lumian looked around and said, “Just now I could only sense Krismona's residual consciousness appear, but I couldn't directly see or make contact with her. This may be because she is one with the

seal of the catacombs itself, or because she possesses some special quality that allows her to exert more precise influence on Demonesses.”

“I think it's all of the above,” Franca said to Jenna with considerable concern. “I always thought the greatest danger for female Demonesses was the Primordial One's hatred, that we would be interfered with during advancement, and even if we could struggle through, we would be hunted down by the Demoness Sect afterwards. I didn't expect there was also this hidden problem. The terrifying matter Krismona spoke of even makes the Primordial Demoness wary. It's very likely related to the deepest secrets of the special mirror world. Do you want to consider switching to the Hunter pathway, then jumping back to the Demoness pathway later?”

Jenna fell silent for a moment before saying, “I want to wait until I understand what that terrifying matter is before deciding whether or not to abandon my identity as a pure female Demoness.”

After Lumian's experience, she actually wasn't as averse to changing gender for just a period of time rather than permanently.

Jenna paused, then said with a self-deprecating smile that was half sighing and half intended to comfort Lumian, “I've lived in Quartier du Jardin Botanique and the market district for so many years, and I've seen many tragic things. One thing I've learned is that if you don't even have value to be used by others, it's very difficult to break free from the mire.

“As a pure female Demoness, possibly linked to the deepest secrets of the special mirror world, this is the key reason I was able to receive a warning from Lady Krismona. And later, unable to join the Demoness Sect, if I want to digest potions faster, advance better, resist the tendency towards madness and loss of control, and truly possess the ability to protect family and friends, this should also be a very important factor. There will always be high-level figures who want to use female Demonesses to do certain things, to touch the deepest secrets of the special mirror world, so they'll need to give me certain ‘benefits’.

“Relying on the Major Arcana card holders is one way, but it can't be the only way.”

Lumian fell silent for a few seconds before stating, “Before encountering that terrifying matter, you should still have opportunities to question Krismona's shadow.

“We'll decide whether or not to take the risk after we understand the nature of the problem.”

“Right,” Franca agreed with Lumian. “When advancing to Demoness of Despair, you should be able to contact Krismona once more. Anyway, that terrifying matter won't appear until at least the Demoness of Unaging stage.”

Lumian, wearing a black cloak and holding a white candle, shook his head.

“This is the last option. We can't assume Krismona is necessarily good and telling the whole truth. Perhaps pure female Demonesses encounter that matter at the Demoness of Despair stage, and Krismona is waiting for this accident.

“The opportunity I'm talking about is that in a few days, we should be able to enter Mr. Fool's dream, with a good chance of being imbued with Mr. Fool's aura. That way, we can pass through the seal and directly face Krismona's shadow near the Samaritan Women's Spring.

“Moreover, the most acceptable method for the Demoness of Despair ritual currently is to go to Morora, which definitely won't allow time to return to Trier and advance here.”

Lumian continued with very clear reasoning, “There's another method using those Mirror People in the special mirror world as ritual objects, but this is only suitable for Franca. If Jenna, as a female Demoness, were to use this method to complete the ritual, it might cause that terrifying matter to arrive prematurely.”

After all, it was very closely related to the deepest secrets of the special mirror world.

“Mm.” Both Jenna and Franca agreed with Lumian's explanation.

Lumian called out to Anthony standing in the corner, dispelled the Mirror Maze, retrieved the mirrors, and holding a burning white candle, headed towards the upper levels of the catacombs.

Franca walked alongside him and said after some thought, “By the way, the Despair potion you drank should include portions from Sequence 9 to Sequence 5, right? When I was considering switching to the Hunter pathway before, I consulted Madam Judgment about related matters. She said one issue with switching to adjacent pathways is that all the preceding potions have to be fully digested, otherwise it will affect one's state and significantly increase risks for future advancements.”

This is unlike advancing within the same pathway, where the mental and spiritual state has already been adjusted to suit digestion of preceding potions, so it doesn't take long to stabilize one's condition.

Lumian chuckled softly, seeming to bring a touch of color to the dark and gloomy catacombs.

“I've already digested most of the Despair potion.

“Given my mental and spiritual state then and afterwards, Affliction isn't a concern. It's very compatible and took just a few days to digest.

“The same goes for Pleasure. My experiences during that period changed my mental and spiritual state, and we even had that experience that very morning. So it's not like my state gradually reverted back due to being away from that condition for too long. This doesn't need to be specially digested again.

“Instigator is similar. Don't you often say I'm an excellent Instigator?”

“Comparatively, I've been more engaged in direct combat and killing enemies recently. Using Fate Exchange to harm targets was just one of my methods before, not the main approach. So I'll need to seriously act and digest the Assassin and Witch potions once. But as they're in the minority now, they can't really affect my state much and are more of a hidden danger for future advancements.”

“I see...” Franca nodded, not saying anything more.

Afterwards, since Jenna needed to go back to rest, stabilize her condition, and contain the spillover effects of the potion, only Lumian and Franca took a four-wheeled, four-seater carriage to Rue Orosai in Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative.

Before going to Trocadéro to find the Demoness of Black, they planned to return to their originally rented apartment to see if the Demoness of Black had sought out Franca and left any messages.

As for choosing a rental carriage instead of public transport or the metro, it was because the two Demonesses, even wearing hats and loose clothing, would inevitably encounter some harassment incidents.

Although Franca and Lumian weren't afraid, they felt there was no need to make themselves uncomfortable. They weren't the type of Demonesses who played extremely extreme roles.

Quartier de l'Observatoire and Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative were adjacent, so it didn't take long for the two Demonesses to return to Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai and open the door.

Although they had only been gone for a few days, and Franca hadn't even had time to tell the landlord about ending the lease early and not needing the deposit back, when they saw the interior layout and the armchair, they felt as if an era had passed.

Various memories flashed through Franca's mind. At times she felt sweet, at times she couldn't help but silently sigh.

After Lumian concealed himself and hid, Franca entered the room alone, closed the wooden door, and carefully examined every detail of the place, focusing on all items with glass mirror surfaces.

“No messages, no traces, but I feel like someone's been here...” Franca muttered to herself as she withdrew her palm from the full-length mirror in the living room.

She turned around and walked towards the master bedroom.

At that moment, the full-length mirror suddenly became dim, as if it had been placed in a lightless environment.

In this dimness, a figure was quickly outlined.

She wore a black court dress, her black hair neatly coiled up, lightly covered by a hat with a dark veil hanging down. Her indescribably beautiful face was slightly pale, her deep gray eyes misty like smoky rain, emitting a noticeable brightness, naturally exuding a pitiable quality.

This was the Demoness of Black, Clarice!

At this moment, the Demoness of Black's face was expressionless, her deep gray eyes reflecting the tall, soft silhouette of Franca's back.

The corner of her mouth curved up slightly, and a few naturally falling strands of her hair drilled out from the mirror into the outside world, extending silently towards Franca's back as if they had a life of their own.

Franca suddenly received a warning, a warning from her companion.

Without thinking, she actively triggered Mirror Substitution.

The next second, her body was touched by those few strands of black hair. First, it turned into a mirror, then became grayish-white, and fell to the ground with a thud.

The mirror had become stone.

Almost simultaneously, the Demoness of Black Clarice in the full-length mirror saw a figure leap down from above.

That figure wore a black cloak, with light blue eyes, pale lips, a clean and elegant face, stunningly beautiful features, a cold and calm expression, standing over 1.8 meters tall, body slightly bent, both hands holding a huge iron-black straight sword.

That huge straight sword burned with intense white-blue flames, slamming onto the ground with a bang.

This didn't shatter or pierce the floor, but hit an invisible barrier. As the entire space gently shook, it triggered a fierce fire snake of intense white-blue, rapidly pouncing towards that full-length mirror, igniting the tea table and wooden boards along the way, quickly reducing them to ashes.

Bottle of Fiction!

When the Demoness of Black's hair strands stabbed out from the mirror, Lumian was already prepared to act to save Franca!

He hadn't expected the Demoness of Black to be so direct and decisive in trying to petrify Franca without saying a word, but this didn't hinder him from following his combat instincts and quickly responding.

The Demoness of Black in the full-length mirror still had that pitiable appearance, but her eyes reflecting Lumian's figure suddenly became covered with a layer of grayish-white, cold color.

Chapter 895 A Brief Battle

The Demoness of Black slightly raised her chin and let out a piercing shriek.

Invisible sound waves instantly caused the mirror to take on a grayish-white, dim color. Along with this, Clarice's hair broke free from its constraints, knocking off her hat and floating upwards. Each strand became thick, as if carved from stone.

This grayish-white spread out from the full-length mirror, causing the intense white-blue fire snake that had rushed to the mirror's front to freeze in place, turning into a statue. It failed to explode the mirror as Lumian had expected, destroying the Demoness of Black's medium for interfering with the interior of the Bottle of Fiction.

The grayish-white created by Clarice continued to spread, like surging tides, quickly engulfing the nearby armchair, sofa set, and cabinets, causing them to lose their luster, take on a grayish-white color, and appear much harder.

This grayish-white “tide” rapidly covered the entire room, enveloping both Lumian and Franca.

Under the constraints of the Bottle of Fiction, facing such a wide-range attack, Mirror Substitution seemed to have lost its effect, because after using a substitute, one would still appear in a petrifying area.

The next second, Lumian and Franca, covered in thick dust-like particles, regressed into grayish-white stone mirrors, but their figures did not appear anywhere within the Bottle of Fiction.

The Bottle of Fiction itself seemed to have undergone petrification, turning into a grayish-white, completely sealed cage.

Seeing this scene, the Demoness of Black in the full-length mirror murmured to herself, “Did they escape?”

The current situation indicated that Lumian, relying on the abilities of a Demoness of Despair, and Franca, using the power of the Ice Amulet, had managed to hide in a mirror just before being petrified, then traversed and escaped.

The current problem was that, given the Demoness of Black's control over the mirror world, she could easily intercept the two in some illusory, dark tunnel, but she hadn't sensed any movement.

At this moment, the Demoness of Black Clarice received a warning from her spirituality and suddenly turned around, casting her gaze towards the dense, illusory spider web behind her.

In one of those dim, unreal tunnels, Lumian, wearing a black cloak and very tall, held up an exaggeratedly shaped iron-black straight sword with one hand, descending from above to slash at the Demoness of Black.

Escape?

Someone holding the Sword of Courage wouldn't consider this option!

If they were to escape, it would be using the retreat as a feint for advancing by setting a trap!

The intense white-blue flames on the Sword of Courage instantly surged into intense black, like boiling pitch, carrying the violence and madness to destroy all things, spirit and flesh.

Simultaneously, Lumian's naturally hanging left palm imperceptibly pressed towards the Demoness of Black from a distance.

On his wrist, which was like a work of art, he wore a silver-white and black bracelet that looked cheap. His crystal-clear, light blue eyes took on a silver-black hue.

Boom!

The black flames, suppressing intensity and madness, exploded in mid-air. Fierce shock waves carrying countless black fires surged towards the Demoness of Black Clarice.

This ageless Demoness didn't use Petrification to respond. Her body rapidly thinned and shrank, flashing a faint light.

She became a mirror.

Crack! That mirror shattered in the explosion, its spirituality completely exhausted in the black flames.

The Fire of Destruction mixed in the terrifying explosion further engulfed the entire area behind the mirror, extinguishing all signs of life.

But when the Fire of Destruction extinguished and the explosion's aftermath ended, the figure of the Demoness of Black outlined in one corner of the void black area behind the mirror.

She seemed able to control the timing of her return to reality after using Mirror Substitution, avoiding appearing in the fire while the Fire of Destruction was still burning.

Suddenly, behind the Demoness of Black, a mirror hidden in the darkness appeared. It directly reflected Clarice's figure, and in the mirror was also Lumian, his clean face tinged with a dark hue from the remaining firelight.

Mirror Projection!

As soon as this Lumian appeared, he immediately transformed into quiet, evil black flames, enveloping the Demoness of Black's figure in the mirror.

Only at this moment did the Demoness of Black seem to sense the danger, actively using Mirror Substitution.

But she was still a beat too slow. Her appearance in this corner, in front of this mirror with Lumian's Mirror Projection, wasn't coincidental, but a carefully designed outcome!

Lumian's earlier apparent frontal attack with the Sword of Courage was actually focused on his left palm that wasn't holding the sword.

He wore the Circle of Binding to elevate his ability to Compelling Fate to Sequence 4 level!

And he had just consumed nearly a third of his spirituality to make the fate of where the Demoness of Black would appear after using Mirror Substitution predetermined, making the corresponding tributary become part of the main stream.

Thus, the Demoness of Black “actively” walked into the trap, standing in front of the mirror with Lumian's Mirror Projection.

At the same time, to prevent the Demoness of Black from detecting the danger in time, Lumian had, on one hand, applied anti-divination treatment to that mirror before launching the attack, and on the other hand, deliberately let the Fire of Destruction cover the entire area behind the mirror, making every corner look like there was no ambush—even if there was, it would obviously be destroyed by the Fire of Destruction. But in reality, relying on his Precision ability, he had covertly made some Fire of Destruction bypass the pre-placed mirror.

Under these various schemes, the Demoness of Black failed to use Mirror Substitution before Lumian's Mirror Projection launched the Demoness's curse.

The Demoness of Black's deep gray eyes, seemingly hiding rain and mist, suddenly widened, and quiet, evil black flames burst forth from within her body.

These black flames burned fiercely, quickly igniting the soul of the Demoness of Black Clarice, accompanied by a silent explosion.

Curse plus Cull!

Crack, crack, the figure of the Demoness of Black kept flashing, turning into mirror after mirror.

Those mirrors successively lost their luster, becoming dim, but unable to extinguish the black flames burning the Demoness of Black from the inside out.

After a few seconds, the Demoness of Black Clarice, too weak to use Mirror Substitution, saw Lumian's figure walk up to her.

This beautiful girl wearing a black cloak, making her face appear even fairer, raised the huge straight sword burning with intense white-blue flames.

That iron-black giant sword came down with a thunderous sound, chopping at the Demoness of Black's neck.

Boom!

This pitiable lady was torn to pieces, scattering around in the form of corpse pieces carrying black flames.

Franca's figure returned from another void dark tunnel, looking at the large number of corpse pieces on the ground, and said with a stunned expression, "Is it resolved just like that?"

This was the Demoness of Black, a Demoness titled by color!

Previously, Franca had only hoped that Lumian could briefly suppress the Demoness of Black, not giving Clarice a chance to interfere with her action of escaping through the mirror world. If she successfully escaped, it would be much easier for Lumian, as a Sequence 4 demigod, to disengage from the battle afterwards.

Of course, Franca would inevitably hope to find an opportunity to use the Certain Death effect of the Inevitable Gun to accomplish the feat of slaying a demigod. If that failed, she could still use Sure Hit plus Impregnating Bullet to give Lumian a chance to destroy the enemy.

Lumian didn't put away the Sword of Courage, staring at the still-burning corpse pieces, and said carefully, "She showed Sequence 3 level in some abilities, but overall seemed stiff and inexperienced. Not only did she not seem like an experienced Demoness of Unaging, but she also seemed a bit weaker than a normal Demoness of Despair. She didn't even notice when I was placing mirrors while invisible..."

Before Lumian finished speaking, as the Demoness's black flames finished burning, those corpse pieces began to fade, gradually dissolving, as if returning to formlessness.

"Not the normal Demoness of Black." Franca quickly made a judgment.

"This also means we have no spoils," Lumian laughed, saying to Franca who had already used up the last Mirror Traversal ability of the Ice Amulet, "Let's return to the real world first, and I'll come back later to check what's left in the end."

Franca understood that Lumian was worried that the abnormal state of the Demoness of Black might lead to a corpse transformation or bring other accidents. If only he came to check, it would be much safer.

Without being reckless, Franca pressed her hand behind the mirror, leaving this area and returning with Lumian to the living room of apartment 702.

Everything here had turned to stone, and with the removal of the Bottle of Fiction, grayish-white powder fell like rain.

Franca covered her mouth and nose, muttering, "This is severe pollution."

She reached into the Traveler's Bag, intending to take out the remaining verl d'or and leave it here as compensation for the damaged furniture.

At this moment, Lumian suddenly had a premonition. His figure disappeared in an instant, melting into the shadows, hiding in the bedroom where Jenna had originally lived.

The next second, Franca also sensed something with her spirituality, casting her gaze towards the glass window that had been protected by the Bottle of Fiction and had not yet petrified.

The left part of the double-opening glass window suddenly darkened, quickly outlining a figure as if reflecting an image on water.

That figure wore a black, elegant court dress, with black hair coiled up, wearing a hat with a dark veil hanging down. Her face was indescribably beautiful, her deep gray eyes bright but revealing undisguisable sorrow, her red lips slightly curved, her chin beautifully arched. Not only men but also women who saw her would instinctively feel pity.

Demoness of Black!

Demoness of Black Clarice!

At this moment, Franca was a bit stunned.

Did the Demoness of Black get reanimated?

No, even if it was a reanimation, it should have appeared on the full-length mirror in the living room!

If it isn't reanimation, who is this now, and who was that earlier?

As Franca's mind instantly tensed, the Demoness of Black on the glass window gently nodded and asked in a soft voice, "What exactly happened a few days ago that made you only return now?"

This attitude... it's very amiable... Franca, who had initially thought of drawing her gun and attacking, suddenly felt confused.

Chapter 896 Charm

Seeing that the Demoness of Black had no immediate intention to attack her, and didn't seem to be secretly releasing Plague, Franca steadied herself and began reciting her pre-rehearsed words, "That day, Lumian suddenly said that the Rose School of Thought had brought a very important item to Trier, which could potentially cause chaos and affect us, so we needed to quickly move to another safe house..."

This time, Franca pushed all the problems and abnormalities onto Lumian, saying she didn't know why this lover she met through the Iron and Blood Cross Order was hiding so many secrets. Despite not being very powerful, he seemed to have a very high status, to the extent that after a dazzling light suddenly burst in the sky over Trier, it attracted the attack of two bestowed demigods.

Franca truthfully recounted her role in the subsequent battle, only omitting Jenna's abilities and Anthony's revolver. Finally, she said, "At the most critical moment, Lumian came back. He had actually become a Demoness of Despair and quickly killed Higdon, then dealt with Voisin Sanson."

"And then?" the Demoness of Black in the glass window asked.

"She left," Franca answered simply, without further explanation.

She originally felt that although her description was reasonably fabricated, as someone who wasn't a descendant of the Demoness family, with an origin that only seemed clear, having long shared a bed with someone carrying many secrets and special qualities, experiencing many things together, was inherently suspicious. Who could guarantee she hadn't developed some issues because of this?

After the brief battle earlier, she had completely lost confidence in her ability to deceive the Demoness of Black, and was merely giving her a reason to pretend.

"Lumian Lee indeed has quite a few issues. Once exposed, he certainly wouldn't dare stay here anymore," the Demoness of Black said in a very calm tone.

Then, she chuckled softly. "The only pity is that you've lost the most valiant lover below demigod level. The few times I came to look, you were always enjoying yourself immensely, it was enviable."

"..." Franca was stunned for a moment, instinctively cursing in her heart, Dammit! When did she see that? Wasn't there a Bottle of Fiction?

Thinking about the Demoness of Black seeing her in that state, her face nearly turned green.

She carefully recalled and realized this couldn't really be blamed on Lumian, it was all her own doing—after the first two or three times, she had gotten used to it and found an entertaining point, which was to tease and Charm Lumian until he became urgent, to the point where even the Ascetic couldn't remind him to create the Bottle of Fiction.

What is this called? It's called bringing a calamity upon oneself! I hope the Demoness of Black hadn't seen what I did later to digest the Affliction potion... I hope... Mr. Fool, please protect your devout believer from social death! Franca laughed dryly. "Indeed, he was much more impressive than I had anticipated, but I don't want to mention him anymore. No, her. This bastard not only kept so many secrets from me, but also seduced my other lover Jenna, cuckolding me. I've even digested half of the Affliction potion because of this."

She was laying the groundwork for her rapid digestion of the Affliction potion.

Of course, as said before, giving the Demoness of Black a reason to keep pretending.

"There was such a thing?" The Demoness of Black's face, white to the point of slight transparency, revealed a slight smile, as if she had long guessed that a Sequence 5

Beyonders of the manly pathway like Lumian Lee, frequently in contact with Franca's female lover, would inevitably have a day when he couldn't resist.

“Yes.” Franca dug up her true feelings from that time and gritted her teeth.

“You didn't cut off his thing, or force-feed him a potion from the Demoness pathway?” The Demoness of Black relaxed her expression, rarely making a joke. “Well, his sequence is too high, you couldn't make him advance to become a Demoness of Despair.

“Among my lovers, if any male lover is destined to become a Demoness, I don't mind him sleeping with my female lovers, since he'll lose it sooner or later and become a female lover. If I hadn't originally planned for him to walk the Demoness pathway, I would have let him know what pain really is.”

You real Demonesses sure play a perverted game... Franca inwardly criticized before saying, “I initially had thoughts of revenge, but later gave up. As an adult, I don't make choices—I take everything!”

At this point, Franca deliberately hesitated. “Moreover, I sensed some issues at the time. He seemed to have a false high status, and torturing him would make my Affliction potion digest rapidly, but before I could probe the real reason, everything exploded.”

The Demoness of Black nodded slightly, looking at Franca with an appreciative gaze for two seconds. “No wonder you played that kind of game. It's very interesting, very suitable for a Demoness.”

“...” Franca's toes were already constantly scratching the ground inside her boots.

“However, your endurance isn't too good,” the Demoness of Black said in an instructive tone.

Franca smiled sheepishly and said, “I only made him endure, not myself...”

“Endurance is also a form of pain. This would allow you to digest the potion from another aspect,” the Demoness of Black said seriously, suppressing the smile on her face.

“That's true...” Franca blinked her eyes.

Why didn't I think of that at the time? Otherwise, I would have completely digested the Affliction potion by now!

Ah, I was too focused on having fun!

But Beyonders can't think about “acting” every moment, right? One needs to learn to relax, to learn to use pure entertainment to relieve mental pressure and accumulated tendencies towards losing control!

Franca really didn't want to continue this embarrassing topic, so she took the initiative to say, “But I'll be able to completely digest the Affliction potion in at most two or three weeks.”

She had recently been recalling previously learned knowledge, purchasing general-purpose textbooks, and trying to create exam papers for Ludwig.

She believed that just once would be enough to achieve her goal.

This would only take a few days.

The Demoness of Black didn't mention anything about subsequent advancement, which Franca didn't find strange—her current self was highly suspicious, and if the Demoness of Black were to promise to provide the formula and ingredients for the Demoness of Despair, it would mean that the subsequent arrangements would inevitably involve very dangerous traps.

What a situation this is... I know I'm lying, the Demoness of Black knows I'm lying, and I also know that the Demoness of Black knows I'm lying... Franca sighed inwardly, and according to the Demoness of Black's questions, she detailed Lumian's appearance and abilities after he became a Demoness of Despair.

The Demoness of Black listened quietly, then suddenly walked out of the glass window into the grayish-white dominated living room.

Seeing this, alarm bells immediately rang in Franca's heart.

The current situation was clearly the result of Petrification, an ability unique to high-ranking members of the Demoness pathway, yet the Demoness of Black hadn't asked a single question about what had happened!

The Demoness of Black looked at Franca, her lips gently blossoming into a smile that seemed to cast a glow over the stone room.

Franca found herself uncontrollably drawn in, completely unable to look away.

The Demoness of Black extended her right hand and said in a gentle voice, "You only have one lover left now, but you can become my lover."

Franca suddenly felt that the Demoness of Black was filled with a sacred aura, making her want to protect and also ravish her.

Then, a watery gleam appeared in the Demoness of Black's eyes, taking on a soft and sorrowful quality that made Franca want to merge with her out of pity.

The Demoness of Black walked step by step towards Franca, her right hand still extended, like a queen waiting for her knight to kiss it.

Franca was suddenly overwhelmed by a strong desire to conquer.

In this way, the Demoness of Black continuously changed her aura, as if searching for the one that would most captivate Franca.

Franca's breathing had already become belabored, and she instinctively blurted out, "No need."

This sentence was like a spell, instantly dispelling the current romantic atmosphere. The Demoness of Black returned to her original appearance, stopping just two steps away from Franca.

"Give me a reason," the Demoness of Black asked very calmly, showing no signs of disappointment or anger.

Franca's cheeks had become flushed at some point, her body trembling slightly, as if that refusal had used up all her strength.

Her mind raced, quickly finding a very good reason.

“Madame, you said that endurance is also a form of pain. I want to take the opportunity of losing a lover to practice abstinence for a while, to accelerate the complete digestion of the Affliction potion.”

A faint smile reappeared on the Demoness of Black's face.

“Your willpower is stronger than I expected. Although I wasn't using my full Charm on you just now, the fact that you could still refuse my proposal without me deliberately suppressing the Charm shows that your willpower is among the best among Sequence 5 Beyonders.”

Is that so... What was I thinking of that made me refuse such a great temptation... Franca recalled, her expression changing slightly.

At that moment, she had thought of Jenna, and also of Lumian.

This both surprised and didn't surprise her.

The lack of surprise referred to thinking of Jenna at the critical moment of being Charmed, while the surprise was that she had also thought of Lumian!

The Demoness of Black looked around and said, “I'll wait for you to completely digest the Affliction potion. During this time, I have a task for you. Make contact with the core members of the Emperor Party. You should have heard the voice saying ‘Your emperor has returned’ that day. Those fantasists who worship Roselle and want to restore the empire seem to have new ideas because of this. Perhaps we can use them to do something.

“The specific situation will be told to you by Niceea. She was originally a spy employed by the government, specifically monitoring the Emperor Party. She has just become a Witch not long ago.

“This is her contact information...”

“If you want to obtain the formula and ingredients for the Demoness of Despair from me, you need to make good contributions to the sect.”

Franca took the paper handed over by the Demoness of Black and “sincerely” responded, “Yes, Madame Clarice.”

The Demoness of Black didn't say anything more. Layers of dark spaces appeared in her eyes.

Her figure then disappeared from the room. She hadn't mentioned a single word about the complete grayish-white state of the scene.

Not long after, Lumian walked out of Jenna's bedroom, grabbed Franca's arm, and entered the full-length mirror in the living room.

The corpse pieces of the Demoness of Black in the area behind the mirror had completely disappeared.

Chapter 897 The Demoness of Black's Peculiarity

Lumian didn't rely entirely on his spirituality, but carefully searched the area behind the mirror, finding nothing.

“Could this have been the Demoness of Black's Mirror Person?” Franca asked doubtfully.

“The Demoness of Black's Mirror Person shouldn't be this weak.” Lumian shook his head.

The two tried using Magic Mirror Divination, but received no effective revelation.

“Should we try asking the one with the most accurate divination results?” Franca suggested, barely concealing her fear and aversion.

After pondering for a moment, Lumian said, “Let's wait until we've consulted Madam Magician and the others before considering that option.”

Perhaps Madam Magician could learn from the spirit world what exactly the dead Demoness of Black was.

Franca sighed in relief, turning her gaze to the mirror exit, saying with lingering fear, “Just now, the Demoness of Black completely ignoring the petrified state of the room nearly scared me to death. Such a glaring anomaly was right in front of her eyes, yet she acted as if she were blind. She could have at least pretended to notice!”

Even though I knew the reason I gave wouldn't convince you, I still acted professionally until the end, didn't I?

Lumian pondered for a moment before saying, “Perhaps she really didn't notice.”

“Wh— You're even better at telling horror stories than I am!” Franca shuddered.

“It's possible that the death of this Demoness of Black will lead to a partial loss of sensory or spiritual perception in the real Demoness of Black, making her unable to perceive corresponding signs for a short time,” Lumian speculated thoughtfully.

Franca nodded pensively. “So you're saying the Demoness of Black you killed was a part of the real Demoness of Black, split off for unknown reasons?”

“If we could master all the mystical knowledge related to the Demoness of Unaging, we should be able to find the answer to this question,” Lumian affirmed.

“Not necessarily,” Franca refuted, her thoughts jumping as usual. “Maybe this isn't a characteristic of the Demoness of Unaging, but rather a peculiarity of the Demoness

of Black herself. Didn't you say her position and role in the Demoness Sect don't quite match her Sequence?"

"That's a possibility," Lumian agreed with Franca's statement. "Whether it's you, or me and Jenna, if we want to go further on the Demoness pathway in the future, these secrets are something we must understand and master. This is also why we can't bypass the Demoness Sect and must interact with them."

But I want to switch to Hunter in the future... Well, Sequence 4 has to be Demoness of Despair, and maybe by Sequence 3 I can leave the Demoness Sect. But the Demoness of Unaging sounds very appealing—eternally youthful, hard to kill, skilled at resurrection, basically both tenacious and long-lived, without aging... Switch pathways at Sequence 2? But becoming an Angel is certainly very difficult, I only know of Madam Magician among the Angels in the Major Arcana... Franca hesitated and struggled internally.

She glanced at Lumian, suddenly grinning and saying, "I resisted the Demoness of Black's Charm just now!"

Her eyebrows and eyes seemed to be saying "Praise me quickly".

Lumian glanced at her. "I remember when I first met you, you were mature, dashing, charming, and had determination. You were a reliable older sister. But now..."

"No, a reliable older brother," Franca instinctively retorted. "Everyone has different facets. Can you act the same way with strangers as you do with brothers you can entrust your life to? Can you handle daily trivial matters in the same style as sudden crises? That would be exhausting."

She became smug again. "That was a Sequence 3 Demoness of Unaging. Although she didn't directly use Charm, just based on her beauty, the innate allure of a high-sequence Demoness, and her constantly changing aura, not many men could refuse her. But I did it!"

Lumian walked towards the dark exit leading back to the living room, casually saying, "Being able to refuse is a good thing. Although becoming the Demoness of Black's lover would indeed allow you to enjoy the body of a High-Sequence Demoness and the pleasure she brings, and gradually gain her true trust, it would also make you gradually become addicted, ultimately unable to extricate yourself, becoming twisted and corrupted, abandoning everything you originally valued."

"Right," Franca responded instinctively, then grabbed her ponytail and said, "That's not the point! Do you know why I was able to refuse the Demoness of Black's proposal?"

"You thought of Jenna at that moment?" Lumian pondered briefly.

Franca nodded with satisfaction, speaking in a tone that suggested her bro understood her best, "That's right!"

Lumian didn't ask for details and continued forward, preparing to return to the real world.

At this moment, Franca, both struck by inspiration and suddenly impulsive, added, "I also thought of you..."

As soon as the words left her mouth, the Demoness of Affliction froze, as if struck by lightning.

Dammit, why did I say that out loud?

Franca instantly wanted to dig a hole and crawl into it. At the same time, she quickly examined her previous state to determine if she had been manipulated or if it was truly a moment of impulse.

Seeing Lumian stop in his tracks, his expression becoming somewhat complicated, Franca finally confirmed that it was her spirituality's inspiration that made her impulsive, making her try this.

Just as Jenna had said before, Lumian needed to clearly know that he as a person was still valued, liked, and needed.

Since I've already said it, I might as well continue! Franca looked at the dazed Lumian, deliberately using a stubborn tone. "I don't know why I thought of you at that moment either. I thought we only had a purely physical relationship. Maybe it's because you were watching from the guest room."

This made Lumian instinctively scoff, as if wanting to refute.

He didn't say similar words, instead asking in a slightly lower voice, "What did you think about me?"

Dammit, you're really asking? Bro, who could say those things out loud!? While Franca was inwardly cursing, she smiled and looked Lumian up and down.

"I don't know why, but I feel like you've become even more beautiful after coming into contact with the Sealed Artifact formed by Omebella's remains. You can even rival the Sequence 3 Demoness of Black now. Well, at least in one of her auras."

Normally, beauty and prettiness couldn't be quantified and compared, but in the Demoness pathway, they could. Higher Sequences would have more feminine charm than lower Sequences, and were generally more beautiful, unless the lower Sequence Demoness was originally very attractive or improved her appearance through other means, such as using the Lie earring or coming into contact with the extreme corruption of beauty. Lumian satisfied both conditions.

Without waiting for Lumian to respond, Franca deliberately sighed, "At that time, I should have recalled you, whose charm could rival the Demoness of Black, but strangely, I remembered the initial you who always liked to act tough, like a little brother. Maybe I didn't want to perform an improper act in front of a bro."

After a few seconds, Lumian glanced at Franca. "Perhaps Jenna and I have also become your anchors."

Hey, don't say it so seriously and textbook-like... Franca grumbled, then asked, "The Demoness of Black asked me to contact the core members of the Emperor Party. Could there be any hidden risks?"

"I thought she would make me deal with the special mirror world-related... uh, she doesn't seem to have withdrawn those tasks from earlier investigations of the Mirror People."

“The Emperor Party's new scheme might be related to the special mirror world,” Lumian said in a flat tone.

“Ah?” Franca looked puzzled.

How are these connected?

Lumian explained simply, “Have you forgotten who the leader of the Mirror People is?”

“The mirror Emperor Roselle... the Emperor Party... I understand now!” Franca suddenly realized.

She immediately looked Lumian up and down. “Why do I feel like you've become smarter?”

“This is the result of blending the Demoness and Hunter pathways,” Lumian said with a slight smirk. “Before, I used the Conspirer's ability to gather clues, study details, and deduce conclusions. Now, I first get some inspiration, come up with a few ideas, and then rely on Conspirer to analyze possibilities. This saves a lot of time. Just now, when the Demoness of Black mentioned the Emperor Party believing in Emperor Roselle and wanting to restore the empire, I naturally associated it with the mirror Roselle, and then connected the two.”

“You're making me want to switch pathways...” Franca muttered as she followed Lumian back to the still grayish-white Apartment 702.

She took out 300 verl d'or from the Traveler's Bag and placed them under a small “stone”.

This was compensation for the landlord.

After doing this, Franca looked back at the full-length mirror with a slight grayish tint and said in a disappointed tone,

“The Mirror Traversal ability of the Ice Amulet has been used up, and the Demoness of Black didn't give me another one...”

“You'll have a new one soon, although it can only be used about five or six times,” Lumian said seemingly casually.

“What?” Franca looked at her companion in confusion. “Where is the new charm coming from?”

Lumian pointed at himself. “From me. Have you forgotten that I'm a Demoness of Despair and can make similar charms by praying to myself?”

“Oh, right,” Franca was a bit captivated by Lumian's tone and expression just now.

Who could resist such a beautiful girl saying such things and making such gestures!

As Lumian opened the door to leave, Franca suddenly realized.

This guy's mood seems to have improved a bit; he can even occasionally answer my questions in a relatively light tone!

Hehe... Franca quickly caught up, her steps feeling light and airy.

At night, in Underground Trier, in a cavern of a certain quarry.

Lumian and Ludwig watched as Anthony successfully summoned a human-headed bird demon in the name of Mr. Fool, but failed to gain its acknowledgment and successfully sign a contract.

The human-headed bird demon, a creature from the spirit world, was part of the advancement ritual for Sequence 5 Dreamwalker of the Spectator pathway.

“If you had summoned it through normal means, I could force it to sign a contract with you,” Lumian casually remarked as he saw Anthony dissolve the wall of spirituality and walk out.

But now it was summoned in the name of Mr. Fool, and both parties of the ritual were communicating in a peaceful state.

Anthony agreed with a nod.

“But it won't respond to normal summoning methods.

“I plan to pray to Mr. Fool again next month, hoping to receive the protection of his Angel. This is another method provided by Madam Justice, but such prayers should preferably be made after some time has passed.”

“Next month, huh... In a few more days, we should be entering Mr. Fool's dream. Having a Dreamwalker would be much better...” Lumian's eyes shifted slightly as he turned his head to look at Ludwig beside him and asked, “Are there any ingredients that can help Anthony stay lucid in the dream? Even if it's just for a short time.”

Chapter 898 Selecting “Ingredients”

Ludwig, dressed in children's formal wear, looked at the freshly cleaned “altar” and licked his lips somewhat regretfully, saying, “If we had caught that bird with a human head just now and stewed it together with a fat duck, we could have gained the ability to control our fear emotions in dreams, possibly gaining lucidity through fear...”

“Additionally...”

The seven or eight-year-old boy began counting on his fingers, one by one.

“The gray beast from Planet Darbilla, cooked by roasting, can prevent one from getting lost in most dreams for seven days...”

“The Black Dream Tapir, a spirit world creature that feeds on joy, happiness, excitement, desire, and other emotions in human dreams. Using its residual dust to make a cocktail can prevent the drinker from being deceived by the beauty of dreams, sinking into them, and refusing to wake up. At the same time, each time you

drink that wine, you can clearly distinguish between reality and dreams for the next ten days...

“The King of Nightmares, an Angel-level creature that rules Planet Four Snake in the Y star system. Eating its gallbladder directly can permanently gain the trait of dream lucidity...”

“...”

As Ludwig spoke, he grew hungrier and couldn't help but ask his now-female godfather for a few sandwich cookies to fill his stomach.

After he finished listing the ingredients he could currently remember, Anthony pondered and said, “Perhaps I've encountered a Black Dream Tapir before.”

Seeing Lumian look at him, Anthony carefully said, “I met a patient at the psychiatric clinic a while ago. He had been having nightmares for three consecutive weeks, was mentally drained, emotionally numb, and very pessimistic.

“I tried regular psychological treatment on him, and also attempted to solve the problem using Beyonder abilities like Hypnosis, but these only prevented him from having nightmares for two or three days before reverting back to his original state.

“I couldn't figure out why it failed before, but now I suspect he might have been targeted by a Black Dream Tapir.”

“Psychiatric clinic?” Lumian nodded while casually asking.

Anthony briefly explained, “To join the Psychology Alchemists, one needs to fully integrate into the circle of psychiatrists. I'm now officially a practicing physician at a psychiatric clinic.”

Lumian made an affirmative sound and thoughtfully said, “The higher the Sequence of new members, the less likely they are to be trusted by those secret organizations. Sequences 9 to 7 are still okay, within the realm of wild Beyonders that ordinary people have a chance to reach. Sequence 6 is barely acceptable, but Sequence 5 involves rituals. Very few purely wild Beyonders can reach this level. Aren't you worried that becoming a Dreamwalker now will affect your subsequent joining of the Psychology Alchemists?”

Lumian made an affirmative sound and thoughtfully said, “The higher the Sequence of new members, the less likely they are to be trusted by those secret organizations. Sequences 9 to 7 are still okay, within the realm of wild Beyonders that ordinary people have a chance to reach. Sequence 6 is barely acceptable, but Sequence 5 involves rituals. Very few purely wild Beyonders can reach this level. Aren't you worried that becoming a Dreamwalker now will affect your subsequent joining of the Psychology Alchemists?”

Anthony smiled peacefully. “I bought the Dreamwalker potion formula and corresponding ingredients in batches from a member of the Psychology Alchemists. Madam Justice mainly provided financial rewards.”

"I see..." Lumian turned to ask Ludwig, "What level of power does a Black Dream Tapir have approximately?"

"The strong ones have weak godhood, while the weak ones are equivalent to Sequence 7," Ludwig said with an expectant look.

"Going to the spirit world to find harpies or Black Dream Tapirs is not something we can accomplish, unless we ask Madam Magician or the Angel of the Holy Spirit who manages the spirit world on behalf of Mr. Fool for help," Lumian said to Anthony. "Do you have a way for me to enter that patient's dream? I want to confirm if it's a Black Dream Tapir and if there's a chance to capture it."

"I bought two dream entry charms from the Psychology Alchemists, and Madam Justice also gave me one," Anthony answered truthfully.

Lumian smiled, pulling up his cloak to cover his face. "Then let's 'visit' that patient tonight."

Anthony suppressed the disappointment of having that extremely beautiful face hidden, nodded, and followed behind Lumian, who was holding Ludwig's hand, as they headed towards the surface.

After walking several dozen meters, Ludwig turned his head to look at Lumian and said, "Mother..."

He simply felt that since his godfather had become female, the address should be changed.

Mother... Lumian's heart skipped a beat, and his voice became stern.

"It's better you keep calling me godfather."

"Yes, Godfather," Ludwig readily agreed. "I've been having some bad premonitions lately."

"Bad premonitions?" Lumian asked as if pondering, "About yourself, or all of us?"

Ludwig answered quite honestly, "About myself."

Lumian nodded slightly and chuckled. "I think I know what it is. It's not a big problem, just endure it and it will pass."

"When the time comes, you'll have the opportunity to accumulate contributions to exchange for different parts of a demigod blessed's corpse."

Ludwig's eyes immediately lit up, forgetting that his premonition was leaning towards bad.

"Alright, Godfather!"

In Quartier de la Maison d'Opéra, on Rue du Chapeau Noir, inside an apartment with drawn curtains.

Niceya, nearly 1.7 meters tall, stood in front of a full-length mirror, gazing at her reflection.

My face is fair and clean, my brown hair naturally wavy and hanging loose, my brown eyes deep yet clear, my lips red and moist, slightly parted to reveal two rows of white teeth. My figure is curvy, neither too tall nor too short, just right...

What an enchanting young lady.

Niceea gazed at herself in fascination, her right hand falling to her rosy lips, then slowly moving down towards her prominent chest.

She hadn't expected that the Beyonder power promised by that Demoness would be obtained in this way. When she was immersed in and proud of the various abilities brought by the Assassin potion, committing numerous crimes, her fate was already sealed.

She was forced to drink the Witch potion, becoming a woman, which strongly conflicted with and opposed her male identity of over twenty years.

Now she seemed to be split into two people: one angry, in pain, wanting to take revenge on those Demonesses and this world; the other conquered by her charming beauty, flawless figure, and a happiness different from before, falling in love with her current self, even wanting to drink higher Sequence potions to make herself more perfect and charming.

Suddenly, following her spiritual intuition, Niceea lowered her hand from her chest and abruptly turned around, looking towards an armchair near the window.

There was someone there, who hadn't been there before.

The person had their arms resting on both armrests, body comfortably leaning against the chair back. A faintly visible ponytail of flaxen-colored long hair, brown eyebrows flying into the temples bringing both heroic beauty and seeming to pierce into the hearts of all onlookers, while those seemingly clear and tranquil lake-colored eyes held depths, as if hiding many emotions and thoughts, making one want to use all their passion to explore.

These features, along with the high and delicate nose, moist and rosy lips, smooth and slender neck, and the figure that made the lace flower shirt bulge, suddenly gave Niceea an urge to submit and kiss the back of the other's hand.

So beautiful... As beautiful as the few Demonesses I've seen before, but with a different aura, a more attractive aura and facial details... Niceea greedily looked at the beauty before her, surprisingly not questioning who the other was, nor making any defensive or attacking moves.

Is this what a newly advanced Witch is like... Franca, sitting in the armchair, silently shook her head.

She had already sneaked into this room since Niceea started admiring her mirror image, but Niceea was so indulged in her own beauty that she completely failed to notice, even wanting to perform an intense act.

Back then, when Franca drank the Witch potion, she was also stunned by her own beauty, feeling it was the anima in her heart, the woman she had always dreamed of. Fortunately, her personality was very cheerful, and being a transmigrator who had already switched bodies once, she didn't reject her current female body or consider it as another person. So she was only a bit narcissistic, not to the extent of truly falling in love with her female self.

After getting busy with the Tarot Club's tasks and meeting Jenna and Lumian, Franca's issues in this aspect became increasingly faint. However, being so beautiful, how could she not admire herself?

Although she was sitting and Niceea was standing, Franca smiled with a condescending attitude.

"I don't know if the Demoness of Black has told you, but for a long time to come, you will be my subordinate."

"Madame Clarice mentioned it. You must be Madame Franca?" Niceea's gaze was still roaming over Franca's body, with an urge to tear off the other's clothes and beg for pleasure, but she looked at her own chest and felt a wave of sadness.

She no longer had that ability now...

"Your vigilance is not high enough. If I were an enemy, you would have died several times already," Franca said, her red lips parting slightly. "Mirror Substitution is very important, but you can't rely on it completely."

Niceea was first startled, then broke out in a cold sweat. "Yes, Madame Franca."

Franca showed a slight smile, making Niceea's eyes light up.

"Give me the information on the core members of the Emperor Party."

Niceea nodded instinctively. "Understood."

She quickly walked towards the safe in the room.

In the administrative district, on Rue Lviv.

Wearing cotton pajamas and sleep pants, Kewell held a glass of red wine, sitting on the edge of the bed, reluctant to lie down and sleep for a long time.

He knew it would be the beginning of another long torment and endless pain.

Finally, he couldn't resist fatigue and sleepiness. After drinking that glass of red wine, he fell into a deep sleep.

In the hazy dream, Kewell was running, terrified to the point of near collapse, with a huge monster chasing him from behind.

Ahead was a cliff, and he didn't have time to stop, falling directly off it.

If it were a normal dream, Kewell would definitely wake up at this moment due to the free fall or directly switch scenes, but he didn't now. He crashed to the ground with a bang, seeing his body shattered into pieces everywhere in indescribable pain.

He let out a shrill scream.

At this moment, a bear-like shadow walked out of the darkness and began to lick the brain matter that had splattered out of Kewell, causing him to freeze, feeling even more pain and fear.

Suddenly, he saw the crimson moon rise in the sky, and a slender figure carrying a huge iron-black straight sword descended from the heavens.

The figure's hood was flipped up, black long hair illuminated by the crimson moon as if in a dream, seeming to pierce directly into the moon.

Chapter 899 Hunting in Dreams

When Lumian saw the bear-like shadow, he immediately confirmed it was a Black Dream Tapir based on his spiritual intuition.

He instantly drew the Sword of Courage, and under the illumination of the crimson moon in the dream, jumped down from the cliff top. The hood attached to his cloak flipped up, revealing black long hair, delicate features, and light blue yet deep eyes.

Boom!

Intense white-blue flames pinned the black bear-like shadow to the ground, blasting it into pieces.

Those shadow fragments quickly scattered and recombined into the shape of a tapir in the distance.

This wasn't a real dream. Most damage couldn't be reflected on the physical body, so it couldn't cause direct death, at most causing mental damage and turning one into a vegetable!

The bear-like Black Dream Tapir turned towards Lumian and let out a low growl.

With this growl, the scenery around Lumian changed, transforming from the primitive forest at the bottom of the cliff to Cordu under blue skies and white clouds, near green grasslands.

Lumian returned to Ol' Tavern, with a glass of absinthe floating with a dreamlike green color in front of him, surrounded by many Guillaumes and Pierres.

They were telling crude jokes and slandering people from other villages.

The familiar scent of alcohol pierced Lumian's nostrils. Outside the tavern window, Aurore's house was magically reflected, with a figure in a light blue dress and thick golden hair sitting on the roof, hugging her knees and gazing at the sky.

One of the Black Dream Tapir's abilities was to use the happy, joyful, and pleasant emotions it had absorbed to trap its target in the most nostalgic and beautiful scene, making it difficult to break free.

Seeing the female figure holding the iron-black giant sword freeze, the Black Dream Tapir ran over on all fours.

It wanted to devour this entire scene and all the positive emotions the other person generated from it.

At this moment, it felt something burning behind it and instinctively turned around.

It saw another Lumian, with invisible flames of anger burning in his eyes and intense black flames covering his sword.

The Lumian indulging in memories of Cordu quickly dissipated, leaving only a mirror.

Lumian raised the Sword of Courage burning with the Flames of Destruction, cleaving the Black Dream Tapir in two from top to bottom.

The more he longed for the beautiful life in Cordu, knowing it could never return, the more agitated and pained he felt, with anger surging!

In a slight explosion, black flames suppressing madness and violence clung to the two halves of the Black Dream Tapir's shadow, continuously burning them, making them noticeably fainter.

The Black Dream Tapir's shadow rejoined dozens of meters away, but was much weaker than before. Lumian's Flames of Destruction seemed to have truly damaged the part of its consciousness that had penetrated this dream.

Fear appeared in the eyes of this spirit world creature. It suddenly stood upright, its dark eyes tinged with blood-red.

It wanted to use the dream to transform into one of the target's most feared and terrifying forms, thereby intimidating the opponent and creating an opportunity for its consciousness to escape the dream and successfully return to the spirit world.

In the blink of an eye, the Black Dream Tapir's body swelled to an abnormal size, emanating an extremely insane, cruel, bloody, and violent aura.

It also created nearly invisible flames.

In the next second, the Black Dream Tapir itself let out an extremely terrified and agonized scream.

It was ignited by the invisible fire it had created, and its body was filled with the terrifying aura it had imitated, almost losing itself.

Seeing this scene, even Lumian was stunned for a moment, then curved his lips into a smile and said softly, "It's not so easy to imitate an image that can make me fear and dread."

"You think you can imitate the Blood Emperor?"

Imitating a true god inevitably means suffering backlash!

The Black Dream Tapir was already rolling in agony in the dream, unable to extinguish the invisible flames burning it.

It struggled extremely hard to detach from the dream. Lumian didn't stop it, but instead activated the black mark on his right shoulder and followed it to the spirit world.

The dream's owner, Kewell, in the form of dismembered corpse pieces, saw the girl who descended like the crimson moon falling twice slash the bear-like shadow monster and set it completely ablaze. His heart gradually became less fearful and afraid.

He stared blankly at that elegant and clean profile, at those slightly pursed light red lips, at the bright and beautiful face so different from the giant sword she wielded, feeling as if he were dreaming.

No, this really was a dream.

Lumian chased to a certain place in the spirit world and saw the Black Dream Tapir's true form already burning itself. Its agonized wails made the strange creatures around choose to stay away.

Lumian watched quietly and flicked a black flame bound with agitation and intensity towards it, letting it fall onto the Black Dream Tapir's body.

In just a few seconds, the spirit world creature burned to ashes, turning into a tiny amount of dark black powder.

Lumian reached out his palm and caught this powder.

In the apartment Lumian had rented for Lugano and Ludwig in Quartier de l'Observatoire.

The little boy dressed in children's formal wear with a small bow tie poured nearly 100 milliliters of Lanti Proof into a glass, then added the Black Dream Tapir's powder, lemon juice, ice cubes, a type of kilju, and other ingredients.

In the end, that full glass of strong liquor had a golden base, with green and black intertwining colors on top, looking quite beautiful.

“Wow, that drink looks very tempting,” Franca exclaimed with an expectant look.

She sat very close to Lumian, while Jenna was on Lumian's other side.

Ludwig suddenly picked up that glass of “cocktail” and hid it behind his back.

He said very firmly, “There's only enough for two people to drink!”

“You and Anthony drink it.” Lumian made the decision directly.

While Franca felt slightly disappointed, Ludwig beamed with joy. He took another glass and poured nearly half of the “cocktail” into it, handing it to Anthony.

“This cocktail is called ‘The Color of Dreams’.

“It takes effect one minute after drinking.”

After Anthony took The Color of Dreams, Ludwig began gulping down the portion in his hand.

Franca deliberately said, “Isn't it not so good for someone so young to drink hard liquor? He should be properly educated.”

She had already prepared her test papers, just waiting for Anthony to finish advancing to “test” Ludwig.

As Ludwig inexplicably shuddered, Anthony adjusted his state and drank that glass of The Color of Dreams.

It was both bitter and sweet, both strong and mild, both igniting the esophagus, mouth, and stomach, while bringing an intoxicating feeling.

This was a dreamscape.

While waiting for “The Color of Dreams” to take effect, Anthony began preparing the potion.

Franca took the opportunity to say to Lumian and Jenna, “The leader of the Emperor Party is a man called Louis. He claims to have blood from the Gustav family and to be a descendant of Emperor Roselle.

“According to Niceea's intelligence, some core members of the Emperor Party feel that on that day, after the Vortex incident, Louis Gustav became somewhat strange, more mysterious and more majestic.

“He's secretly planning something, and only a very few of his confidants in the entire Emperor Party know what it is.

“Niceea has a strong desire to express herself and take revenge on society. She volunteered to make contact with one of Louis Gustav's confidants. I plan to ask 007's side to cooperate and create an opportunity for her..”

Louis was as common a name in Trier and Intis as Pierre, Guillaume, and others.

Lumian nodded slightly, but before he could say anything, Anthony had finished preparing the potion and drank the dark liquid speckled with grayish-white light.

The taste of Dreamwalker was very similar to The Color of Dreams, both complex and chaotic, containing many elements.

Lumian and the others stopped talking, focusing intently on Anthony to guard against any accidents.

They saw their teammate's face sometimes covered with grayish-white scales, sometimes becoming bloodless, as if his soul had left his body, while his eyes were empty and lifeless, having lost self-awareness.

After a while, Anthony's eyes first became dark, then lit up with light.

“It succeeded,” Anthony said, showing rare outward emotion. “That feeling of looking down on the world, on everyone's dreams, is truly addictive. I almost didn't want to wake up.”

After this exclamation, he composed himself and briefly described the abilities brought by the Dreamwalker potion.

“I can directly see the appearance of the spirit world, see the sea of collective subconscious, and can ‘guide’ the target step by step to reveal their inner secrets through changes in dreams...

“I can also gradually influence the target by ‘modifying’ dreams, making them do things they wouldn't normally do. This is equivalent to a gentler, more hidden form of Hypnosis that's less likely to be detected by higher-level targets, but it takes quite a long time to complete...

“Now I can directly enter dreams, hide in dreams, and jump from one dream to another, but the distance between two dreams can't exceed 500 meters...”

“A form of teleportation whose use is limited by environment and distance,” Lumian commented briefly.

Anthony agreed with a nod. “It's called ‘Dream Traversal’, and for me, the spirituality consumption is very small.”

Lumian smiled and stood up, saying, “Now, every member of our team is at Sequence 5 or above.”

A few days later, Anthony was working normally at Green Tree Clinic.

Near noon, a nurse brought in a patient.

It was Kewell, the young man aspiring to enter politics, currently serving as a staff member in the National Convention.

“Dr. Reid, I've been much better recently. I haven't had nightmares for several days,” Kewell said happily to Anthony.

He still trusted Anthony quite a bit, after all, this psychiatrist had indeed improved his condition before.

“This is your own victory. You've passed through that stage,” Anthony congratulated him without showing any abnormality.

Kewell touched his golden sideburns and hesitated before saying, “My condition improved four days ago. That night, I was having a nightmare again, but in the dream, a young girl descended under the illumination of a huge red moon and saved me.

“Sh-she was the most beautiful and charismatic girl I've ever seen, but my memory of that dream is becoming increasingly blurry. Mr. Reid, can you find a way for me to remember her permanently, to not forget her? Or let me draw her? Maybe there's a girl as beautiful as her in reality...”

Anthony looked at Kewell and said carefully, “I'm sorry, but I can't help you with this. Indulging in dreams will lead you to another extreme. As your psychiatrist, I can't push you towards an abyss. I must tell you, that's an illusion you can't reach.”

Kewell was silent for a while, then let out a sigh of extreme disappointment. “Alright.”

Quartier de l'Observatoire, Rue de la Gauche.

Alone in the apartment, Lumian stood by the window, pondering what he needed to do recently.

The treasure vault of the Blue Avenger... But Mr. Hanged Man only agreed to let me explore once...

Go to Bansy Harbor to find that potentially problematic place, use the corpse wax candle...

Just as Lumian thought of this, he instinctively half-turned his body and saw Madam Magician appear with starlight.

This Major Arcana card holder said with a smile, “Your reward should be ready to collect today. I'll take you to a place.”

Chapter 900 History

Outside an abandoned ancient castle.

Madam Magician waited with Lumian for a while, then following the guidance of spirituality, took a step and arrived at a place inside, stopping in front of a vermilion door.

Knock knock knock, knock knock knock, knock knock knock. The Major Arcana card holder knocked three times in succession.

After a few seconds, a relaxed voice came from inside, "Enter, please."

With these words, the vermilion door slowly opened inward.

Lumian immediately saw heavy curtains, with sunlight struggling to shine through the gaps, bringing golden light that revealed floating dust to parts of the room.

On the other side, unaffected by sunlight, a black coffin was quietly placed instead of a common bed.

Opposite the coffin, near the sunlight, the desk was piled with letters.

At this moment, a man wearing loose pajamas was sitting in front of the desk, having just put down a fountain pen with a gold nib and black barrel, and folded a paper filled with words.

The man stood up, walked towards the door, with his back to the sunlight.

Lumian, having gained dark vision through the Demoness pathway, clearly saw the man's appearance: about 40 years old, average build, bronze skin, clean-shaven, black hair and brown eyes, soft features, with an indescribable sense of world-weariness in his eyes, and a small black mole below his right ear that was only visible upon close inspection...

"Good afternoon, Mr. Azik," Madam Magician greeted the gentleman respectfully.

Lumian also said similar words.

They spoke in ancient Feysac.

The middle-aged man called Azik suddenly seemed dazed for a moment, as if instantly receiving a large amount of information from the spirit world and His own subconscious.

He nodded and said in a gentle voice, "Thank you for your help, allowing me to wake up early and my soul to be healed to some extent."

"It was mainly this young friend who made the contribution." Madam Magician pointed to Lumian beside her.

She then introduced to Lumian, "This is Mr. Azik Eggers, the son of the Death from the Fourth Epoch, and former Consul of the Balam Empire."

Son of Death, former Death Consul of the Balam Empire... Lumian suddenly recalled part of the content from the Fool's Church canon: The Angel of Death has followed our Lord for the longest period of time and is the consul of the Underworld...

Could this be the Angel of Death beside Mr. Fool's divine throne? Lumian greeted him again.

"A Demoness." Azik glanced at Lumian and nodded slightly, "You have the aura of the source of the River Styx."

The Angel of Death refers to the river connecting two worlds as the source of the River Styx? Lumian was stunned for a moment and said, "That's the seal of the Underworld Daoist."

"Underworld Daoist..." Azik muttered softly, as if He had never heard of this existence.

Madam Magician smiled and changed the subject. "Mr. Azik, we came to visit you today mainly to inquire about some matters."

Azik looked at the corridor outside. "Let's take a walk around the castle, talk as we go. This is an important memory from a period of my life."

"Alright." Madam Magician made way.

Lumian and she followed behind Mr. Azik, who was presumably the Angel of Death, through the corridor, along the stairs, step by step upwards.

Along the way, ancient wall lamps embedded in the walls lit up one after another, burning with a cold and pale-white flame.

Lumian saw oil paintings hanging on both sides of the corridor, some of Azik Himself, but with more lively expressions, even smiling, and some of beautiful ladies with their hair tied up and children playing with wild deer.

Azik's gaze slowly swept over these paintings, occasionally lingering. After quite a while, He asked Madam Magician and Lumian, "What do you want to ask?"

Madam Magician, wearing a purplish magician's robe today, asked straightforwardly, "Mr. Azik, do you know why the Primordial Demoness sought cooperation with your father, the Death of the Fourth Epoch, after the War of the Four Emperors? Did you notice any problems with the Primordial Demoness?"

Hearing this question, Lumian was stunned for a moment, then realized. Indeed, who better to ask than someone who personally experienced those events of the late Fourth Epoch?

He is indeed an ancient Angel who has lived for over a thousand years...

Madam Magician should be about the same, but my spiritual intuition tells me she's still quite young...

Azik recalled for a few seconds and said, "There was a gap of over a hundred years between the end of the War of the Four Emperors and the beginning of the Pale Disaster. The Primordial Demoness's arrival was probably in the middle of this period. We don't know exactly what She discussed with my father; I only know that She declared to us Her intention to avenge the Blood Emperor, to make all seven gods of the Northern Continent perish, and to bring the Blood Emperor's deity corpse back to the surface from Underground Trier."

Is this true love? Despite it being two against seven, She wanted to avenge the Blood Emperor...

No, if the Primordial Demoness had achieved Her goal then, it would have meant that the special mirror world would no longer be sealed, able to reveal all its problems, but the current Demoness Sect doesn't seem to have such ideas, and even intends to nail the coffin lid more firmly, not letting those Mirror People achieve their goals...

Also, was it really not the Emperor of the Underworld, that Death, who delivered the final blow to the Blood Emperor? The Uniqueness of the Red Priest fell into the hands of Death, and there's also something like the Samaritan Women's Spring under Trier... Lumian was filled with strong doubts, but didn't interrupt Mr. Azik's narration.

Azik said, "Without a doubt, the Primordial Demoness is the most charming woman in this world. Every living being who sees Her will inevitably be fascinated by Her, including me, my brothers and sisters, and even the undead in the Underworld. Even our father was inevitably attracted to some degree."

"Even the undead are attracted to the Primordial Demoness? This is already a charm at the level of concepts and authorities..." Madam Magician sighed and asked, "Was your father, the Death of the Fourth Epoch, bewitched by the Primordial Demoness when he finally decided to forcibly accommodate the Uniqueness of the Red Priest?"

Lumian had gained some understanding of the connection between Death and the Uniqueness of the Red Priest when reading the 0-01 sealing information, but this was the first time he clearly encountered the essence of the matter.

As thoughts raced through His mind, Azik shook His head slightly and said, "The Primordial Demoness's instigation should be one of the reasons, but I don't think it was the main one, otherwise my father wouldn't have waited decades to do that."

Madam Magician made a terse sound and repeated her previous question, "Did you notice anything unusual about the Primordial Demoness?"

Azik passed by an oil painting, lightly running His finger over it. "Every time I encountered the Primordial Demoness, I would lose my senses. How could I possibly notice any problems with Her?"

"If there was anything unusual, it was that on a few occasions, Her charm was a bit weaker than normal. That should have been Her deliberately restraining Her charm."

As a Demoness, Lumian knew that a Demoness naturally emanating charm and deliberately restraining charm would indeed present two different states, but after experiencing the false Demoness of Black incident, he suspected there might be other possibilities.

Madam Magician thought for a moment and changed the subject. "Mr. Azik, do you know about the body of the Phoenix Ancestor in the depths of the Underworld?"

Azik turned His head to look at the two women.

"My father thought it would be a waste to just destroy the body of an ancient god like that. He believed it could serve a more important purpose, such as helping my father better and more completely control the Underworld, or enabling Him, as Death, to possess stronger power.

"Those in the death domain will never reject powerful corpses that can be controlled by themselves."

Before Madam Magician could ask further, Mr. Azik added, "My father also mentioned that the body of the Phoenix Ancestor, this ancient god, held some secrets."

"Secrets?" Madam Magician asked curiously.

Azik paced forward and said, "He never told me the specifics, only that the story of the Ancient Sun God killing the Phoenix Ancestor at the end of the Second Epoch was false. Well, more accurately,

the process was correct, but the result was wrong. The Phoenix Ancestor was only severely wounded by the Ancient Sun God, not dying on the spot. She escaped to the Southern Continent and went into hiding.”

“Yes, if the Phoenix Ancestor was truly killed by the Ancient Sun God, that divine corpse wouldn't likely have been obtained by Death and appeared in the Underworld, unless it was His arrangements again.” Madam Magician expressed agreement.

Azik continued, “Similarly, the Giant King Aurmir didn't perish on the spot either, supposedly escaping and managing to pass on his power to his eldest son, the later God of Combat, Badheil, before dying.”

Is there any connection to the Omebella matter? Hmm, the two ancient gods who weren't killed on the spot by the Ancient Sun God seem to be related to Omebella—one's corpse is laying eggs, currently incubating Omebella, while the other is Omebella's husband... Lumian glanced at Madam Magician, and after obtaining her consent, asked, “Mr. Azik, what is the relationship between the Phoenix Ancestor and the Goddess of Harvest Omebella?”

Azik shook His head.

“I was born in the Fourth Epoch. All I know about the history of the Second Epoch is what my father occasionally mentioned.”

Saying this, He smiled at Lumian and said, “Speaking of which, I should give you some reward.”

As He gently raised His right hand, a large number of white bones gushed out from the ground, forming a giant skeleton.

The skeleton respectfully handed a shiny Loen gold pound to Mr. Azik.

Azik took the gold coin and presented it to Lumian. “Is this acceptable as a reward?”

“Thank you,” Lumian said sincerely, accepting the lucky coin that bore Mr. Fool's aura.