

Sorcerer's Handbook

Chapter 121: Silver Blessing

"Hmm?"

Leone looked back at the world that was gradually turning into black and white behind her.

"Did something fall down? Or is this a special virtual world phenomenon?"

On her first day in the Time Spirits, the orange dancer was still in the stage of unfamiliarity and exploration. Everything was both unfamiliar and special to her. But even so, she knew she had to run away quickly.

Otherwise, 'time' would catch up to her.

"I can't believe I didn't die from the fall..."

Ashe, who was lying on the grass, sat up and shook his head, still feeling imbalanced.

When they had rushed into the Golden Sea, they both simultaneously lost their sense of direction. The whole world seemed to turn upside down like a dice cup, making it impossible for them to maintain flight. They could only follow the pull of the virtual world's gravity and let themselves plummet straight down.

Ashe thought he would die for sure this time after all his boasting, only to end up falling back into the Sea of Knowledge. But feeling the grass beneath his butt, he knew his dignity was at least preserved.

"Look, Observer."

Ashe raised his head. What he saw was a spectacle that could almost rival the golden fish scales.

Golden rain was falling from the sky.

They were in a lush forest, surrounded by ancient towering trees that were probably centuries old. Despite the dense foliage blocking out the sun, Ashe could still see far away a white pillar spanning from the earth to the sky. Around the pillar, countless drops of golden rain spewed forth, falling upward from the ground toward the heavens.

He couldn't help murmuring, "Is this the world of the powerful?"

“That’s the timegold rain, similar to the knowledge mist in the Sea of Knowledge,” Sonya explained. “To condense our second virtual wing with golden arcane energy, we need to follow the Ox’s footsteps and undergo the baptism of the golden rain.”

“Ox foot?”

“That white pillar is the ox foot, you look carefully, is it moving?”

Peering intently, Ashe noticed the pillar was indeed shifting, though the motion was very subtle. However, considering he was observing the movement from several kilometers away, the true speed of the pillar was likely a dozen meters per second.

“Why is it called ox-foot?”

“Because it is the ox foot. Beyond what you can see, there are three other ox feet. Together, these four feet belong to the virtual world colossal beast, the ‘Ox’, that treads upon the Time Spirits,” Sonya explained.

“The Ox has many names – the Fate Weaver, the Celestial Ox, the Time Walker...but most refer to it simply as the ‘White Ox’.”

“The footprints plowed by the White Ox become a Golden River. The waters of the Golden River have the power to manipulate time. The plants and animals on the banks nourished by it grow at unimaginable speeds, and they in turn produce the timegold rain that falls upward into the sky.”

She stroked the setaria viridis beside her. “If we had come earlier, we would have been bathing in the golden rain now.”

“The Golden River, the inverted golden rain, the White Ox...” Ashe gazed at the sky covered in rainfall. “So this is the Time Spirits?”

Drip.

Suddenly, they both heard the crisp sound of water dripping in unison. Immediately after, the Silver Wings manifested uncontrollably and shone with a dazzling silvery radiance!

“Silver Blessing!” Sonya exclaimed joyfully. She calmed herself to feel the newly obtained power, while Ashe chose to open his Operator system.

「Death Maniac Swordswoman」

「Race: Human, Female, 18 years old」

「Trust Level: 3 (50% EXP sharing)」

「Trust Resonance – Greed: Chance to obtain better spoils when acting together.」

「Class: Soul-Shattering Silver Sorcerer」

「Class Trait: Recover 0.5% max arcane energy with each effective attack」

「Silver Blessing – Revelry/Brutality: Increase critical rate and critical damage with each enemy killed (including but not limited to sorcerer projections, knowledge creatures, monsters, sorcerers, constructed creatures, etc). Different traits may be triggered based on Operator's cultivation path.」

「Additional Blessing Trait – Revelry: The swordswoman needs only victory to feel joy. She maintains respect and compassion for her enemies. This path triggers the 'Revelry' effect, granting critical damage increase. The better her mood, the greater the increase, up to 250% critical damage.」

「Additional Curse Trait – Brutality: The swordswoman's thirst can only be quenched by death and agony. She will expend every effort to bring despair upon the disrespectful. This path triggers the 'Brutality' effect, granting critical rate increase. The worse her mood, the greater the increase, up to 100% critical rate.」

「Curse of Knowledge: Whirlpool Venom, Eviction Venom, Golden Fish Venom」

“It seems like a growth-type blessing...”

After sensing for a while, Sonya pondered, “Since blessings are a sorcerer's most private secrets, and the college doesn't have detailed information on them, developing blessings requires the sorcerer to explore on their own... Do you know what my specific blessing is?”

Ashe glanced at her: “Your blessing is called 'Revelry'. The more enemies defeated, the higher your critical hit rate and critical hit damage.”

Although it sounded strange, 'critical hit rate' and 'critical hit damage' were not uncommon among sorcerers. Simply put, it was when the spirit suddenly felt motivated to over-perform during spellcasting, that was a 'critical hit'.

Critical hit rate represented the frequency of the spirit's overtime work, and critical hit damage represented the efficiency of the spirit's overtime. In other words, this blessing could be summarized as 'the more rival companies the Swordswoman Corporation acquires, the more efficient the exploitation of internal spirit employees becomes'.

Sonya was a little dissatisfied. “Revelry, what a weird name. I'm clearly a virtuous swordswoman, why would I be associated with the word 'madness'?”

“The virtual world’s positioning of you may be slightly inaccurate,” Ashe said disingenuously. “You’re so quiet and cute, gentle and kind, friendly and easy-going. Even I feel this time the silver blessing given to you by the virtual world really doesn’t match your status.”

Sonya was flustered by his words. “I’m not that great...but this growth-type blessing isn’t bad. It should be very helpful for future virtual world explorations after I develop it well.”

Ashe secretly breathed a sigh of relief. The Swordsman’s silver blessing had two cultivation paths, ‘Revelry’ and ‘Brutality’. Ashe undoubtedly hoped the Swordsman would take the ‘Revelry’ path, as the ‘Brutality’ path was clearly very negative energy.

This wasn’t an actual mobile game where battles could be auto-piloted and auto-fought. In the future, Ashe would still have to personally accompany the Swordsman on nightly explorations (of the virtual world). If the Swordsman was always bursting with negative energy and causing bloody carnage whenever they fought, Ashe wouldn’t be able to maintain a good mood either.

But this path’s cultivation was clearly not something that could be determined with a simple click in-game. It required continuous daily guidance, almost like raising a daughter. As a first-time dad, Ashe didn’t have much experience. For now, he had to instill kind virtues in the Swordsman, make her believe she was an angelic cutie, to prevent her from turning dark.

In addition, the Swordsman’s Trust Level rose to 3, increasing the EXP sharing ratio to 50%.

Seeing this, Ashe was suddenly struck by a question: Did the Trust Level refer to the Swordsman’s affection for him, his affection for the Swordsman, or their mutual affection?

Come to think of it, why did he choose to guide the Swordsman down the ‘Revelry’ path almost without any hesitation?

The ‘Brutality’ path also offered considerable benefits, and the condition of ‘maintaining a bad mood’ was much simpler than ‘maintaining a good mood’. Yet he didn’t even consider that option for a second...

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Chapter 122: I'm Waiting for You in the Virtual World

Sonya curiously asked, "What is your Silver Blessing?"

Ashe was slightly taken aback as he looked at his newly obtained blessing.

"Silver Blessing – Observer's Guise: Your appearance has a mystifying allure. Unless you act abnormally, others will subconsciously overlook your existence. In the virtual world, this blessing is enhanced such that unless one has an intimate bond with you, they cannot discern your visage."

"Can you see my face clearly?"

Sonya was startled, "I can right now."

Ashe blinked and briefly explained, "My blessing makes others unconsciously ignore me when they see me...though I'm not an infiltrator and don't plan on robbing the rich to aid the poor in the future, so why did I get such a blessing? This virtual world is clearly targeting me."

Sonya giggled and said, "Or perhaps the virtual world has seen through your true nature..."

"Don't laugh. You should also feel that we've obtained another arcane poison."

When they saw the golden fish scales appear, a hidden knowledge flowed into their minds.

"Golden Fish Arcane Poison"

"Number of People Infected: 14"

"Poison Strengthening Level: 14%"

"Current Effect: You can convert silver arcane energy into golden arcane energy at a ratio of 64:36. (Greatly enhanced effects upon reducing strengthening level to 10%, conversion becomes negative effect at 51%.)"

It was understandable that the Golden Fish arcane poison did not have a wide transmission range, since even Ashe and the others had to infer the truth and needed to personally see the golden fish to get infected.

On the other hand, Ashe was quite surprised that the number of infected was 14 people – meaning aside from them, another 6 pairs had smuggled over to the Time Spirits through the same method from the Sea of Knowledge – but Ashe's team had cheats while the others truly met by fate!

"What a powerful poison," Sonya exclaimed. "I've never even heard of a miracle that can convert arcane energies, not to mention at a 2:1 ratio, even 10:1 would be unthinkable!"

Generally speaking, silver arcane energy was just that, and golden arcane energy was just that. Lower level arcane energies would not get enhanced just because the sorcerer climbed to higher Virtual World levels, since the essence of arcane energy was the coalescence of knowledge. Just like the addition and subtraction learned in first grade would not automatically turn into multiplication and division in second grade.

Although lower level arcane energy could invoke higher level spirits, and higher level arcane energy could also invoke lower level spirits, the former was extremely inefficient while the latter was overly wasteful. Hence, sorcerers would typically invoke spirits using the corresponding level of arcane energy in order to maximize resource utilization.

However, as sorcerers obtained more and more high level spirits, there would naturally be no need to use outdated lower level spirits, and the lower level arcane energies would also become disdained.

Right now, Ashe and Sonya did not have an urgent need for this poison, since they did not have many Two-Wing spirits, and silver arcane energy was fully sufficient. But when they updated their spirits to the Two-Wing versions, they would feel the preciousness of this poison – even when facing Two-Wing sorcerers at the same Virtual World progress, relying on the golden arcane energy converted from silver, their mana bars would naturally be longer by a segment!

"Sneaking over to the Time Spirits after drinking with senior sister, obtaining the Silver Blessing, getting infected by the Golden Fish poison, and also..." Sonya's eyes swiftly glanced over Ashe's visage, "Truly a fortunate night."

"The night's not over yet. While there's still time, let's go explore the Time Spirits a bit, perhaps we can pick up some wild Two-Wing spirits—"

"We're out of time," Sonya said. "We're going to die."

Ashe was startled and opened up the "Virtual World Map," discovering that all 25 map grids had the same message:

“Await your death, no hope left.”

“You didn’t notice my change?” Sonya twirled a lock of hair by her ear, “My hair has turned black.” Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Not only Sonya’s hair, as Ashe looked around, he discovered the formerly somewhat green forest had completely turned grey. Sonya had even lost all color, like a character from a black and white film.

He looked down at his own hands, ghastly pale without a hint of flesh tone.

“The sorcerers’ pursuit of the White Ox is not solely to bathe in the golden rain, but because outside the River of Gold, time does not exist.” Sonya explained, “The River of Gold moves along with the White Ox, hence once the Ox is lost, the sorcerer will fall into the ‘still realm’ where time is absent. The concrete manifestation is losing all color, with only black and white remaining in the surroundings.”

“If we had just now—”

“I woke up to see the surrounding grass and trees already tinged grey, indicating the River of Gold nearby had already dried up. At that time, we were as good as dead.” Sonya shrugged. “Even if we gave chase, it’d be futile. One cannot outrun time.”

Ashe asked, “What about exiting the virtual world now?”

Sonya smiled. “There is an immense time difference between the still realm and outside world. Despite our long chat, only a few seconds may have passed outside. It’d likely take us several hours in the still realm to exit the virtual world, which takes 20 seconds outside.”

“Being frozen in time after entering the still realm is the second most common cause of a sorcerer’s death. The first is drowning in the Sea of Knowledge.”

“How much longer until we freeze up?”

“The textbooks state approximately 10 minutes if one does not escape and waits in place. It likely won’t be much longer.”

Ashe looked up at the sky. The golden rain was nowhere to be seen, the entire world turned into lifeless black and white.

“Will we return here the next time we enter the virtual world?”

“We will. The virtual world offers no turning back, nor do sorcerers permit backtracking. Even if I open my single-wing spirit’s Gate of Truth, we’d only arrive at the Time Spirits.”

“That works then.”

Ashe stretched lazily and laid down on the grass, plucking a blade to nibble on. Unexpectedly, it tasted a little sweet.

A thought suddenly occurred to him. “Doesn’t dying in the virtual world damage one’s soul...?”

Sonya nodded. “Yes, but since we weren’t defeated by a sorcerer’s projection or bitten to death by a knowledge being, it’d just be minor damage without losing any spirits. Before the soul fully recovers, aside from being unable to enter the virtual world, we may feel listless and unable to concentrate, feeling drowsy with reduced learning efficiency.”

“Sounds like still being half-asleep...though being unable to enter the virtual world is a big problem...”

“In any case, you won’t be entering the virtual world these next few days. Without you, I’ve no interest in solo exploring the Time Spirits either. I can take this time to properly cultivate and settle the newly learned knowledge, mastering the newly obtained miracles. After hard work for half a month, it’s time to rest.”

“Rest huh... speaking of which, I haven’t slept in a long time either, feeling a bit drowsy just talking about it...”

Ashe yawned and rubbed his eyes. Suddenly, he felt the back of his head gently lifted and placed atop a soft and elastic comfort.

A gentle, melodic voice slowly rang out, like a lover’s whisper in his ear, yet also reminiscent of the crisp clinking of ice in a summer drink – pure yet bewitching, demure yet coquettish, lulling him into drowsiness as his body relaxed, leaving him dizzy as if in a dream.

When the heavenly voice paused, Ashe still lingered between sleep and wakefulness.

“This was the lullaby my mother sang when I was little. You’re the first person I’ve sung for.”

Ashe opened his eyes to see the swordswoman gazing down, the joy in her pupils seeming to paint color into this monochrome world.

“I’ll be waiting for you in the virtual world.”

The next second, they were frozen in time like a painting.

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Chapter 123: Cannibal Fernand Snow

“So Hollis is rallying the Everlife Elixir clubs?”

A transport ship was sailing through the waves on Crush Lake, with finger sharks occasionally trying to take a bite of the huge vessel, making crisp “ding ding ding” sounds.

In the only VIP cabin, the kindly-looking cannibal sat in an armchair, puffing on a pipe and blowing out rings of light green smoke.

On the light screen in front of the cannibal, a tall, handsome, bald goblin with pointy ears was going through some documents. He wore a tailored black suit, glasses, and had a worried look on his face.

“Yes, Mayor. I’m afraid they want to initiate impeachment proceedings to end your term early. You’re the main person responsible for the ‘424 Incident’, and if Hollis unites the centrists to make a move, demanding a mayoral vote, it will be hard for us to gain support. Those councilors supporting us will also face pressure from voters in their districts.”

“I didn’t expect that after struggling with Andrei for so long, I’d end up having the peach plucked by that bastard Hollis...”

Crack!

The cannibal viciously bit down, crushing the white ivory pipe into pieces! It chewed a few times then swallowed the pipe whole!

“How could I expect good politics being together with these bugs!” Its eyebrows furrowed, and the kindly face instantly became ominous: “Trash like Hollis with no firm stance, no outstanding views, no agile thinking, no ability to change the status quo, and is commonly known to be easy to manipulate, also dares to compete with me!?”

“Mayor, if there’s really no way, we can wait until next term—”

“There is no next term, no! Kibbott, we don’t have a second chance, none! As soon as I step down, there will never be another chance!” The cannibal held up three thick fingers: “In Caimon City’s history, there have been 51 elven mayors, 42 human mayors, and I’m one of only three non-standard race mayors!”

The Blood Moon Sovereign impartially bestows glory upon all races, but some races can obtain more glory due to their appearance, such as elves and humans, known as the standard races. The rest, like beastmen, cannibals, and goblins, are non-standard races.

After years of artificial selection, the appearance of non-standard races has become closer and closer to the standard races. The most primitive and grotesque non-standard races were reforged and remade on the spot in the infant stage itself, never even making it through the doors of the foster homes.

“You know what I’ve given up for this, right?” The cannibal tapped his teeth: “I pulled out all my fangs and replaced them with neat, straight teeth; the first thing I do every morning is trim my nails, because cannibals can grow inch-long sharp claws overnight; I get photon skin rejuvenation every week to ensure my skin doesn’t get unsightly wrinkles.”

“Even after doing so much, if not for the citizens’ curiosity, I wouldn’t have been elected mayor! Even if I, Alandor Fernand Snow, have three gold degrees, am a two-winged gold sorcerer, and have many other titles I’ve forgotten myself, the citizens would not give me a second chance, just like you wouldn’t watch a clown’s second performance.”

“Kibbott, do you know why I chose you to be my secretary? Because you’re a goblin, only you can understand my circumstances, only you have experienced the ridicule I once suffered.”

The goblin Kibbott on the light screen hesitated to speak. The cannibal Fernand Snow raised his fake eyebrows and asked, “What do you want to say?”

“Mayor...why didn’t you save the citizens?” Kibbott’s voice was somewhat sad: “You clearly knew it was foreign realm sorcerers invading, but first you said it was all rumors, nothing had happened.”

“Then you said there was a serial killer, and the Heresy Court was investigating.”

“Finally, only when it was too late did you announce there was a terrorist attack, and mobilized all the city’s armed forces.”

“If you had announced the truth from the beginning...”

“Announcing the truth from the beginning would only have caused widespread panic among the citizens, leading to large numbers of people fleeing together, giving the

invaders an opportunity.” Fernand Snow said calmly: “So what do you think I should have done? Facing over a hundred scattered, prepared foreign realm sorcerers, I had already arranged for the Heresy Court to take action as soon as possible.”

“And the research institute and the church!” Kibbott said: “If they were willing to take action, they definitely wouldn’t have let the invaders be so rampant!”

“They were unwilling. The invaders did not harm their interests, so they had no reason or obligation to protect Caimon City.”

“But you’re the mayor! If you had pressured them to take a stand in public, the citizens would surely have supported you!”

Fernand Snow glanced at Kibbott.

“I see now, Hollis just wants me to step down, but you want me dead.”

“No, I, I didn’t mean that...”

“It’s true as you said, if I had publicly pressured them, to maintain their reputations that they’ve barely built up over the years, the research institute and the church would most likely have taken action to help expel the invaders.”

Fernand Snow said coldly: “But no one can utilize the Sacred Bloodline and Moonshadow without paying a price, no one. When my term ends, what awaits me is inevitably a long death, a warning to other rulers.”

Kibbott looked dejected: “So we can only watch as the citizens are ravaged by the invaders...”

“Do you think I have no conscience? Does your excess conscience need to be flaunted like this?” Fernand Snow waved his hand impatiently: “The foreign realm attack will be over soon. The lost positions will quickly be filled, the damaged buildings will soon be rebuilt, adding more jobs, and Caimon City will be restored in just a few months. Also, because of this sudden disaster, citizens’ consumption desire will increase in the next half year, and most of the elderly who died were unhealthy and unable to escape... For Caimon City alone, this attack is actually more pros than cons!”

The goblin Kibbott on the light screen stared blankly at Fernand Snow: “Mayor, you...”

“This isn’t just my opinion. The Race Security Bureau, Heresy Court, Development Planning Bureau...the entire civil service system is implying this. As long as the attack passes, the next half year will be the city government’s chance to build up political achievements.”

“Kibbott, the mayor is just a temporary master parasitizing the civil service system. If the civil service system holds this wish, my disaster relief policies will only be slowly implemented. Rather than go against everyone’s wishes, why not go with the flow, and save some money too.”

Fernand Snow said calmly: “It’s like gardening, the haphazardly growing flowers and weeds need proper trimming for the garden to look nice. But in the Blood Moon Realm, we can’t and aren’t allowed to trim, and someone’s helping trim this time, so why not just enjoy it?”

“More importantly.” He spread his hands: “The Sacred Bloodline thirsts for corpses, Moonshadow loves death... Both races are enjoying this slaughter, this is a game of the gods. The city government can’t upset them, you understand right?”

The goblin mumbled: “This is going too far...”

“If you want to go further in the future, don’t care about good and evil, the government only cares about order and chaos.” Fernand Snow rapped the table: “Alright, class is over. When you get back, take one-fifth...no, one-third from my vault to win over the non-standard race councilors. Then take one-seventh to Sylin, and have that woodpecker kill all the remnants of Hollis and the Everlife Elixir club!”

Kibbott was somewhat panic-stricken: “Mayor, how could you—you’ll still have to undergo a memory review when you get out of prison—”

“I’ll erase this memory segment myself.” Fernand Snow said lightly.

“But Hollis isn’t a normal person, he’s a human councilor. The Heresy Court will definitely investigate this to the end! This is gambling!”

“There’s no chance if we don’t gamble!” Fernand Snow’s voice was icy cold, his eyes as big as copper bells, the chilling killing intent making Kibbott realize for the first time that this mayor was a cannibal: “I finally persuaded councilors of the other races... Even the elves agreed with my plan... The various races of Caimon City are finally going to unite for the first time...”

“If we’re lucky, we’ll be the first to discover the correct virtual gateway, the first to invade the foreign realm, and this achievement will be enough to please the Blood Moon Sovereign, ensuring my reelection, giving me more time to prepare!”

“Too bad cannibals always have bad luck...” Fernand Snow gritted his teeth: “But no matter what, I can’t end my term early, and absolutely can’t hand the mayor’s seat to the bootlicking Hollis! Humans are more arrogant than elves, more short-sighted than goblins, lazier than beastmen, and greedier than cannibals... Humans are the most unreliable race, they can’t wait to abandon their bodies and take on the Sacred Bloodline’s blood and wear Moonshadow’s skin, then turn around and exploit their own

people even more ruthlessly! Things being as they are, we have no choice but to make small mistakes!"

Kibbott looked absolutely incredulous: "Assassinating councilors is a small mistake? Then what's a big mistake?"

"Getting caught is a big mistake." Fernand Snow said coldly.

The scenery outside stopped flowing, and a voice sounded from the cabin's speaker: "Mayor Fernand Snow, transport ship 322 has arrived at Shattered Lake Prison."

Fernand Snow walked to the window. His fingers lit up, and he tapped his own temple, pulling out a thin white strand and tossing it outside into the sea, where a finger shark leapt up and swallowed it.

"I've already forgotten what I just said to you." He looked at the young secretary on the light screen: "I'll leave it to you, goblin."

After that, Fernand Snow turned off the light screen and left the room. Accompanied by two Blood Mad Hunters, he disembarked from the transport ship and stepped into Shattered Lake Prison.

Within the yellow line, two neatly dressed prison guards were waiting.

The hunters didn't give Fernand Snow much face and handed the documents to the more handsome guard: "There's only one prisoner for this transport, please sign to acknowledge receipt."

The handsome guard checked the documents and nodded: "Confirmed, it's Caimon City Mayor Alandor Fernand Snow."

"Did you come alone to move the supplies on the ship?"

"Sorry, I'm not sure if there was an issue with the ingredients delivered last time, but right now half of the prisoners and most of the guards have upset stomachs and are lining up at the infirmary. Could the hunters and sailors please help move the supplies?"

The hunter grumbled: "I heard Caimon City recently discovered a batch of toxic lala fats...could it be... Of course, no problem, but we don't know where the warehouse is."

"I'll lead the way for you." The handsome guard looked at his colleague: "You take the mayor to register in the Register of Sinners and arrange his cell."

"Yes."

Fernand Snow turned his head and looked at the prison guard next to him who had no presence at all. He wasn't sure if it was the glaring sunlight, but he felt the other's face was a bit blurred.

"Mayor Fernand Snow, welcome to Shattered Lake Prison. You will experience home away from home here."

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Chapter 124: The Humiliation of the Sacred Bloodline

Shattered Lake Prison, Medical Staff Activity Hall.

The 25 medical staff members of the prison medical team were all gathered here, sitting around a large table.

They all wore crow masks and black robes, so no one could see each other's expressions. But from the heavy atmosphere that was almost solidified, it was clear that they were not feeling calm. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Leader." Medical staff [201] broke the silence: "You don't have a way either?"

Although they didn't know who the leader was, generally, the leader of each Blood Moon prison medical team was a two-winged gold sorcerer who had exhausted their potential, while the medical staff who came to the prison for the Blood Embrace ceremony were basically one-winged silver sorcerers. So the leader was the strongest one here.

"There's no way." The leader said bitterly: "There's a three-winged saint in the 'Black Coffin', whose bloodline strength and power far exceed mine. The 'Blood Lock' he cast is simply not something I can contend with."

Some of the medical staff couldn't help but laugh bitterly: "Who could have thought that the Blood Lock our sacred bloodline used to restrain lower races, would one day be used against us?"

Miracle – Blood Lock was originally a restraining miracle that was only applicable within the sacred bloodline.

At that time, the sacred bloodline was not the current ‘Institute System’, but a very inefficient and crude ‘Family System’. Multiplication of followers and expansion of the clan depended entirely on high-level sacred bloodlines finding suitable candidates, and then conducting ‘Embraces’ with uncertain success rates, in order to convert the other party into a low-level descendant.

The flaws of the family system were enormous. Not only did the bloodline concentration of each generation of descendants decrease significantly, but the ‘Embrace Ceremony’ also required the consumption of ‘true blood’ from high-level sacred bloodlines. More importantly – the recipients of the Embrace had to love the high-level sacred bloodline.

It goes without saying that the sacred bloodlines of that era were extremely scarce, and extremely...united.

No matter how long the lifespan of the sacred bloodline was, in the long run the number could only decrease, their power weaken. Not to mention these ‘family bonds’ based on love often drove the sacred bloodlines mad for the injury or death of a family member – they would be willing to leave their nest for a single member, and fight any enemy to the death.

In contrast to the love for family members, the sacred bloodline was mercilessly cold towards other races. Therefore, the way the sacred bloodline coexisted with the world was either the sacred bloodline destroying all enemies and turning the entire region into a paradise for themselves and hell for others; or the enemies destroying all sacred bloodlines and completely annihilating this monster race bound by love.

It was not until the Blood Moon Archon unified the Sacred Blood Moon Shadow, reformed the old ways of survival, and ordered both races to accept the ‘Institute System’ and ‘Church System’, that the two races developed and expanded to what they are today in just a short millennium.

Under the Institute System, the sacred bloodlines no longer needed to find suitable descendants themselves, because the top talents of all races were eager to become members of the Institute and obtain eternal life.

Abolishing the ‘Embrace Ceremony’ and replacing it with the ‘Blood Transfusion Ceremony’ only turned these lucky ones into preparatory descendants. To truly become a member of the sacred bloodline, they still had to go to prison for the ‘Blood Embrace Ceremony’ to draw nourishment from death, so the sacred bloodline did not have to pay any price for reproduction – because the dead had already paid the price.

And the original Blood Lock was possible because the low-level descendants had the ‘true blood’ of high-level sacred bloodlines flowing in them. Therefore, as long as a high-

level sacred bloodline activated the Blood Lock, they could sense the location of the descendants, and even control the actions of the descendants.

If a high-level sacred bloodline died, they could even be reborn in the body of the descendant!

After the shackles of love were removed, the family system naturally collapsed. Therefore, there was no more 'Embrace', and the Blood Lock derived from it should have been thrown into the garbage dump of history to rot.

But after being perfected by the Blood Moon Archon, the Blood Lock became the most important miracle for the sacred bloodline, because its restraint was not limited to the sacred bloodline, but extended to all people in the Blood Moon Kingdom!

Every baby after being admitted to the nursing home will be implanted with a Miracle Chip, and each Miracle Chip contains a drop of 'true blood'. As the baby grows into an adult, the true blood will also blend into their blood, bone marrow, tissue fluid, and even germ cells, spreading through the whole body!

It can be said that any child raised in the nursing home in the Blood Moon Kingdom is a preparatory descendant!

The modern Blood Lock miracle is a three-winged miracle. Therefore, as long as a three-winged sacred bloodline activates the 'Blood Lock' miracle, they can control any Blood Moon citizen with lower power than them, be they human, elf, beastman, or Sacred Blood Moon Shadow!

Although there was no evidence, many people within the sacred bloodline believed that if a legendary sacred bloodline activated Blood Lock, they could even control every single person in an entire city, commanding them to die if they wished!

However, compared to the terrifying power they held, the sacred bloodline was actually very low-key.

The outside world knew of the existence of the sacred bloodline, but only knew that they were immortal, that one had to take the graduate entrance exam to become one of them and join the Institute afterwards, etc. Some sacred bloodlines would become councilors, but none would take official positions. Most people only had two impressions of them: doctors and scholars.

As for recklessly abusing Blood Lock, that kind of thing hadn't happened for thousands of years.

The application of Blood Lock was limited to prisons and war zones, restricting only criminals and adventurers.

Even Blood Mad Hunters like Gerard were not allowed to use Blood Lock to control criminals when carrying out missions. In theory, the only people who could legally use the Blood Lock miracle were the 'Saints' lying in the 'Black Coffins', while the living could only activate it indirectly through the 'Black Coffins'.

There were many reasons for prohibiting the sacred bloodline from exposing their powers, such as preventing arrogance within the sacred bloodline, preventing rebellion from lower races, maintaining social stability... But the fundamental reason was that the Blood Moon Archon did not allow it.

The social nursing system, the Institute system, the Church system... These rules personally established by the Blood Moon Archon were absolutely not to be violated, not even to test the bottom line.

If the 'Blood Lock' on death row prisoners was visible, they could test and find out what they were not allowed to do; then the 'Blood Lock' on the sacred bloodline was invisible, they wouldn't even have the thought of testing!

That was why the medical staff were so shocked and angry – after all, even they didn't know the exact location of the 'Black Coffins', so how did outsiders control the 'Saints' inside them?

"Necromancer!" Someone gritted their teeth and said, "That's the only possibility... Those despicable lowlifes used necromancy to manipulate the Saints... Can't we use necromancy to compete for control of the Saints?"

"We are forbidden from exerting arcane energy and attacking, how can we use necromancy?"

"Wait, I remember you need a key to enter the Black Coffin, how could outsiders possibly know the key? Is there an insider?"

"That's right, the people who know the key are the team leader, the warden and the Heresy Court chief. Could it be..."

Realizing everyone was looking at him, the team leader panicked: "The keys are all sealed by miracles, there's no way I could have leaked them out!"

"But the warden is never in the prison, and the chief is far away in the city district. How could the death row prisoners obtain the key through any other channel?" The other medical staff questioned bluntly.

[201] suddenly said: "Come to think of it, I heard that a few years ago in Caimon City there appeared a killer called the 'Controller', who committed multiple murders. Because the murder methods seemed to involve Blood Lock, my boss was invited by the Heresy

Court to conduct internal investigations, although it came to nothing in the end, but it can be confirmed the key did not leak from the secret keepers.”

After the expulsion of [176], everyone vaguely guessed that [201]’s boss was probably that Saint of the psychic faction. Unlike memory weavers who could be deceived, the psychic Saint examined the soul itself. Even if the suspect turned themselves into a lunatic, the psychic Saint could still shatter their soul and find the information they wanted from the fragments, as easily as breaking up a Rubik’s Cube and reassembling it.

In the face of a psychic Saint, forgetting was unable to keep secrets.

“Even sister said there was no leak, so there really wasn’t.”

Everyone looked towards the medical staff Sylphine with the badge number [222]. She said calmly: “So there’s only one possibility left – the death row prisoners have a way to find the real Black Coffin key. With such a big incident, the key system is no longer safe, but that’s none of our business either. Speaking of which, I have a bad news and a good news, which do you want to hear?”

“What’s the bad news?”

“The bad news is we’re really losing face this time. Tomorrow all thirty-six Institutes will know that we sacred bloodline descendants got captured by a few death row prisoners in the prison.”

“What about the good news then?”

“The good news is we’re wearing masks, no one knows who we are, so everyone can lose face freely, no one will know the sacred bloodline was humiliated.”

Everyone fell silent, surprised that the young lady actually had the leisure to joke around. But she was a descendant of the Four Great Institutes, so she had the arrogance to back it up. What was an indelible stain, even a career-affecting disgrace to them, was just a trivial interlude to the young lady.

“Is there really no other way?” Someone asked unwillingly.

“Bloodline Resonance.” The team leader said: “The Saint in the Black Coffin should have some residual consciousness. If we can establish contact through bloodline resonance, we can lift our Blood Lock.”

“How do we generate bloodline resonance?”

“I don’t know either – intense emotions? Burning desires? Praying to the Blood Moon Archon? Although the chance of success is extremely low, this is all we can do now.”

Everyone exchanged glances, feeling this was the only resort in their helplessness. So some cursed the death row prisoners in circles, some lay on the ground trying to make contact with the Black Coffins through ground vibrations, and what almost made Sylphine laugh was that someone was hanging upside down like a bat from the chandelier – claiming it was to mimic the meditation posture of ancient sacred bloodlines to increase the chance of resonance.

Just then, the lounge door was pushed open forcefully, and a guard poked his head in.

“Excuse me everyone, [222], please come with me to the medical room.”

“Ashe Heath?” Sylphine said in surprise: “What do you need me for?”

“There’s something I need you to do.”

“Can’t I do it here?” [201] stood up and blocked Sylphine. “Also, if it’s work you need done, I can do it in her place.”

Ashe shook his head firmly: “No, I only need [222]. And there’s not even a bed here, not convenient to do it.”

Medical staff: “Hmm?”

Oh no, the sacred bloodline was about to be humiliated!

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Chapter 125: Sylphine in the Infirmary

“You can’t escape.”

In the infirmary, Sylphine was sweating profusely, her hands covered in fluids. Ashe let out a comfortable hmm, openly enjoying the medic’s labor.

“Don’t be so presumptuous. Maybe a miracle will happen!”

“Miracles are created by oneself, not by hoping for reality’s mercy.” Sylphine said calmly, “In the Bloodmoon Kingdom, any transportation, consumption, and even vagrancy requires verification by the Miracle Chip. It is quite impressive that you were able to completely remove the Miracle Chip from your body in prison, but it also means you have lost the qualifications to live in modern society. You will be unable to enjoy any public facilities or services – the only place you can sleep from now on is under a cardboard box on the overpass.”

“I can live in the wilderness.”

“What about salt? Shelter? Can you find prey? Not to mention, although there are indeed vagabond survivalists living in the wilderness, it’s only because the Heresy Court is too lazy to deal with them. After the ruckus you’ve caused, the Heresy Court will definitely find ways to hunt you down.”

“But it’s still better than waiting here to die.”

“The Blood Moon Tribunal only means possible death, while your choice to escape guarantees death.” Sylphine glanced at him, applying more force with her hands, “Now even the Human Rights Association has no reason to defend you all. The Heresy Court will issue a ‘Special Arrest Warrant’, allowing the Blood Mad Hunters to kill you escapees on site.”

Ashe let out a hmm. “At least I can choose how I die.”

“I didn’t realize you were such a tough person.”

Sylphine shook her head and used a tissue to wipe her hands. “Alright, the bleeding has basically stopped. By the way, what are you hmm-ing about over there?”

Lying on the bed in front of Sylphine was a severely injured cannibal. Its wounds were nearly gangrenous, forcibly scraped away by Sylphine before being wrapped in bandages, only then did its breathing gradually stabilize as it lay unconscious on the bed.

“Thanks. We don’t have anyone who can treat the living over there.” Ashe waved the earpick in his hand. “I was digging my ear and felt so comfortable I couldn’t help but cry out, sorry about that.”

“Digging your ears feels that good?”

“Maybe because I can dig while sitting down. As you know, the bathroom doesn’t even have chairs. Aside from a man’s thighs, there’s nowhere else to sit.” Ashe came over to check on Fernand Snow’s condition. “Will he be alright?”

“Cannibals have strong regenerative abilities. He’ll wake up after a few more hours.” Sylphine asked, “How did he get injured?”

When it came to this, Ashe was also helpless.

“If I said it’s because he looked at someone else, would you believe it?”

Half an hour ago, Ashe brought Fernand Snow to the lobby to register in the Register of Sinners, then prepared to lock the mayor in his room.

However, while registering, Fernand Snow glanced at Harvey who was in charge of the Register of Sinners. Harvey suddenly erupted, his fingernails abruptly turning into sharp gray claws that stabbed into the cannibal’s abdomen like spears.

Although Ashe barely managed to stop the enraged necromancer, he didn’t think the cannibal mayor would thank him after waking up.

In Shattered Lake Prison, a blank death was perhaps the most comfortable death.

The escape team had long known about the grudge between Harvey and Fernand Snow, and didn’t mind letting Harvey take his revenge, but only after they left – in theory, only the “Processor” of Shattered Lake Prison could receive the life signs of Fernand Snow, but what if?

For the same reason, after Ashe used Slash My Miracle to purify the chips of the five escapees, and Harvey used his necromancy book to control the “Processor” to add restrictions to all the prison guards, they didn’t kill anyone – they didn’t even hurt them, only restricted their range of movement.

It wasn’t because their morals were so high and mighty, but because they didn’t dare gamble. If the life characteristics of the guards were sent to the “Processor” in Caimon City after their deaths, alerting the Heresy Court, then not only would their escape fail, even leaving this Shattered Lake would be questionable.

But none of them had a healing spirit, though Harvey could suture wounds – for a necromancer, suturing corpses was also considered a professional skill.

However, Ashe didn’t dare let Harvey help stop Fernand Snow’s bleeding, so he came to find the medic for help.

Of course, in this process Ashe also didn’t lift the restrictions on the medic’s arcane energy, he only had the medic use gauze and bandages to stop the bleeding. Although the medic basically relied on spirits to heal, she still knew these basic treatments.

“It seems your companions are not very reliable.”

“Of course, I’m the only normal one on the team.”

“Hearing that makes me worry for your prison break journey.”

“Who wouldn’t say that? I’m responsible for leading the whole team to fly, but it’s still better than waiting here to die-”

“Do you really think so?”

Ashe looked at the crow mask in surprise. Sylphine didn’t avoid his gaze, staring straight at him.

“Do you really feel like your only option in Shattered Lake Prison is death? In less than a month, you’ve come up with feasible ways to escape, establishing your position in the prison... Even if, as you say, someone outside the prison has framed you, do you really only have this path to take?”

“Compared to escaping Shattered Lake Prison and becoming enemies with the entire Bloodmoon Kingdom, wouldn’t it be simpler, safer to find loopholes and survive in Shattered Lake Prison?”

“If you just wanted to live ignobly, you wouldn’t have chosen the most dangerous path of ‘escape’. You’re doing this to satisfy some desire, even willing to bet your life on it.”

Ashe was slightly startled.

Carefully recalling his actions over the past half month, he realized that he did seem to have never considered accepting the law’s punishment... No, bearing Heath’s blame and spending the rest of his life in prison.

From the beginning, he had been thinking about how to escape. Aurora’s Sorcerer Handbook, the swordswoman, Igor... These were all opportunities for his escape, but the idea of escaping seemed to be deeply rooted in his mind, never wavering.

Did he not know the extremely low chance of a successful escape, and the risk of death?

Did he not know that even if he succeeded, what awaited him would still be endless pursuit?

He could almost foresee his own outcome – hungry, cold, tired, every person he encountered an enemy, no longer a place for him in the Bloodmoon Kingdom.

A person cannot resist the collective, they can only blend into the collective.

In fact, if he just wanted to live ignobly, there should still be other ways. For example, taking out his knowledge reserves, copying texts and the like, greatly increasing his contribution; or carefully preparing a xiangsheng/crosstalk script, turning the Blood Moon Tribunal into his own show.

There were many, many more, each method safer than his escape, some even with higher success rates.

But why...did he not have any thoughts of 'surrender' or 'compromise' from the start?

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Chapter 126: Embrace

"Are you doing this for freedom? For revenge? Or... are you enjoying the pleasure of being enemies with the world?"

At this moment, Sylphine felt as if she saw a sinister light flashing in Ashe's pitch-black eyes. She had only seen such eyes on her teacher before – eyes that longed to see the world burn.

But Ashe quickly put on his familiar cheeky grin, making Sylphine wonder if she had imagined it.

"I just want to be able to pick my ears anytime, anywhere," he shrugged and smiled. "Instead of having to go to the bathroom every time I want to pick my ears or nose."

"Also, being exploited without making money really crosses the bottom line for a worker like me. Whenever I think about this, I get so depressed that my hormones are out of whack and my endocrine system fails."

Sylphine asked, "Is it worth dying for something like this?"

“Not worth it, but I may not necessarily die,” Ashe smiled. “As long as I leave the Bloodmoon Kingdom, I can naturally start a new life.”

“Leave?” Sylphine was puzzled. “Where do you want to go? How will you leave?”

“I don’t know, do you have any good recommendations?”

“I do! I’ve read about many other kingdoms in books. I most want to go to the monstrous kingdom built in the Abyss, then the ephemeral kingdom where all souls have eternal life, and also the stellar kingdom that controls the skies...”

Ashe waved his hand, “No, I actually hope you can recommend a way to leave Bloodmoon.”

“How would I know how to leave Bloodmoon... Each kingdom is a completely closed off world, there is no conventional way to travel between kingdoms. If there was, they would have fought and become one kingdom long ago.” Sylphine was a little exasperated. “You don’t even know how to leave yet you want to leave Bloodmoon? Give it up Ashe, the Blood Mad Hunters hurt a lot when they hit people.”

“But I’m sure I can leave Bloodmoon.”

“I’m very doubtful of your earlier claim to be ‘the only normal person on the team’ now. There’s no hope at all, what miracle are you still hoping for?”

Ashe thought for a moment and said, “Although it sounds far-fetched as evidence, I learned from the Destiny Oracle that I will leave Bloodmoon in the future.”

Sylphine was stunned. “Destiny Oracle? Really?”

“Really.”

“...Damn it, how did you get such good luck?!”

Ashe blinked. “I’m escaping from prison now, not going on vacation.”

“But I’m still so envious!” Sylphine said sourly. “For us... medics, our future lives are decided early on. We’re only allowed to live under the glory of Bloodmoon, everything we do has rules and regulations, life is full of untouchable warning lines everywhere.”

She said dejectedly, “Other than virtual world exploration and surgery, there is no passion in my future. It’s like a pond of stagnant water slowly turning foul.”

“Then do you want to come with me?” Ashe smiled. “We still lack a medic on our team.”

Sylphine couldn't remember how many times she had been stunned speechless by Ashe's words.

"Are you serious?"

"Of course, I'm not inviting you to go to the bathroom with me. This is a prison break, how can I joke about it?"

"You're kidding, I'm a medic with a bright future ahead, why would I go on the run with you and live such a precarious life?"

"Why are you asking me?" Ashe spread his hands. "I'm just giving you a choice as a friend. You should ask yourself – do you want to abandon your current life and come with me?"

Sylphine hurriedly retorted, "What friend... That's right! Last time you came up with all kinds of excuses to borrow my medic uniform, it was to use for your prison break, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then how can you call us friends? You were clearly just using me!"

"Being friends with you and using you are not mutually exclusive. I hope you'll join my team, but I also hope you get to live the life you want. Working where you like is living, working where you don't like is punishment."

"Some selfishness is understandable, but I won't be so selfish as to think others are selfless. So I won't say nonsense that even con artists are too lazy to say, like 'trust me'."

Ashe held out his hand to Sylphine, "I'll just ask, 'do you want to come with me'?"

Thump.

Her stagnant heart seemed to beat, her cold blood seemed to warm. Born in a top nurturing facility, strictly educated since young, became one of the sacred bloodline before even graduating, never violated any rules or laws – Sylphine encountered such outrageous invitation for the first time.

It was like a fish living in a pond being asked by a passing bird if it wanted to leave together.

"...I don't want to."

"What a pity."

Ashe didn't expect to lure away the medic with just a few words. He went over, picked up the cannibal mayor, "See you next time then, [222]."

Sylphine suddenly had the urge to tell him her real name, but held back: "Will there be a next time? Even if there is, you definitely won't recognize me."

"Then you'll have to remind me," Ashe smiled. "I'll tell you stories about what's outside the Bloodmoon Kingdom, look forward to it."

"Wait."

Ashe stopped and looked at Sylphine strangely. Sylphine was at a loss for words, she didn't know what she wanted to say either – tell him to surrender? Tell him to stay here and wait for death?

After a moment of silence, she turned her head away and said softly, "If, if I have a way for you to clear your charges, and even leave Craglake to start a new life, able to live openly in the Bloodmoon Kingdom, would you be willing?"

There was indeed a way for a heinous cult leader to have his crimes pardoned and leave prison.

That was to turn the criminal into a Bloodmoon Shade.

Crimes committed by the two Bloodmoon races were not subject to normal judicial procedures, only handled by the Church and Research Institute. If the criminal became one of the sacred bloodline, they had to be handed over to the Research Institute. The most common punishment the Institute gave its kin was house arrest and forced labor, usually in centuries-long sentences, but they would not execute their kin.

However, converting between the sacred and the shades required complex procedures, absolutely not something death row inmates in prison could accomplish, unless...

Unless the most primitive kin propagation method was used, such as the Embrace Ceremony.

But besides the sacred bloodline's strong will, the Embrace Ceremony also had requirements for the recipient – the recipient needed to fall in love with...

Sylphine suddenly realized an issue.

Why did she want to keep Ashe around, even willing to Embrace him? Because she didn't want Ashe to leave, she wanted Ashe to stay.

The pond fish wouldn't leave with the bird, but would drag the bird into the pond, hoping the bird would also become a fish.

Did the Embrace Ceremony really require the recipient to fall for the sacred bloodline?

In many bio-augmentation surgeries, there were cases of the patient's personality changing due to the augmentations. Mechanical augmentations reduced desires, leading to the pursuit of spiritual fulfillment instead; Abyssal augmentations increased destructive urges, making them more irritable and angry; Aviary augmentations made the patients enjoy eating insect cuisine...

The sacred bloodline were not all telepaths, how could they know the recipient's true feelings for them?

They only assumed 'the recipient fell in love with them'.

Perhaps this was not a prerequisite for the ritual, but a result of the ritual.

The name 'Embrace' means the first embrace. And the truth behind the Embrace Ceremony was perhaps more romantic, yet also more cruel, than recorded.

"I'm not willing."

Sylphine looked at Ashe. Ashe shrugged, "Although I don't know what method you mentioned, I probably wouldn't be willing either way."

"Why not?"

"While it may be too small a sample size to generalize, from what I've gathered in prison, I feel the outside Bloodmoon Kingdom is perhaps just a bigger Craglake." Ashe sighed, "I don't think I'm some freedom terrorist, but I feel I probably still wouldn't be able to breathe out there."

"It's not that Bloodmoon cannot accommodate me, but that I cannot accommodate Bloodmoon."

"How arrogant," Sylphine smiled faintly. "You really are a cult leader through and through."

"I'll take that as a compliment for now, sorry to disappoint your goodwill."

"It's fine, I regretted it as soon as I said it anyway, fortunately you didn't agree." Sylphine waved her hand. "See you, Ashe Heath."

Ashe suddenly remembered something. "Speaking of which, I still don't know your name."

"If I tell you my name, I'd be breaking the rules. And you say you're not a cult leader, trying to seduce me into crime right before leaving?"

“You’re right, but it doesn’t feel good to part like this. We should at least shake hands.”

Ashe directly tossed the cannibal mayor aside and walked over to extend his right hand to Sylphine.

“While it may be nothing to you,” Ashe said seriously, “I’ve always been grateful that you kept pulling me back each time from death’s grasp. Several times I felt like I heard a crowd critiquing how I didn’t die spectacularly enough...”

“That may be an early sign of schizophrenia, I suggest getting a new brain.”

“Every statement from you expands my understanding of biotech...”

Sylphine looked at Ashe’s hand, and suddenly felt an urge. She walked over and hugged Ashe briefly.

In Ashe’s startled moment, she let go and stepped back a few steps, murmuring softly: “As expected, it’s not that simple... Alright, the farewell ceremony is over, you should get going.”

“Huh? You’re actually a girl?”

“Do you have any objections? The more you guess, the closer I am to committing a crime.”

“No objections at all. And to preserve the feeling from earlier, I’ve decided to never bathe again from now on-”

“Get out of here!”

Watching Ashe leave the medical room carrying Fernand, Sylphine felt somewhat downcast for some reason, feeling empty inside.

She shook her head, shaking off the pointless thoughts, and turned to head back to the rest lounge.

This was just a trivial interlude in her millennia of life. She couldn’t accept Ashe’s invitation – her bloodline didn’t allow it, her soul didn’t allow it, her mission didn’t allow it.

Because she was Sylphine Gauven, the most gifted of the bloodline in a millennium.

Just as she grasped the side door handle, she suddenly heard the thump of a heartbeat.

But it wasn’t her heartbeat.

It came from below the prison, from the depths of Broken Lake, where the finger shark guarded the Black Coffin tomb!

“Junior... your... Blood Lock... needs help...?”

Sylphine didn't push open the door. She looked at the pitch-black, reflective door panel that could almost serve as a mirror.

She saw that her blood-red eyes were smeared black.

They looked like ordinary human eyes, like Ashe Heath's eyes.

“No need. Go back to sleep.”

The heartbeat gradually faded away, disappearing into Broken Lake's waves.

Sylphine pushed open the door and returned to the medical officer's lounge.

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Chapter 127: Staying in Prison to Die

Shattered Lake Prison, men's restroom.

In the dozens of square meters of restroom, more than thirty people were crammed together. Only seven were guards, the rest were death row inmates wearing classic black and white striped suits.

“Angus! Come out! Don't hog the stall without taking a dump!”

“Amanro! I remember you don't have much contribution left. How dare you offend me like this?”

“Desmond, come out! I'll owe you a favor, okay? Come on out!”

Guard Nago squeezed his thighs together as he banged on five stalls, but not a single stall opened its door. The death row inmates around him laughed mockingly, the ridiculing laughter making Nago flush with shame and resentment, wishing he could bite his teeth to pieces.

These bastards who deserved to be fish food had occupied all the stalls!

“Charvik, how much longer?”

Another guard whose face was extremely ugly as he squeezed his legs together opened his light screen: “13 more minutes. According to the ‘Restroom Usage Regulations’, the same user cannot stay in a stall for more than 60 minutes. Just endure 13 more minutes!”

Nago squeezed out between gritted teeth: “But I can’t hold it anymore...”

“What, no way, don’t tell me a guard is going to wet his pants? How disgusting!”

“Shhh, shhh—”

“That whistle is no good. If you want to make someone unable to hold their urine through sound, you should use a sharp, urgent sound to make them tense up, causing the bladder to contract and the urge to pee to increase dramatically. The reason people may involuntarily urinate when in danger is the same principle, so we should scrape stainless steel mirrors to make a sound like this!”

A sharp, piercing sound echoed through the restroom. Nago instantly straightened his waist and scurried to the urinal. Before he could even unzip, seven or eight heads were already there watching. Other guards who wanted to help were blocked by a wall of people.

Because of the restrictions, the death row inmates could not touch or attack him, but they had no intention to either. They simply watched Nago’s next actions with the gaze of watching a circus performance, without violating any rules.

Nago really did not want to unzip his pants, but he steeled himself and unzipped!

“Tsk tsK tsK...”

“That’s it?”

“Compared to when I was a kid...”

Waves of disdainful comments made Nago so angry he almost burned a hole in his belly. Gritting his teeth, he said, “What do you know! You bunch of...you bunch of...”

“Bunch of what? Go on, curse me, Mr. Guard.”

“Louder, yell it out. You want to be a guard with that tiny voice?”

“The guard’s going to curse me, I’m so excited!”

Nago’s face turned red with rage. After a long pause, the only thing he managed to squeeze out was: “...ill-mannered guys!”

“Ah, the guard called me ill-mannered, I’m so angry, so unsatisfied!”

“Ill-mannered, such a dirty word. Nago, how could you curse so viciously!”

“Wah wah wah, I’m crying from being scolded! Oh, just kidding, I’m actually laughing.”

The death row inmates guffawed loudly. The other guards who saw Nago being humiliated also turned red with rage, but they didn’t dare rush over to help Nago either – they also couldn’t hold it in, and would leak if they moved violently.

“By the way, Nago, have you blocked it? How come you’re not coming out yet?”

One inmate realized: “Don’t tell me... you’re the type who can’t pee when people are watching?”

“No way? Then I’d rather stare until my eyes bleed without blinking.”

“It’s time to test everyone’s stare! Nago, 10 minutes left, we’ll help you hold it!”

If not for the urge to pee assaulting his soul, Nago was sure he would’ve passed out from rage. Just then, the restroom door was shoved open forcefully!

Slap!

Nago’s expression instantly relaxed, his whole body easing up.

“What are you guys doing?” Ashe looked at the large group of people gathered around the urinal.

“Watching Nago.” The death row inmates replied very obediently.

“Why? Don’t you need to go? Whoever doesn’t, tell me and I’ll take her to the women’s room... peeing is nothing to look at, turn around, I don’t like people watching me pee!”

The inmates and guards looked at each other. Someone bravely spoke up: “If you can—”

"If I can make you lick the restroom clean then you'll be willing to turn around? Fine, I'll go get the Register of Sinners right now—"

Whoosh!

Everyone turned around simultaneously, submitting to Ashe's 'demon

' might. Ashe shook her head helplessly at them, and patted Nago's shoulder as she passed by: "No need to thank me, consider it repayment for the boots you gave me back then."

Nago: "... "

Ashe, you really are a—

"Thank you for your help!" Since he wasn't done peeing yet, Nago could only endure the humiliation and say through gritted teeth. S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Ah, you're too polite." Ashe went to the furthest urinal and carried out small metabolism: "Is the accommodation still comfortable? Feel free to provide feedback."

Now Nago completely lost control: "You locked us in the restroom, and you're asking if we're comfortable with the accommodation?"

"No choice, the restroom is the only place that allows excretion in the prison. If I locked you somewhere else, you could explode internally from holding it in without polluting the environment."

"Private rooms—"

"That won't work. You have to be detained together, and the guards must stay with the inmates. Although these scumbags won't help me, they'll be happy to see you suffer and won't let you sabotage my plans."

Nago said coldly: "You think you can get away with this?"

"The fact that you're starting to care about my future means you're quite satisfied with the living conditions here, right?" Ashe zipped up her pants: "Well, I'm off."

"Demon!" Some death row inmates immediately rushed over to surround Ashe: "Take me with you! I'm willing to follow your orders!"

"Me too! I'm very good at licking, in every sense of the word!"

"I'm a two-wing caster, Annoying, you can definitely use me!"

“And me too—”

Before, when there was no chance or hope, they could let it go. But now there was suddenly a chance to escape, those desires suppressed deep in the death row inmates’ hearts ignited like kindling, and they scrambled to join Ashe’s gang.

Ashe raised both hands to calm everyone down: “Stop, stop, I’ve heard your wishes already. Don’t worry, I’ll do my best to satisfy your desires and leave not a single one of you—”

The death row inmates’ faces lit up, while the guards’ expressions turned solemn.

“—all staying in prison until death!”

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Chapter 128: Let’s Hold the Blood Moon Tribunal

The death row inmates shouted in unison: “Why!?”

Ashe stood with his hands on his hips, speaking righteously: “To be honest, I’m actually a good person. I wish I could feed you bunch of scumbags to the fishes immediately. How could I possibly let you get out and wreak havoc on society? Just stay here quietly to accept ideological remolding, and strive to die early. Don’t let me see you guys again!”

“But you’re a cult leader yourself!”

“I’m not, I didn’t, I’m innocent.”

“Who would believe that!”

“You don’t believe such an honest good person like me. I’ll remember you. Hmm, I’ll vote for you during the Blood Moon Tribunal.”

“Wait, hold on.” A handsome and tall death row inmate stopped him: “Although I don’t know about your escape plan, no matter what, I can serve as bait to divert the Heresy Court’s attention, increasing your chance of escaping successfully. You don’t have to trust me, but compared to you, the Heresy Court will definitely pay more attention to me, ‘Nightingale’ Joelle. I can definitely reduce the pressure you face tremendously.”

“Ah, it’s Joelle. I remember you.” Ashe smiled: “Back then, Igor wanted to find teammates. The first one he recommended was you. He believed you were very powerful and witty, skilled in healing and evasion, and understood all the big and small black spots in Caimon City. Simply the best ally.”

Joelle smiled: “I’m flattered by the Beast’s favor...”

“—So he strongly demanded that I leave you here to die.” Ashe sneered: “Back when we came to recruit you, you refused and ignored us. Now the plan has succeeded, it’s your turn to fail to reach!”

“Igor is much more petty than me. You offended him, I guess before leaving he used the Register of Sinners to make you lick the piss pool clean. Hey, anyone here have diabetes? Maybe you can help adjust the taste for him?”

Pushing away the ugly-looking Joelle, Ashe had barely taken two steps before being blocked by the prison guards again.

“Ashe Heath.” Nago said coldly: “I know for stubborn and vicious free will criminal offenders like you, reasoning is useless. So I’m not interested in reasoning with you. I just hope you either kill me or remove my restraints! I can’t stand this humiliation!”

Ashe blinked: “This humiliation? Isn’t your current treatment just the daily treatment for death row inmates? Everyone goes through this—”

“But we’re not death row inmates! We shouldn’t suffer such shackles!” Nago looked over the death row inmates: “While you—”

“They deserve their sins, I know.” Ashe said lightly: “Just think of this as a rare career experience. It will also benefit your future work. After all, how can you become warden when you haven’t even been an inmate?”

“Besides, these so-called shackles just forbid you from attacking, insulting, and pissing randomly, right? Isn’t this just the rules you should follow anyway? Why are you so resistant about it?”

“As for you being unable to piss when watched, that’s because you’re too sensitive. It’s not my problem...”

Nago was speechless for a moment. Ashe pushed him aside and whispered in his ear:

“Don’t think it’s an insignificant good deed so you don’t want to do it. Don’t think it’s a negligible evil act so you just do it casually...”

“I’m not asking you to sympathize with these scumbags. I just hope you guys don’t become scumbags.”

“Of course, you can also see this as me getting revenge on you prison guards.” He patted Nago’s shoulder: “Next time when bringing death row inmates to the Blood Moon Tribunal, be gentler, just routinely send them to their deaths. Don’t treat the inmates as toys.”

“When you don’t treat others as human, you’re not far from them yourself.”

After saying that, Ashe left. Nago stood there in a daze, mixed emotions in his heart—

Slap!

Ashe suddenly rushed back in to wash his hands in the sink, “Almost forgot.” Then swiftly left again.

Nago looked at the shoulder Ashe had just patted, feeling even more complicated.

In the central hall, the five villains gathered.

Necromancer Harvey said: “Now except for us five, everyone else in the prison has limited mobility and death row inmate level restrictions added. No one can affect our plan.”

Swindler Igor said: “I learned from the Hunter that the transport ship must be back at Caimon Lake Port by 7pm at the latest, otherwise the port will inquire—because the port staff must get off work at exactly 7:30pm.”

Gourmet Langna said: “The transport ship has been cleaned up.”

Woodpecker Ronat gave a thumbs up, flashing a smile that made his teeth shine: “I’ve learned how to control the transport ship! The five of us meet the minimum crew requirements to operate the transport ship!”

“That means we can leave anytime now.” Ashe looked around: “The only problem is, Harvey, if you want to kill Fernand Snow, you have to delay his death until after 6pm. Whether by poison or bleeding him out, the point is to give us ample escape time.”

“Or...we can execute that plan which can be called insane and spur of the moment.”

Harvey ripped open a sky blue square package with his teeth, using his tongue to roll out a milky white candy inside his mouth. Ashe took a close look – wasn’t this the

Moonlight Candy from the Snow White brand that had advertised on Caimon Channel One? This moonlight candy claimed to be whiter than snow and sweeter than a princess. More lewdly, in the commercial the model acting as the princess did a split after eating one candy.

Ashe really couldn't help but be interested – after all he couldn't do the splits.

But Harvey actually had this kind of hobby?

He saw Harvey gently crushing the candy with his tongue, a hint of liveliness slowly surfacing in his lifeless eyes: "I choose the spur of the moment plan."

"Me too." Surprisingly the second approval came from Igor. His eyes now looked crazily excited like a pervert seeing a beauty: "I can't miss such a good performance opportunity."

"I object." Langna took out a nail file to groom his nails, saying lightly: "Leaving quietly is the safest."

"I stand with Langna." Ronat smiled: "Whether emotionally or interest-wise, the spur of the moment plan is too risky."

2 vs 2, the decisive vote was in Ashe's hands.

"I naturally prefer the higher safety original plan." After Ashe said this, Harvey and Igor's expressions turned ugly, while Langna and Ronat smiled.

"But..."

Ashe spread his hands: "This is my first time being caught, first time becoming a death row inmate, first time being jailed, first time attending the Blood Moon Tribunal... And now it's also the first time escaping."

"With so many firsts, it's not too much to add one more."

"Let's use our first Blood Moon Tribunal to say hello to this sick country."

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Chapter 129: Judge Ashe Heath

Red Mist Research Institute, Laboratory 13.

Lane pushed a cart into the lab, unloading three body bags onto the long table. He let out a sigh, "Professor, the new materials have arrived!"

"Coming."

Lawrence emerged from the back room, glancing at the ten body bags on the table. His large fish-like eyes blinked as he caught a whiff of the rotten stench permeating from the corpses. He nodded, "What about the dolphin?"

"The mother dolphin you specified is already in the tank downstairs, but it was too large to bring up. Professor, did you need the dolphin right after its death? When do you need it?"

"Not yet, you take care of her for now."

"Yes sir. Professor, did you want to examine a live dolphin? Should I have the tank brought up here?"

"No need to move it up here."

Not for research material, and not to bring to the lab?

Lane blinked in confusion, "Professor, did you really want to research dolphins?"

"Of course." Lawrence calmly replied. "But remember to deliver her to my home later."

Damn!

As an outstanding human research assistant, Lane felt his worldview shaken – the rumors of blue scaled fishmen favoring dolphins were true!

"Let's unpack the boxes." Lawrence said. "You're lucky. When I was an intern, we didn't have nearly as many research materials. Watch closely and learn."

"Yes sir!"

Lawrence opened the first body bag. "Human male, obese youth, non-sorcerer, Level 1 ordinary material. You can practice on this one."

“Beastman male, muscular youth, non-sorcerer, Level 3 ordinary material. This one’s for your practice too.”

“Human female, average youth, non-sorcerer, Level 3 ordinary material. Practice on this.”

“Elf male, muscular middle-aged, non-sorcerer, Level 7 rare material. This one’s mine.”

“What’s the hospital doing...nevermind. Dog, male, muscular adult, non-sorcerer, Level 2 ordinary material. You can practice on this one.”

After opening the last bag, Lawrence shook his head. “8 ordinary, 2 rare, and not a single sorcerer corpse. Our luck isn’t the greatest this time.”

“Professor, this is already really good!” Lane quickly added. “Usually the hospital only sends the institute around 20 corpses a day, mostly Level 1 ordinary ones that died from illness or old age. And that small amount still has to be divided amongst the whole institute. When I was learning from Professor Oslan, sometimes we didn’t have new materials for a whole week.”

“It’s only been plentiful recently. There’s even too much for us to use up before the ‘death aura dissipates after 7 days’ deadline. We’ve been working overtime nonstop.”

“I see, I see.” Lawrence’s mood was decent, even adding some fishman bubble sounds as he spoke. “We really must thank those foreign sorcerers. They should come to Caimon City every year...no, every month.”

“Professor!” Lane was shocked. “Watch your words! The Archon will be upset!”

“Relax, we’re the sacred bloodline favored by the Archon. He won’t withdraw his grace over some careless words.”

“But still, what if someone else hears and reports to-”

“Alright, alright. So you think I said wrong?”

“Of course you were. Every month would be too damaging to the economy, Caimon City can’t handle such frequent devastation.” Lane seriously replied. “It’d be more reasonable if they went to Feimeng City every month instead. A third of the new materials from Caimon already get sent to their research institute.”

Lawrence looked at his new student – as expected of a former human, much more devious than a fishman.

A light screen suddenly popped up, notifying Lawrence his appointment time had arrived. He told his student, "Lane, get started on pre-processing the materials. I need to step out for a bit."

"Yes Professor."

After taking off his lab coat and spraying on some perfume to mask the corpse stench, Lawrence briskly left the lab.

Passing by the downstairs tank, he ogled at the dolphin's graceful figure and alluring eyes, wiping the drool from the corner of his mouth before stepping into the blood moonlight campus.

Despite returning to the institute only a few days ago, they had swiftly allocated him a lab.

Although Lawrence felt he was weak and useless, his source bloodline was still top 5 in the entire institute. Thus, even though he had offended the 'prospective big shots' across the four major institutes, institute still allocate resources to him.

Lane was also a research assistant assigned to him by the institute. Although Lawrence was unwilling, it was mandatory for young researchers to take on students, plus there were many miscellaneous tasks in experimental research that required an assistant's help.

Lawrence had also been someone's student before – this was a necessary step before undergoing the 'blood transformation'. It was akin to a 'trial period' or 'internship' before changing races.

Although prospective blood heirs had passed the research assistant exams and had the qualifications, many of the institute's projects conflicted with mainstream values. The institute needed to ensure the newcomers could integrate into their group of 'smart people', not 'model citizens' brainwashed by propaganda.

Of course, the 'trial period' was ostensibly for research assistants to quickly advance their faction boundaries to Silver-rank by gaining early exposure. But if the new recruit couldn't blend into the institute 'family', their fate generally wasn't pleasant – there was a joke in the institute, 'today you're my student, tomorrow you're my material'.

The institute wouldn't intentionally break laws, but the law couldn't touch the institute either.

Incidentally, the Red Mist Institute's main research was on the 'Blood' and 'Necromancy' factions, both requiring copious corpses as research materials. Lawrence specialized in Necromancy, and thanks to abundant materials, his experiments had progressed rapidly

in recent days. He had even summoned a new spirit, nudging his Necromancy faction close to breaking through the Silver boundary limit.

If he was still stubbornly grinding his source blood in prison, he wouldn't have caught such a great timing. As the saying goes, fate really does work in mysterious ways.

Arriving at the bar, Lawrence greeted the snake owner, who laughed, "You are here again? Got some good new blood recently, want to try a 'Song of the Elves'?"

"You have elven blood? What's the ratio?"

"60%!" The owner looked around before lowering his voice. "Hiss, other than the Elf Song, I also have 'Wolf's Kiss' for sale."

Lawrence's fish eyes bulged wide. "I didn't hear the Church was attacked!"

"A Moon Priest happened to be outside the city then, and ran into the main force of the attackers. May the Archon have mercy on that unlucky soul...want to try it? 10% ratio!"

"One Elf Song, one Wolf's Kiss!"

"You really know how to drink."

Lawrence sat at his previous spot, quietly awaiting the start of the Blood Moon Tribunal. For some reason, after watching it once, he had suddenly grown fond of this show, when he couldn't even be bothered to glance at it back in prison.

Perhaps it was because he had been kicked out of prison.

Perhaps it was because he knew he would be trampled underfoot by [222] for life, while the other party wouldn't even notice his existence.

Perhaps it was because he had accepted his own ordinariness.

During his schooling, internship, and ritual days in prison, Lawrence kept his fighting spirit blazing, satisfying himself on willpower alone without needing entertainment for spiritual enrichment.

But now he had revived his previously dismissed carnal desires, drinking every night at the bar, even enjoying the Blood Moon Tribunal...the reason being, he could no longer derive happiness from 'struggling'.

To Lawrence, studying, researching, cultivating, and exploring the virtual world had all become reluctantly-done 'work'.

Because he saw his own ceiling, and knew his efforts were futile.

Facing the insurmountable wall, he only wanted to lie down and drift through life.

Ironically, when he first joined the institute, Lawrence often looked down on those who slacked, seeing them no different from corpses in a coffin, determined not to become one of them.

‘Perhaps I was already dead that night I was tossed into Shattered Lake.’ Lawrence calmly reflected. ‘Without ambition, all I have left is an unbeating heart.’

Suddenly, a commotion erupted outside the bar. Someone dashed in yelling excitedly, “Something happened at Shattered Lake Prison! Death row inmates escaped!”

“For real? How’d they get out? What about the guards?”

“The guards seem to have been locked up. The condemned took over today’s transport ship and escaped when it arrived. The port only realized something was wrong when the ship never returned, and after layers of reporting, discovered the prison incident!”

“Shattered Lake’s going to become a national disgrace this time. Is this the first ever death row escape?”

“Wait, doesn’t the prison have medics? Could they have also been...”

“Hahahaha, I’m laughing out loud! Come, a toast to the escapees, may they bring some fun to the Blood Mad Hunters!”

“Cheers!”

Someone else shouted, “A toast to the increased materials these past days! We’ve gotten more in the past few days than the last few months combined!”

“Cheers!”

“To the foreign sorcerers...”

“Whoa whoa, we better not casually toast to that.”

“Then a toast to the deceased!”

“Cheers! ”

Lawrence also happily raised his glass, downing the Song of the Elves in one go.

Although it didn’t concern him, Medic [222] was still at Shattered Lake Prison right now. For this jailbreak, the medical team bore undeniable responsibility, arguably even more

than the guards – the guards were openly attacked, while the medics operated in the shadows like bats.

Lawrence even felt lucky to have been kicked out early – as an esteemed sacred bloodline sorcerer, he couldn't have borne the shame of being controlled by death row inmates.

“So there won't be a Blood Moon Tribunal to watch tonight? Boring.”

“Boss, how about starting a betting pool on the escapees? Guessing when they'll be caught, if they'll be killed while on the run, I've got a friend in the Heresy Court who can send news right away!”

The snake boss mused, “Let me think about it...”

Just then, eight light screens suddenly materialized in the center of the bar!

Everyone froze, looking to the boss, but he seemed unperturbed. “I have it set to automatically open the screens for the 8pm Tribunal. But since the show's cancelled tonight-”

“Cut it open with a blade when the wounds are deep enough, to relieve yesterday's curse...”

There was even opening music!?

Under the baffled, astonished, expectant gazes, a prison guard appeared on the screens, holding the Register of Sinners which obscured his mouth, leaving only cold, indifferent eyes visible.

“Greetings everyone, I'm your host for tonight's Blood Moon Tribunal, Ashe Heath.”

Ashe Heath?

Ashe Heath!

No one could forget that name after just a few days, especially since many had been eagerly anticipating his return to the Tribunal stage!

“Since this Tribunal could end at any time, let's get right to it and introduce tonight's sinners up for redemption.”

The scene switched to show the lake outside the prison. Eight slender crimson pillars emerged from Shattered Lake, each with a stone seat atop holding a prisoner.

“This is Edmund Meunken, former Tax Bureau executive secretary.”

“This is Bernard Laidor, former project head of the Government Affairs Department.”

“This is Ernest Andrei, former congressman.”

When the camera focused on the last contestant, everyone watching the Tribunal in bars, institutes, churches, orphanages, and the Heresy Court jumped up in shock.

“This is Alandor Fernand Snow,” Ashe announced, “incumbent mayor of Caimon City.”

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Chapter 130: Why So Serious

Caimon City, Heresy Court, Vice Captain Emma strode through the bright and glamorous hallway, and violently pushed open the door.

“Chief, give me the inspection order! I’m going to take control of the radio station right now!”

Behind the black rosewood carved long table were two floor-to-ceiling windows that allowed the glory of the blood moon to spill onto the red leather armchair and the curly-haired woman sitting in it, unhindered. Her uniform was a bit sloppy because several buttons were undone, and her beautiful silver hair was a mess like a bird’s nest. Her exquisite face was also ruined by the dark eye bags and clown-like dark circles.

Hearing the door open, she turned off the light curtain: “Is it off work already?”

“What off work, the escaped prisoners haven’t even been caught yet!” Emma came over and slapped the table: “I notified the radio station to interrupt the trial live broadcast, but they refused! Chief, hurry up and sign the inspection order for me, I’m going to take my team to kill them!”

“Just say those words here, don’t ruin the reputation of the Heresy Court outside.” The chief said lightly: “A Gerard who gets a hundred complaint letters every month is enough for me to handle.”

“Chief, the inspection order!”

“To inspect the radio station, we need the cooperation of the Administrative Department. Have you contacted Vice Mayor Guro?”

Speaking of this, Emma was even more angry: “I called the Administrative Department to initiate a call, only the mayor’s secretary answered. He said the vice mayor was in an emergency meeting with other departments and could not reply for the time being!”

“That’s pretty normal. With escaped prisoners and all, they certainly need to mobilize various departments to make contingency plans—”

“He did it on purpose! He just wants to drag it out until Fernand Snow dies in the trial, so that he, the vice mayor, can move up, and remove the ‘vice’ from his title!”

“Don’t think so badly of people. Under the glory of the blood moon, the bad guys are all in prison.” The chief said faintly: “The Heresy Court is under the jurisdiction of the Administrative Department. Without their orders, we cannot arbitrarily inspect the radio station of the same level.”

“So we can only watch the trial continue?”

“Why not?”

The chief scratched her head: “Not only the Administrative Department, even the Research Institute and the Church didn’t say anything. They are not in a hurry, so why are you in such a hurry?”

“But—”

“Don’t forget, the people who can really preside over the trial are not in prison, but in the city, outside, here.” The chief spread her hands: “Why do you have to be so serious?”

Stumped by the chief’s ‘correct opinion’, Emma was at a loss for words, and her big wolf tail also drooped down. She pouted dissatisfiedly and pounded the table: “Oh, why are the priests so indifferent about this...”

“You know your night strength is great, my table can’t stand you pounding it a few times.” The chief complained:

“As for why, because this is not a big deal.”

“This isn’t a big deal?”

“Emma, how old are you?”

“I was born in 20s.”

“Oh, so just in your forties. No wonder you make such a big fuss over small things.”

“What does age have to do with it?”

“When you get older, you’ll know that things you now think are very serious, when placed on the scale of centuries or millennia, are just trivial interludes not worth mentioning.” The chief gestured at her dark eye circles: “By comparison, abiding by the rules is more important.”

“The moon gives life, the blood saints guard death — that is our creed. Other than that, we cannot interfere. Secular affairs are for the secular world to manage.”

The chief was so reasonable that Emma could only angrily clench her fists, her fluffy tail standing upright: “...Yes!”

“Go back to work, remember to close the door. And can you retract your tail a bit, it’s very troublesome to clean the fallen fur on the carpet.”

Emma shook her head repeatedly: “No, permanently fixing some of the lunar traits is a symbol of my strength! And everyone really likes it!”

The chief sighed with her hands over her face: “The Church and the Research Institute really just shoved all the troublemakers over... Do they think this is a daycare for adults?”

When Emma closed the office door, she suddenly heard laughter coming from inside.

“Ha, this Ashe is quite interesting, I have to let Gerard leave him alive.”

Damn it!

The chief just wanted to watch this farce play out, that’s why she refused to sign the inspection order no matter what, and Emma almost got fooled by her!

Emma instinctively wanted to rush in and reason with her, but she suddenly remembered what the old priest had told her about the blood saint’s joke.

“When the Blood Saints become interested, the only way to stop them is to nail them to the coffin – accelerated bat blood flow leads to reduced intelligence.”

So Emma gave up and went back to her department with suppressed anger. She sat down and opened the light curtain – she'll just watch what tricks Ashe can pull off!

"Cough, cough cough!"

On the crimson pillar platform in Broken Lake, Fernand Snow suddenly coughed violently twice, spitting out two mouths of foul smelling black blood. His abdomen felt sour and itchy, his clothes were stickily clinging to his body, which was very uncomfortable. Coupled with the dizziness after just waking up, it made him feel like he was back in his teenage years.

Born in the "Bonehead" orphanage, he had to squeeze time out of fighting every day to study. It was an orphanage located in the lower city district of Caimon City, and most of the children were beastmen and cannibals – the mean-looking director did not like these two blue-green races, he simply took them in because the foster subsidies for these two races were high.

A high-end orphanage like "Emerald Garden" would not only receive no funding from the Administrative Department, but the orphanage would even have to pay a large sum of money to select babies from the hospital.

This was because for all the adults who came out of the orphanage, the first 15 years of their income would have 10% deducted as "feedback" to the orphanage. Emerald Garden Orphanage was clearly on the brightest and greatest path: do their best to nurture outstanding talents, and then use the "feedback" from these outstanding talents to strengthen the orphanage, continue to select high-quality newborns, and continue to nurture outstanding talents for society.

It could be said that Emerald Garden and other double first-class orphanages all took this positive cycle route. They were also role models for orphanages nationwide. But not all orphanages had such conditions. After all, there were only so many excellent newborns. Therefore, there was another model – fraudulently obtaining subsidies.

The Bonehead Orphanage picked beastman and cannibal babies that no other orphanage wanted, but because they had to be raised to "maintain species diversity", the Church would allocate a large amount of funds as a subsidy.

The director would swallow all these funds whole, and don't care how the babies live. Anyway beastmen and cannibals were easy to raise. He didn't care about their "feedback" after they turned 18 and were kicked out.

Among the newborns, beastmen and cannibals were the lowest grade. Not only were they difficult to educate with low average IQ, disobedient, and ugly looking (compared to the standard races), their living habits were also dirty.

Therefore, the Bonehead Orphanage was no different from the wilderness. Everyone pooped and lived freely. When it was meal time, people would push in several food buckets, and everyone would rush up to fight for them, eventually developing into racial fights. After getting injured all over, they would lie down and sleep, and the day would pass.

The outside world would have no opinion on this. The orphanage called it “native ecological parenting”, and would even receive praise from all walks of life.

Many scholars believed that this was releasing the nature of beastmen and cannibals, respecting the blue and green skins, quality education according to aptitude. And then they would turn around and denounce orphanages like “Emerald Garden” for over-emphasizing academic performance, destroying children’s nature, and depriving children of their childhood...

Fernand Snow, born in this civilized country, grew up in this “native ecological” environment.

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Chapter 137: Papa

The night breeze came in waves, the Blood Moon was desolate, and occasionally, the sound of the waves and the finger shark leaping out of the water were audible.

Ashe watched everything indifferently, seemingly uninterested in their discussions.

“Even so——” Andrei asked as if grasping at a lifeline, “What does this have to do with you betraying the interests of the citizens to please the Blood Moon Dual Race? You see through everything, so you want to join them?”

“I did everything I could, allying with all races, pleasing the Blood Moon, all to promote the establishment of the fighting league.”

“But this——”

“You don’t understand, Andrei. You cowardly human, you don’t understand what is called valor.”

The Ogre said, “That’s right, just like you predicted, after the fighting league is implemented, violence, death, and killing will become the main theme of this city. The Blood Saint Moonshadow will be pleased beyond words.”

“But the new generation will learn from this barbarism, learn brutality, learn cruelty, they will develop a valor that our previous generations never had, a valor to dare to wield the knife against the Archon!”

“Just for this?” Andrei’s eyes widened.

“Not just that, what’s more important is... Hahaha, although I have always refused to admit that I was born in the trash heap that is the Foster Home, I have to admit, that place is not completely useless, it at least made me understand a way to break the law of the Blood Moon——”

The Ogre laughed heartily, “Fight! There is nothing better than a fight to let two people understand each other. The only way an ogre makes friends is by having a good fight!”

“You sacrifice the interests of the people, appease the Blood Moon Dual Race, and secure your position as the mayor, all for such an elusive goal?” Andrei laughed bitterly, “Fernand Snow, are you really that kind-hearted?”

“You don’t understand, Andrei, you don’t understand at all...” The Ogre said, “If you want to pull down the Blood Moon Dual Race, or even challenge the Blood Moon Supreme, this is definitely not a miracle that one or two people can accomplish, but history driven by all races, all people... Only by sparing no expense is it possible to change this kingdom.”

“At any cost?”

“Yes, at any cost, you are the cost, I am the cost, and so are these generations of the populace. We are already ruined, and the hope of change can only be entrusted to the future. Our greatest meaning of existence is to serve as nourishment to enrich the soil, in the hope that this filthy land will one day bloom with normal flowers.”

“Of course, if I say I have no self-interest, that would definitely be a lie.”

The Ogre glanced at the Blood Moon in the night sky, “If everything goes well, my reputation will reach its peak; if the successors continue my path, a great revolution will inevitably break out. My name, Alandor Fernand Snow, will be extolled through the ages, the wisdom of the Ogre will be crowned with the honor of challenging the Archon...” S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He shouted fervently, "I want you mixed breeds to admit from the bottom of your hearts that Ogres are the greatest, smartest, and bravest race in this world!"

Andrei looked at the Ogre, nearly drowned in chains up to his neck, and was speechless for a moment.

The moment Fernand Snow stated that the foundation of the Blood Moon Realm is to serve the Blood Moon Dual Race, he was doomed to die. The citizens would never let him go.

It was as if in a completely sealed and even poisonous room, everyone was slowly dying in their sleep, but he woke up and shouted like an alarm clock to wake the others. Would they be grateful to him? No, because waking up only added to the pain, because the walls were unbreakable, because mortals couldn't challenge the Archon.

They just want this malicious alarm clock to stop.

Moreover, Fernand Snow didn't want to save them. On the contrary, the Ogre wanted to use the people of these generations as sacrifices, to suck dry their value to nourish the land, to save the people of the future.

Aside from a small portion of the middle-aged and elderly, most of the young populace were livid—why should we be the ones to sacrifice for the salvation of the next generation? What does the next generation have to do with us? Does their wellbeing concern us at all?

This ogre mayor is nothing but a racist fanatic!

Suddenly, the stone pillar beneath the ogre shot up, lifting him alone into the air, over a hundred meters high. From below, people could see the ogre mayor in the center of the Blood Moon, seemingly about to be swallowed and melted by the crimson moonlight at any moment!

"With over 50% of the votes, the executioner arrives early." Ashe's expression was calm: "The executioner this time is the Hydra Executioner."

The entire Shattered Lake seemed to boil, and amidst the waves, the stone pillar divided into eight hideous, grotesque, giant snake bodies. The ogre's stone seat also gradually morphed into the mouth of a giant snake. He sat within the snake's mouth, and with just a slight pucker from the snake, he could be digested and dissolved.

But those who accepted redemption from the Blood Moon Tribunal wouldn't have such an easy and comfortable way to die.

The camera eye flew high into the sky to record, while the ogre looked at it and laughed:

“Ashe Heath, I’ve done as you wished, thoroughly tearing off the facade of the Blood Moon Realm. However, I don’t think this will have any effect... What a pity, if I knew your capabilities earlier, I would have definitely secretly contacted the Four Pillars Religion... No wonder the Blood Moon is cracking down on the Four Pillars Religion...”

The other eight snake heads suddenly danced under the moonlight, biting at the ogre’s limbs from all sides!

Blood sprayed from his body, all of it falling into the giant snake’s mouth, not a drop wasted. The ogre’s body slightly trembled, but his eyes became brighter, and the smile on his face more sinister; his neat white teeth seemed to have all become pointed.

“You idiots who grew up under the Blood Moon, it’s impossible for a savior to be born among you... You scum are not worthy of being saved by a savior... At most, you can only give birth to schemers like me...”

“I knew before that you couldn’t tolerate a kind savior, but I didn’t expect that you couldn’t even tolerate a vicious schemer like me.”

“But that’s okay.”

Fernand Snow revealed an arrogant sneer: “From the moment I was born, I’ve been accustomed to the humiliation of being isolated by idiots.”

Under the Blood Moon, the nine snakes shared their meal.

In an ogre art studio in Caimon City.

There were lunchbox garbage everywhere, mixed with scattered paints, emitting an indescribable stench.

A young ogre sat on a tattered soft chair, watching Fernand Snow being bitten to death by the nine snakes on the screen.

This wasn’t the first time he’d seen Fernand Snow. In many news reports, he’d seen his fellow ogre dressed formally, attending various elegant occasions, known as the ‘most refined ogre’. He had cursed this ogre mayor countless times in the bars, accusing him of changing his teeth to please voters, not caring for ogres, and despite being so rich, not knowing to give some money to everyone...

At the start of the trial, he also looked forward to seeing Fernand Snow crushed into meat mush in the lake. He’d been unhappy and even hateful towards Fernand Snow for a long time—why should you be able to serve as mayor and enjoy all the glory while we can only live in the lower district, afraid to even order takeout?

If it were a human or elf mayor, he wouldn't be so angry, but Fernand Snow was unacceptable.

You're an ogre, why should your life be better than ours?

He had also voted for Fernand Snow's redemption just now.

But now, watching the trial scene on the screen, the young ogre didn't know why, but he felt empty inside, very uncomfortable, more uncomfortable than being hungry, more uncomfortable than being beaten by a gang.

A vague awareness dawned on him, his conjecture taking the form of a nine-headed hydra, gnawing relentlessly at his heart. He collapsed to the ground in agony, tears spilling uncontrollably, but when he opened his mouth, no sound could escape.

He was dry heaving, feeling as if he wanted to vomit his own soul, yet nothing came out.

He wanted to call out, but he didn't know what to say.

The mayor? Fernand Snow? That hybrid more repugnant than a beastmen dancer?

Just then, a holographic display suddenly popped up with a voice message:

"Congratulations, your redemption vote has successfully punished a criminal. Thus, you've been selected for the 'Justice Bringer's Roulette' lottery round and have won the third-place prize. We are now presenting to you..."

This voice message completely shattered his mental defenses. The fearless young ogre could no longer hold back. Curled up on the ground like an infant, he burst into a fit of sobs, his face smeared with tears and snot. He cried until he couldn't breathe, cried until he was babbling nonsense.

"Oh... hum... mama... oh... papa..."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 131: Legal illegal behavior

Fernand Snow could no longer recall why he harbored ambitions unusual for an Ogre.

Was it because he saw the impeccably dressed council members visiting the Skull Stick Foster Home, patting the heads of the beastmen children with a smile, while their eyes barely concealed their contempt?

Or was it because he longed for the opulent houses and the elegant, upper-class lifestyle depicted in the dramas?

Or perhaps it was because... he saw the confident human mayor on the screen, raising his right fist, uttering lies that even beastmen children wouldn't believe: "To make every race even greater!"

Regardless, Fernand Snow began a life markedly different from other Ogres: after fighting for food, he would sneak into a corner, turn on the screen, and watch today's remedial video from the Jade Garden.

Although each child had a full set of general educational materials from the beginning theoretically making self-study enough to grasp all knowledge points, if one wanted to get into middle school, college or even graduate school, a deep understanding of the subjects was required, which was far beyond the scope of the textbooks.

Well-funded foster homes would naturally hire teachers to tutor their charges, but the Skull Stick didn't have this luxury. The average educational level of the blue-skinned and green-skinned individuals who left the Skull Stick was merely prenatal.

But perhaps for the sake of increasing their reputation or setting an example, the educational videos from the top-tier foster homes would be uploaded to the Canopy. Children without such good educational conditions could download these videos for self-study. After all, everyone had a Chip, so there was no barrier to downloading.

That was a memory Fernand Snow would never forget: after a fight, he sat in a cold, foul-smelling corner, bruised and battered. One side of his world was filled with beastmen and Ogres fighting fiercely in the sand, an Ogre eating and defecating at the same time not far away, and a beastman adding his own toenail clippings to a sandwich.

On the other side, he saw a tidy classroom on the screen, a knowledgeable and elegant teacher, and students full of laughter and banter.

Many years had passed, but Fernand Snow could still recall the surging emotions of his youth. A fire once again ignited in his chest, a fire that seared his soul, a fire named—

Shame!

“... Now that the audience is familiar with these eight redeemed individuals, there must be a question in everyone’s mind. That is, although Mayor Fernand Snow has temporarily stepped down, he is not a criminal. So why is he also participating in this trial?”

Hearing these words, Fernand Snow turned to see a prison guard standing at the edge of the observation deck – the man who had brought him into the Shattered Lake.

He remembered that after signing the Register of Sinners, his strength was bounded, and then he was attacked by the prison guard and fell unconscious.

Looking closer, he realized that the guard was not addressing them directly, but speaking to the camera.

Prison...live broadcast...Blood Moon...

The Ogre narrowed his eyes and turned to the human beside him: “Director Laidor, who is he?”

Even though Laidor himself was overthrown by Fernand Snow, when asked so naturally, the former project director instinctively answered: “He is Ashe Heath.”

After a pause, he added, “A death row inmate who should be in prison.”

Fernand Snow immediately understood everything. He looked towards Ashe, only to find Ashe was also looking at him. Ashe held the Register of Sinners that controlled the fate of all prisoners, covering his face and revealing only a pair of indifferent eyes.

“The reason why Mayor Fernand Snow is here is because a friend of mine said that he is a bad person, who has exploited legal loopholes to evade scrutiny multiple times.”

Fernand Snow sneered dismissively, not bothering to respond.

Ashe continued, “Of course, ‘I have a friend’ is hardly a testimony. In fact, according to the investigative files of the Heresy Court’s Memory Master, although there are many unexplainable doubts and memory losses, but strictly speaking, Mayor Fernand Snow has not committed any illegal actions.”

“It’s well known that the Blood Moon Tribunal is not really ruled by the mayor, the Heresy Court, or a small host like me, but by the sharp-eyed citizens in front of the screen. Your redemption tickets are the key to guiding this trial.”

“Of course, I don’t expect you to follow the encouragement of a convicted criminal like me, to let this lawless mayor meet with the Blood Moon Supreme early.”

“And this, is exactly what makes the Blood Moon Tribunal I planned this time interesting.”

“Unlike Mayor Fernand Snow, the other seven former councilors, officials, and gang members are all scum with proven crimes. If the radio station is reluctant to cut off the signal, then the citizens can click on the avatar to get the criminal information of these seven losers.”

“In theory, the redeemed in this trial will be chosen only from among you seven. But now, I give you a chance.”

Ashe pointed at the ogre, “You can state Mayor Fernand’s illegal actions to give him tickets. In this way, you naturally escape a disaster. According to my understanding of the citizens and my personal experience, the more detailed and important your report, the lower your ticket count.”

The crowd changed color slightly, and the former beastman secretary Meunken shouted, “I report, Fernand Snow hired a killer ! Ah!!!”

Meunken suddenly screamed horribly. The red stone seat he was sitting on was rising smoke, as if it was heating up rapidly, causing the skin of Meunken and the stone seat to be scorched!

“Ah, I forgot to say, in this trial, the executioner’s enhancement is the ‘Mouth of Lies’.” Ashe’s voice had no apology other than schadenfreude, “Once you lie, frame up, fabricate, say things that even you can’t confirm, the executioner’s mouth will keep heating, heating, until you become delicious cooked food. I’m really grateful for the technical support provided by the Heresy Court for this trial.”

‘Mouth of Lies’!?

Everyone’s face changed dramatically, but they found themselves unable to get off their stone seats, as if they were stuck on them. Not only that, they were unable to output arcane energy, or attack others this private Blood Moon Tribunal was too outrageous, it only gave them speech permission, other permissions were still forbidden!

“Yes, the eight stone pillars you are sitting on are the bodies of the executioners. Congratulations, not many people in the world can sit on the executioners.”

I’ll trade with you! Everyone cursed in their hearts, glaring at Ashe.

“Hold on.”

Wearing silver-rimmed glasses, like a middle-aged scholar, Andrei raised his hand and asked, “First, it is known that Fernand Snow has not committed any crimes. Second, we

cannot say things we cannot confirm. On this premise, we cannot state Fernand Snow's 'illegal actions'."

Ashe looked at Andrei.

"Exactly, you're right, so I'm not really asking you to state 'illegal facts', but expecting you to state Fernand Snow's legal illegal actions."

Legal illegal actions?

Everyone present was a politician or official who had struggled through hundreds of battles and finally climbed to the top of Caimon City. When Ashe said this, they immediately understood his underlying meaning, and their faces became extremely ugly, even Fernand Snow was no exception!

"Ah ha."

In the director's office of the Heresy Court, the director opened a file, which was Ashe Heath's resume.

"Strange, there are no government officials among the victims of the Four Pillars Religion, and he has never been involved in related work... Could someone have leaked it to him? Or did he simply observe it himself?"

"From this perspective, his actions are not simply because of a grudge against Fernand Snow or provoking the Heresy Court, but rather he aims to touch the deep-seated social norms."

"This is a big trouble that could give both the institute and the church a headache..."

"But..."

The director propped up his face, the corners of his mouth slightly raised to reveal a smile, and anticipation flickered in the blood-red eyes encircled by dark circles.

"It's been over a hundred years since I've encountered any trouble."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 132: The Rules of the Power Game

"Legal illegal behavior?"

The people in the Barista of the Institute looked puzzled. Someone asked, “Aren’t those two antonyms? A coin that’s both heads and tails? A person who’s both male and female?”

“Are you discriminating against me!” A person of androgynous appearance slammed the table and stood up, “Are you mocking intersex individuals in public!? Intersexuality is the new mainstream culture, able to enjoy the benefits of both genders. This is clearly the most perfect state, how are there still stubbornly outdated individuals like you in this day and age—“

“I’m sorry, I misspoke. I sincerely apologize for causing you any harm.” The former quickly apologized.

Lorens scratched the scales on his face, turning his head to ask Boss Snake, “Boss Snake, do you know what this ‘legal illegal behavior’ he’s talking about is?”

“Sss... I can guess.”

“Oh? Do tell?”

At this moment, Boss Snake smiled, suddenly asking, “ Sss, Lorens, have you gotten used to life at the Institute? How’s the lab?”

“Very good,” Lorens casually responded, “The research is also progressing smoothly, lately we’ve had more than enough materials. The more materials we have, the faster Necromancy progresses. Wait, Boss Snake, don’t change the subject. What is ‘legal illegal behavior’?”

” Sss... Look at the screen, someone’s about to speak.”

Lorens looked at the screen, a strange feeling stirring within him.

He felt that Boss Snake was unwilling to continue the conversation with him.

And this unwillingness, he was very familiar with.

Like when he passed the high school entrance exam, and his human classmates asked him why he worked part-time after school instead of going back to the Foster Home to study or play. At that time, Lorens did not want to answer that question, because he knew that humans could not understand his predicament.

Different backgrounds, different environments, and no amount of explanation would do any good.

But here, everyone could understand each other, because they all had abandoned their lower-race identities to become something more noble...

Wait, was Boss Snake of the sacred bloodline?

He had always squinted, and it seemed he had never seen his blood eyes...

At this moment, the voice that came from the screen interrupted Lorens' thoughts.

"City Public Examination in 1659, Xilang District Market Supervision Bureau Operator Recruitment."

The speaker was still Edmund Menken. He endured the burning pain on his skin and gritted his teeth to say, "Fernand Snow wanted his classmate to get this position, but his classmate's abilities were not sufficient to pass the examination for such a popular post. So, he devised a method."

"First, he found a scholar who was fully qualified and even exceeded the standards in all aspects, instructed the scholar to take the Operator examination, and get the position. Meanwhile, the classmate also took the test, but naturally failed."

"After working for a month, the scholar voluntarily resigned."

"So, Fernand Snow's classmate just like that entered the Supervision Bureau."

Menken continued, "Of course, this was Fernand Snow's approach when he was still a councilor. Once he became the secretary to the mayor, it was no longer necessary to go through such trouble. He would determine the job requirements according to his own candidates. For example, if his candidate was a human, male, 30 years old, with a series of restrictions...the position would naturally fall into their hands, and the procedure was completely legal and compliant."

"While the Government Affairs Hall is a must-pass for entry, the specific screening requirements are held by each department. As long as you can form a political alliance with the heads of each department, you can easily mobilize a vast amount of energy." He looked at the ogre, "Half of the members of the Forest Gallery entered the Government Affairs Hall system in this way. Many Operators succumbed to Fernand Snow's threats or incentives, becoming Fernand Snow's accomplices."

Meunken pondered for a moment, then added, "Oh, some might not know. The Forest Gallery is a gallery opened by Fernand Snow, filled with what he considers his masterpieces. Members of their faction typically choose to gather in the gallery, hence the Fenan Xue Faction is also known as the Forest Gallery."

Fernand Snow coldly responded, "Isn't it the same with your Eternal Wine Club, occupying an eighth of the positions in the Government Affairs Hall?"

An eighth might not sound like much, but if distributed across various departments, especially with a few department heads included, it becomes a significant intelligence

network and political force. Andrei, considered a strong contender for the mayorship, was a prime example of the Eternal Wine Club's ability to rival the Forest Gallery.

Thud!

With a muffled sound, the stone pillar beneath Fernand Snow suddenly began to twist. The moonlight illuminating the pillar danced like a snake, transforming into ferocious chains that coiled upward towards Fernand Snow!

Fernand Snow did not need to open a screen to know that this anomaly was because the citizens had cast their votes for him.

The Ogre's mind was racing, but he maintained calm on his face, "You make it sound as if I initiated this 'tradition'. Long ago, this has already become an unspoken, unbreakable 'rule' everyone has adhered to."

"Not joining a faction means you can't obtain a good 'starter job'. If you want a promotion, you not only need a recommendation from the department head but also the favor of the upper-level leaders. The 'push from below, pull from above' is the only path upward. If you do not join a faction, even if you happen to become a government official, all that awaits you is a lifetime of basic assignments."

"All the council members and politicians here are both beneficiaries of the factions and accomplices in maintaining their existence. Besides the Eternal Wine Club and the Forest Gallery, the Government Affairs Hall has many smaller factions, like spider webs. If you want to climb up, you must climb the web. This is the rule of the power game."

"All of this is nothing more than the very common, everyday whims of power."

In a bar in a lower district, a middle-aged beastman patron suddenly covered his face and sobbed uncontrollably. His tears and snot dripped into his drink, he cried so ugly.

He remembered the public examination thirteen years ago. He had ranked second in the interviews, while the first place was taken by an elf scholar who outshone him in every aspect.

In a subordinate apartment of the Caimon City Food and Nutrition Bureau, a man in his forties sank into a soft chair with a bucket of chips. He watched the screen, adjusted his glasses, reminisced about his ambitious days post-college, followed by more than two decades of stagnation and silence, feeling a bit gloomy.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 133: Mutual Exposures

Chains wrapped around the redeemed like venomous snakes, causing their faces to turn extremely pale. Fernand Snow's words had evenly distributed the hatred amongst them all.

At this point, everyone completely understood Ashe's intentions—this damn jailbreaker wanted them to reveal those unknown government secrets, to expose those 'small caprices of power' in front of the entire city, and even drag those unspeakable beings down with them!

Why hasn't the Heresy Court arrived yet! Why hasn't the broadcast been cut off! What on earth are the church and the institute thinking!?

They all glanced at each other, suddenly reaching a consensus—don't say another word. Continuing would only provoke the anger of the citizens. They decided to remain silent and stall for time until the Heresy Court could interrupt the broadcast!

However, not everyone was willing to abide by this silent agreement. For example, the former leader of the violent gang 'Gluttonous Snake', Beastman Kuiwen, was about to break.

Compared to those 'evil' officials, whose wickedness was not so apparent and who maintained a distance from the populace, Kuiwen was undoubtedly the 'most grounded' and most easily accessible 'brute'.

Without any external interference, Kuiwen would undoubtedly be the 'popular candidate' for this Blood Moon Tribunal. And the greatest advantage of a pariah is that he won't miss any opportunity to drag others down with him.

"Three years ago, during the 'Dragon's Den Apartment Case', Fernand Snow also contributed a lot!" The beastman boomed, "Everyone hasn't forgotten, right? Dragon's Den Apartment bought houses from the owners at high prices and rented them out to tenants at low prices, quickly growing not only in Caimon City but also dominating the rental market in cities like Feimeng and Outer Sea."

"But Dragon's Den Apartment paid the owners monthly while collecting one or two years' worth of rent from the tenants, thereby absorbing a large amount of capital. Everyone knew this was a ticking time bomb, but they all turned a blind eye and even added fuel to the fire! Fernand Snow at that time had the Government Affairs Hall issue the 'Financial Innovation Guidance', allowing commercial banks to operate new businesses like 'Rent Loans', making renters shoulder debts to fill the funding gap for Dragon's Den Apartment! In this matter, Fernand Snow is undeniably responsible, although he technically did nothing wrong."

“Why am I so clear about this? Because I also own a commercial bank and took the opportunity to issue a large number of small loans to premium customers like students and new workers.”

“And as far as I know, a member of the Forest Gallery also operates a commercial bank!”

Hearing the sound of chains moving, the Ogre breathed a deep sigh of relief.

He knew that everything would proceed as planned by the indifferent Observer beside him. More tragically, he had to accelerate this process until the rage of the people burned everyone to ashes.

“Andrei.” Fernand Snow said, “Thanks to your efforts, Moon Sugar was legalized in Caimon City in 1662. The sugar producers transitioned from underground operations to formal businesses, and the largest sugar company, ‘Eternal Life’, founded the Eternal Wine Club the following year. Although you were arrested, the Eternal Life Company is still producing Moon Sugar at this very moment, and countless people are falling into illusions due to Moon Sugar every second.”

Just these words alone caused Andrei’s pillar to erupt into chaos, with countless shackles swirling around this middle-aged scholar like tentacles.

His face turned gloomy, knowing he had stirred public anger.

As an addictive drug, Moon Sugar is a prohibited substance in most parts of the Blood Moon Realm, except in a few cities like Caimon where it is legal.

Although there are many ‘sugar people’ who like to eat sugar, there are even more who don’t like Moon Sugar. Almost every citizen has been harassed by ‘sugar people’, whether on the streets, in bathrooms, in university classrooms, or in cinemas. The sharp increase in serious crimes caused by ‘sugar people’ has made the citizens extremely disgusted.

Andrei didn’t think he was in the wrong. After all, thanks to the ‘Human Rights Freedom Act’, no one could prevent an adult of any race from consuming Moon Sugar. Crimes stemming from sugar consumption were a separate issue altogether.

However, severe crimes fell under the jurisdiction of the Heresy Court, not the council’s. Each had its own performance assessment criteria, and Andrei and his team didn’t need to consider the crime spike resulting from the legalization of Moon Sugar.

Because everyone had the right to consume sugar, bans on Moon Sugar were repeatedly ineffective.

If it couldn't be banned, it might as well be turned into a formal industry. At least taxes could be collected, and without violent gangs skimming off the top, sugar consumers could enjoy lower prices. A world where nobody gets hurt was born — except for the ordinary citizens.

But what if there was a strong prohibition on Moon Sugar, arresting those who consumed it? The Human Rights Association would have something to say about that, and the Race Rights Association wouldn't sit by idly. After all, Goblins, beastmen, and Ogres had a natural resistance to drugs and toxins. They benefited more than they lost from consuming Moon Sugar, and they didn't have withdrawal symptoms when the sugar was scarce. Regular sugar intake could even improve focus and work efficiency.

Especially for Ogres, Moon Sugar was almost more important than paint for their oil painting creations.

The proposal for the legalization of Moon Sugar was approved not just because of Andrei's personal bias, but because it was a consensus reached by the council based on local conditions in Caimon City, benefiting all parties.

Ordinary people couldn't complain about it, because they elected the council members themselves.

This was elite politics.

However, public resentment towards the Moon Sugar Act was growing daily. At any other time, it would simply fester, but during the Blood Moon Tribunal, resentment could bite.

"Typical of you, Fernand Snow," Andrei said, "now the public is venting their anger on me."

"Andrei, your literacy is poor. Venting implies directing anger at unrelated parties. You, however, are the main proponent of the legalization of Moon Sugar. This isn't venting, it's revenge," the Ogre sneered.

Andrei sighed, "Does it have to be this way?"

Fernand Snow calmly said, "If you're willing to sacrifice yourself to protect everyone, then this game will end with you."

Andrei looked around, seeing the hopeful eyes of his subordinates. He turned to look at Ashe, who was watching the drama from the edge of the rooftop, sadness welling up in his eyes.

"We, a group of self-proclaimed geniuses, are being toyed with by a mere convict..." he said with a bitter smile, "such an ugly sight."

“Let me put an end to this.”

The Ogre looked surprised, while others breathed a sigh of relief, their faces showing the joy of a narrow escape.

“Alandor Fernand Snow!”

Just then, Andrei roared.

“If anyone here deserves to die, it’s you — during the ‘Event 422’, you let the innocent citizens of Caimon City suffer the attacks of Outer Domain Sorcerers!”

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Chapter 134: Allow me to make a few sophistries

Snickering.

Facing Andrei’s accusation, Fernand Snow actually laughed.

He laughed loudly and wildly, as if he didn’t care about the audience watching the live broadcast.

The Ogre nearly laughed to tears. Wiping away the smile-induced tears at the corner of his eyes, he said, “Andrei, you are quite unbecoming. In the pursuit of survival, you have lost your composure. You are not worthy to be my adversary.”

“Yes, exploring the virtual chaotic flow was approved by me. Both emotionally and rationally, I should bear the main responsibility, hence why I am here for investigation. But if you think you can bring me down in front of the citizens of the entire city with just this, you are too naive.”

“How can an exploration operation that involves the Heresy Court, war zone, and even the prison be a minor matter that I can decide with a single word? It’s said that big

meetings discuss minor matters, and minor meetings discuss major matters. Before the operation, the leaders of all parties held three meetings. Andrei, you are a representative of the council, you haven't forgotten this, have you?"

"It was only after a vote among all parties that this operation was fully implemented. 'Event 422' was a disaster, but it was also a man-made calamity resulting from our collective misjudgment. I am not shirking my responsibilities, but Andrei, the responsibility on your shoulders is no less than mine."

Andrei nodded, "Indeed, if you have to say it, this is just a war initiated by the rulers for their own interests, it's a pity that we are the losers this time. If we had found the correct virtual gateway first, then Fernand Snow, you would not only be free from accusations, but you could also gain the support of all parties and be reelected as mayor with a 100% vote."

"At most, I can accuse you of promoting this operation for your political achievements. Besides, you've already apologized, and the citizens can't say much more."

Andrei glanced at the Ogre's stone pillar, which was almost unchanged. This meant that the citizens did not deepen their resentment towards Fernand Snow because of his accusations.

This was beyond his expectation. After all, although Event 422 caused tens of thousands of casualties, what does it have to do with the living?

It's not them who died.

Maybe among the victims were their friends or even lovers, but... so what?

It's not them who died.

If they suffered losses due to the attack, the Government Affairs Hall was willing to compensate. As for the casualties and building collapses caused by the attack, it was all benefits to the living – the dead's positions would be vacant, the collapsed buildings meant new construction work, rents would fall due to fewer tenants, and the streets would become less crowded.

Caimon City was a bit too crowded to begin with, but now that the attackers had come, killed a bunch, and scared off a bunch, the remaining people naturally had more city resources. At this moment, who knows how many people are thanking the attackers for their slaughter, which allowed them to seize a lot of benefits.

Even Fernand Snow, the main person responsible, didn't attract much hatred. The resentment he attracted on this matter was even less than that of Dragon's Den Apartment and the control of the public examination.

After all, the ones who truly hated him are already dead, and among the survivors, quite a few were cheated out of their money by Dragon's Den Apartment or had their positions taken away in the public exam.

In the Blood Moon Realm, the living do not empathize with the dead.

To bring down Fernand Snow with Event 422 is a pipe dream. Andrei is not so naive. He just needs this topic as a lead-in.

"Correct, if we only discuss the cause of the event, every decision-maker is at fault. It is the responsibility of all the rulers," Andrei said, "But the process of the event, that was your one-man show stage, my dear Mayor."

The Ogre narrowed his eyes, coldly looking at this political adversary.

Andrei said, "Twenty minutes after the arrival of the Outer Domain Sorcerer, the Church informed you of this news. But for the first three hours, you claimed that nothing was happening, until multiple attacks occurred on the outskirts of the city. Only then did you tell the citizens not to go out, deploy the Heresy Court to meet the enemy, and gather adventurers from the war zone..."

"The announcement to the citizens before the arrival of the Outer Domain Sorcerer would only create panic!" The Ogre said unequivocally, "If the citizens gather and flee out of fear, it would provide an excellent opportunity for the Outer Domain Sorcerer to attack. The casualties at that time would definitely be greater than they are now!"

"Yes, you're right," Andrei said, "If the only combat forces around Caimon City are indeed the Heresy Court and the war zone, your decisions were correct."

At this moment, everyone else, including Fernand Snow, looked shocked!

Meunken even loudly rebuked, "Andrei, do you know what you're saying!? Do you think you can survive just by telling everything?"

"Even if I don't speak, I'm sure I'm going to die anyway," Andrei said word by word, "I've never thought about surviving. I just hope that before I die, I can have a clear conscience."

Fernand Snow sneered, "Indeed, Andrei from a high-level Foster Home would have such a luxurious and high-class thought. How funny it is. You didn't have a conscience before, but now you're suddenly seeing the light after being put in jail?"

Andrei shook his head, "Fernand Snow, sometimes I wonder, do I really deserve to be in your position? Do I truly have the ability to control the fate of so many people? Can I really watch so many lives die before my eyes, like you, and remain indifferent?"

He looked at the camera, as if he was speaking to the hundreds of thousands of citizens in Caimon City.

“In the Caimon region, the most powerful armed forces are not the Heresy Court or the war zone, but the research institutions and the Church!” He said, “Every member of the sacred bloodline in the research institutions, and every Moonshadow in the Church, are Sorcerers, and most of them are Two-wing Sorcerers!”

“Some people may have heard that the scholars in the research institutions are not good at fighting, and that the priests in the church only know how to pray, but these are all lies tailored to cater to the common people’s need to belittle the strong, a cocoon of information woven to satisfy your inner jealousy.”

“After all, you are not Sorcerers, nor are you Blood Saint Moonshadows. So the Blood Saint Moonshadows must have ridiculous shortcomings, such as fear of sunlight, fear of fire, so you can feel superior, so you can convince yourself that there is no need to be jealous, so you can live on.”

“Any Sorcerer is not a weakling, and definitely not incapable of fighting!”

“If the research institutions and the Church were to take action, although they might not be able to quickly suppress the Outer Domain Sorcerer, they would definitely be able to control the situation within a smaller range, reducing the number of casualties to thousands or hundreds!”

“But they don’t want to get involved, because it has nothing to do with them, the Outer Domain Sorcerer won’t attack their areas. What’s more important, the sacred bloodline craves corpses, and the Moonshadow appreciates death. This accidental massacre actually aligns with their interests.”

“The only one who can change the situation is you, Alandor Fernand Snow,” Andrei said word by word, “As the mayor, you have the authority to command the Church and the research institutions. If you’re willing, you can summon the Blood Saints and the Moonshadows, completely reversing the situation of the Outer Domain Sorcerer’s rampage.”

The Ogre’s face was calm, as if he didn’t care about Andrei’s accusation at all.

“But you didn’t. Because you dare not damage the interests of the two races, because you still need the support of both races. Not only that, but you also knew that the attackers came through the level 2 virtual gateway, and this attack would last at most three days. The Outer Domain Sorcerer would inevitably retreat on their own. Therefore, you didn’t hesitate to sacrifice the interests of the citizens, using the bodies of the people as gifts to please the Blood and Moon Race.”

Andrei had a faint hint of derision on his face. “No one told you to do this, nor did anyone warn you not to. You made the choice yourself. You used the lives of thousands to demonstrate your humility to the Blood and Moon Race.”

The ogre glanced at the squirming chains on his body and sneered, “Your words don’t seem to have much impact. Everyone understands my predicament. Though it is not a glorious deed, pleasing the Blood Moon is not shameful.”

“Is that so?” Andrei chuckled, “But what if I say that the incident at the Dragon’s Den Apartment was also a result of your deliberate indulgence to please the research institutes?”

“Everyone knew that Dragon’s Den Apartment amassed a lot of money through financial fraud, and the chairman of Dragon’s Den has already absconded. But very few know where that money went — before absconding, the chairman went to the four major research institutes to undergo a life-extension surgery that would add 200 years to his life. Just this surgery alone consumed a third of the liquid assets of Dragon’s Den Apartment.”

“Not only that, other board members of Dragon’s Den Apartment also went to the research institutes one after another for life-extension surgeries, body repair surgeries, and so on. In the end, most of the cash assets of Dragon’s Den Apartment ended up in the various research institutes. Then the event broke out, all the directors disappeared, and tens of millions of people were burdened with debt.”

“Neither your Forest Gallery nor my Everlife Elixir gained more than a minor profit in this matter. The real devourer of the wealth of tens of millions of people was the research institutes.”

“And that’s just one of the more noticeable ‘achievements’ of your political career. If we really delve into it, we wouldn’t finish in half an hour. But to sum it up, it boils down to one principle —”

“Exploit the public, and flatter the Blood Moon.”

Andrei looked at the Blood Moon in the night sky, the crow’s feet at the corners of his eyes revealing his fatigue.

“That’s why your approval ratings have dropped while you’ve remained in power for eight years. Your existence serves a purpose — the research institutes and the church need people like you as public puppets. Once you’ve attracted enough public anger, they will send you to Shattered Lake Prison to satisfy the public’s thirst for justice.”

“Even if Event 422 hadn’t occurred, you, Fernand Snow, would have only served as mayor for a few more years before facing the Blood Moon Tribunal. Because you’re a ‘sinner’ who sold the public’s interest to secure the position of mayor.”

The smile had completely disappeared from the ogre's face.

The stone pillar beneath him seemed to melt, and hundreds of writhing chains wound around him like hands, seemingly ready to pull him into the dark red Shattered Lake.

"But if that were all, you'd just be an 'ordinary mayor', no different from your predecessor or the one before him. Every mayor is a future sinner, or rather, only sinners have a chance of becoming mayor."

Andrei said, "Fernand Snow, the reason I've been competing with you for the position of mayor is because you've tried to elevate the act of selling out the public's interest into a higher form of art — you've teamed up with the advocacy groups of the four major races, elves, beastmen, ogres, and goblins, to promote the development of professional fighting leagues."

"Of course, your reasoning is very righteous, absorbing the unemployed, reducing crime rates, nurturing sorcerer seeds, managing the tertiary industry... It's impeccable, and would even make someone seeing your proposal for the first time wonder why no one thought of such a great idea before."

"That's because previous rulers weren't as ruthless and despicable as you!"

Speaking to this, Andrei's eyes were bloodshot, the wrinkles on his face gathered into a bunch, too angry to even manage his expression, "Fernand Snow, can't you foresee what will happen after the combat league appears!? A large number of young people will flood into this get-rich-quick industry, gambling will flourish, body modification will become a new trend, the ring will be painted with a thick layer of flesh and blood, and there might even be Foster Homes specifically nurturing fighting machines for combat!"

"Violence, death, corpses, these will become the only melody of this city! Fernand Snow, it's not that you can't foresee this future, you are just clever enough to foresee everything, that's why you are promoting this plan!"

"The Blood Moon Supreme kept the Blood Saint Moonshadow in the research institute and the church, all in order to prevent them from causing slaughter, to suppress their torment of the people, and to buy breathing space for all races! But you, Fernand Snow, for your own desires, you are willing to put all the people on the altar, standardize, formalize, and streamline slaughter and death, just to please your master!"

"You have united all the high-ranking individuals of all races, just to establish a large and shameless ruling group, the people are your best merchandise, the Blood Moon is your worshipped customer!"

"But don't forget, Fernand Snow, you are still an Ogre, without crimson pupils, let alone a fluffy tail! No matter how much you flatter, in their eyes, you are just food!"

Andrei's abusive words echoed over the shattered lake, the rest of the people were as quiet as cicadas in cold weather, shrinking themselves in their seats, as if praying that the Blood Saint Moonshadow watching the live broadcast would not notice them.

For a moment, the live broadcast was so quiet that only the sound of sliding chains could be heard.

At this time, Fernand Snow suddenly glanced at Ashe, showing a strange smile.

"Are you done?" The Ogre looked around: "Well then, please allow me to make a few sophistries."

Discord: [.gg/pCWPSD3bWA](https://discord.gg/pCWPSD3bWA)

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 135: The Sheepdog and the Sheep Pen

In the bar of the research institute, Andrei's roar still echoed.

The expressions of the patrons were subtly affected, their hands slightly shaking the glasses of wine they held. Behind the counter, Boss Snake was cleaning the glasses as usual, seemingly paying no attention to the ranting session within the Blood Moon Tribunal.

"What an outrageous accusation," murmured a human of the sacred bloodline, "It's one thing to ridicule the church, those who only know how to chase their own tails, but we in the research institute have always been quietly conducting our research. We don't involve ourselves in politics or influence public opinion... Every piece of technology in society today, isn't it the result of our institute's work? From the machines that manufacture screws to the source coders that write Canopy applications, aren't these the products of our researchers' years, even decades, of hard work?"

"We've never harmed anyone, always diligently contributing to the development of the Blood Moon Realm. Because our lifespan is more than three times that of ordinary races, our working hours and contributions are also more than three times greater... And now they're blaming us for the mistakes of the rulers!?"

“Do they think they can bully us because we don’t like to talk!?”

“Exactly!” The others began to chime in indignantly, one of them said, “There are only two representatives of the sacred bloodline in the current council, their numbers are nothing compared to other races. We’re insignificant, just like a token presence, that’s why they think they can push us around!”

“It’s time to increase the number of sacred bloodline seats in the council!”

“Andrei forms his own faction, takes advantage of his position for personal gain, and he has the gall to criticize us?”

“These politicians really can’t tell right from wrong, they’re the epitome of shamelessness!”

“But Fernand Snow’s proposal for the fighting league seems pretty good.”

There was a slight pause in the bar, the red glow in everyone’s blood pupils growing brighter.

“Indeed, it’s a very good spectator sport.”

“It’d be best if it’s unrestricted fighting, allowing mechanical modifications, biological implants, and other enhancements, otherwise it wouldn’t be interesting.”

“We could also develop group fights, where multiple people fight on the same stage until only one is left standing.”

“There could also be exotic fights, where creatures from the Abyss are brought in from the war zone, and we can see if ordinary people can fight them.”

“There has to be a Sorcerers’ league too, right? Two-winged ones may not be allowed, but two one-winged Sorcerers fighting to the death shouldn’t be a problem!”

“Besides the prize money, the institute is willing to provide free treatment to all participants. As long as they don’t die, we can guarantee they will recover on the spot, so they won’t have to worry about the aftermath! I’m willing to volunteer to be a Medic for the league!”

“Ha, I think you just want to perform the Blood Embrace ceremony again! Look at your age, you’ve long lost your bloodline potential. Even if they do need Medics for the league, they’ll definitely prioritize the new blood.”

Watching everyone excitedly discuss the details of the fighting league, Lorens was paying attention to the voting situation of the Blood Moon Tribunal. He noticed that

Fernand Snow, who had been neck and neck with Andrei, was now pulling ahead by a landslide, which made him frown.

This blue-scaled sacred bloodline member felt that Andrei's argument made a bit of sense, but only a little. Most of it was just sophistry was it the institute's fault that the directors of Dragon's Den Apartment sought life-extension surgery from them?

Was the institute forcing Fernand Snow to mishandle Event 422?

And even the yet-to-happen fighting league that Fernand Snow was planning to promote, was the institute also responsible for all the negative social impacts this industry would create?

Why should they?

Just because the sacred bloodline has longer lifespans and stronger abilities, does that mean they should be morally held hostage by these inferior races?

That's ridiculous!

Lorens turned his head and asked, "Boss Snake, do you think Andrei has a point?"

" Sss..." Boss Snake put down his wine glass and said at a leisurely pace, "Councilor Andrei makes a good point. From his standpoint, Fernand Snow is indeed trying to curry favor with the Blood Moon Dual Race."

The Blue-scaled Blood Saint was somewhat surprised, "Then—"

"But you also make a good point," Boss Snake continued, "To the Blood Moon Dual Race, Andrei's accusations are pure deflection. It's as though you've done nothing, yet others are blaming you for their problems."

Lorens couldn't help but laugh, "If we're not at fault, and they're also right, then who is the problem?"

"No one is wrong, the problem lies in..."

Boss Snake turned toward the screen, "Perhaps, the mayor will provide us with an answer."

"An Ogre, male, general education background, 24 years old this year, has a habit of eating Moon Sugar before going to sleep, often stays up late into the night, currently working in the oil painting industry, his favorite food is pickled Lala Fatty, masturbates twice a day, currently has a crush on another female Ogre, hoping to live with her, but after trying to please her for over a year, there has been no progression. He definitely

saw the female Ogre enter a hotel with someone else three months ago, but it didn't extinguish his love flame, instead, it made him think he also has a chance..."

Initially, Andrei was slightly confused, but the more he listened, the more stunned he became. He interrupted Fernand Snow before he could finish, "You... wait, you've been through a memory review! How could you still have these memories! You haven't deleted any memories?"

The Ogre chuckled, "I don't trust the Memory Masters, I always erase my own memories. As soon as I pass the memory review, I immediately restore the memories that are crucial to me— and the information about my son, is the most important memory to me."

At this point, even the confused audience understood who Fernand Snow was referring to— that was his son's information!

"Have you given up, Mayor?" Kenmen said in a daze, "The Bloodline Prohibition Law is a superior law, second only to the supreme Blood Moon Constitution. You've violated the 'Investigation of Procreation' crime strictly prohibited by the Bloodline Prohibition Law, which can be sentenced to life imprisonment or even death... Even if you survive the Blood Moon Tribunal, you'll have to spend the rest of your life in the Shattered Lake!"

To everyone present, Fernand Snow was committing suicide!

Among them, there were some who had investigated their own offspring, but they generally sought a Memory Master to delete the information as soon as they found out, as this was a deadly crime!

It was more serious than trafficking several tons of Moon Sugar, and even more serious than continuous murder!

Investigating one's offspring was a challenge to the dignity of the Blood Moon Supreme, and a blasphemy against the foundation of the Blood Moon Realm!

"Yes, I've violated the Bloodline Prohibition Law..." The Ogre laughed, "Kenmen, you've graduated from the law department for so many years, do you still remember the purpose of the Bloodline Prohibition Law? Explain it."

Perhaps he was shocked by Fernand Snow's words and actions, or perhaps he still held some obedience to the mayor, Kenmen answered without hesitation, "The Bloodline Prohibition Law regulates the reproduction methods of various races, adjusts and protects a wide range of social relationships, is conducive to optimizing resource allocation and improving per capita resource levels, improving the population quality of each race, dismantling the backward unit of the family, breaking down class barriers,

abolishing inherited bad customs, allowing each newborn to fairly enjoy the resources of the whole society, and is the legal basis for 'racial equality, and equality for all.'"

Fernand Snow feigned enlightenment, "Right, racial equality, and equality for all, who can explain to me the meaning of this statement?"

"Everyone should not discriminate against others based on their appearance, race, gender, education, work, and other factors. Everyone has the right to uphold their personal dignity in the face of discriminatory behaviors and language, and can report to the Heresy Court. This is the content of the Racial Human Rights Act." Andrei said, "Fernand Snow, what exactly do you want to say?"

"The words you just said to me, I now return them to you—Andrei, you're not unaware of my thoughts. You've already foreseen them, yet you still dare not speak." The ogre's calm eyes seemed to harbor a kind of hysterical madness: "You only dare to criticize the Blood Moon Dual Race at most. Your tolerance is ultimately pitifully small."

The others and the audience were all stunned—wasn't criticizing the Blood Moon Dual Race already daring enough!? That's the true ruling class of the Blood Moon Realm, the favored children of the Blood Moon Supreme!

Do you want to criticize the Supreme too!?

The redeemed ones cursed silently, wishing they could jump directly into the broken lake to commit suicide—if Fernand Snow was allowed to continue, their end might not be as simple as death!

At the Heresy Court, in the office of the director, the director looked at the pop-up call prompts on the screen and swept them all away impatiently.

"Blocking my live broadcast, really." A strong excitement emerged from her haggard face: "Can't these old things appreciate such an interesting farce?"

"Hehe, you've put me in this position, now do you realize your mistake? Confine in the church and the research institute!"

"Fernand Snow, let me see your tolerance."

"The Bloodline Prohibition Law has severed all kinship relations. We grow up in foster homes and are declared dead in hospitals. No matter how long or short our lives are, in this journey, we are unable to obtain a trustworthy bond." Fernand Snow said, "It makes us become individual lonely entities."

"The Racial Human Rights Act supposedly aims to eliminate discrimination, but in fact it provokes discrimination, because it requires different races, genders, education levels, and even age groups to coexist harmoniously, forcing completely different lives to

respect each other. How can this not breed resentment? But because of the existence of the law, everyone can only hide their discrimination in their hearts, fermenting this resentment into a higher level, more natural, and more cruel prejudice. It makes us engage in endless infighting, unable to unite as a whole.”

“Andrei, you just said that the Blood Moon Supreme locked the Blood Saint in the research institute and restricted Moonshadow in the church to protect us.” The ogre’s voice echoed through the broken lake, “I have a different view on this.”

“He made the Blood Saint silent, made Moonshadow kind, made us lonely, and made everyone unable to unite. Do you know what this reminds me of? A well-behaved sheepdog and a sheepfold with a strong sense of self-management.”

“The Blood Moon Realm is a farm meticulously built by the Blood Moon Supreme.”

Discord: .gg/pCWPSD3bWA

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 136: The Beast Wearing the Coat of Civilization

Eight years ago, in 1660, in Caimon City.

On a sweltering summer day, Fernand Snow drove his sedan to the lower district, a place he had sworn never to set foot in again.

At this time, the old Mayor Pong was preparing to resign and retire due to his death during virtual realm exploration, coupled with his old age and declining health. Fernand Snow took this opportunity to collude with council members, bribe civil servants, and secure his position as the next mayor. It was also during this time that he established his Forest Gallery, which held significant influence over the upper echelons of Caimon City.

At this crucial moment of planning for the mayoral election, he put aside all official duties, canceled all meetings, and drove an inconspicuous small sedan alone. He

parked it by the side of a road so decayed that it seemed to produce its own filth. He turned the car's air conditioning to the maximum, smoked his pipe, and stared at an art studio at the corner of the street.

It was a typical Ogre Art Studio.

The entire street was full of Ogre Art Studios, so the smell was unbearable everywhere, greatly suppressing the surrounding property prices.

Oil painting is a unique talent of Ogres, a low-quality citizenry with an average education level equivalent to prenatal education. They naturally would not challenge the difficulty of life; if they could slack off due to their talent, they would slack off to the point where they could not be helped.

Although there are many practitioners, this industry is not saturated; on the contrary, it is in high demand. A real "Ogre Oil Painting" could be said to be in short supply.

The reason is that Ogres occasionally resonate with the Virtual Realm while painting. The oil paintings created under this state allow viewers to slowly enhance their factional boundaries, equivalent to sailing in the Virtual Realm.

However, "Ogre Oil Painting" has a time limit, and it will lose its effect in about 60 days. Therefore, Ogre Oil Paintings are not works of art, but consumables. They are consumables that can still have effects on Sorcerers, and naturally, they are of high value.

But the premise is that they can resonate with the Virtual Realm and paint a true "Ogre Oil Painting". If they can't resonate with the Virtual Realm, they are simply producing trash.

Therefore, most Ogre painters will first work as apprentices in the art studio for several months or even years. They work and learn at the same time until they paint their first painting and earn their first pot of gold. As for the work content of the apprentices, there is no need for cleaning, after all, not many Ogres like cleanliness.

If it wasn't for the sake of dignity, Fernand Snow would also want to tear off this white shirt that was so tight it seemed to strangle him.

As he exhaled a ring of smoke, Fernand Snow glanced sideways and saw a young Ogre passing by his car.

The young man was wearing a white vest that had now turned brown, and shorts full of holes. His height of 1.9 meters was considered short among Ogres, but his appearance was closer to the standard race, with a ferocious but not ugly set of pointed teeth.

He was carrying two large lunch boxes in his hands. This was his duty as an apprentice: buying meals for the painters.

Ogres wanted to eat every two hours, and they loved hot food the most. But they were too lazy to go to the restaurant, and the labor cost of ordering takeout was outrageously high no delivery person was willing to come to the Ogre district, as they wouldn't even be compensated by insurance companies if they were harmed here so hiring an Ogre apprentice became the most ideal choice.

After all, there was no need to pay them, just provide them with meals.

The moment he saw this young man, Fernand Snow was stunned.

The young man was also looking at the car, as if he was having a stare-off with the middle-aged Ogre inside.

But after looking around and confirming that no one was around, the young lad smiled crookedly, spat a mouthful of foul and turbid saliva at the car window, then put down the lunch boxes and urinated on the car door. After he was done, he even picked up a small stone and scraped the car body harshly, the piercing sound like a knife piercing through Fernand Snow's eardrums.

The car window and the windshield were double-glazed, and one couldn't see the inside from outside.

Watching the young man trudge down the scorching street, whistling while carrying lunchboxes to the art studio, he seemed to be scolded by the boss as soon as he entered. He nodded and bowed with a pleasing face, then secretly spit into one of the lunchboxes before respectfully walking in.

Throughout the process, Fernand Snow remained motionless, his hand still holding the posture of clenching a pipe.

His gaze followed the young man's retreating figure, until the latter disappeared from sight.

Finally, he drove back to the Government Affairs Hall and reported the car's damage.

He had never bought a painting from the young man, nor had he sent anyone to help him. In fact, after that, he never saw the young man again.

Even to get the latest information on the young man, Fernand Snow had asked the Heresy Court to investigate a dozen ogres under the guise of 'guarding against serious ogre crimes', and the young man was one of them.

When Fernand Snow and the young man were separated only by a thin car window, but he dared not roll down the window, this man who had risen from the bottom to the top of power in Caimon City finally understood the terrifying pathology of this realm.

Eight years later, in 1668, at the Broken Lake Blood Moon Trial.

Fernand Snow looked at the pale-faced Andrei and said, "Did you know, in most realms, all races maintain the basic unit of the family..."

Kenmen subconsciously said, "That's because they're backward."

"I have no interest in debating whether the Family System is backward or advanced, I just want to point out one thing." Fernand Snow showed a fierce smile: "In other realms, the ruling races can reproduce autonomously, even giving birth to royal and noble families!"

Everyone's faces turned increasingly pale, illuminated redder and redder by the Blood Moon. Kenmen nearly begged: "So their classes are solidified, they're backward, the Blood Moon Realm is the most civilized realm "

"The reason why we prohibit the existence of families is because our ruling race cannot reproduce autonomously, they are born homeless!" Fernand Snow roared: "Blood Saint Blood Exchange, Moon Shadow Moon Wash, they lose the ability to reproduce after changing their race, to develop new offspring, they must transform members of other races!"

"The Blood Moon Dual Race is like a parasite that cannot survive on its own, they absorb the best talents of all races and turn them into their own members, absorbing the nutrients of all races to strengthen themselves, thereby enslaving all races for a thousand years!"

"Why can't we have families? Because the Blood Saint Moonshadow has abandoned the bond of blood, so we are not allowed to have it! In this way, we cannot form a whole due to family, love, and kinship."

"Why emphasize racial human rights and freedom? Because the Blood Saint Moonshadow is a monster without gender, race, or age, they are almost a natural whole, and yet we will quarrel due to race, gender, age, education and other reasons! They deliberately provoke different races, different genders, different ages, different people to fight each other! In this way, we cannot form a collective due to having common interests."

"The Racial Human Rights Act erects high thick barriers around each of us, and the Bloodline Prohibition Law prevents us from any damage to this barrier. From then on, each of us is an independent individual, only able to face the research institute and the church, these two behemoths, alone!"

Fernand Snow raised his left hand, which was pressed by the chains, and pointed at the prison.

“Do we have any difference from those death row inmates? No.” The ogre said coldly: “Death row inmates are drained of value by the prison, and we are drained of value by the Blood Moon; death row inmates are controlled by chips, and we are controlled by ideology for life!”

“In the Blood Moon Realm, from birth to death, we only have two paths to follow: become a Blood Saint Moonshadow, or become the food for the Blood Saint Moonshadow.”

“Blood Moon is a beast wearing the cloak of civilization, it is the most barbaric civilization.”

Discord: .gg/pCWPSD3bWA

You can rate this series [here](#).

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 138: Jailbreak Squad, Disband!

Above the Shattered Lake.

“It’s over!” Kenmen shouted loudly, “The judgement is over, let’s go back!”

Except for Andrei, who was still in a daze, the other six couldn’t wait to return to the prison for reform, looking eagerly at Ashe. However, Ashe still held the Register of Sinners and calmly looked at them without any action.

Everyone panicked—was this jailbreaker planning to obliterate them all?

Suddenly, the sound of a turbine engine came from the distance. Everyone turned their heads to see a speedboat breaking the waves on the blood-red lake surface. Although they couldn’t see the people on the boat, they could guess with their toenails that it was not a middle-aged man who came to fish at night, but the Blood Mad Hunter from the Heresy Court!

Seeing that someone finally came to stop the jailbreaker's reckless actions, everyone was not happy, but even more panicked!

No, please, not this kind of rescue after the judgement has ended!

Originally, the jailbreaker might have been considering whether or not to spare their lives. Now, scared by the Heresy Court, wouldn't he cruelly kill them on the spot to provoke the Blood Moon Realm?

Now they had no hope for the rationality of Ashe, the jailbreaker—any sane person would have escaped from jail obediently, instead of holding a jailbreak trial himself, putting the mayor on the defendant's seat, and luring everyone to express the dark side that the glory of the Blood Moon Realm could not illuminate!

In their view, Ashe Heath no longer intended to live, he just wanted to turn his own funeral into a circus performance and plan a magnificent ending for himself!

But if you want to become fireworks yourself, do it on your own, don't drag us to see the Blood Moon Supreme!

Seeing the speedboat in the distance, Ashe also made some moves. He closed the Register of Sinners and reached into the pocket of his trench coat.

With a distant sword cry, a line of blood split the shattered lake, cut through the night sky, crossed the long distance, and pierced Ashe's chest from afar!

This bloodline seemed solid, and with a strong pull, the person was pulled from the speedboat to the rooftop!

Looking at the figure that fell on the rooftop, the death row inmates were immediately reassured.

It was Blood Mad Hunter Gerard, a Tri-Wing Sanctuary Sorcerer!

With him here, this mere jailbreaker was definitely—

"Eh?" Kenmen asked in surprise, "Where is he?"

Andrei finally recovered from the death of his political opponent. He turned his head to look at the rooftop and found that only Gerard was there.

The host Ashe Heath, who brought them together and planned this possibly highest-rated Blood Moon Tribunal side story in history, was nowhere to be seen.

He couldn't have disappeared right before a Tri-wing Artisan, could he?

And Gerard clearly hit him just now, where did he go?

Even if he's dead, there should be a body left, unless...

"Substitute Spirit."

Gerard squatted down, ignoring the crucial Register of Sinners, and picked up something similar to a pen, lightly pressing the mechanism inside.

Ashe's voice came from it: "You're right, so I didn't really want you to confess 'illegal facts', but I hoped you would reveal Fernand Snow's legal illegal actions..."

A voice recorder, a regular item for most citizens in the Blood Moon Realm, is specifically used to record others' words and deeds. If discriminatory or criminal behavior is recorded, it can be anonymously reported to the Heresy Court. The Heresy Court provides cash rewards to citizens who help maintain public order and can also improve their own citizen credit level.

Gerard stared at the pens on the ground. He was well aware that the Heresy Court had been played — all of Ashe's statements in the live broadcast came from these recording pens!

The Heresy Court members never considered the possibility that Ashe in the live room could be fake. After all, creating a true clone capable of independent thinking, actions, and speech would require a Miracle of at least the third tier. Gerard had rushed here by speedboat himself, eager to arrest the chief culprit as soon as possible. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Yes, even though he had no evidence at the moment, Gerard was convinced in his heart that the mastermind behind the jailbreak could only be the Four Pillars God Cult Leader, Ashe Heath!

Suddenly, Gerard noticed one of the pens had a butterfly bow tied around it. He picked it up and pressed play to hear a cacophony of voices:

"Huh? Why did you stop talking, Igor? You were so enthusiastic just now. How about the story where Gerard got kicked out of the research institute for peeping on a legendary Sorcerer taking a bath, or the one where Gerard spent a ton of money helping impoverished girls, or the one about Gerard being a shared 'plug' for several Bewitchers... Can you talk more about these? I love these legendary tales."

"Ah, if the famous Trickster Igor Bukin won't talk, then it's my turn to leave a message. Hi, Gerard Wessminster. This is 'Innocent' Ashe Heath. Although I'd like to advise you not to come after me, I guess you wouldn't take advice that's hard to hear. So all I can do is ask you to go after them first."

“Igor Bukin, Archibald Harvey, Langna Qios, Ronat Wade, they are all big villains with grave sins. Could you arrest them first? Let me live in fear for a few more days as punishment, is that okay?”

“Don’t get me wrong, Gerard. I’m not trying to provoke you. I genuinely consider you a friend. So, I wanted to leave a message to thank you.”

“After all, if you hadn’t let me go that night, how could I have escaped tonight? Thank you, Gerard. You’re my hero.”

Gerard crushed the pen in his hand, ignoring the mournful glances of the condemned prisoners on the pillars. He turned to gaze at the edge of the lake. As the clouds floated by, obscuring the moonlight, the world was plunged into darkness, yet the eyes of the sacred bloodline remained as bright as fire.

“Ashe, even if you want to say thank you, you could at least do it in person. This lacks sincerity, doesn’t it?”

In Caimon City, Pearl District, at a construction site, five men dressed in prison guard uniforms walked to the top of an unfinished building, overlooking the neon-lit city in the distance.

The Pearl District, also known as the ‘Pig District,’ was similar to the Wheat District, also known as the ‘Lower District.’ Both were places where the lower-class residents of Caimon City lived.

The difference was, the Lower District had been the lower district for hundreds of years. While it was poor, it was lively and organized. In contrast, the Pig District was a newly planned area that appeared only twenty years ago. Due to certain political issues, development had been stalled, and they couldn’t even afford to pay the Earth Art construction team to finish the buildings. A once promising future commercial district had turned into a large-scale cesspool for bandits, vagrants, and criminals.

Suddenly, all five felt a lightness in their souls as if some kind of constraint had lifted.

“Fernand Snow is dead, Harvey, our contract with you is over,” Langna declared.

Harvey nodded, sincerely saying, “Thank you.”

“It’s strange. We don’t have a Chip, and we didn’t see how Fernand Snow died. How did we automatically complete the contract?” Ashe wondered. “Could it be that the Virtual Realm helps us judge the progress of the contract, and as soon as it noticed Fernand Snow’s death, it immediately processed this contract?”

“That’s why every industry needs a contract master,” Igor laughed. “In most cases, the Virtual Realm is the fairest judge. Since we succeeded, it means that Ashe really hosted a Blood Moon Tribunal using just those few recordings... How did you do it?”

“Isn’t it obvious?”

“Simple? How can you predict what others will say?”

“You can tell you’ve never given a business presentation. Guiding others to ask the questions you need answered is a vital skill in the workplace, it’s all about promotion and pay rise.” Ashe spread his hands, “When you’ve been beaten up by clients enough times, you naturally prepare several contingency plans to ensure foolproof.”

Although Igor was skeptical, he couldn’t say anything—after all, he was in charge of one-on-one direct sales, while Ashe was a cult leader who handled mass marketing. In this aspect, Ashe indeed had more say.

Ronat clapped his hands to draw everyone’s attention, “Everyone, since Harvey’s contract has ended, and we have successfully escaped prison, and arrived at the edge of Caimon City. The city is on our right, and the suburbs on our left.”

“So, it’s time to disband, right?”

Langna, Igor, Harvey and others happily nodded. Ashe, filled with emotion, said, “I’m truly grateful for everyone’s strong support. It’s because of this we were able to pull off this near-absurd plan. This merit, this honor, belongs to each and every one of us!”

He put his finger into his mouth, “I, Ashe Heath, will never forget each of you—”

Boom!

Crash!

Snap!

Ashe pulled out ‘Honeyed Words, Dagger in Heart’ from his mouth, quickly retreated and raised Sword Aegis, pointing his sword at Langna. His sword heart pierced towards the bald man like a flying spear;

Langna turned into a werewolf and pounced on Harvey. The darkness became his servant, sweeping over like a vast tide;

With a wave of his hands, Harvey shot out three grey-black energy spikes, each aimed at Igor, Langna, and Ronat;

Ronat spread his hands and a handful of Steel Beads hung in the air. In a split second, they accelerated to the speed of cutting through the air and breaking the sound barrier, targeting the Trickster;

Igor let out a Mind Shriek on the spot. The ripples of vibration acted like armor, neutralizing other effects and flying objects. The piercing sound caused several cracks in this unfinished building!

Since the team was disbanding, they became enemies!

Did anyone think that escaping prison together would make them bosom buddies? Surely not?

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Chapter 139: Return from the Prison Study

Caimon City, Pearl Branch of the Sin Hunting Hall.

“Huh?” The young hunter glanced at the flickering “Coffin Lamp”, and immediately stood up. “Someone has died.”

Another rotund beastman hunter, munching on chips, asked, “Where did they die?”

“Let me see...” The young hunter switched the Sin Hunting screen to the surveillance footage, “The place of death is over by Third Street of Elf Lake.”

“I know that place, isn’t it full of abandoned properties? Those stupid developers, they see a small pond and dare to call it ‘Elf Lake’, boasting of its lakeside views; a couple of trees and they call it a ‘private forest’, a health secret; if the door to the stairs is a bit far, they can call it a ten-meter-long corridor!” The fat beastman hunter spat out, “The ads are so aggressive, but it still ended up being an unfinished project. Thankfully, I spent all my salary on gambling, or I would definitely be stuck with a house like Bernie.”

He tossed a handful of chips into his mouth, crunching loudly, "Right, who died?"

"Two people died, Louis Mill, a human male, 32 years old; Nyabrin Aiden, a female goblin, 14 years old..."

"Sugar history?"

"The former six years, the latter three years."

"Must have hidden in the unfinished building and ate too much sugar, died during the Melting Sugar. But it's quite rare that a human and a goblin were Melting Sugar together..."

Even ogres, who naturally have the highest resistance to poison, will experience some hallucinations after eating Moon Sugar, let alone other species. Besides hallucinations, it also triggers a strong sexual drive and a sense of excitement. Therefore, 'sugar people' often engage in conflicts or mating activities after consuming sugar. If multiple males and females consume sugar and mate together, it is referred to as 'Melting Sugar'.

The young hunter was somewhat uneasy, "A 14-year-old goblin, isn't she not old enough to leave the Foster Home yet?"

"Oh, it seems you didn't come from a Foster Home in the vegetable market." The fat beastman hunter laughed, "If you work a few more shifts here, you'll find out. This area is full of low-level Foster Homes, and for the brats inside, escaping is easier than taking a dump. Many of the main members of the small gangs are underage kids. Because of the Child Protection Law, even if they commit crimes, their sentences can be reduced, they are quite audacious. If they grow up, they either join gangs or go to prison to mine platinum for life."

"So...we don't need to check this out? If the underage goblin was sent to the hospital in time..."

"No need, handle it like last time, just send the location information directly to the hospital, let them send someone to deal with the bodies." The fat beastman hunter shrugged, "If hunters are dispatched, a case has to be filed, right? A file needs to be written, right? The body needs to be dealt with, right? The scene needs to be protected, right?"

"The most important thing is, all this fuss, our salary won't increase by a single silver coin, but our workload will increase. And in the end, the hospital will still take the bodies. Isn't it better to skip straight to that step now?"

The young hunter had difficulty accepting this, "We don't care if people die in gang fights, we don't care if people die from sugar, what do we hunters care about?"

"I guess that's why a college-graduate hunter like you got transferred to such a remote branch." The fat beastman hunter calmly said, "It seems that you must have been a very annoying, justice-ridden comedic character in the Hall."

The young hunter shook his head, put on his coat, and prepared to leave.

"We hunters, we only protect the living, not the dead." The fat beastman hunter said, "Let those who choose to go down the road of self-destruction, who don't cherish their own lives, fend for themselves. That's being responsible to society."

"When did a 14-year-old goblin girl, who hasn't even left the Foster Home, get to choose her own path?" The young hunter shouted, "It's not her responsibility to society, but society's responsibility to her!"

"And yet, after all the Blood Moon Dual Race has done to us, how can we just stand by and watch others be harmed by this society?"

Watching the young hunter storm out and slam the door, the chubby beastman hunter scratched his head, "I didn't expect this university student who secretly watching the Blood Moon Tribunal during his shift... Hmph, and he talks as if he's so noble. Wait until I report him and get his monthly bonus deducted, then he will know he was wrong..."

"Young people are indeed young. They believe whatever the Ogre says, not even considering that those who can sit in that position are crafty politicians. They twist narratives against them while highlighting any advantages they have. But it seems that quite a few young people have been incited by that Ogre..."

"Blood Moon Dual Race... the most barbaric civilization..."

The chubby beastman hunter glanced at the empty bag of chips, licked his fingers, and looked up at the Blood Moon outside, "Speaking of which, why was I transferred to this branch office?"

The beastman opened the holographic screen, flipped through past albums, until the image stopped at a photo from three years ago. In the photo, he had just joined the Heresy Court, wearing a handsome dark red uniform, looking strong and vigorous, full of vitality, and his face was filled with a sunny smile.

He looked at the mirror next to him, only to see a decrepit beastman covered in the bloody moonlight.

"It's only us middle-aged people who are wasted. There's still hope for the young."

"Mayor, died beautifully."

On Third Street of Elf Lake, a half-finished building collapsed with a loud bang, startling a flock of birds.

Ashe hid behind a broken wall, glanced at the blood spreading under the rubble next to him, and said, "Stop playing around, if we don't leave now, the Heresy Court will catch up. I'm sure Gerard is so mad at my message that he wants to accelerate his pursuit with flatulence, but if you guys want to vent your anger on a Tri-Wing Sanctuary Sorcerer, I don't mind."

Igor hiding behind another wall asked, "Did you really leave a message for Gerard? But how do you know that Gerard was the first to arrive at the Tribunal?"

"I guessed. You better pray I guessed wrong." Ashe asked, "So, do you still want to fight?"

"No more fighting." Harvey, hiding in the shadow of the second floor, said, "I can't communicate with the chip processors around here right now. It's too much trouble to kill you guys."

"Is it my illusion, Harvey, you've become very arrogant after jailbreak." Ronat laughed. Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Ronat, do you still have time to laugh? Aren't you afraid that Langna next to you will swallow you whole?" Igor provoked, "There's no Medic around here to save you."

"That's for "Beautiful Beast" to worry about." Langna laughed, "When the news of your jailbreak spread, I'm sure your old 'clients' couldn't wait to negotiate big deals with you against your notoriety from Feimeng City to Caimon City is well-known. Even in jail, I knew many people hated you."

"So, let's all go our separate ways"

"Wait!" Ashe suddenly shouted, "Before we part, I have a question, do you know of any ways to leave the Blood Moon Realm?"

After a brief silence, Harvey said faintly, "Regardless of whether there is a way or not, why should I tell you even if there is?"

Ashe said, "It's like confessing love. If you don't confess, there's definitely no chance, but if you do, maybe the other person will become blind?"

"Speaking of which, Ashe, you still owe me a wish." Igor said playfully, "The jailbreak went too smoothly, and I never had the chance to use this wish... What should I use this wish for? How about making you do push-ups in the middle of the ruins right now?"

"I think a wish should be practical, it'd be best if it doesn't bother me and benefits you. How about you wish for me to buy you a birthday cake? I think a fruit cake would be nice."

"Coincidentally, I don't need to benefit myself, I just want to see you in trouble," Igor roared. "And you're the one who wanted to eat the fruit cake!"

"I don't know," Langna answered straightforwardly.

"I have some ideas, but I can't tell you," Ronat chuckled. "The fewer people who know, the better."

"You guys really don't share any thoughts..." Ashe complained, "Harvey, can I ask you for a favor?"

"Hmm?"

"I have two casualties here. They were probably near the building when our battle caused it to collapse, causing them to be hit by the rubble. After we leave, could you save them? I will clear the debris."

Harvey was silent for a moment: "From what I can sense, you're the only living person there."

"I see..."

"So I can save them."

"What?" Ashe was startled.

Two dark green lights flew out from the second floor, striking the rubble next to Ashe.

"If they haven't died yet, I can't really save them. But if they're dead, I can use my Miracle to temporarily turn them into living corpses. Their bodies won't further decompose for ten hours, and if they can be treated within this period, there's a chance they can survive. You don't need to clear the debris, otherwise, they might attack others," Harvey said. "But this is the Pig District, they'll need some luck."

"Thank you."

Ashe blinked when his gratitude went unanswered, realizing that everyone else had left.

Ashe used the sword heart to clear some of the rubble, exposing the heads of the living corpses, and then quickly circled around to another street, took off his prison guard uniform, put on the Crow Suit given to him by the Medic, and strode confidently into this unfamiliar city.

“Since I haven’t found a way to leave the Blood Moon Realm yet, I’ll put that aside for now, and complete my role-specific sideline tasks first...”

Standing in front of a public bus station, Ashe looked at the city map and quickly found the stop for ‘Caimon Comprehensive University’.

“Professor Sylin, your student has returned from the prison.”

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Chapter 140: Freya

Freya, hiccuping from the alcohol, clung to the railing and wobbled up the stairs. As a Bewitcher, she had high resistances to many things, and it was usually hard for her to get drunk — but her body would respond to her emotions, drinking alcohol like water when unhappy, and getting drunk just by the smell when she was happy.

“Ah, I’ve tried every Mud Worker at the ‘Frostfall Mud Café’, maybe it’s time for a change... Adela mentioned a new butler-themed Mud Cafe near the west gate of the university, I’ll check it out once I get my scholarship... But the abs of the Mud Fish Dragon are so amazing, I wouldn’t mind ordering another...”

“Pity about the Rock Dragon, he was good at his work, too bad he died in Event 422...”

Reaching the third floor, the lights in the corridor flickered on and off. Freya, used to the oddities, fumbled for her keys. The building was an old apartment block built 70 years ago, lacking an elevator, floor heating, air conditioning, and often had issues with aged wiring. Its only advantage was cheap rent. If the landlord hadn’t been alive, it would have been demolished and rebuilt long ago.

But that wouldn’t be long now. The landlord was a beastman in his sixties, and in a few years, he would definitely sell his property to fund a ‘anti-aging surgery’. This operation was much cheaper than life-extension surgeries and was popular among lower-class Sorcerers and ordinary people.

Once the research institute got hold of the building, they would naturally co-develop it with real estate developers, building a taller and prettier apartment block, like the two new buildings being built near the west gate. But this was none of Freya's business, as she would have graduated and left by then.

Opening the door, Freya found the lights were on in her home, which was odd — had she left the lights on before going to class?

Slipping off her boots at the entrance and changing into slippers, Freya walked in to see a hooded man sitting at her desk, using her 'Mist Sea' brand 'Screen of Knowledge', sipping the Strong Beastman Sweet Milk she had left in the fridge, and typing away on the Yingmiluo Keyboard.

Her pet Fold-ear Cat Xiao Xian was sprawled on the desk, stretching lazily, then affectionately rubbing against the man's hand.

Her apartment was a standard one-bedroom unit with a desk, bed, balcony, bathroom, and a small kitchen. Standing at the entrance, she could see everything at a glance.

The man noticed her and turned his head.

"Welcome back."

"Oh, I'm back."

As the man returned to his browsing, Freya scratched her head, opened the fridge to take a swig of cold water, and suddenly felt a wave of nausea. She rushed into the bathroom and vomited into the toilet.

While she was vomiting, she felt someone gently patting her back, making the process a bit more bearable. A stack of three tissues was handed to her, and she took it without thinking: "Thank you."

After vomiting, Freya felt a lot sober. She tossed her clothes onto a chair — everyone has a chair specifically for their dirty clothes — and then headed to the bathroom to take a shower.

As the gentle water fell on her body, Freya's clarity gradually returned. Leaning against the wall, she held her chin, feeling a strong sense of unease, but couldn't pinpoint what was wrong.

Suddenly, Freya's eyes went cold, and she slapped her hands together.

"I only went twice tonight, I usually go three times, I missed out tonight!" She clicked her tongue, "Even though the Mud Worker I picked tonight was a bit lacking, I paid for it, I should have enjoyed it to the end!"

After the shower, she meticulously dried herself with a towel, especially under the arms, under the breasts, and the inner thighs. Drying off gave Freya a refreshing feeling.

She examined the white down on her forearms and calves, thinking it was time for a trim. Being a Bewitcher had its inconveniences, like the need to frequently trim the fuzz on her limbs, or else it would get too long and cause excessive sweating.

Freya stepped out onto the balcony naked, the curtains were drawn and no one usually came to bother her, plus the weather was gradually warming up. Being a Bewitcher, she had an easily perspiring constitution – even though their sweat smelled enchanting, it was sticky – so being in her natural state was the most comfortable.

She jumped onto the bed and rolled around a couple of times, then called out. Xiao Xian hopped over from the man's lap and nestled in Freya's arms.

Freya snuggled against the meteor dragon pillow, rubbing Xiao Xian with one hand while opening the light screen with the other, browsing the school forum on the Canopy.

She noticed that everyone was discussing the Blood Moon Tribunal that was happening tonight, with words like 'Fenand Snow', 'Social Foster System', and 'Can we still take the City Public Examination in the future?' leaving Freya a little bewildered – she was drinking at the Mud Cafe when the Blood Moon Tribunal began tonight.

Opening the Mind Series study group, she found everyone was also discussing the Blood Moon Tribunal and had divided into 'Blood Moon Faction' and 'Fenan Xue Faction'. They were engaged in a three hundred round battle in the study group with a massive 999+ info flow. Freya scrolled up but couldn't reach the top, only knowing that they were arguing about 'the necessity of the existence of the Blood Moon Dual Race'.

The majority believed that 'the Blood Moon Dual Race is the cornerstone of societal development', that the long-living life of the Blood Moon Dual Race was the guarantee of societal stability, and all kinds of Sorcerer technology could only be developed by the Blood Moon Dual Race, who didn't care about short-term gains.

The opposition believed that 'the Blood Moon Dual Race restricted the development of multiple races.' They argued that because the Blood Moon Dual Race absorbed all high-quality talents, other races couldn't produce great scholars and sorcerers; the glory of the Blood Moon Dual Race was built on the blood-sucking of other races!

Wait, is this something we students can resolve with discussion?

Even if you conclude that the Blood Moon Dual Race shouldn't exist, will you wake up tomorrow to find them all dead?

Everyone is so angry tonight.

Is this Blood Moon Tribunal that exciting?

Freya browsed the Canopy for a while, feeling uneasy, her legs unconsciously rubbing against each other.

Two times wasn't enough, she needed a third!

But she usually used videos as spellcasting materials, and all her videos were stored in the 'Screen of Knowledge'. After all, it had a 32-inch screen, not only was the image larger and the resolution higher, but it could also store larger video files.

Freya's chip model was Miracle 11, with a pitiful storage capacity of only 10 zones. After storing some important documents and data, it had no spare capacity. The Screen of Knowledge, on the other hand, had a whopping 800 zones of storage. Freya had stuffed all of her games and entertainment in there and still hadn't filled it up.

However, the Screen of Knowledge was currently being used by that man. Freya walked over and glanced at it from beside the table, seeing him watching a replay of tonight's Blood Moon Tribunal. She then tapped him on the shoulder, "I need to use it."

"Ah, you go ahead."

The hooded man obediently left the chair, and Freya sat down, opening the 'New Folder' with ease.

Inside the folder were four more folders, named 'Not Used Yet', 'Used Only Once', 'Used a Few Times', and 'Used Countless Times'.

She considered for a moment, she was in a hurry now, it wasn't exploration time, so she chose the fourth folder. Opening a video called 'Naughty Male Apprentice Punished~Bewitcher Female Professor Specializing in Mind Hypnosis,' she dragged the progress bar directly to the most exciting part, the pleasant sobbing sound instantly making her intoxicated.

Just as she was unable to contain herself, she suddenly felt something wrong.

Why...

Why was the chair warm?

It was as if someone had been sitting there.

Freya spun around abruptly, locking eyes with Ashe, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, hiding his face behind a book, and secretly peeking. Although Ashe quickly averted his gaze, Freya was completely brought back to reality.

She wore a pondering expression, raising a single finger and pointing at Ashe dreamily, "Ah, are you the Slashing Fish Dragon!?"

"No, I'm not."

"Then, then, are you the Azure Fire Dragon?"

"No, not that either."

Freya couldn't think of any other possibilities: "Then which Mud Cafe's Mud Worker are you? I don't recall ordering a home service for tonight."

In fact, home service was quite expensive, and she had been spending a lot lately, unable to afford it.

"I'm not a Mud Worker."

"If you're not a Mud Worker, then why are you in my house...wait, I saw you when I got home just now. Even if you were providing home service, you shouldn't have the keys to my house!"

Freya retreated to the balcony door in shock, "Are you a burglar?"

"No, I'm actually the incarnation of the Blood Moon Supreme. I was trapped by my enemies and had to remain in this world in my current form. If you let me stay here for a few nights, once I regain my Supreme status, I could promote you to become a four-winged legendary sorcerer. How does that sound?"

"Really!?" Freya immediately rushed over, grabbed Ashe's left hand, her tearful eyes filled with hope, "Really a four-winged sorcerer?"

Ashe had to divert his gaze from her dazzling and unabashed headlight eyes, "Of course not."

"Huh?"

"The more you put in, the more you get out. To become a four-winged legendary sorcerer by simply allowing me to stay a few days, there is no such good thing." Seeing the dissatisfaction on Freya's face, and the lack of willingness to help, Ashe quickly added, "But I can give you a spirit as a reward, how about that?"

"What kind of spirit?"

"What kind do you want?"

"A Heart Sect spirit!"

“Okay.” Ashe opened his palm, and a curled-up caterpillar spirit appeared in it. Even though it was a caterpillar, it wasn’t disgusting at all, but instead invoked a sincere feeling of pity.

In preparation for an equivalent exchange, during his last exploration into the Virtual Realm, Ashe didn’t immediately convert the spirits he got into game points, but stored them all in his soul. As expected, they came in handy.

“Compassion Art Spirit!” Freya instantly recognized this spirit. Even though it was a common spirit within the Heart Sect, she hadn’t summoned it yet, “Deal! This is the one!”

Freya reached out to take it, but Ashe pulled his hand back.

“I’ll give it to you when I leave.”

“How do I know you won’t go back on your word?”

Ashe was prepared, pulling out a glowing white contract paper, “We can sign a contract, this is a contract paper made by an insurance agent.”

This paper was made by Igor. As an insurance agent, Igor naturally had the ability to create Miracle Contract Papers.

The relationship between Ashe and Igor was not of Igor’s volition. However, Ashe’s reason was “I might need to sign a temporary contract with someone during my jailbreak”. Perhaps Igor couldn’t refuse a request that could aid in the jailbreak, or perhaps he was just tired of Ashe’s nagging, so in the end, he unwillingly let Ashe freeload several times.

Freya blinked, “Well... okay then.”

Without further delay, Ashe began drafting the contract. The terms were simple: Ashe could stay at Freya’s house for a few days and use the tools there, and Freya wouldn’t disclose Ashe’s presence in any way. In return, Ashe had to give the Compassion Art Spirit to Freya before he left.

Freya watched Ashe draft the contract, pressing her hands inward, her large white bosom forming a holy cleavage. Catching a glimpse of this beautiful sight from the corner of his eye, Ashe almost wrote his own name as ‘Big Soft White’.

“How did you know my name is Freya Hoyle?”

“Your notebook has your name on it.”

“And the name of the Blood Moon Supreme is Ashe Heath?”

“Do you have a problem with that?”

“None at all.”

The contract was finalized, Ashe signed his name, and handed the pen to Freya.

Freya took the pen and paused, seemingly pondering something. Ashe watched her, cold sweat pouring down his spine, but she quickly signed her own name.

The contract took effect, an invisible shackle connecting Ashe and Freya. Ashe breathed a sigh of relief. Not only did he temporarily have a place to stay, but he could also use Freya’s Screen of Knowledge to browse the Canopy and gather information, allowing him to slowly plan his side missions.

Fortunately, he was able to find a college girl who wasn’t too bright. He had been prepared, if he couldn’t freeload using his “apocalypse observer” ability, he would immediately relocate, even if it meant living under a bridge for a few days. It would just make investigating Professor Sylin a bit more difficult.

But don’t they have text scams in this world? A college girl who hasn’t even seen scam messages like ‘I, the Blood Moon Supreme, need money’?

“You’re actually the leader of the Four Pillars God Cult, Ashe Heath, aren’t you?”

Freya, holding Xiao Xian, tilted her head, “I even voted for you in the Blood Moon Tribunal before.”

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